

Lying Fallow in the Files

Nothing has been heard for a long time about the proposed highway from Pollocksville to Havelock, but Nick Walker of Beaufort, who keeps close tabs on the project, is well aware that the vitally-needed link is another one of those things that has been shelved.

Why should we, here in Carteret County, be interested in a ribbon of highway that would lie in two other counties, Jones and Craven? Because it would furnish an alternate route from this area to the west.

As things exist now, east-west access to Carteret, from any point west of the Highway 24 and 70 junction near Morehead City, is by way of Highway 70 into New Bern. During Connie and Diane, power crews needed here in Carteret were stymied by the flood water at the New Bern bridge. Men trying to reach families in this section were detoured into back roads around Pollocksville and several instances were reported where cars got mired hopelessly in mud. The back roads were impassable. One power crew wandered around for almost 24 hours in the vicinity of Pelletier trying to find a road that would bring them into Morehead City where they were desperately needed to work on power lines.

The four-lane highway to New Bern, now in the building stage, is fine. But that doesn't correct the flood situation at the Trent River bridge between New Bern and James City.

If there were a highway from Pollocksville to Havelock, there would be two routes by which a motorist could go west from Havelock and Cherry Point: the present Highway 70 to New Bern, or the proposed route through the Croatan forest to Pollocksville. That would be advantageous in day-to-day routine, and most essential in case of natural or wartime disaster.

Mr. Walker points out that a bomb planted on the Trent River bridge would cause untold havoc, both for the civilian population and for military land-movements from Cherry Point. People at Morehead City and eastward can take the route to Swansboro to go westward, but it's a time-consuming

Women on the Jury...

Three women have been chosen for jury duty in the October term of Superior Court. That's fine. Now let's see whether the women citizens will uphold the faith vested in them by serving.

It has been many a moon since a woman was chosen for jury duty, or since a woman chosen has served. Maybe some of the new personnel on the board are responsible for the three called this time. But if the women chosen do not serve, the old way of doing things may prevail again — no women will be called.

We sincerely hope that doesn't happen. Women who refuse to accept their duties as citizens are doing their sex an injustice. Women's groups throughout the nation fight for "equality." We've never been able to quite figure out what that equality is. But they evidently want to be accepted as capable of holding political positions and receiving in the business world the same respect accorded the male sex.

When women are given the opportunity, however, of serving in government on an equal footing with men, many suddenly decide that they don't like this "equality" business after all. They present excuses that they hope will relieve them of fulfilling their duties as citizens.

In the face of action like that, it is not surprising when men in government and business look straight-faced, but with twinkling eyes, upon organized

route. As for people at Cherry Point, they would have no choice in the matter. They would have to come east to the Highway 24 and 70 junction before they could go west again to get upstate.

The state is investing a tremendous amount of money in the four-lane highway from New Bern to Cherry Point. Thus, it is logical to assume that unless demands for the Havelock-Pollocksville road are pushed, the proposed route will be shelved for a long time.

From the military standpoint and civil defense angle, it is, actually, one of the most-needed highway links in eastern Carolina. Governing boards, civic clubs and individuals, recognizing its importance, long ago endorsed the proposal. But to let the project die in the files is to ignore a route that some day could be our life-line.

And after tragedy strikes, it will be of little consolation to say, "If only we'd had that road from Havelock to Pollocksville..."

It Slowed 'em Down

Jaycees of Morehead City and Beaufort, Woodmen of the World and the State Highway Patrol rate a gold star for the fine work they did Labor Day weekend to promote highway safety. And it apourin' down rainin'.

The three civic groups and the highway patrolmen joined forces to stage a safety crusade. At the junction of Highways 24 and 70, club members handed out pamphlets on highway safety, gave kids in the cars popsicles donated by ice cream companies and the patrolmen set up a funeral tent to simulate an actual funeral for an accident victim.

During a part of the afternoon, the men took refuge under the tent because of the rain. And that really slowed down motorists. It looked sure 'nuff like a funeral.

The Labor Day weekend accident record in this county was good too. There were a couple accidents of a minor nature, but from all appearances the safety crusade paid off.

