

Science in Variety

Schools always seem to be in the spotlight these days, but this week Morehead City has a special event that will be of interest — the Science Fair — and throughout the county Future Homemakers chapters are observing National FHA Week.

The coming Science Fair, Thursday and Friday, will be the second at Morehead City School. The first, last spring, was a tremendous success.

Science Fairs are sponsored by the North Carolina Academy of Science, with financial support from business firms. This year The News-Times is among the cooperating sponsors.

The number of exhibits in the Science Fair has almost doubled this year. Eighty-two children will enter 55 projects and, in addition, there will be 22 classroom exhibits.

The exhibits will be set up in the school gym. Winning exhibits will be entered in the district fair at East Carolina College April 4.

While some boys and girls are focusing their attention on the physical and biological sciences, many girls this week are telling parents, friends and neighbors about the science of homemaking.

When homemaking courses were first introduced, they were called "domestic science".

Homemaking is, in a large sense, a science which calls into play many other sciences, including medicine (who's going to stop the flow of blood when Junior gashes his toe? Mother), business (who's expected to keep the household budget intact? Mother), chemistry (who knows what ingredient will make ordinary biscuits better? Mother), and psychology (who knows best how to handle Daddy when he'd rather sleep than put up the screens? Mother).

Homemaking is both a science and an art. A homemaker is an artist who

can make her home lovely with drapes, harmonizing colors and floral arrangements. She is a sculptor working with living beings, her children, molding them into individuals who will be a credit to their parents and community.

Surprisingly, very few women are "natural-born homemakers". Unless a girl is taught the better ways to make a home, she will muddle along, merely "keeping house" in this modern day in the same way as her mother and grandmother did.

Future Homemakers of America is an organization of girls who are studying home economics, and are interested in developing homemaking arts to a higher degree.

Now is the time to plan to attend Morehead City's Science Fair, and now is the time to take an interested look — all this week — at one of the most important sciences: homemaking, as it is fostered and refined by the Future Homemakers of America.

Taxes, How Important?

Industry-seeking states used to think that industry goes where taxes are low. The American Municipal News quotes Wilbur R. Thompson, Wayne University economist, who says that fuel and transportation costs figure more importantly in an industry's considerations to relocate.

William D. Ross, Louisiana State University professor, says tax concessions to lure new industry are vastly overrated. Of \$355 million invested in new industry in Louisiana, under the 10-year property tax exemption plan, only \$25 million represented plants that would have gone elsewhere except for the tax forgiveness program.

In other words, \$330 million in new industry would have gone to Louisiana anyway, regardless of tax rate.

Ball Starts Rolling . . .

It is gratifying to learn that the public relations department of the State Ports Authority has started plans on a North Carolina Port Day.

As anyone who is interested in ports knows, EVERYONE in the state must be informed of the value of the ports.

The average citizen in upstate North Carolina, in Hickory, Shelby, Jonas Ridge or Cullowhee is not concerned about ports welfare. Yet the representatives of those people go to the legislature and are asked to enact legislation concerning the coastal ports.

Unless our brothers in the western part of the state know how the ports can benefit them, the work of folks in the ports orbit is going to be difficult. Likewise, here in the east we must take an interest in the problems of fellow citizens west of us. Only with such cooperation can North Carolina maintain its rating of "No. 1 State in the South".

Morehead City and Wilmington's joining hands in promotion of a ports day would be one of the best publicity factors that could be sent westward. News media heretofore have harped mainly on the alleged Morehead City-Wilmington feud. That's not good publicity.

The mountaineer's reaction when he hears the word, "ports", is probably, "Oh, ports. Heck, they're always squabbling down there. They don't even know what they want themselves." That's not true, but that's the impression that is conveyed when most of the news made about ports concerns some kind of fuss.

A North Carolina Port Day is an opportunity to promote some positive attitudes, not negative ones. It is an opportunity to carry out Governor Hodges' request in his February speech at Wilmington when he said, ". . . both communities must get behind and support the entire SPA program . . ."

We hope that the governor will be asked to proclaim May 22, National Maritime Day, as North Carolina Port Day. We hope that the chambers of commerce of both Wilmington and Morehead City will do as much as possible to supplement any program which may be planned by the SPA.

North Carolina Port Day CAN be a great day. But only work and cooperative spirit will make it so.

The Orders: Go Out

One stormy day the Coast Guard was ordered to the rescue of a liner wrecked off the coast of North Carolina. An old and tried seaman was in charge, but the members of the crew were for the most part young, untested men.

When one of them comprehended the situation, he turned white-faced to the captain and said, "Sir, the wind is offshore, the tide is running out. We can go out, but against this wind and tide we cannot come back."

The grim old captain faced the young man and said, "Launch the boat; we go out."

"But, sir—" protested the young man.

"We don't have to come back," replied the captain.

