

The Ballots Are Counted

Saturday's vote authorizes state legislators to change North Carolina's constitution.

The people returned a resounding "Yes" to the Pearsall Plan. This plan alters the constitution in a way designed to prevent racial problems from interfering with the public school system. Three other amendments were also approved.

But the Pearsall Plan was the issue that posed the gravest problem. Those opposed to the plan just for the sake of being "against" something are probably hoping that it will not do what its proponents claim it will.

Those who were against it because they sincerely believed that the public school system could be preserved without any plan, should be hoping today, with all those who voted for it, that it will prevent racial crisis in the public schools.

If school integration is bound to come, as rabid segregationists themselves admit, let it come slowly and peacefully. Under the Pearsall Plan, Negroes and whites are free to attend schools together, if the parents approve. The parents are the ones who decide. They have a choice of sending their children to an integrated school or not.

Where there is freedom of choice a man will submit to a lot of things he otherwise would not. Man is retaining

a dignity most important to him when he says, "I'm doing this because I want to, not because somebody is making me do it."

If some whites, as they claim, are willing to submit to "a little integration" in the schools, that integration may come. Others may say now, "I won't stand for one bit of integration!" However, if they find that a "little bit of integration" isn't as awful as it sounds and are willing to try it, they always have an escape hatch — the Pearsall Plan — should racial mixture become insufferable.

The interesting thing about the Pearsall Plan is that people for it and against it have as their primary objective the preservation of the public school system. Both are probably right in believing that North Carolinians will "take" a lot before closing down the schools. The idealists who were against the plan gave credit to the human being for "taking" a lot more than he actually will.

The more practical-minded, in favor of the Pearsall Plan, said human beings will take a lot, but there's always a breaking point, and something must be done to allow human beings to cope, legally, with a crisis.

Only the months and the years will tell whether the Pearsall Plan is the answer sought. All who have the welfare of North Carolina at heart sincerely hope that it is.

Towns Hope for Help

If John Q. Citizen had attended the recent Beaufort and Morehead City town board meetings, he probably would thoroughly agree with the article, God Help the City Fathers! The article appears in the current issue of The American Legion magazine.

Written by William P. Helm, it points out that local governments are expected to provide more services and pay higher salaries, but Uncle Sam and the states make it tough by taking most of the tax money.

Both Beaufort and Morehead City have been informed by the State Stream Sanitation committee that "steps must be taken toward" stopping pollution. The city fathers are the first to agree that this is a worthy cause. What they want to know is "Where do we get the money?" Both towns, already in debt, are not in a position to borrow money to build sewage disposal plants.

Mr. Helm, in his Legion magazine article, quotes Mayor George Dill, who appeared in Washington last March urging that the federal government pass a bill to help towns. The mayor pointed out that many improvements must be postponed if some cities are to comply with sewage treatment requirements, and others, such as Beaufort and Morehead City, see no way whatever to finance sewage plants now.

This problem exists in thousands of towns and cities throughout the United States, Mr. Helm says. City fathers have to get money for local needs. They can't get enough by taxation, thus they are forced to turn to the state and the federal government for loans or outright grants.

In other words, they have to go to the governments who are taking the lion's share of tax revenue.

At present, especially in North Carolina, local governments are under pressure to provide better schools and supplement teacher salaries. In most towns a policeman's lot is not a happy one on today's wages. Fire departments need equipment, streets need paving, gar-

bage must be collected regularly . . . and yet most of the tax dollar goes to the governments that do not provide these services.

Less than 50 years ago Uncle Sam collected only half as much as town governments. Today the federal take is six times that of towns — income tax, taxes on TV's, home appliances and sales taxes.

And while the towns' only salvation seems to lie in loans and grants from the governments above them, the state and federal government can in turn dictate exactly how the money shall be spent. Neither is this satisfactory.

Solutions to the problem are being sought, such as coalition of several small town governments into one or putting a limit on how much Uncle Sam can tax. But no "right" answer has yet been found. Meanwhile, no matter who goes before a town board, if he wants a job done, he better bring with him a way to finance it too.

Why the Hurry?