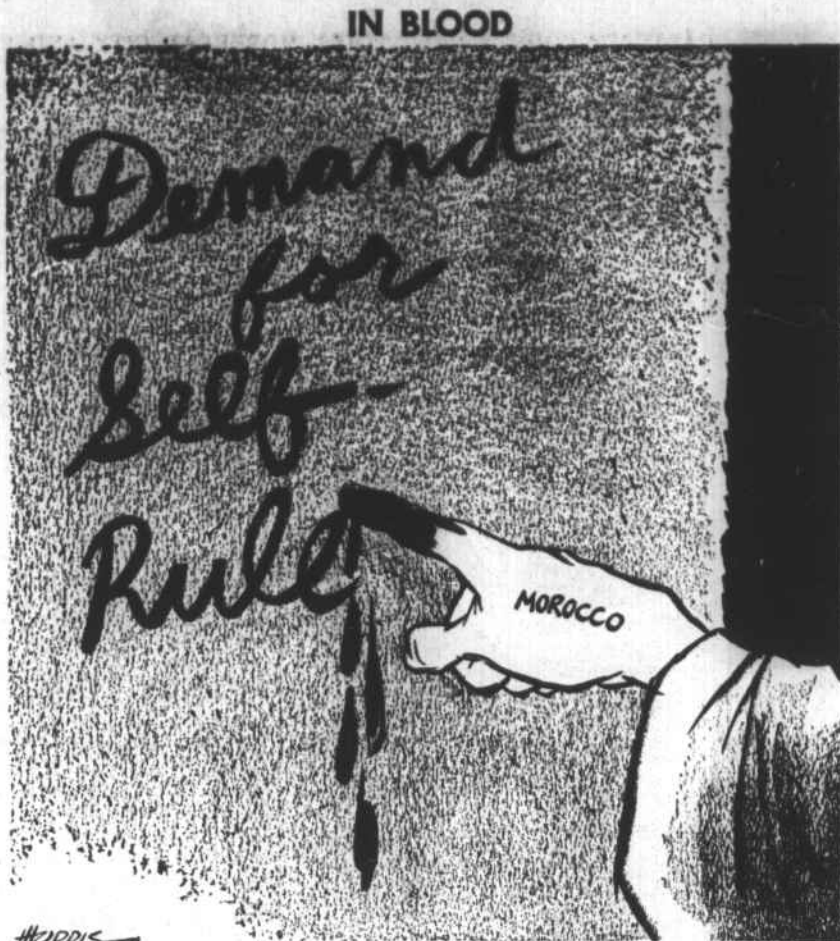
women's groups who wave the banner for "equal rights."

There are men, too, who try to escape their duties. But in this county most of the time, the jury box is filled with men. If there are complaints about miscarriage of justice, as there certainly have been, we could try changing the complexion of the jury box.

Maybe the lawyers can handle the women with flattering remarks such as, "It is a pleasure to stand here and look into the eyes of the fairer sex, who with both their beauty and brains will see how absolutely ridiculous it is to find this man guilty of manslaughter..." But we hope that the women, if they do serve, will write that off for what it is.

Women, without question, are just as capable of rendering decisions in court as are the fine upstanding gentlemen who serve as jurors. We'd like to see the women prove it.

An Illinois concern has set up offices for its retired employees. Available are desks, phones, and secretarial help. The retired employees are under no obligation to the company, but their seasoned judgment may be requested regarding the company's business. This is an aid to the company, and a definite benefit to busy men who suddenly find themselves without something to do.



From Whence Came the Name 'Bogue'?

By F. C. SALISBURY

Should you ask any oldtimer in Carteret County as to how Bogue Sound received its name, some will tell you it was named from an Indian tribe, as was Core Sound. Others will tell you it was named after an early settler or owner of the Banks, following the setting off of the county or precinct from Craven County in 1722.

To substantiate the Indian theory, Carl F. Miller, archeologist of the Bureau of Ethnology of the Smithsonian Institute furnishes the following information: "I have tried to find out something about BOGUE to see if there were ever Indians by that name in Carteret County, North Carolina. After going through my many references to Indian tribes of North Carolina I failed to find a single reference to any group by this name."

"I did find that there were a group of Choctaw who were known as BOUGECHITO ('big bayou') who formerly lived in Neshoba County, Mississippi and in a district of this same name. There was a Choctaw town by the name of Bogue Toocolo Chitto ('two big bayous') which derived its name from the location at the confluence of Running Tiger and Sukenatcha Creeks, about four miles northwest of De Kalb, Kemper County, Mississippi."

