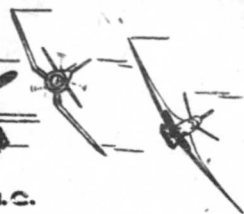




CHERRY POINT The Windsock

MARINE CORPS AIR STATION - CHERRY POINT, N.C.



Vol. 4, No. 39.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY—CIRCULATION 5000

19 December 1947

The Christmas Tree Legend

All around the annual miracle is happening. You can feel it. You can see it reflected in the bright eyes that smile as you pass. Blinds that were drawn by custom at first sign of evening are now being lifted to the window tops so that against the window panes brave little trees might clamor for attention and express in a literal glow of eloquence the happiness, the peace, the friendliness, the love of little children, and the soul-warming charity that ruled within.

Now each window is centered by a tree that is utterly useless and yet utterly delightful.

That tree advertises no wares and summons no customers to exchange sweaty money for the necessities of drab existence. Instead it flaunts nothing more useful than a peppermint cane or a ridiculous red stocking filled with indigestible and fascinating candy and the silly balls and fantastic ornaments that haven't a conceivable use in all our grim-jawed, weary-eyed days.

Yes: the recurrent miracle has happened, and life itself is dancing around a tree. And what a tree! Not the dead Maypole draped in a flutter of ribbons; but the mystic tree of Christmas, the tree whose fruits are lights and candy and toys and perishable bits of color blown to daring shape of fantasy and gifts so dear because they are so without useful purpose! The tree upon whose gracious boughs the magic snow never melts, no matter how warm the room from hearth or radiator or the press of friends of heart-deep love! The tree that grows more green as sparkling ice encrusts it! The tree that with each merry year grows more the symbol of heart felt and soul-warming laughter, the flaming sign of human affection at its most generous.

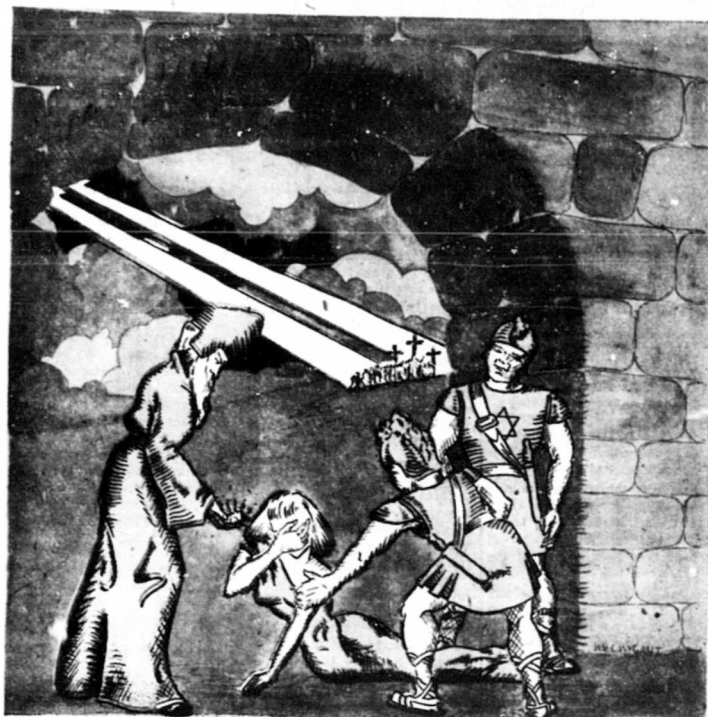
In the midst of earth's deathly winter, in an age saddened by the death of man's sweetest faith and the killing of that hope that was born with that first Christmas, this fairest of all trees that bloom on earth and with it is filling all earth with happiness and laughter and brave Christmas homes.

Resonant, shapely evergreens commerce had cut them from some northern woods, dropped them down a snowy hillside, flung them upon a flatcar, and shipped them into the cities that were as yet hardly aware that Christmas was upon them. Cedars and hemlocks and pines bunched together with their branches caught tight to their sides. Standing in their native forest, they spring promise of the fruit tree or the poetry of the Hawthorne or the venerable dignity of the elm.

They have waited . . . waited for the marician's touch that would wake their boughs to a glory of light and so to hang their prim

(Cont. on P. 2, Col. 3)

In a recent article of the WINDSOCK, the Station Theatre admission price was quoted to rise to 14 cents per person. Such is not the case. The new admission price will be 12 cents per person or \$1.20 for a strip of ten tickets.



THE OTHER WISE MAN

by HENRY VAN DYKE

Edited and Illustrated by Wm. C. Wygant

You know the story of the Three Wise Men of the East, and how they traveled from far away to offer their gifts at the manger cradle in Bethlehem. But have you ever heard the story of the Other Wise Man, who also saw the star in its rising, and set out to follow it, yet did not arrive with his brethren in the presence of the young child Jesus? Of the great desire of this fourth pilgrim, and how it was denied, yet accomplished in the denial; of his many wanderings and the probation of his soul; of his seeking and the strange way of his finding the One whom he sought.

...

In the days when Augustus Caesar was master of many kings and Herod reigned in Jerusalem, there lived in the city of Ecbatana, among the mountains of Persia, a certain man named Artaban. His house stood close to the outermost of the walls which encircled the royal treasury. From his roof he could look over the seventold battlements of black and white and crimson and blue and silver and gold to the hill where the summer palace of the Parthian perors glittered like a jewel in a crown.

Artaban's robe was of pure white wool, thrown over a tunic of silk; and a white, pointed cap, with long lapels at the sides, rested on his flowing black hair. It was the dress of the ancient priesthood of the Magi, called fire worshipers.

Many of the priests had convened, at Artaban's summon, and to them he spoke: "It has been shown to me and to my three companions among the Magi—Casper, Melchior, and Balthasar that a star shall come out of Jacob, and a scepter shall arise out of Israel. It will come in this year. We have studied the sky, and in the spring of the year we saw two of the greatest planets draw near together in the sign of the fish, which is the house of the Hebrews. We also saw a new star there, which shone for one night and then vanished. Now again the two great planets are meeting. This night is their junction. My three brothers are watching by the ancient Temple of the Seven Spheres, at Borsippa, in Babylonia, and I am watching here. If the star shines

again, they will wait ten days for me at the temple, and then we will set out together for Jerusalem, to see and worship the promised one who shall be King of Israel. I believe the sign will come. I have made ready for the journey. I have sold my possessions, and bought these three jewels—a sapphire, a ruby, and a pearl—to carry them as tribute to the King."