(L.G. in Chapel Hill Weekly)

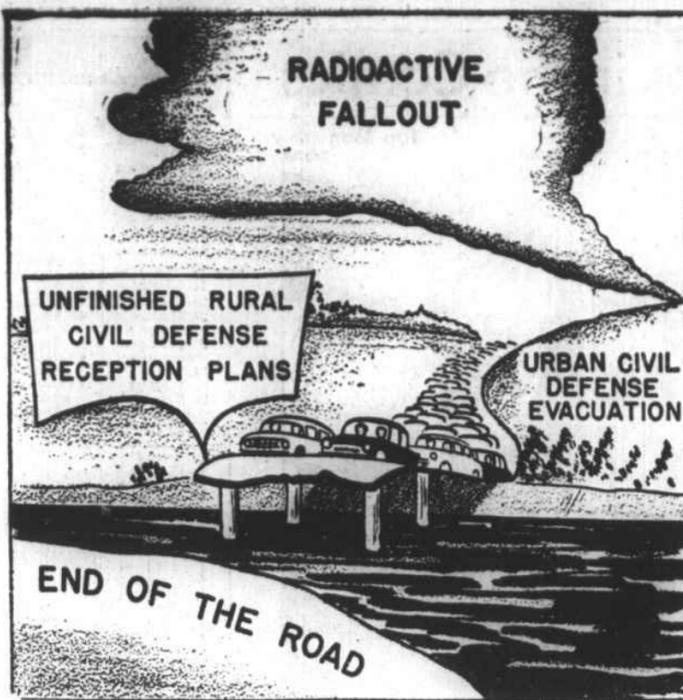
When I was looking up the record of William Horn Battle, founder of the University Law School, in connection with the gathering of his descendants here recently, I found an amusing anecdote about him in the History of the University written by his son, Kemp P. Battle.

He was in bad health in his early manhood, in the 1830's, and his doctor prescribed a remedy popular in those days — and for all I know it may be popular now; I don't see why not — a toddy before breakfast. One morning while dressing he called out:

"Old Woman," (a playful name he gave his wife), "I will not take another toddy."

"Why?" she asked. "I think it is doing you good."

"Well, I think so too," he said, "but I've found myself dressing fast in order to get to it. Don't make me another."



Jerry Schumacher

Only Guy Truly Happy is an Idiot

The only true happiness in the world is in the mind of an idiot. Who ever heard of a ditch digger or a share cropper committing suicide? The rewards of much knowledge should be piece of mind and contentment but it don't work that way. The more you know about this world the less you want to live in it.

Come on all you people that pledged money for the new fire station; put something in the tambourine, boy. Vernon Guthrie, chief, says it's coming a long fine 'ceptin' they run smack out of foidin' stuff. Now Iffen ever you put money to a good cause this is it, so let's get behind and push. It's just a short way over the top.



Jerry

You know, these party boat captains aren't so dumb. Some of them get awfully tired of wrangling with drunks and here are some of the things they pull on their unwary customers.

One captain goes to the flying bridge, curls up in a life raft, goes

to sleep and lets the mate steer the boat from down below. Captain number two gets his stewed customers in the bunks and then he and the mate fish like h—.

Now each fisherman thinks the other fellow was fishing while he was sacked out and it's wonderful to hear them argue after they have come in to the dock as to just who caught the biggest fish.

The other day one captain had four really soused would-be fishermen and they were almost impossible to handle, so as luck would have it he hooked a 200-lb. shark. Now just as soon as one would poop out the Captain would have him change places with another one.

Well finally the shark was long since dead, but every time it looked like maybe one of them might possibly be able to bring him in, the captain would speed up the boat and out would go some line. He kept this up 'til he had the whole party either exhausted in the bunk or sobered up.

The whole world is slipping backwards:

People are going back to cooking in their back yards, over charcoal no less, while in the modern kitchen lays thousands of dollars of the very latest of electronic cooking equipment, rusting away. The girls are now about to start

wearing those horrible cloche hats that always reminded me of something that belonged under a bed, the height of fashion 25 years ago. To be anything but a square, the men now have to wear Ivy League britches with that little strap across the back of the fanny. When I was a boy we called them heinie binders.

About the only thing I can think of that we would be sort of smart to go back to, after watching some of the so-called younger generation, would be a good hefty razor strap.

Got my Gorgeous Tomato back on the ball and feeling better when flat on my back I go for four days, sicker'n a poisoned pup. Musta gotten some bad ice. Well anyway when I have a few degrees of fever I go off my rocker and then live in a wonderful make-believe world.

The room is full of imaginary characters and I carry on all kinds of brilliant conversations with them. Sing, well buddy, Frank Sinatra is a bum compared to me with a bit of fever.

All this is wonderful 'til the fever leaves and then comes the terrible after-effect, but as all things, comes the dawn and the day when finally you can stand on rubbery legs and it's all over but the doctor bills.

Stamp News

By SYD KRONISH

The portraits of President Dwight D. Eisenhower and other presidents of the American republics appear on a new set of stamps from Panama. The set honors the recently held Congress of American States held in that country.



Pakistan has issued a 2 anna orange stamp to commemorate the ninth anniversary of its creation. Shown on the stamp is the crescent and star facing north-west. A bunch of roses appears in the top right corner.

Three new sets of stamps have been issued by little Liechtenstein. One set of two honors the 150th anniversary of the principality's formation. Depicted on the adhesives are a symbolic eagle with princely crown and wreath of oak leaves.