ALL IN ONE BIG BASKET



WORLD

Ruth Peeling

A Britisher Interviews Mrs. FDR

Reading an English newspaper recently, I came across an interview with Mrs. Franklin Roosevelt. The writer was Christopher Lucas.

Some of the things he said in the interview: "More than a decade after her husband's death," Lucas writes, "Mrs. Roosevelt is still the ONLY Roosevelt who matters. For 11 years she has been chosen as 'the world's most admired woman' and has been showered with more honors and public affection than any living figure except Sir Winston Churchill."

Many folks in this section of the country take a dim view of Mrs. FDR, this sentiment nurtured by Debnam's book, Weep No More, My Lady, which took Mrs. Roosevelt to task bitterly for criticizing the South and its way of life.

Today on Broadway, Mrs. Roosevelt and other Americans can watch the play, Sunrise at Campobello, a story of crippled Franklin Roosevelt's fight back to public life.

Of the play, Mrs. Roosevelt says, "I think it's a beautiful play but it might just as well be about somebody from Mars. I have no feeling of reality. I have no feeling of self-identification with myself on the stage."

The interview closes with Mrs. Roosevelt's comments on Dulles and on Eisenhower. The one on Eisenhower is most striking.

Of Dulles, she says that he has the country's best interests at heart, but waits too late and then instead of having to deal with a situation, he has to deal with a crisis.

Mr. Lucas closes with this paragraph:

"For President Eisenhower, ailing and indecisive, she (Mrs. Roosevelt) reserves the sympathy of experience. 'A man gets used to power. He doesn't like to give it up. I saw that when Franklin faced his third term. I'm sorry for Mamie.'"

Sent to THE NEWS-TIMES this

Free Wheeling

By BILL CROWELL  
Department of Motor Vehicles

HOW'S THAT? . . . Young fellow, applying for a driver's license the other day, startled examiners when he casually inquired "Now, about this road test—do you take off from a standing start?"

AUTO LORE . . . Here are some historical tid-bits covering a half-century of American automobilism.

Who built the country's first successful gas-propelled automobile?

A couple of Chicago brothers, Charles E. and Frank Duryea. They cranked it up and ran it smartly on Sept. 21, 1893 at five miles per hour. Later they won a race—at five-and-a-half miles per hour.

When did the first auto race occur?

That was in 1895, on Thanksgiving Day, when six horseless carriages sped away in a Chicago Times-Herald sponsored event. Only two vehicles finished and the winner was a Duryea Motor Wagon, driven by Frank Duryea.

Thirteen cars were built by the Duryea Company in 1896. One of them was sold to George H. Morrill Jr. of Norwood, Mass., the first known sale of an American car.

When did Henry Ford come on the scene?

Ford successfully operated his first motor vehicle in Detroit on June 4, 1896. It had a two-cylinder engine, developing four horsepower.

What was the first automobile company in Michigan?

The Olds Motor Vehicle Co., established in 1897 by Ransom E. Olds. Olds had been experimenting with steam-powered cars since 1886. The production of automobiles in the year 1900 totaled 4,192.

Any record of who got the first driver's license?

Yes, a New Yorker, Harold T. Birnie, who was issued what was then termed an "Engineer's Certificate" on May 15, 1900. No record of whether he ever lost it, though.

T. H. Shelvin of Minneapolis wasn't as lucky. He opened up a Pierce-Arrow to ten miles an hour, was promptly arrested for speeding and fined \$10. This was in 1902.

When was the first Studebaker sold?

In 1904. But the Studebaker people were no novices at building wheeled vehicles. They had been in the buggy business since 1852 and began experimenting with autos in 1897.

Who won the first Indianapolis Speedway Race?

It was Ray Harroun in a six-cylinder Marmon, which introduced the first use of a rear-view mirror. Time: 6 hours, 42 minutes, 8 seconds. The year: 1911.

Remember the Atterbury, Atlantic, Davis, Daniel, Dort, Hackett, Harvard, Madison, Monitor, Owen-Magnetic, Sandow, Simplex and Sun? They were all models which appeared in 1915.

By 1924, Ford Motor Co. had built its ten-millionth car with production soon to exceed 9,000 cars a day.

Think cars always had bumpers, front and rear?

Not until 1925 did bumpers appear as standard equipment on all models and makes. Heaters were introduced the following year.

Cadillac came out in 1930 with a monster V-18 engine and police cars were equipped with radios for the first time.

They called it "Airtflow" in 1934, the year Chrysler introduced its beetle-shaped sedan which the country soon laughed out of existence. And a single new make appeared: Lafayette.

Now read this and weep! During 1936, the Automobile Manufacturer's Association reported that 95 per cent of all the current model cars sold for less than \$750.

When did the first Mercury appear?

That was in 1938, the same year Charles E. Duryea died and Floyd Roberts won the Indianapolis Sweepstakes at 117.2 mph.