...

As Artaban watched, a steel-blue spark was born out of the darkness beneath, rounding itself with purple splendors to a crimson sphere, and spiraling upward through rays of saffron and orange into a point of white radiance. Tiny and infinitely remote, yet perfect in every part, it pulsed in the enormous vault as if the three jewels in the Magian's girdle had mingled and been transformed into a living heart of light.

He bowed his head. He covered his brow with his hands.

"It is the sign, he said. 'The King is coming, and I will go to meet him.'"

...

All night long, Vasda, the swiftest of Artaban's horses, had been waiting, saddled and bridled, in her stall, pawing the ground impatiently and shaking her bit as if she shared the eagerness of her master's purpose, though she knew not its meaning.

Before the birds had fully roused to their strong, high, joyful chant of morning song the Other Wise Man was in the saddle. Then, through the keen morning air, the swift hoofs beat their tattoo along the road, keeping time to the pulsing of two hearts that are moved with the same eager desire—to conquer space, to devour the distance, to attain the goal of their journey.

Artaban must indeed ride wisely and well if he would keep the appointed hour with the other Magi; for the route was a hundred and fifty parasangs, and fifteen was the utmost that he could travel in a day. But he knew Vasda's strength, and pushed forward without anxiety, making the fixed distance each day.

(Cont. on P. 6, Col. 2)

The Feast of The Nativity

(The story and the reason for Christmas and its joyous spirit throughout the Christian world is related simply and best by the inspired sacred writer. The birth of Christ, is properly called "The Feast of the Nativity", but the word "Christmas", meaning "Christ's Mass", is the more common usage.—Chaplain's note.)

Luke II:1-7 Birth of Jesus

"Now it came to pass in those days, that there went forth a decree from Caesar Augustus that a census of the whole world should be taken. This first census took place while Cyrinus was governor of Syria. And all were going, each to his own town, to register.

"And Joseph also went from Galilee out of the town of Nazareth into Judea to the town of David, which is called Bethlehem—because he was of the house and family of David—to register, together with Mary his espoused wife, who was with child.

"And it came to pass while they were there, that the days for her to be delivered were fulfilled. And she brought forth her firstborn son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn.

Luke II:8-20 An Angel Announces Good News.

"And there were shepherds in the same district living in the fields and keeping watch over their flock by night. And behold, an angel of the Lord stood by them and the glory of God shone around about them, and they feared exceedingly.

"And the angel said to them, 'Do not be afraid, for behold, I bring you good news of great joy which shall be to all people: for there has been born to you today in the town of David a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign to you: you will find an infant wrapped in swaddling clothes and 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 PEACE ON EARTH AMONG MEN OF GOOD WILL."

The members of the Youth Fellowship group will go caroling at the Dispensary, Station Brig, MOQ, MEMQ, TMQ, and other areas throughout the entire base Tuesday, 23 December 1947. A bus will pick up the carolers at Gate Three and will be at the Chaplains' Offices for more carolers at approximately 1845. Any personnel interested in caroling are invited to join the group at the Chaplains' Offices adjoining the PX Parking Lot at 1845 this Tuesday evening.

Masses on the Feast of the Nativity—25 December:
Midnight Mass—Station Chapel
0645—Station Chapel
1200—Station Chapel
Confessions Wednesday, 24 December—1500-1700, 1800-2000, 2100-2300.
Sunday Masses—0645-0945-1200.
Masses on New Year's Day same as Sunday.
Confessions on Saturday—1600-1700 and 1906-2100.



THE WINDSOCK is published weekly by and for personnel of Marine Corps Air Bases, the Marine Corps Air Station, the AIRFLYANT, and the Second Marine Aircraft Wing, Cherry Point, North Carolina.

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WINDSOCK Phone 3273; CHERRY POINT DAILY NEWS Phone 5201
 CIVILIAN NEWS: Call Mrs. Dellale, IRO, 6120

THE WINDSOCK is published in compliance with Letter of Instruction No. 1100, dated 14 August, 1945. It is printed by the Richardson Printing Company, New Bern, North Carolina, and is financed by the Station Special Services Department from unappropriated Welfare and Recreation funds at the direction of the Air Station Recreation Council. Circulation is 5,000 copies per issue.

THE WINDSOCK accepts no advertising. All pictures used are Air Station Photo Lab pictures unless otherwise credited.

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Shipping Over Music

(Flight-Jacket, El Toro)

Shipping over is the subject many of us keep thinking and talking about. The average man has probably been thinking one of the wondrous opportunities awaiting him on the Great Outside. Well, lest a fellow cloud the issue with undue weight being given the matter of "getting out where he's his own boss," and free from a plan of the day's existence, let's face it.

Most of us would hesitate to gamble our life's savings in a shaky business venture, so why take a chance on losing the security offered to you in a Marine Corp career? Webster defines "security" like this: "Freedom from fear, anxiety, or care, etc. Note that well. It's a good thing to hold up in front of your mind while you consider these FACTS That's all you're interested in—facts.

Based on the belief that the average man about to be discharged from the U. S. Marine Corps has given little detailed thought and consideration to the "cold-turkey" aspects of the life he's planning to leave, here are some facts he may be interested in: a comparison between living costs of John Doe, Corporal, USMC, and Joe Zoot, civilian: To live on a par with John Doe, for one year, Joe Zoot would have to earn \$4,285 (\$357.00 per month)! How do we figure that? We didn't, the Department of Labor did. The dope is official, based on the current economic situation throughout the nation. Here's the breakdown on the itemized living costs:—

Item	Cost to John Doe Corp. USMC	Cost to Joe Zoot Civilian
Food	Free	\$ 469.00
Lodging	Free	234.00
Clothing	Free	146.00
Medical Care	Free	45.00
Dental Care	Free	7.20
Annuity	Free	1,610.76
(Savings-policy; to permit retirement income after 20 yrs. in job. of \$107.25 per month)		
Social Security	Exempted	30.00
Income Tax	Exempted	662.00
Cash Available (spending money)	\$1,080.00	1,080.00
(Savings on gasoline, Post Exchange merchandise, movies, etc. not included).		