Another set containing four stamps commemorates the 50th birthday of Prince Franz Joseph II. The third set of one, dedicated to the 6th Philatelic Exhibition in Vaduz, pictures Prince Johann Adam, eldest son of Franz Joseph.

The highest priced stamp ever issued by Israel is scheduled for release at the end of October or early November, reports the Israel Philatelic Agency. It will be a 3000 pruta airmail picturing the ancient city of Tiberias.

To mark the 400th anniversary of St. Ignazio de Loyola's death, the Vatican has issued two new stamps, reports the New York Stamp Co.

The 35 lire brown and the 60 lire blue green depict Ignatius receiving confirmation of his Society of Jesus from Pope Paul III.

Bill Whitley

Washington Report

(Editor's Note: This column is written by a member of Sen. Kerr Scott's Washington staff.)

PILOT PROGRAM. The U. S. Department of Agriculture is expanding its Rural Development program, designed to increase farm income in some of the nation's lowest farm income areas.

The present undertaking, which includes three North Carolina counties, is a pilot program that is intended to find ways and means to lift many rural areas out of the economic doldrums.

The three counties in North Carolina included in the experimental program are Bertie, Anson and Watauga. A total of 55 counties in 24 states have been selected to carry out the experiment.

APPROACH. Under the program, the federal government, through the various state extension services, sends experts in soil conservation, agricultural economics and other specialized fields into the pilot counties to determine what is needed to increase farm income.

By working with individual farm families, these experts will determine what is needed in depressed farm communities to lift up the general rural economic level.

From the Bookshelf

The Long Watch. By Elizabeth Linington. Viking.

Tall, lanky, homely teen-ager Bethune is escaping from the Thurstan Hundred, just as his father had tried to do, when this novel, Miss Linington's second, opens.

The Revolutionary War is some years in the future though its passions are already shaping. Bethune, Sr., indentured for life, was killed as he was running away. His son's offense, though, could get him hanged, or so Thurstan swore furiously.

Pretty Margaret Thurstan had let him kiss her, but it had not stopped there; and if he was no slave, he was no free white, either, and to keep from being dragged before the court at Williamsburg, he ran away.

Thus this story in its first few pages builds up momentum. Unhappily, however, it is momentum the author is going to need before

her hero works his way through a newspaper career, before the war is won, before he has risked a few other love experiences and found his way at last into the heart where he feels emotionally at home.

A Quaker captain lands him in New York, a Jewish landlord points out an advertisement for help, and MacDonald of the Courier hires him.

Against the background of growing rebellion, he learns the dangerous newspaper game in a city where loyalties are tested in the fire of 1776; he meets Gay, befriends Darcy, is Susan's escort and once more encounters the girl he left behind.

The story falters a bit; though this is not history, history gets in the way, or perhaps the focus isn't sharp enough. Even so, Miss Linington gives us the good rich contemporary color, and a sense of real people vying courageously with real problems.

—W. G. Rogers

Louisa Spivay

Words of Inspiration

There are all types of families. Those who want children, those who don't. Those who have a house full, others whose homes are silent for there are no children there. There are mothers who pray at the coming of each small one, that this be their last . . . others who pray that they may be blessed with at least one child.

There are parents who want nothing better than to be able to secure a baby sitter, so that they can spend an evening at a party, dancing; mothers who could find no pleasure anywhere as satisfying as hearing small prayers, reading bedtime stories or tucking small ones in for the night, then staying close while they sleep.

Once there were two families who were neighbors. Mrs. Brown lived in a comfortable white house with a large yard. Her house was always in order, she always wore a smile as she worked among her flowers, hung out clothes, or exchanged neighborly talk with Mrs. Smith.

So many evenings as Mrs. Smith was preparing her children for bed, she would see Mrs. Brown and her husband leave their home together for a show, a drive, or a visit with friends. How she envied her and hoped that some day she too would be free of the invisible bands that kept her bound to her home and the many duties of motherhood.

One morning Mrs. Brown was in her yard cutting roses for the dining room table. Mrs. Smith came over and told her the doctor had said another child was on the way . . . how she hated the thought.

That night Mrs. Smith knelt by her bed and prayed that the doctor was mistaken and begged God not to send her another child. If it were true, and she must have this one, to please let it be the last for she felt that she had by far more than her share to care for.

Next door, Mrs. Brown also knelt in prayer:

"PLEASE GOD —"

Dear God, I hate to bother you today,
But has one infant Up There gone astray?
I wish You'd check up on it . . . for my sake,
And see if there has been a grave mistake
In the Celestial Depot . . . where the birth
Addresses are marked on the tiny ones dispatched to earth.

I've sent prayer orders up for one so long and still have not received delivery.

