

Potter Patter

By Eloise Potter

How long has it been since our last visit through the *Record*?

I've decided that writing a column is like brushing your teeth or going to church: every time you skip makes it twice as hard to get into the habit again.

Last week was a really exciting one for our three-year-old son, Brian.

Monday afternoon Jack, Brian, and I left little Davey with his grandparents in Wilson and drove to Morehead City. Ostensibly our purpose was to deliver some booklets to the Chamber of Commerce office, but really we were more interested in the beach and the ocean.

Arriving late in the afternoon, but a couple of hours before dark, we went first to Fort Macon. After we had walked up the beach a short distance Brian commented, "Right nice little sand pile."

Tuesday morning found Jack, Brian, and me aboard the *Danco* headed for the Gulf Stream. Brian lost his breakfast almost as soon as the boat reached open sea. Following the advice of a helpful stranger, we placed him face down on the deck. In minutes he was asleep, and he awoke completely recovered from the nausea.

Jack and I caught a total of sixteen fish, nine of which were red snappers. Since neither one of us knows much about cleaning fish we took them to a fish market recommended by a crew member.

There they were cleaned in about ten minutes by personnel using an electrically operated device. The charge was only 65¢, or ten cents for each pound of dressed fish.

By the time we reached Wilson on the trip home Brian was telling everyone how he plans to go out on that big boat again. Next time Jack and I will give him dramamine ahead of time to see that nothing spoils his fun. If you plan to take a small child deep sea fishing, you might be interested in something Haywood Jones told me. Elixir of dramamine is available for children who refuse tablets or try to chew them before swallowing.

The second exciting event of the week for Brian came Saturday afternoon when his Uncle Barrie took him to ride the ponies recently purchased by Judd Robertson. Of course Barrie look his own son along too. Both boys had a wonderful time. If Brian had his way I guess Barrie would still be leading that little pony around the meadow.

Last summer there was a fight every time I wanted to put either shoes or a shirt on Brian, and getting him to play outside alone was a real accomplishment.

But now all is changed. I can't even get him to take off his shoes when playing in the sandpile, and he hardly comes in the house except to sleep and eat. Sometimes he even takes his food outside when I'm not looking.

I don't know what brought on

the change in clothing habits, but I think I'm largely responsible for his love of outdoor play. Some-time during the winter I faced the fact that Brian wasn't happy playing outside because he felt I was trying to get rid of him, that he was being neglected.

To counteract his feeling unwanted and forgotten when sent out to play, I began making a point of waving to him from a window occasionally while doing my housework. When taking out the trash I would stop to chat with him or even join his play a little while.

Whenever Brian began to feel lonely and wanted to come in, I would welcome him with open arms even though I had let him out only five minutes ago. Usually as soon as he was sure I really wanted him inside with me he would go out again and play happily for an hour or more. But believe me I really had to bite my tongue sometimes to keep from saying, "Don't you think I have anything to do but open the door for you all day?" or, "You've only been out five minutes! Why don't you stay out a little longer?" Now that he can open doors for himself my only problem is killing the flies he lets in.

Recently someone who read my item about lemon-butter sauce on broccoli told me about her favorite way to serve that particular green vegetable. She just sprinkles grated parmesan cheese over the hot, drained stalks. If you like the two separately, you'll probably like them together. Anyway, I do.

Uncle Ferd's Almanac

Frederick Barbarossa, king of Germany and emperor of Rome, lost his life (by swallowing too many gallons of water) while crossing a river in Syria 765 years ago today.

Barbarossa, whose name comes from his red beard, had been a fine and just ruler, but in 1189 he decided that he would make a crusade to the Holy Land, seeking (1) to restore the Holy Land to the Christians and (2) to steal what he could from the Saracens. He got drowned before accomplishing either aim.

Barrie Davis had two less ambitious aims ten years ago today. He sought a transfer from Las Vegas and a ten-day delay en route. He got both, being transferred to Bluenthal Field at Wilmington

and getting the ten days in Zebulon, which, then as now, was a good place to spend ten days or ten years.

Bridget Bishop was hanged as a witch 263 years ago today, said hanging taking place at Salem in the great state of Massachusetts, where the folks are largely Republican and put up with no nonsense, especially from Democrats and witches.

New Legion officers were named by the local post seventeen years ago today. J. V. "Bud" Privette was elected commander, and Philip Massey was named adjutant. The vice commander was Irby D. Gill, whose nephew, Ruric, Jr., is presently vice commander of the local post. Time moves on, doesn't it, Judge?

Edward Everett Hale, author of *The Man Without a Country*, died 46 years ago today at the ripe old age of 87 years. He was serving as chaplain of the U. S. Senate at the time of his death.

The man without a country, about whom the Rev. Mr. Hale wrote his story in 1863, had fore-sworn allegiance to America but later wished to return — and could not. His predicament is much like that of the young American soldier who decided to remain with his communist captors, and just last week wrote his wife in Seattle that he had changed his mind and wanted to come home.

A sad case, but like the man who ticked a mule's heels with a short straw, he has nobody to blame except himself.

Mistakes Do Happen

Last Tuesday Mrs. Frank Wall (Jean in less formal circles) came in the office to claim any rewards offered for the apprehension of subversives. She'd discovered them in the news columns of the *Record*, she reported. Sure enough, on the front page was a statement that 154 Communists were competing in the 1955 Finer Carolina Contest. I bet that Carolina Power & Light Company thought that they were communities all this time.

I don't know whether it is modern, loud, or downright outrageous, but we've got a RED telephone up at the Davis home now. It sits on the eating counter (that's as applicable a name as any), and looks pretty as well as bright.