"With this information it would appear that the word Bogue is a Choctaw word for 'bayou.' We know that there were small groups of Choctaw in North Carolina at times and it is possible that both Sound and Banks were occupied by them at one time. We are not

E. Laurence Palmer

Female Scarlet Tanager Wears No Scarlet at All

On the day I wrote this, a neighbor called me excitedly on the phone to say that she had been trying to identify a rather plain greenish bird when suddenly a bright red bird with jet black wings and tail flew down and mated with it. She wondered if it was unusual to have to birds of different species mate and what the story back of this observation might be.

It happens that on at least three other occasions I have received phone calls from persons who have made similar observations. I remember once having a large class in the field which was attempting, without much success, to identify a partially hidden female scarlet tanager, when a male dashed in to help settle the story.

At one time, I had occasion to review a manuscript written by an author who is now considered one of our best known nature writers. In this story President Calvin Coolidge was reputed to have been thrilled by the observation on a Christmas morning of a brilliant red male scarlet tanager perched beside a red cardinal on one of the evergreens near the White House grounds.

certain of this, but it is a possibility.

Indian history states there were many small tribes in North Carolina, members of the Algonquin Nation, living in small, scattered settlements on the sand banks and around the broken shore lines of the sounds.

The surname of Bogue appears in the early history of the Albemarle Precinct as early as 1698. In April of that year one William Bogue was appointed constable, "from ye Narrows of Pigumons to Sutter's Creek, and to Mr. Lark-arr's Creek on ye west side."

It is possible that men by this name were among the early fishermen, hunters and trappers coming into this section long before it was set off as a precinct, and who could have located on Bogue Banks, either as squatters or from a grant by a Lord Proprietor, leaving his or their name to posterity. A map drawn by Wimple in 1738 refers to Bogue Banks as Cranford Island.

Another slant given to the naming of the sound and Banks is that of a genealogist, Miss Helen V. Prescott of Atlanta, Ga., who states: "I have always understood that Bogue Sound was named from my ancestor, Thomas G. Bog, who was a sea captain, but could not reconcile the French spelling of the name with my Scotch line. Thomas Bog registered as Master of the schooner 'Snow Lilly' November 18, 1754."

The Bog claim can be questioned for he was not in the county until just before the Revolution. The Sound and Banks had received the name Bogue during the early

Scarlet tanagers measure about 7 1/2 inches in length. This is about an inch longer than the vireos which they might be considered to remotely resemble. The male loses his brilliant red breeding color in the fall to take on an appearance somewhat similar to that of the females and young birds which are dull green above and yellowish beneath.

Scarlet tanagers breed from Southern Saskatchewan to Nova Scotia and south to Georgia and Arkansas. They winter from Colombia to Peru and Bolivia migrating



Scarlet Tanager

through Cuba, Jamaica, along the west coast of the Gulf of Mexico, eastern Yucatan and Central America.

The nest is built on a horizontal limb up to heights 50 feet, usually in the open woodlands. It is a flat platform of rootlets, leaves and grasses. The 3 to 5 pale greenish blue eggs have brown specks and are about 1 inch long. They are incubated for 12 days by the female. Young males assume the brilliant plumage in one year.

Since the birds feed almost entirely on the insect enemies of woody plants, their usefulness is obvious, proving once again that a beautiful thing is not necessarily useless. The National Federation is proud to lend its support to a better understanding of these remarkable birds.

Bill Whitley

Washington Report

Editor's Note: This column is written by a member of Senator Scott's staff in Washington.

STATISTICS. Senator W. Kerr Scott came forth with some interesting facts and figures on subsidies this week.

For many years, farmers have been given a bad time for the aid and assistance they receive from the government at taxpayers' expense.

After adding them up, Scott said: "When compared with the subsidies received by business, the assistance the farmers of this country get is just peanuts."

BREAKDOWN. A breakdown of budget figures shows, Scott said, that since 1949, farm subsidies have totaled 3.7 billion dollars while subsidies to business have totaled 5.8 billion dollars.

This is in addition to protective tariffs collected on imported goods coming into this country, which, Scott said, have the same effect as subsidies.

One of the biggest hidden subsidies to industry, Scott said, is in the form of quick tax write-offs. Actual tax amortization relief to industry since the program began as a World War II measure has amounted to 18 billion dollars.

This alone, Scott said, amounts to almost three times the market value of all surpluses accumulated during over 20 years operation of the farm price support system.

