

Is Sports Worth the Cost?

Some boards of education are waking up. They see the time has passed to take a new appraisal of athletic programs. Just such reappraisal has been requested by the Guilford County commissioners.

Unfortunately, this was not brought on by interest in bending all effort toward a better scholastic program. It came after a near-riot following a basketball game at Monticello High School.

Recently Kinston and New Bern students tangled at Cove City after a close-fought basketball game; a fight started at a State and UNC basketball game; booing at college games has been the rule rather than the exception. Just what is athletics teaching our students? That's what educators are beginning to ask.

Players used to blame sports fist-cuffs on the spectators. Recent events at colleges and high schools do not bear out that contention.

Years ago, educators found that parents would become more interested in the schools if there were sports events. So sports began to play a more prominent part in the school program. Now sports has reached the point of "the tail wagging the dog".

Neither Beaufort nor Morehead City can easily support football programs. They go in the red. Beaufort doesn't have the material for a football team, yet it keeps struggling. Ask the same people who fork out contributions to athletic teams to give a like amount toward a new chemistry lab and you'll get nowhere.

Right now people are talking about new schools in the county. Ask the average man on the street why he wants a new school. Nine chances out of ten he will come up with, "Because we've got to have a new gym."

Physical education is important. Teaching cooperation with other members of a team is necessary. How to be a good sport while losing is part of playing the game. But is a quarter million dollar gym, one at Smyrna, one at Beaufort, one at Morehead City and one at Newport necessary to do that?

Before this county starts talking better schools, it had best take a long hard look at its athletic programs. Perhaps money could be found to put one large high school with gym, East Carteret High, east of Beaufort. Perhaps money could be found to put another large school with gym between Morehead City and Newport as West Carteret High. Perhaps fabulous gymnasiums are not as important as good football fields — or libraries. Carteret people are going to have to decide.

When a Carteret student, on occasion, wins a scholarship, folks leap and shout. How many other students might also be winning scholarships if the scholastic programs and classroom facilities were a lot better than they are?

Carteret is going to have to cut its educational program to fit the cloth. Maybe this means basketball, but no football; maybe it means 10 new classrooms instead of 12; maybe three high schools instead of five. Evaluation — and burying of selfish community interests — MUST come before building.

Why?

The big question in the current recession is "Why does the cost of living keep rising when business is decreasing?"

This gets into the realm of economics. Experts can analyze an economic problem, such as a recession, and even if an answer is suggested no one can agree that it's the right one.

The cost of living will not come down until prices are lowered at the retail level. Prices will not be lowered at the retail level until

1. The retailer cuts price and takes a loss, or
2. The cost of producing goods is reduced.

Few retailers want to take a loss. On smaller electrical appliances, however, price-cutting has gotten under way on a large scale in metropolitan areas in the past few weeks. The retailers' profits are small, if indeed, any.

The cost of producing goods cannot be reduced as long as the labor force holds management to contracts signed at the peak of good business. Factories have to keep paying high wages or lay people off, and many plants will even face strikes this year.

Raw materials stacked in warehouses now were produced in the days when business was good. The raw material producer, the wholesaler, the jobber — everybody all along the line knew that the retailer could get almost anything he asked for the finished product. Costs were set accordingly.

Those raw materials, produced at high cost, are still in the warehouse. As they move out, into the factory and down the line through the retailer, the high costs must be passed on. That's why the cost of living is still up while business has slumped.

There is a big hue and cry for the government to do something to bolster business. Anything the government

does is like the information printed on a box of cold medicine. The remedy (so-called) will relieve the SYMPTOMS. The basic trouble is still there and in a recession, sound footing in the business world will not be reached until all the gears are revolving at a synchronized speed.

At the moment things have slowed up at the consumer end, but the slow-up has not back-bumped to the producing end. The gears are out of time. They can't be readjusted quickly.

Government action can cushion a business slump, but only time and normal economic readjustment can cure the ill.

And Speak Clearly (Lynchburg News)

How should a group of newly licensed lawyers be advised on courtroom decorum?

The president of the Texas State Bar Association did a respectable job the other day when such a group was brought before him in Austin.