Pictured above is "The Crib", depicting the Nativity. The scene can be seen in the Catholic Wing of the Station Chapel.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE

(Cont. from P. 1, Col. 4)

monotonous limbs with dreams crystallized to fruit so fragile that fingers touch it delicately. . . .

Waiting for love to plant them without roots in the barren floor of a living room and make them bloom and fill the world with sweetness and joy.

How does it happen, that these little trees, destined by nature to live and die upon some chilly mountainside, come in a single night to know the apotheosis of grandeur? How are they transmitted into trees that seem surely to have been grown in fairyland? By what strange privilege do these trees stand sentinel at the crib of the Baby King?

Happily there is none of us who knows the answer. Every light upon that tree was enkindled from sparks that fell from the star of Bethlehem. Every present that invites the grasp of baby fingers was hung there in remembrance of a divine Child. No warmth of human love burns around that tree but its belated burning is to make recompense to Him who was cold and rejected on another wintry night.

How important a part trees played in the lives of mankind. That wooded spot framed with trees the lovely garden called Eden. There among those trees the young Adam walked and knew the world was good. But toward the trees he stretched out his hand for food.

Yes, sometimes trees were not lovely, sometimes they have been partners in men's dark deeds and ugly viciousness.

Yet, there amidst all those primordial trees, rise the mighty two. One tree bears immortality. The other drops down the bitter fruit of sin and death.

God loved the tree of life and offered its fruit gladly to this new son and daughter of His paternal creation. But they loved the tree of evil and with it plucked not the joys of endless life, but the dark, harsh fruit of sin and exile, the poisoned apple of death.

With the gates of Paradise closed, the two majestic trees were locked away forever. But the generous and forgiving God had planted the earth in happy designs of forest and orchard and from these trees His sons and daughters were to draw much joy, much peace, much strength.

And now; there are thousands of trees, lifted and lit, to honor Christ who died upon a tree. The miracle is reworked, and the wonder is reborn.

When night is darkest in the sky, an unseen star kindles a million blazing trees. A pagan custom becomes the happy rite of Christmas in our homes. We drape heavy branches with gifts, knowing what is meant by this strange paradox: It is more blessed to give than to receive.

The trees of Paradise may be prisoned behind a gate locked beyond hope of being reopened. Adam's sin may have shut off Eden. But another tree rises across the world, making for a single night each house a Paradise, each home a little Eden.

And around this mystic tree of Christmas mankind joins hands and men know that they have found true love and their truest lover, a tree that is a tree of life, and love, and light.

Scout Drive Underway

The Windsock is pleased to give prominence to the annual Boy Scout Drive, which is now underway. Representatives of Troop 52 and Cub Pack 52 will cover all Station activities and endeavor to contact all individuals on board. The Scout Committee bespeaks the continued interest of our adult population in the scout and cub movement, and is offering a life membership in the troop and cub

Commandant's Greetings

The Commandant of the Marine Corps, and the Incoming Commandant, join to send best wishes to every Marine for a joyful Christmas season and a New Year of bright achievement in the cause of Peace on Earth.

A special word of cheer goes to everyone who must be at his post and separated from the circle of his own family and friends in the holidays.

Let us not pray for easy lives, but rather to be stronger men.

A. A. VANDEGRIFT
 Commandant, U. S. Marine Corps



A Holiday Message to All Military and Civilian Personnel Serving at Cherry Point

Once again the year draws near its close and the holiday season brings forth its tradition and festivity to all the world. Men from all nations are now working toward the goal that is so much a part of this season, which is dedicated to "Goodwill Toward Men" and "Peace on Earth," for all the years to follow.

As this third post-war Christmas nears us at Cherry Point, mixed feelings of happy and sad memories are common to all. However, personal memories concern us not quite as much this Holy Day as they have in the past. This year Christmas will be marked around the globe by the fervent hope of all men for a successful peace and lasting "Goodwill Toward Men."

During the past year many of our comrades have returned to civil life. The departure of these men has meant additional burdens to those of us who have remained. The difficult job which faced us has been done and has been well done. If our efforts in the coming year are characterized by the same spirit of cooperation, determination, and teamwork, nothing but success can await us.

May we wish for each and every one of you a joyful holiday season and a happy and prosperous New Year.

W. J. WALLACE

Major General, United States Marine Corps
 Commanding General Second Marine Aircraft Wing
 Commanding General Air Fleet Marine Force Atlantic

I. W. MILLER

Brigadier General, United States Marine Corps
 Commander Marine Corps Air Bases,
 Commanding General United States Marine Corps
 Air Station, Cherry Point, N. C.



Pictured above is the recently organized Catholic choir. They will sing the "Mass of the Angels" at the Midnight Mass on Christmas Eve at the Station Chapel. The Choir is under the direction of TSgt. Patterson.

Schedule of Divine Service

PROTESTANT

Chaplain W. W. Winter
 Chaplain J. K. Snelbaker

0945 Sunday School at Cherry Point Chapel.
 1000 Divine Worship at Station Chapel.
 1100 Divine Worship at Community Church.
 1815 Young People's Meeting at Community Church.
 1930 Evening Divine Worship at Community Church.

*A special bus leaves MOQ at 0915 for Havelock via MEMQ and returns to the station via the same route immediately following the close of Sunday School.

CATHOLIC

Father F. J. Klesh

0645, 0845, 1200 Mass at Station Chapel.
 1000-1700 & 1900-2100 Saturday-Confessions
 0900 Mass at Community Church.
 0630 Daily Mass in Catholic Wing of Sea
 Use Chapel.
 1900 Tuesday Perpetual Novena Devotions

pack at this time.

Those who, by pressure of other obligations, can only enjoy passive participation in this movement will be kept informed of the progress of the scouting activities by means of quarterly bulletins. For those who are more fortunate in being able to participate in a more active fashion, the committee desires volunteers to fill current requirements of two Den Mothers and one Assistant Cubmaster for the MOQ area. There is a further vacancy for an

additional Assistant Cubmaster in the MEMQ area.