The Senator also cited air mail subsidies, railroad grants, merchant marine subsidies, the postoffice deficit and other non-farm assistance that is given by the government.

PIN POINTS. Scott pin-pointed his feelings this way:

"I have no patience left for those who gnash their teeth at the farmers and yell for a free economy without government regulation and at the same time clutch to their bosom their own particular brand of government subsidy."

"Let them offer to do away with tariffs on textiles, automobiles and the thousands of other items that are imported into this country, and I will be ready to consider doing away with farm price supports. The same thing applies to mail subsidies, maritime subsidies, guaranteed earnings on utility investments, the wage and hour law, the fair trade laws, and all the other gimmicks that are used to stabilize prices."

Smile a While

Betty, the farmer's daughter, was milking a cow when the bull suddenly charged toward her across the meadow. Betty did not move. Summer boarders who had dashed to safety saw, to their astonishment, that the bull stopped within a few yards of her, then turned and walked meekly away. "Weren't you afraid?" someone asked Betty. "No, I wasn't, but I'll bet he was," Betty laughed, "this cow is his mother-in-law."

F. C. Salisbury

Here and There

The following information is taken from the files of the Morehead City Courier:

TUESDAY, SEPT. 12, 1916

G. D. Canfield and daughter, Helen, left Monday to spend a few days in Philadelphia, where Mr. Canfield will attend the Atlantic Waterway convention now in session in that city.

Mrs. D. B. Wade and Mrs. A. C. Davis left Monday for Southport where they will visit Mrs. Wade's son, W. B. Wade and family.

Miss Pearl Brinson left Tuesday for Louisville where she will again have charge of the Department of Music in Louisville College.

Miss Leone Herbert left Sunday morning for Weldon where she will teach in the school this term. Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Guthrie arrived in the city Monday evening to spend several weeks here.

Milton Jackson left Tuesday for Durham where he will resume his studies at Trinity College.

The infant son of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Arthur of Wildwood died at their home Sept. 5 and was buried at Morehead City.

Mrs. B. B. Adams and daughter, Florence of Four Oaks, who have been spending some time in the city with Mrs. Adams' daughter, Mrs. B. F. Royal, left for their home Tuesday afternoon.

Little Mary Virginia, the eight-months-old baby daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Stallings died here Wednesday after an illness of a few days.

A very quiet wedding took place at the home of Mrs. Jack Hornaday in Beaufort last Saturday evening when Miss Kathleen Herbert of this city became the bride of Robert C. Cornwall of Weldon.

The town commissioners have sold the electric light bonds for

the construction of a new power plant, to the J. B. McCrary Co., of Atlanta, Ga.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 15, 1916

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Waters have returned to their home in Kinston after a short visit here with Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Korngay.

Capt. Robert G. Moore arrived in the city Thursday to spend several days with his family.

Kervin Lewis is home on a furlough this week, having left the battleship New York at Norfolk. Miss Gieula Willis returned Thursday from a short visit with relatives in Aurora.

Mrs. R. W. Taylor and daughter Madeline spent Wednesday in New Bern.

G. L. Arthur Jr. left Wednesday for New Bern where he will direct an orchestra for the Athens Theatre during the coming season.

The first meeting of the Lanier Book Club for the season was held Tuesday evening with Mrs. H. W. Baucom. The next meeting will be with Mrs. Maggie Mallison. Shakespeare's Life will be the subject for the evening.

On Tuesday when the schools of the city opened there was a total of 460 pupils enrolled.

When each of the twelve teachers went to school Thursday they found on their desk a package containing a tablet, pen holder, pens, pencil, ink, composition book, blotters, crayons and water colors, as a gift from S. A. Chalk Drug Co.

The death of Oscar G. Bell, 55, occurred Monday afternoon, Sept. 11. For more than 15 years Mr. Bell had been engaged in the mercantile business in this city. His original home was at Harlowe. One brother, C. F. D. Bell, survives.

HUMAN NATURE. It may be human nature, or something, but the people who yell loudest about farm subsidies are the ones who are really cashing in on government assistance. Jealous, perhaps?

I'm a Cop

(Editor's Note: The following, written by a policeman who didn't care to identify himself, recently appeared in the Advance Leader, Oakmont, Pa. It gives a slant on the law enforcement officer's job which the average citizen seldom thinks about.)