It's a good thing old Joe McCarthy isn't on the rampage now, because what with my red telephone and my affiliations with the Democratic party, the Wisconsin wildcat would be hot after me as a communist.

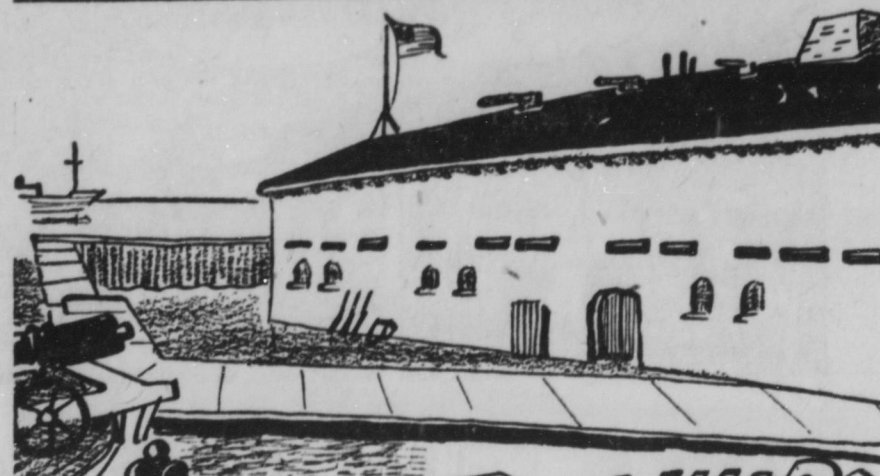
Tuesday afternoon, Michael Sherrie, and I drove the truck out to Wilbur Bullock's to see about getting some sand, having read that he has good sand for sale. The advertisement is correct, for on the Bullock farm is a tremendous area of deep sand where Little River once flowed.

I started loading the truck, shoveling the sand with vim and vigor. After 15 minutes I figured

I'd moved a lot of sand, but that pickup truck is bigger than it looks or sand is heavier than it looks because the truck body was only half full. But my back hurt and my hands were getting raw and I knew it was time to get the children back home; so reductantly (who am I kidding?) I doled the shovel and the kids on the truck and headed for home.

Somehow that load expanded between the river and the house, because I know it took twice as much work to unload that truck as it did to load it. There's nothing like a little too much manual labor to make a guy realize just how far beyond the adolescent stage he has come. Oh, my aching back.

IN NORTH CAROLINA



VETERAN OF 4 WARS
FORT MACON
 NEAR POPULAR ATLANTIC BEACH
 IS RESTORED AS ONE OF NORTH
 CAROLINA'S 17 STATE PARKS!

North Carolina Parks
 State Parks,
 from coast to mountains, are
 administered by the Department
 of Conservation and Develop-
 ment and provide healthy out-
 door recreation for millions of
 visitors.
**NO ENTRANCE FEES
 ARE CHARGED**

Rest House at
 Mount Mitchell
**HIGHEST IN EAST-
 ERN AMERICA,
 THE NEW BUILDING
 IN STATE PARK
 NEAR TOP MT. MITCHELL**

The Law in Carolina

By Robert E. Lee

Seals

What is the effect of placing a "seal" beside a person's signature to a contract?

It makes an agreement without consideration binding, and it increases the period within which a court action can be brought for breach of the contract.

The statute of limitations bars a right of action arising out of an oral contract or a written contract not under seal by the lapse of a shorter period of time than a right of action arising out of a written contract under seal. The respective periods vary somewhat in the different states.

In North Carolina contracts not under seal must be sued upon within three years from a breach thereof; while contracts under seal may be sued upon within ten years from a breach thereof. This is why many contracts supported by a consideration are also under seal.

Joe Brown promises under seal to give ten thousand dollars to Susie Smith on her twenty-first birthday. Is the promise enforceable in a court of law?

Yes. The particular promise is binding though given out of friendship and not in exchange for a valuable consideration.

A gratuitous promise under seal, where no actual consideration is bargained for, is enforceable because of the solemnity and formality of seals.

What is a Seal?

Originally a seal was an impression upon a piece of wax, a wafer, or any other tenacious substance capable of receiving an impression. In early times all persons of importance had seals. The idea of sealing contracts originated in a day when many of the problem men were illiterate.

Agreements made by knights and lords were usually validated by pressing a signet ring against a lump of wax placed at the bottom of the document. The seal took the place of the signature. It was a personal thing. Any written promise sealed and delivered to another was enforced in the courts.

The sealing of a document was a solemn and deliberate act.

Seals have lost much of their former dignity and importance.

Today in many states there is a sufficient sealing when there is affixed to the signature a scroll or scrawl containing the word "seal." A scroll or scrawl alone has been held sufficient in some states. The mere written or printed word "seal" or letters "L.S." (meaning *Loco Signilli* — the location of the seal) has even been held a seal.

Many of the printed contracts today have the word "seal" already printed beside the place the contracting party is to put his signature. The person signing, thereby adopts this seal as his own.

**AMERICA
 BY 1975**

America by 1975 probably will be using 110 per cent more petroleum than it used in 1950, according to projections of the President's Materials Policy Commission, issued June, 1952.

The National Association of Manufacturers cites these figures in discussing projected 1975 usage of petroleum for motor fuel, kerosene and distillates, residual oil, lubricants, and other products.

Motor fuel consumption is expected to increase from 994 million barrels in 1950 to 2,085 million barrels in 1975; kerosene and distillates from 513 million to 1,180 million barrels; residual oil from 554 million to 1,110 million barrels; lubricants from 39 to 75 million barrels, and other products from 275 to 550 million barrels.

Investment in and research by oil companies in a system of free enterprise will help insure attainment of these projections.