The funds derived from this membership drive will be used to enlarge the activities of the Boy Scout Troop and the Cub Pack. Troop 52 will shortly have its own Rifle Team affiliated with the National Rifle Association Junior Rifle Corps, and all participants will receive a thorough indoctrination in the safe handling and proper use of our historic American weapon, the rifle.

★ Scanning The Ether Waves ★

WMBL "740" Kc. WHIT "1450" Kc.

By Bill O'Connell, Chief Announcer

This column was originally intended to set forth things to come in our schedule of programs. However, WMBL's programs undergo no startling changes from week to week and, as we have already written glowing accounts of nearly each separate program, we were "toying" with the idea of using our allotted space in this column for the purpose of inserting an "X-O" diagram so we can all play and have lots of fun. However, when offering the idea to our manager for approval, it was gently pointed out that, if said plans were carried out, we would be hanging by our necks until dead. So, not wishing to deprive our listeners of the pleasure of hearing our charming voices (er... they are charming, aren't they?), we herewith, give a petulant toss of our heads and carry on in the highest tradition of WMBL. (The foregoing paragraph has given substantial support to the oft-expressed opinions of his listeners that the writer has two heads.)

"The Little Show," a fifteen minute session of smoothly waxed rhythms, will replace the "Inquiring Reporter" on Tuesday afternoons at 1:15. "Highlights of the Week's News" will hold down the one o'clock spot on Sundays, being broadcast under sponsorship. This quarter-hour feature assembles the events of the preceding week in proper sequence, thereby presenting the listener, in interesting fashion, a clear picture of the trend of events around the globe.

This broadcast also deals with the odd happenings that take place here at home and goes a long way in proving that "Truth is Stranger than Fiction." Those are the only notable changes taking place in our schedule at this time. That is, unless Joe Devonechik pokes his finger in the transmitter again. Even at that, the change will be more noticeable to Joe, we assure you.

By Bruce Lee

The thrilling adventures of "The Scarlet Queen"—the queen of the seas—is back on WHIT. It's one of Mutual's most popular shows, and is heard each Wednesday night at 8:00 o'clock.

If you like your radio fare in a lighter vein and with more than just a touch of humor, we suggest you listen to "Leave It To The Girls"—a laugh-provoker that's heard on WHIT every Friday evening at 8:30.

For you Sunday listeners, here are two musical shows that we think you'll find equal to the best. At two o'clock each Sunday afternoon, the "Sunday Music Hall" is on the air with guest vocalists and guest conductors. Each Sunday, this program features melodies by such great composers as Victor Herbert, Rudolf Friml, Jerome Kern, and others. Conductors such as Morton Gould, Al Goodman, Marek Weber and Sigmund Romberg are featured... with soloists Dorothy Kirsten, Frances Greer, Jimmy Carroll and Earl Wrightson... Yes, it's one of WHIT's most popular musicals.

At three o'clock each Sunday, the Chicago Theatre of the Air is heard—and this is without doubt, one of the greatest musical shows of any radio network.

Say! Why not drop out to WMBL and spend a few minutes looking around. We're always glad to see you and especially since the gang has decked the halls with holly 'n all that. Of course, it's a mighty rough road over the sand dunes but don't let that discourage you. Your well-earned commission in the French Foreign Legion will more than compensate for the bumpy road. Seriously, tho', we would really enjoy seeing you.

'Till next week in the same column, WMBL wishes you the merriest of Merry Christmases and also offers (free of charge) a very Happy New Year!

VIEWS AT RANDOM

QUESTION: WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO RECEIVE AS AN IDEAL CHRISTMAS GIFT?



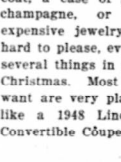
Miss A. Mary Kemp; Sta. Q. M.: Havelock, N. C.—"A '48 Buick—however, getting back to earth and 'we Cherry Pointers', I'd suggest a Ronson cigarette case and lighter. I like a lighter because I'm always out of matches and think Ronsons are the best lighters."

Pfc. Donald Anderson; Sta. Q. M.: Racine, Wis.—"An ideal gift that I would like to receive would be too costly for a anybody to give as a token of friendship; rather, I should say just a wool sweater. Receiving clothes always appealed to me."



Mrs. Beira L. Conway; Sta. Q. M.: Havelock, N. C.—"My ideal Christmas gift would be an electric Singer Sewing Machine, so I could make my own clothes and eliminate new styles. Of course, I would accept a cluster of blue white diamonds. Hint to MSgt. A.C.C."

Cpl. John H. Tecklenburg; VMR-352; Long Island, N. Y.—"When Christmas time rolls around every year, almost everyone wants eccentric gifts, such as a fur coat, a case of champagne, or expensive jewelry. I'm not very hard to please, even though I have several things in mind I'd like for Christmas. Most of the things I want are very plain and simple—like a 1948 Lincoln Continental Convertible Coupe."



Miss Frances Huff; Sta. Q. M.: New Bern, N. C.—"My ideal Christmas gift would be a string of pearls. I think any kind of jewelry is always good because it's a luxury item, and I do not like to receive necessities for a gift."

LtCol. Tharin To Duty At Hdqs. MarCorps

Lt. Col. F. C. Tharin, former G-3 AirFMFLANT officer, recently received orders to report to Headquarters, USMC, at Washington, D. C., where he will assume duties in Plans and Policies, Plans and Policies Section.

During the first five days after their landing on Iwo Jima Marine Corps communication crews laid more than 700 miles of telephone wire, although operating under heavy artillery fire and harassed by snipers.