You, Mr. and Mrs. Average Citizen, you're all a bunch of queer ducks, that is, the way you think and act about Law Enforcement.

Every neighborhood, every subdivision has a civic organization. You want playgrounds, you want sewerage, you want streets paved, you want schools, and you want traffic laws to protect the lives of your loved ones, friends and neighbors.

Mean Well
You mean well, you are sincere — by organizing you get public improvements you realize the constant increasing danger of motor traffic, you know that day in and day out many of our citizens are maimed and killed because of the laxity of laws; the carelessness of drivers or because a motorist violated a law. You want to protect yourselves, and family, your neighbors and friends. You want to save a family the sorrow and tragedy of an accidental death. You realize that gruesome deaths can be avoided if people drive sanely, obey traffic signs and laws and give consideration to others.

You also realize that most people don't behave themselves unless there is a pattern of established conduct. That is when you and your civic club demand that stop signs be put up; traffic lights installed and warning signals placed at vantage points. Those officials know the danger, also. They agree with you, they do what you ask. Then what happens? They send me out to see the signs are obeyed. I'm a cop.

A man drives up to the stop sign, looks to the right and left, he doesn't spot me, he keeps on going. I pull him over to the curb. He is indignant. He is mad, he tells me so. He angrily gives his name. He denies not stopping, he says he's got friends. He doesn't like me, he doesn't like the idea of a ticket. By this time he hates me. I give him a ticket.

I'm a cop. My duty is to enforce your laws; to protect your life even if it costs me mine. Oh, yes, the man I gave the ticket belongs to the civic club that had the signs put up.

Laws Not For Him
He thinks that traffic laws were made for everybody but Mr. Average Man. He thinks he can sneak across stop signs and not get caught; he thinks he can park in no parking zones; he thinks he can run a red light if no cop is around. Sometimes he gets away with it, sometimes we catch him, or he is caught in the switch of traffic and goes to a hospital or the morgue. He thinks he can get by without a driver's license or handle an automobile under the influence of liquor. If we don't catch him sometimes we read about him the next morning in the newspapers.

Yes, this fine respected citizen thinks laws were made for everybody but Mr. Average Man. That is why hospitals maintain emergency accident rooms that are always crowded with maimed, screaming, cut up and bleeding citizens. Statistics show that some of these die from crushed skulls and smashed limbs. They thought, too, that the laws were made for the other fellow—not them.

I'm a cop, I know. I'm the guy you hate, that is when you violate the law and get caught. But its different when you hear your wife scream in the middle of the night, and you find a burglar in your home. It's different when the bank gets robbed, a teller killed—you call the cops.

Yes, when the little boy down the street drowns in an open canal; when little Johnny falls out of a tree; when men are needed to keep crowds back from fires, parades and other hot spots; when you are mugged, attacked, threatened, defrauded—you call a cop. I'm the guy you send for, my job is to protect you—to enforce the laws. You make those laws, I'm the guy you hire, who is on call 24 hours a day, to see that your wishes are carried out.

Lives Next Door
I'm the man who lives next door to you, with a wife and kids, living on a modest income, being a good neighbor. I'm the guy whose kids go to school and church with your kids. I'm the man you meet at neighborhood affairs, who lives not differently from any other hard working citizen except when you need me I'm there—even if I must give my life to save yours. I'm a cop.

You like me when you need me, but when you violate the law, and don't want to see me, that is when you really need me the most. I may save your life.

Carteret County News-Times

WINNER OF NATIONAL EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION AND NORTH CAROLINA PRESS ASSOCIATION AWARDS

A Merger of The Beaufort News (Est. 1912) and The Twin City Times (Est. 1936)
Published Tuesdays and Fridays by the Carteret Publishing Company, Inc.
504 Arendell St., Morehead City, N. C.

LOCKWOOD PHELPS — PUBLISHER
ELEANORE DEAR PHELPS — ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER
RUTH L. FEELING — EDITOR

Mail Rates: In Carteret County and adjoining counties, \$6.00 one year, \$3.50 six months, \$1.25 one month; elsewhere \$7.00 one year, \$4.00 six months, \$1.50 one month.

Member of Associated Press — Greater Weeklies — N. C. Press Association
National Editorial Association — Audit Bureau of Circulations

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Entered as Second Class Matter at Morehead City, N. C., Under Act of March 3, 1879.