I feel perhaps they have my address wrong Up There. Down here I have a lovely nursery.
All pink and blue for little girl or boy; I'd be blessed and content
With any little stranger Heaven sent.

And John loves children so, he'd be so good to any of your precious tiny ones,
He never says so but I know he longs for little daughters and for little sons.

My neighbor told me just the other day,
Another child for her is on the way.
Another little bundle right from Heaven.
She's a wonderful mother, God, but she has seven.
They're small; she looks so tired and worn.
Why do they send them all to her when I am praying so for my first-born?

Perhaps they have my address mixed with hers, you see, we're living on the same street right next door.
But God, she lives at 602 S. Pine St. . . . and God, I live . . . and hope . . . at 604.

So, humbly and with deepest reverence, I plead that you'll check the assembly line,
And look at all the brand new babies there, and if you see one that you know is mine,
Please God, address it right, I beg, improve . . .
To: Mrs. Brown . . . South Pine Street . . . 604.

Watermelons Are the Best!

By THOMAS H. CARROW

(Editor's Note: The writer, now a resident of Philadelphia, is a native of Beaufort, and has frequently contributed articles to THE NEWS-TIMES.)

Watermelon! There's a fruit for you. Or is it a fruit? Anyway there are no half-way lovers of watermelons. You either love 'em with all your heart, mind and soul or you don't like 'em at all.

And so far as my memory runneth back I can recall no boy, either white or black, among my childhood associates who didn't rave over them. In all the catalog of things good to eat and drink, surely there is nothing that has a more delicate flavor. The meat of a watermelon is neither food nor drink. It is both. When you put it into your mouth it starts like food, but ends like a drink.

It is sweet, but not sickening like candy. It is filling but not heavy. It is refreshing but not depressing like liquor. It's good between meals and it's good after meals. After a boy eats the greater part of a half of a watermelon he can scrape the rind and drink a pint of the juice that remains.

Patch is Pretty
A watermelon patch is a beautiful sight. The vines run away from the hills and cover the fields. Soon a little green thing develops and it grows and grows and grows. In a few weeks a mere speck of green has grown up to 40, 50 or 60 pounds.

When it comes to color there is nothing prettier in green. And surely red reaches its richest hue down through the heart of a watermelon.

Indeed, the inside of a watermelon is one of nature's most charming pieces of architecture. If you know this you can cut it so that the seeds fall out or can be pushed out with your knife and fork as you eat.

No one with any love for a watermelon would cut it with a fork like some fashionable people cut salad. That's merely pressing the juice out on the plate instead of conveying it to your mouth.

There is not a boy of the nineties from watermelon country who hasn't a whole lot of happy memories centered around watermelons.

Six Acres Worth!

One time my father raised six acres. He brought them to town in a boat, a thousand at a time. They were unloaded on the wharf this way: One man in the boat throwing to another on the dock. The latter threw to one on the wharf and there were two more throwers before the melon finally reached the pile.

Sometimes the man in the boat would speed up and push the next man and so on until the melon reached the last man at the pile. Now and then one would drop,

burst and expose its heart to us ravenous kids who were waiting for the blessed event.

The best-bred boys I ever knew had no compunction about taking watermelons from the farmer's patch. I won't say stealing because it seemed such a natural thing to do. I recall one day a boyfriend and I went to see a farmer who lived four miles from town. That was a pretty good distance in the horse and buggy days.

We went in the patch and annexed a watermelon. Nothing wrong about that, except that we left the rinds in the road and they gave us away. Every boy and girl of the nineties and of course many of them in the present day have gone to watermelon parties. And when you are out on a sail along the coast a cool watermelon goes as fine as anything that you can put down your alimentary tract.

I have often known boys to chip in and buy a watermelon. Cut it into equal lengthwise slices and eat from the slices without the aid of a knife. And after the feast was finished some smart boy would "wash" some other boy's face with the rind.

Even the rind of a watermelon is good when it is preserved.

In the south it is generally thought that colored people are more fond of watermelons than the whites. I think this illusion grows out of the fact that the appetites of the colored people in former times were on the whole sharper because of the life they led and the laborious work they did.

Anyway there are a whole lot of jokes about colored people and watermelon and it was not uncommon to see a colored man consume a whole melon. It was a great treat to the cotton pickers to run across one that had sneaked away into the cotton patch and ripened on a vine that had never been cultivated.

This writer is fond of all kinds of good things to eat. But taken at the right time, watermelon pleases his palate most.

Smile a While

When asked by a new neighbor what her husband did, a wife replied, "My husband is an efficiency expert in a large office."

"And what does an efficiency expert do?" the neighbor wanted to know.

The wife thought a moment; then explained, "It's a little hard to explain, but if we women did it, they would call it sagging."

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