HI-LIGHTS OF BRITE-LIGHTS BY DOT

A new treat in store for men serving in the Armed Forces overseas is the 16mm. sound-filming of the CBS Frank Morgan-Frances Langford-Don Ameche Show. Under the direction of the Armed Forces Radio Service, an entire show will be recorded in movie form with specially written announcements for the servicemen. It's the first in a series of shorts to boost recreational services for military personnel abroad. Fred MacMurray will portray a press agent in the "Miracle of the Bells," his 50th screen role in fourteen years of acting. One of the best children's albums to come out in quite some time is the one done by Jerry Colonna. The title is appropriately titled "Colonna's Trolley" and was used by the TB association in their big drive. Christmas will find the Stan Kenton Orchestra setting new records at the Meadowbrook in Cedar Grove, New Jersey. That fast rising Negro star, Nellie Lather, has a new song already selected as the best song of this month in "Do You or Don't You Love Me." Neatest trick of the week if he can do it is the schedule Bobby Sherwood has set up for himself. The band is playing in the east and he is working in a Monogram picture in Hollywood at the same time. Bobby has worked out a schedule along with some fancy airplane jumps so that he will miss only one or two nights with the band during production of the film. Offered on the "It Pays To Be Ignorant" show was this gag: "I used to be a bartender on a sheep ranch. Yep, I kept the lambs stewed." CBS' Colonel Stoopnagle invented a "three-season bed." "It's for fall, winter and summer," explains the Colonel. "It has no springs." For the top songs of the week the change is very slight and "Near You" is still rated as the number one song followed by "You Do," "I Wish I Didn't Love You So," "Ballarina," and "How Soon." The song that has climbed very fast this past week is "The Too Fat Polka" which has climbed right into the number six position. This guy just doesn't enjoy the finer points of life! In Grand Rapids, Michigan, after a torrid discussion on the alleged sexy film, "The Outlaw," with Jane Russell, Officer Bob O'Keefe decided to drop in and see it for himself. "See anything wrong with it?" his superiors asked. "Well," O'Keefe replied, "I think that Walter Huston could have been a bit faster on the draw in a couple of those gun battles." Greer Garson was chosen as the First Lady of the Screen by a nation-wide poll of motion picture fans, Ingrid Bergman running a close second, and Betty Davis taking the third spot.



The free Christmas wrapping service sponsored by the Red Cross and the Gray Ladies organization here seems to be doing a fine job helping the boys get their packages off to the folks and gal (or gals) back home judging from this picture taken last week. What do you think!

COMING ATTRACTIONS

- STATION THEATRE**
Showtime 1930 each evening.
12/21 1930—RADIO STARS ON PARADE. Alan Carroy, Wally Brown. Sorry no information on this picture up to date. (Running time: 70 mins.)
1930—THAT HAMILTON WOMAN. Vivien Leigh, Laurence Olivier. No synopsis available. (Running time: 127 mins.)
12/22 1930—I LOVE TROUBLE. Franchot Tone, Janet Blair (Detective Drama). Jane finds herself portraying a private investigator hired by Ralph Johnston to probe the unknown past of Johnston's attractive wife. Rating: very good. (Running time: 105 mins.) News.
12/23 1930—THE GANGSTER. Barry Sullivan (Melodrama). The life of a racketeer. Barry Sullivan, who needs good clothes, plenty of money and a beautiful girl. Rating: good. Shorts: Tommy Tucker and Orch. (Running time: 97 mins.)
12/24 1930—LINDA BE GOOD. Elise Knox, Marie Wilson (Comedy). The authoress wife of a business man joins a business to get "local color" for a novel she is writing. Without knowing it she meets the husband's boss while the handsome queen of the show on a night-clubbing tour. Rating: good. Shorts: Bowling King, Flashback No. 2. News. (Running time: 100 mins.)
12/25 1930—THE FUGITIVE. Henry Fonda, Dolores Del Rio (Manhunt and murder). A priest in disguise is being hunted by an anti-religious government in Mexico. Rating: excellent. (Running time: 106 mins.)
12/26 1930—THE TENORE YEARS. Joe E. Brown, Noreen Nash (Drama). Opening
- In the 1880's, the minister becomes involved with the vicious fights held in the local pig-pit when one of the injured animals escapes its brutal master and seeks refuge at the minister's home. Rating: good. Shorts: Duke Ellington and Orch. (Running time: 95 mins.)
12/27 1930-1930—I W-LK ALONE. Lila "Sh Soot, Bart Lancaster. (Melodrama). A club owner finds that his former partner's prohibition days has taken over the club and proposes a fire the girl singer in order to far an end. Available alliance with a wealthy divorcee. Rating: very good. News. (Running time: 110 mins.)
1930 Kiddie Show—TRAILING DANGER (Western). Also Daughter Don Q No. 11. (Running time: 73 mins.)
- CHERRY THEATRE**
Shows: Monday through Friday 1730, 1930 and 2130. Saturday and Sunday—1300, 1500, 1900, 2100. (Subject to change without notice)
12/25 "RANDIT AND THE LADY"—Akim Tamiroff, "RIO GRANDE RAIDERS"—Sumet Carson.
12/21 "COONEY ISLAND"—Betty Grable News.
12/22, 23 "IVY"—Joan Fontaine, Patrick Kauwels, News.
12/24 "EACH DAWN I DIE"—James Cagney, George Raft, Serial.
12/25, 26 "KING F BHEHARAZAD"—Yvonne DeCarlo, Byron Douglas, News.
12/27 "SERED TO DEATH"—Belo Luger, Joyce Compton. "NORTHWEST TRAIL"—Robert Lewis.

Off To Washington

Lt. Col. J. F. Dobbin, former G-4 officer MCAS, was transferred this past week to Washington, D. C., where he will assume duties at Supply Section, Plans and Policies, Headquarters Marine Corps.

With Division Aviation

Major W. F. Cornell, former executive officer of AES-46, was recently transferred to Enlisted Performance Section, Division of Aviation at Washington, D. C.



No doubt, you're making a list of things that you want Santa Claus to bring. Well, how would you like to find Claire Hogan in your stocking on that glorious morning. Ah yes, we can dream can't we! Claire, by the way, is featured song-bird with Johnny Bothwell's orchestra.

MERRY CHRISTMAS, HAPPY NEW YEAR AND GOOD HOLIDAY TO ALL

PUBLIC WORKS

By Mabel Rountree

According to "Guv", all of the girls in Public Works will be married by next June! Look out, boys! Next year is Leap Year and if you're not careful, this prophecy may come true.

Sympathy is extended to Hugh Oliver on the recent death in his family.

Oh to be a squirrel! Have you seen how lucky the squirrels are that climb the limbs of the trees outside the windows of the Design Section? I wish someone would feed me choice tid-bits like that!