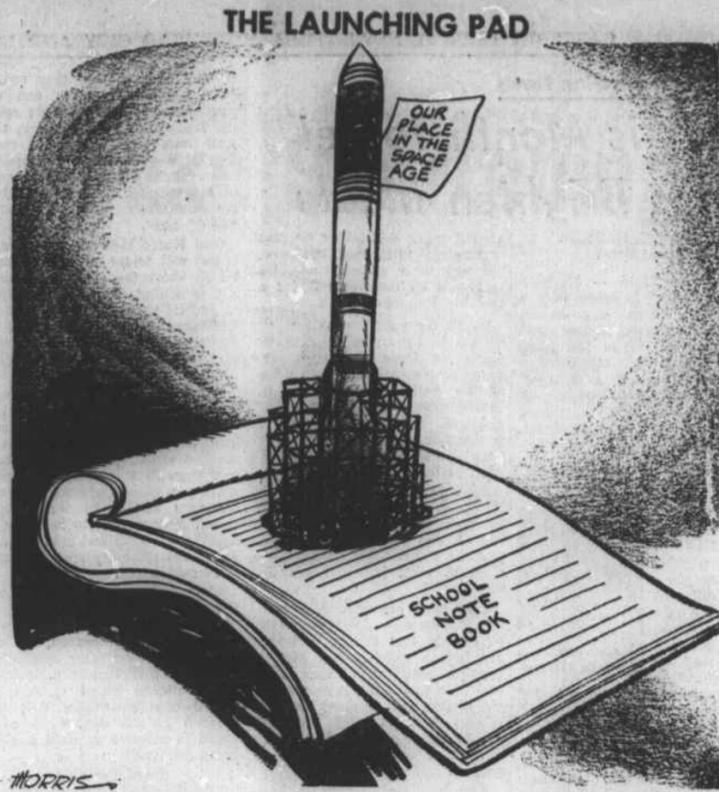
Never indulge in useless fisticuffs, he warned.

And always wear a coat; avoid flashy clothes "lest you be mistaken for a tinhorn gambler."

Never holler at the judge unless he is a little deaf and then holler mildly.

Be brief.

And with these un lawyerlike words, President Virgil Seaberry of the Texas State Bar Association shut up. He had said about all that needed saying in concise, simple language and without resorting to abhorrent legalese. He might have advised his junior colleagues to strive for improved diction and seek to avoid the offensive mumbo-jumbo of legalistic prose which confuses and confounds.



Security for You...

By RAY HENRY

The couple was nearing 65 and the husband would be retiring soon.

To get ready for it, they visited the local Social Security office. They wanted to know what documents they'd need when they asked for payments.

Since neither had a birth certificate, the office receptionist explained that they should be looking for other proof of their age. After she had mentioned several documents that would be acceptable, she asked:

"Do you have a baptismal certificate?"

"What did she say?" the husband asked his wife in a loud voice.

In an equally loud voice, she answered:

"They say now we have to be baptized."

Turned out that in addition to being ready for retirement, they both were hard of hearing.

In any case, the couple had the right idea in checking in advance to see what documents they'd need to back up their applications for Social Security payments.

As the couple discovered, the basic document needed is a birth certificate or some other proof of age.

The problem for many older people these days is that they don't have birth certificates. Birth records weren't carefully kept in the late 1800s and early 1900s. So, it's often necessary for them to get other types of proof of age.

Recognizing this, the Social Security Administration has worked out a list of other types of proof which are acceptable.

Here's the list with suggestions as to where the proof might be available:

Church record of birth or baptism; Write to the church or parish in which you were baptized.

Census Bureau records: Contact the United States Bureau of Census, Washington, D. C.

Hospital records: Get in touch with the hospital in which you were born or any other hospital which might have some record of your age.

Foreign birth records: Write directly to the local government of your place of birth. Some help may also be given to you by the consular offices or embassy representing the country of your birth in the United States. All such embassies are located in Washington, D. C. You may write them, for example, in this way: British Embassy, Washington, D. C.

Certification on approved form of Bible or other family birth record: Your Social Security office will give you information on obtaining certifications.

Naturalization records: Write to Immigration and Naturalization Service, Washington, D. C.

Military records: Write to your branch of service, Washington, D. C. For example: Department of the Army, Washington 25, D. C.

Passport records: Write to Department of State, Passport Section, Washington, D. C.

Vaccination record: Contact the Department of Public Health, c/o city, county or state in which you were vaccinated.

Insurance policy: This you should have in your possession. If the policy has lapsed, get in touch with the home office of the company which issued you the policy.

Although this is the list put out by the Social Security people, other types of proof—if they're genuine—may also be acceptable.

(Editor's Note: You may contact the social security representative at the courthouse annex, Beaufort, from 9:30 a.m. to 12:30 p.m. Wednesdays. He will help you with your own particular problem.)