A sincere "glad to have you with us" is extended to: Gordon Robertson, Andrew Gordon, Melvin Hancock, Joseph Padley, Jr., and Lelia Styron.

Singing the birthday song this month are: Hazel Atwood, Robert Pipkin, James A. Smith, Asa Martin and Benjamin Lamm.

"Tell it to your reporter!" Any cooperation you give me will be greatly appreciated. You know, gossip, accidents, gad-about, births, marriages and all that sort of thing. Call me on 2135!

Station Supply (USMC)

By LaRue Harper

Our Freight Transportation Supervisor, Mr. Frank G. Swindell, is a sportsman at heart. He began his one-week vacation 8 December 1947 and we heard that he had "hunting" in mind.

The first week of December was

vacation-time for Mr. Paul Hiltner, brick, of the Commissary. Pennsylvania and hunting were for Paul; but, he reports, "Only got a porcupine".

Genevieve Watson has company, her mother-in-law from Texas. We hope she enjoys her visit in North Carolina.

Attention civilian personnel of the Station Supply Department (USMC): I, as your reporter, am at your service; this is your column—so come on you people in Disbursing (USMC), Sales Commissary, Station Laundry, and the divisions in our main building, No. 150, let's keep it there with items of interest concerning you or your fellow employees. Call in your news to 5102.

INDUSTRIAL RELATIONS

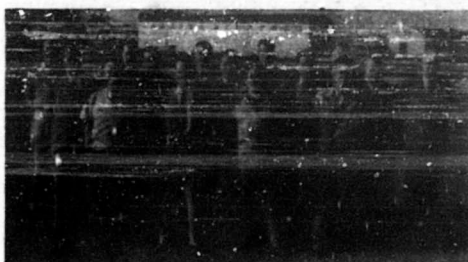
By Eleanor Delisle

APPRENTICE SCHOOL: The three apprentices with the highest overall average for the month of November, by Department, were: A&R, Gene Walters, 98.9; Motor Transport, Wilson Watson, 91.7; and Public Works, Alvin Hansen, 92.8.

Difficulty is being encountered in the verification of qualifications of applicants filing for unassembled examinations. Applicants giving their former Commanding Officers as references must give the complete PRESENT address of such references.

Wise and otherwise! Everybody is willing to pay taxes with a smile, but the tax collector demands cash!

Safety Awards Presented To A&R Personnel



Front row (L-R): Samuel Pittman; Houston Gober, Joseph Kosloski; Harold Wetherington. Back row: Vincent Kersey; Earl Noe; John Reynolds; William Kleschick; William Boothe; Charlie Morse; James Thomas. George Ippock and Foy Belangia were absent when this picture was taken.

Congratulations are due a number of our men who have received letters of commendation from the Navy Department. The letters read in part: "In recognition of the excellent record of your group in completing one year's work without accidents involving loss of time of personnel" and are signed by James Forrestal, First Secretary of Defense. With each letter, a button was given for one year's work without accidents. For over one year's "no accident" time a bar, denoting the length of accident-free service, was given. Certificates commending the shops for accident-free service were also awarded at the same time. These certificates are now affixed to the walls in the following shops: Overhaul Control, 260; Machine, 500; Finish & Fabric, 600; and Electronics, 800.

Those receiving citations included: Samuel Pittman, 2-year bar; Houston Gober, 3-year bar; Joseph Kosloski, 4-year bar; Harold Wetherington, 2-year bar; Vincent Kersey, 4-year bar; Earl Noe, 2-year bar; John J. Reynolds, button; William Kleschick, Jr., 2-year bar; William H. Boothe, button; Charlie Morse, button; James Thomas, button; George Ippock, 2-year bar; and Foy Belangia, button.

HOUSING PROJECT

By "Rosemary"

That old migraine headache sneaked up on me this week and as a result, I don't have much news. And speaking of news—if all you good folks would tell me what's happening in and around the Project, we can have a nice column every week. So call me on 211 or drop in the office and "tell all."

Happy Birthday to Floyd Woodard and Oscar Reed! Also to all the other December "babes".

New Bride



Mrs. Harry Lockey, the former Evelyn Sermons.

In a beautiful ceremony, the wedding of Evelyn Sermons, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Sermons, and Harry Lockey, of Newport, was solemnized in the Cherry Point Community Chapel on November 29. The service was performed by the Rev. J. A. Jolliff, father of Al Jolliff (Station Inspector's Office). Prior to the ceremony a program of nuptial music was presented by Mrs. Claude Anderson, Eunice Britton and Augustus Laube. Peculiar Sermons was the maid-of-honor and Joe Hill was the "best man". Margaret Thomas, Jewel Keith (Housing Project Office), Bettie Asken (A&R) and Eleanor Rhodes were the bride's maids. Immediately after the ceremony the wedding guests were entertained at a lovely reception in the Community Building.

Mrs. Lockey and her mother are both employees at Navy Supply.

Navy Supply

By W. G. Porter

Navy Supply takes to the "New Look!" After weeks of 'Aufussing, Aufeuding, and Aufighting the 'new look,' the dear girls of Supply are gradually succumbing to it. Our crowd is fast taking on a "Woo-Woo" look as one by one our "charmers" appear in the "new look," while the boys still give them the "old look."

Personalities! The Accounting Division welcomes back, after a long illness, Barney Fones. He has been recovering from a heart attack for the past month at his home in Havelock, but is back looking "fit as a fiddle." We are glad to have you back, Barney.

Jessie Brown is back in Receipt Control after suffering from severe burns. Jessie, we missed you.

One of our traveling young girls has returned home after an extended trip. She started with the Duke-Carolina game and the Vaughn Monroe dance; then traveled northward, visiting friends and sightseeing through Virginia, DC, Maryland, Pennsylvania, New York and then back through West Virginia. Home again, tired but happy, is Elsie Hamilton!

Fire Marshal's Office

By Shirley Graulich

MAKE THIS A SAFE CHRISTMAS

Your Christmas tree and the decorations on it are fire hazards which you will want to watch most carefully this Christmas. Remember, when you bring a Christmas tree into your living quarters, it is going to dry up and after a few days it becomes a more serious fire hazard daily.

The place you select for your tree should be well away from exits and any source of heat. When you smoke, keep away from the tree.

It is also important that your Christmas lights be in good condition. It takes only a short circuit in worn wiring to start the tree burning.

A few years ago a serious hotel fire in Jersey City was caused by sparks from a toy electric train igniting cotton batting under a tree. Be careful with all electric operated toys.

ASSEMBLY & REPAIR

By Virginia Hosner

Walter Helms left to attend school at the Allison Engine Factory. Upon his return, he will establish a course in jet engines.

This new generation! A son, Junior, for Mr. and Mrs. Dave Clawson; a son who arrived in time for Thanksgiving at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Turner; and a boy for Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Banks. Charlie says to "Be sure you say it's a boy." Yes, sir, it's a boy, Charlie Vause, Jr.!

Among those taking recent Civil Service Examinations were Myrtle Flowers, Russell Klemm, Al Svirchew, Michael Holowitz, Marvin Carcich, Ed Nelson and your humble reporter. And I thought I knew the alphabet! Whew! We could do right well with the visual perception, but that space perception really had us snowed.

ADMINISTRATION BLDG.

By Bertha Bratcher

Have you seen it? Seen what? Why Jim Blackweider's newly acquired Oldsmobile, of course! Pretty snazzy, we think!

And speaking of autos reminds us that Julia Thatch seems to have suddenly become quite interested in the mechanism of her family "bus". The thing she should remember—or so it seems to us—is that a white coat which requires dry cleaning is not the type clothing to wear when climbing under the car to see "what's making that funny noise!"

MOTOR TRANSPORT

By Jocelyn Taylor

Number one on the Riggs hit parade is now "Walking the Floor Over You" on account of the Riggs' became the proud parents of a 1947 model girl, born December 5th.

Emanuel Ross has been confined to his home sick for the past ten days. We all are wishing him a speedy recovery.

Farwells were said recently to MSgt. Lowell Frye who was discharged and left to make his home in Texas.

H. A. Blackwell and a party of deer hunters were hunting on Hancock Creek, just off the Harlowe Road. One of their dogs chased a deer inside the wire fence around the Base and after two hours of calling and shooting, they decided to secure a pass to come on the Base and look for the dog. After three more hours, one dog was found and now they are still hunting—but not for deer. They are looking for a big speckled Hound dog which is still on the Base somewhere. If anyone sees him, please call Mr. Blackwell on 'phone 3267.

Have You Met—



The "wheels" of the Design Section, Public Works L-R: Mary Healey, Esther Dunn, Charles Garriss, George Brockway, Sr.

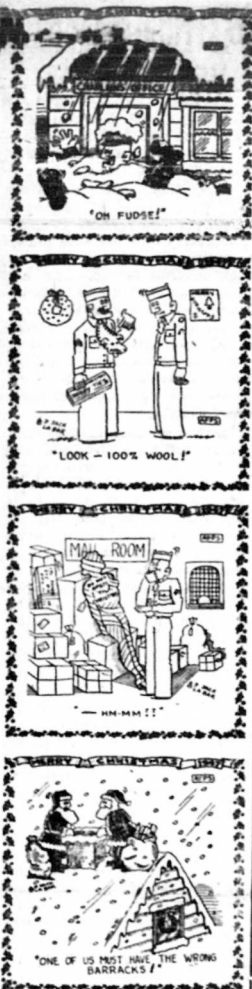
If you think that new barracks building, hangar, highway or set of quarters in MEMO "just rigged" like Topsey, you are all wrong. Such things require specialized knowledge and training and the folks we are introducing to you today have a mighty lot to do with what goes on here at Cherry Point where construction is concerned.

George L. Brockway, Sr., Scranton, Pennsylvania, began work at Cherry Point in September 1941, and has charge of the Public Works Design Section. He has had varied commercial engineering experience in the Pennsylvania coal mines with the Delaware & Hudson Railroad and the Pennsylvania State Highway Department. Prior to that time Mr. Brockway was Mechanical Illustrator for the International Correspondence Schools, in charge of construction of the Shultsville Airport, of several contracts on the Pennsylvania Turnpike, a super highway, Chief Engineer with Nello L. Teer, Engineer in charge of construction at Camp Bator, and drainage consultant at Camp Lee, Virginia.

Charles H. Garriss, Assistant Design Superintendent, was Assistant Airport Engineer during the construction of Cherry Point, transferring to the Public Works Department in 1944. Originally from Portsmouth, Virginia, Mr. Garriss attended Trinity College (Duke University) and was overseas with the 51st Army Division, World War I. Since 1919 he has been employed in various engineering capacities with the N. C. Public Works Commission, the Louisiana Highway Commission, Engineer at Camp Croft, Spartanburg, S. C., Assistant Engineer of roads and streets at Camp Lejeune, and Airport Engineer and Project Manager at MCAAS, Edenton.

Esther Tingle Dunn is a native of Craven County, N. C. In August 1942 she was employed by the Architects and Engineers, Contract NOY-2855, Cherry Point, her first position. Upon termination of this contract she transferred to Public Works Department, and during these years has been closely associated with the architectural and engineering sections. Mrs. Dunn is one of the recent brides in this department.

Mary A. Healey, Boston, Massachusetts, was employed by the Public Works Department in March 1946. In the summer of 1944 Mrs. Healey was stationed on this base while a member of the Womens Reserve. Upon her discharge she returned to her former position. However, her stay in the north was of short duration, as she returned to Cherry Point shortly to join her husband.



Glee Club of AES-41 To Go On Air Soon

On December 21, at 1600 over WMBL, the AES-41 Glee Club will conduct a half hour Christmas program. They will present the famous "Christmas Story" a narrative story, with seven song musical background. The 25 man Glee Club is under the direction of Capt. W. A. Peterson, A&R, and was formed in November of 1946. In the past its performances have been confined to the Squadron, but at long last it has gained the recognition of the entire base.

The group, made its first public appearance on December 10, for a meeting of the Parent-Teacher's Association, in Havelock, and since then has sung at the New Bern USO. On December 17, they sang the same program over WHIT, that will be heard over WMBL this Sunday.