F. C. Salisbury Here and There

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

FRIDAY, MARCH 14, 1919
Mrs. Tolson of Swansboro is spending a few days in the city, the guest of Mrs. Jesse Bell.

Friends to Joseph Royal will be glad to learn that he is now able to be out after an illness of several days.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Salisbury of Hartford, Conn., left for their home Wednesday afternoon after spending the winter months here.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Bourtesse, who have been spending the winter here, left this week for their home in Augusta, Ga.

Miss Elodie Webb returned from Richmond Monday where she has spent several months attending Massey's Business College.

Miss Bettie Pelletier and Thelma Latham returned to Norfolk Monday after spending a short time in the city with relatives.

E. C. Boomer was called to Nashville Sunday on account of the death of his brother-in-law, the Rev. J. M. Benson.

R. E. Hedit, civil engineer, left Sunday morning for Elizabeth City where he will start surveying that city. He was assistant to R. R. Eagles and had just finished surveying this city.

John F. Nelson and Neal P. Davis, after attending the convention of the Woodmen of the World, returned home from Salisbury Wednesday.

Mrs. Mary Pigott left Thursday for Newport where she will spend several days visiting friends.

Mrs. William M. Webb has returned home after spending a few days in Washington and Richmond.

The death of Mrs. William J. Robinson occurred at her home on Fisher Street Thursday evening. She was born at Portsmouth, N. C., some 61 years ago.

The death of Mrs. Anne Royal of Marshallburg occurred Tuesday night at the family home. Her husband, the late Martin Royal, passed away Feb. 5 after an illness of only a few days.

Miss Mary Willis entertained quite a number of her little friends Wednesday evening, the occasion being her 13th birthday. Many good things were served by Mrs. G. E. Snooks.

Luther Fulcher of Ocrancke was brought to the hospital Thursday afternoon, suffering with injuries sustained in falling on the center board of his oyster boat. He suffered three broken ribs.

Superintendent Mendenhall has organized fourteen teachers of the graded schools of the city into a teachers training class for the purpose of professional improvement.

The furniture formerly used in the Bank of Morehead City has been moved into the west side of the building made ready by contractor W. R. Wyatt so that work of remodeling the entire building can be carried out on the east side.

society of nobles, poets, craftsmen and other groups.

Next to kings, poets enjoyed the highest social status. They composed the verse in which they exalted the land's history, royal genealogies and heroic deeds of kings and warriors. St. Patrick inspired the poets with a new theme.

When he died at the age of 75, he had founded 700 monasteries and churches and ordained more than 250 bishops and 3,000 priests, the seeds from which Ireland flowered into a vast seminary of classical learning.

It seems quite fitting each year that St. Patrick's Day is followed soon afterwards by the official first day of spring—for it is a time of renewed hope and strength, the very qualities personified by St. Patrick.

—Adapted from Aramco World

Louise Spivey

Words of Inspiration

SAFETY

Just as long as our citizens are carelessly killed on our highways, we cannot say enough about safety.

As you read this, take just a minute and think over YOUR driving habits. If you are honest and discover that you are guilty of carelessness even on one account, write it down and follow it with this sentence, "I will never do this again."

There are few of us who aren't guilty of being careless at times, so it is important that each of us appoint himself as a committee of one, to observe all traffic regulations. They were made to preserve life, our own, our fellowman's.

Have you ever driven a car, even when you knew the brakes were bad? Or gone too fast when the tires were thin? Have you ever taken your own life in your hands and walked across an intersection against the traffic signals? Have you ever speeded up to beat the red light? Huh!

WATCH THE CHILDREN

No motorist would kill a child if he could have his way. And yet, somewhere small broken forms are buried every day. Somewhere a home where laughter rang is saddened now, and still. It seems so strangely different, and we know it always will.

No boyish shout of "Hello Mom" as up the walk he'd come. That's gone, just like his whistle and the song he used to hum. The burst of spring can't mean a thing when days on earth are through, and autumn's flame he'll never claim in woodlands that he knew.

There'll be a youngster missing, when the kids make lemonade To peddle on the corner, and when the Scouts parade Their marching feet along the street will beat a sad refrain. A mother's heart will hear it, and old wounds throbb again. What would have been the future of this happy, carefree lad, What were the hours of triumph that alas he never had?

Was a statesman taken from us, in the twinkling of an eye, Did a scientist or inventor, or an author bleed and die? We only pause to wonder, by a grave that claimed its own, No place this side of Heaven are such answers known.

But this we know, with certainty, throughout our Old North State, The sacrifice of lives like these goes on at ghastly rate. Such tragedies are bitter, and each driver of a car Should exercise all caution where little children are.