Taking top honors for the presentation of the "Christmas Story" are Capt. W. A. Peterson, Director; Pfc. A. M. Peccarelli, Narrator; Pfc. R. P. Bernardi, Baritone Soloist; and Pfc. A. C. Baumann, Jr., Piano Accompanist.

We sincerely hope that all men aboard the station will tune into "740" on your dial to hear this beautiful story, we are sure you will enjoy it.

In all American history, only three decisive military battles were begun or fought Christmas Day. The first was the fall of Trenton to Washington; the second during the Civil War; the third was the Marine invasion of Cape Gloucester.



THE OTHER WISE MAN

(Cont. from P. 1, Col. 3)

As they passed through a grove of palm trees Vasda gave a quick breath and stood stock-still before a dark object lying in the shadow of the trees Artaban dismounted. The dim star light revealed a humbly dressed Hebrew, his pallid skin bore the mark of the deadly fever which ravaged the marshlands in autumn.

Artaban turned, but as he moved the man's boney fingers gripped the hem of the Magian's robe and held him fast. If he went now the man would surely die, if he lingered for but an hour he would miss his companions.

"God of truth and purity," he prayed, "direct me in the holy path, the way of wisdom which Thou only knowest."

Then he turned back to the sick man. Hour after hour he labored as only a skilled healer can, for the Magians were physicians as well as astrologers. At last the man's strength returned.

When Artaban put forth once again Vasda, refreshed by the rest, ran eagerly. But when they reached the Temple of the Seven Spheres there was no trace of the Three Magians.

"How can I cross the desert," thought Artaban, "with no food and with a spent horse? I must return to Babylon, sell my sapphire, and buy a train of camels, and provisions for the journey. Only God the merciful knows whether I shall not lose sight of the King because I tarried to show mercy."

As Artaban entered the village of Bethlehem he heard a young mother singing softly to her child. She told him of the arrival of the first three strangers, and of the gifts that they had brought to the child born of the wife of Joseph of Nazareth.

"But the strangers disappeared again," she continued. "And the man of Nazareth took the child and

his mother away that same night. It is said that they were going to Egypt."

But suddenly there came the noise of a wild confusion in the streets, and a desperate cry: "The soldiers! The soldiers of Herod! They are killing our children." Artaban went quickly and stood in the doorway of the young mothers house. The soldiers hurrying down the street hesitated with surprise at the sight of the stranger in his imposing cap and robe.

When the captain approached the house Artaban spoke. "I am all alone in this house, and am waiting to give this jewel to the prudent captain who will leave me in peace."

The Captain stretched out his hand and took the ruby, glistening in the hollow of the Magi's hand like a great drop of blood. "March on!" he cried to his men; "there is no child here. The house is empty."

Then Artaban bowed his head and prayed:

"God of truth, forgive my sin! I have lied to save the life of a child. And two of my gifts are gone. I have spent for man that which was meant for God. Shall I ever be worthy to see the face of the King?"

For three-and-thirty years Artaban traveled through countries where famine lay heavy upon the land, and the poor were crying for bread. He made his dwelling in plague-stricken cities where the sick were languishing in the bitter companionship of helpless misery. He visited the oppressed and the afflicted in the gloom of subterranean prisons, and the crowded rethchedness of the slave markets, and the weary toil of galley ships. In all this populous and intricate world of anguish, though he found none to worship, he found many to help. He fed the hungry, and clothed the naked, and healed the sick, and comforted the captive, and his years passed more swiftly

than the weaver's shuttle that flashes back and forth through the loom while the web grows and the pattern is completed.

Artaban, who once had hair as dark as night had tresses now as white as snow on mountain tops. His eyes, that once flashed like flames of fire, were dull as embers smoldering among the ashes. Worn and weary and ready to die, but still looking for the King, he had come for the last time to the city of Jerusalem. It seemed that he must make one more effort, and something whispered in his heart that, at last, he might succeed.

It was the season of the Pass-over. And on this day a singular agitation was visible in the multitude as they flowed unceasingly along the street that lead to the Damascus gate. When Artaban question the people in the streets they answered, "We are going to the place called Golgotha where there is to be an execution.. Two famous robbers are to be crucified, and with them another, called Jesus of Nazareth, a man who has done many wonderful works among the people. But the priests and elders have said that he must die because he has said that he is the King of the Jews, and the Son of God."

So the old man followed the multitude with slow and painful steps toward the Damascus gate. Just beyond the entrance of the guard-house a troop of Macedonian soldiers came down the street, dragging a young girl with torn dress and disheveled hair. She broke suddenly from the hands of her tormentors, and threw herself at Artaban's feet; for she had seen his white cap and the sign of the Magi.

"Have pity on me," she cried, "and save me for the sake of the God of Purity! My father was a merchant of Parthia, but he is dead, and I am seized for his debts to be sold as a slave." Artaban trembled.



Twice the gift which he had consecrated to the worship of religion had been drawn to the service of humanity. This was the third trial. One thing only was sure to his heart—to rescue this helpless girl would be a true deed of love. And is not love the light of the soul?

He took the pearl from his bosom. Never had it seemed so luminous, so radiant, so full of tender, living luster. He laid it in the hand of the girl.

"This is your ransom. It is the last of my treasures which I kept for the King."

While he spoke, the darkness of the sky deepened, and shuddering tremors ran through the earth. A heavy tile, shaken from a roof, fell and struck the old man on the temple. He fell breathless and pale. As the girl bent over him, fearing that he might be dead, there came a voice through the twilight, very small and still, like music sounding from the distance.

Then Artaban's lips began to move, as if in answer, and she heard him say:

"Not so, my Lord! For when saw I thee hungry and fed thee? Or thirsty, and gave thee drink? When saw I thee a stranger, and took thee in? Or naked, and clothed thee? When saw I thee sick or in prison, and came unto thee? Three-and-thirty years have I looked for thee; but I have never seen thy face, nor ministered to thee, my King."

And again the girl heard, very faint and far away, and understood:

"Verily I say unto thee, Inasmuch as thou hast done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, thou hast done it unto me."

Artaban's journey was ended. His treasures were accepted. The Other Wise Man had found the King.