Sometimes a child is thoughtless, hard to predict it's true, So take heed as a grown-up and try to think for two. May you never save a minute, as you plunge full speed ahead, Then spend your life remembering a child that's long since dead.

— J. Gaskill McDaniel

If you are walking, cross the street only at crosswalks, look to the right and left for in-turning cars. Cross only with the light.

Never walk into the street from behind parked cars. Don't let packages, umbrellas, obscure your view. Keep your head up, eyes and brain alert. It might save your life.

If you are driving a car, never make a left hand turn while travelling at a high rate of speed. Slow down and live. Govern your speed to weather, roadway, traffic, visibility. Darkness doubles danger.

Always yield the right-of-way to pedestrians, follow another car at one car length, for every ten miles of speed. Make sure the way is clear before changing directions. Look and give signals, even if you can see no one is behind you; it is a good habit for one to follow.

If you drive, don't drink! If you drink, don't drive!

- Sing while you drive:
- At 45 miles per hour — Highways Are Happy Ways.
 - At 55 miles per hour — I'm But a Stranger Here, Heaven is My Home.
 - At 65 miles per hour — Nearer, My God, to Thee.
 - At 75 miles per hour — When the Roll is Called Up Yonder, I'll be There.
 - At 85 miles per hour — Lord, I'm Coming Home.

Delaware Service Station Operator Has Had Enough!

In THE NEWS-TIMES in November there was an editorial titled "Service with a Smile". It took service station attendants to task for cleaning windshields sloppily and over-filling the motorist's tank with gas.

A story on the editorial was printed in the trade paper, Gasoline Retailer. The item has brought comment from a service station operator in Iowa (see NEWS-TIMES March 4, 1958) and now comes another comment, from a tired service station operator at Smyrna, Del.

Smyrna, Del.
March 1, 1958

Sir:

Being a former "Tar Heel", I was attracted to the article in Gasoline Retailer about your editorial on Service with a Smile. Being in the service station business, I don't see eye to eye with you, though I admit we, too, have our kinks.

May I list a few, just a few, aches of the business . . .

1. "No, I don't need anything, but please clean my windshield". Not a thank you.
2. May I please have a postage stamp?
3. Stopping in the outside lane in the teeming rain (when you could drive all the way to the door) to ask directions only.
4. No, I don't need gas or oil, just check my radiator. I don't like to lift the hood.
5. Getting you out of bed at 2 a.m. because they are out of gas and tell you, "Just a dollar's worth to get home on."
6. Could I get a tankful 'til Saturday? My dealer's closed.
7. Cleaning up from the restroom floor what should have gone into the hopper.
8. Turning off the flooding spigots after the "family" pulls out.
9. Replacing soap and towels that disappeared only a short while after being put in the rest room.
10. Scrubbing off the "writing on the wall".
11. The complaint, "Why can't you sell me as cheap as the super markets?"
12. "I got it up the road at a bargain, why can't you put it in for me free. Ain't I your steady customer?"
13. Our hours: 8 a.m. to 11:30 p.m., seven days. If you close a day, "Where were you?" or "I was here at 7 o'clock but you weren't open."

Are you disgusted? Well, so are we. We are going into another business, 9 a.m. to 9 p.m. No Sundays. We can go to bed before midnight and better profits — I know!

Brother, you can have the service station business. After 12 years, we've had it!

Tired

Editor's Note: Everyone who has to deal with the public has gripes. Most gripes are based on the thoughtlessness of the public and the "public", simply, is you and me.

If the public were aware of the little things it does—or does not do—that irks business folks, perhaps many gripes would disappear.

Everyone in business has gripes: the newsstand operator is irked by the person who comes by, reads a newspaper, puts it down and never buys it; the grocery store clerk is irked by the shopper who punches the tomatoes and peaches and walks on; the doctor is irked by the patient who shops from doctor to doctor without ever letting one doctor know the patient long enough to enable him to cure the ill.

If you have any gripes, whether you're in business or not, it sometimes is good to "get them off your chest". A waitress called us the other day and said she gets tired of working for an employer who expects the public to pay her salary—in tips.

Lots of the mental illness these days is traced to keeping bottled up inside oneself the things that irk. If you want to air your gripe, this page is open to you to do so. Your name will not be used if you want it withheld.

Smile a While

When a man just returned from his vacation complained of the rainy weather he'd had, a friend interrupted. "It couldn't have been so bad — you're sunburned!" "Sunburn nothing," he replied. "That's rust!" — Voo Doo

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