When did running boards disappear?

It must have been the following year, when the '39 Lincoln-Zephyr rolled out without running boards. The Crosley, a small car, came on the scene.

In 1940, automotive engineers witnessed demonstration of a small, armed vehicle designed and built by Capt. Robert G. Howie. The demonstration resulted in the development of the world-famed Jeep.

1946: Kaiser and Frazer cars displayed for the first time.

Lastly, how many trucks can you name?

Are there any more than American La France, Autocar, Brockway, Chevrolet, Corbitt, Diamond T, Divco, Dodge, Duplex, Federal, Ford, Four Wheel Drive, GMC, International Harvester, Kenworth, Mack, Marmon-Herrington, Peterbilt, Reo, Sterling, Studebaker and White?

You tell me. I've had it!

week was a clipping from the paper of March 14. Alongside the news story on Jaycees selling chances on a car were the words, "Here comes the bunny. Are the Jaycees untouchable?" There was no indication, of course, as to who sent the clipping.

Jaycees throughout the state are selling chances on a car to raise money to promote North Carolina at the national Jaycee convention in California.

Anyone buying a ticket from the Jaycees and paying a dollar in return is making a donation to the Jaycees. The ticket says so. If that ticket happens to have a number on it and if it happens to be a lucky number, the law, apparently, can do anything about it.

The Jaycees aren't untouchable. If there is anything "wrong", perhaps it is with the law.

Ma Taylor doesn't believe in telling people her age. She just says, "I'm almost a hundred."

Sent to THE NEWS-TIMES this

Author of the Week



Albert Camus, author of a new collection of short stories, "Exile and the Kingdom," was awarded the 1957 Nobel prize for literature.

Born in Mondovi, Algeria, in 1913 in a poor peasant family, he worked his way through school and university.

During the war he fought in the French underground, wrote for the resistance fighters' paper Combat, and produced two books, The Myth of Sisyphus and a novel, The Stranger, which constituted his formal introduction to American readers in 1946. Six volumes of his works have been translated in this country.

IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS

THIRTY YEARS AGO

The yacht Ventura, bound from Palm Beach to New York, which had grounded on Willis Lump, was pulled off in time to escape a bad storm.

George Brooks was elected manager of the Beaufort town baseball team. Clarence Guthrie was manager of the Beaufort school team.

The new Cape-Fear River bridge at Wilmington was to cost \$1 million.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

Miss Hattie Lee-Humphrey, student at ECC was elected president of the student government.

President Roosevelt signed a beer bill, making the sale of it legal in two weeks.

The state legislature passed a bill making it legal for Carteret County taxes to be paid on script.

TEN YEARS AGO

B. J. May was elected president

Louise Spivey

Words of Inspiration

STILL GAMBLING?

Are you a gambler? That is a good question. Polio season is just around the corner, and for the past year all who read THE NEWS-TIMES know they have been urged to take the three polio immunization shots. There are many of you who have had one shot, some have had two. Two shots give you 75 per cent protection against paralytic polio.

There are thousands in our county who have never taken the trouble to get one. They are 100 per cent ready for the disease to come along, ready for a life-time of invalidism, painful expensive treatment that shouldn't be necessary. Now, wouldn't you say that is mighty poor gambling?

Tuberculosis, when found in early stages in almost all cases is curable. Do you think that you are germ proof? When did you have your chest examined? When did you have a chest x-ray?

Well, I'd say that if you haven't been checked in years that your chances are pretty fair at getting the disease.

If you want to gamble ever, never do it with your life. If every member of your family has not been immunized against polio, see that it is done right away.

If you have not had a chest examination within the past year, you'll find no better time than now to rule out the possibility of tuberculosis, cancer of the lungs, enlargement of the heart, aneurism of the aorta.

Don't gamble, help us rule out polio and tuberculosis in our county.

DID SPUTNIK WAKE US UP?

I copied the following editorial from the New York Herald Tribune some time ago. I thought it very good, and felt that the readers of this column would be interested.

If anybody had any doubts that there is something radically wrong with U. S. education, these items of current news ought to startle him:

The Pulitzer prize-winning historian, R. Carlyle Buley of Indiana University, gave 90 of his students an informal quiz in American history. Of the 90, only eight could identify the Bill of Rights, only four knew what a right-to-work law is, only 15 came anywhere near estimating the population of the United States, and not one could name a scholarly history of the country or an author who had written one.

A study made by Opinion Research Corp. for Life magazine discloses that only 10 per cent of the population can name two living scientists. Moreover, Staff Writer Paul O'Neil discloses, one third of the population still doubts that scientists "can be trusted with the secrets of important new discoveries — even though it would seem obvious by now that there will be no U. S. discoveries at all unless scientists discover them."

"Ten per cent of the population," says O'Neil, "really think that every scientist has a spy at his elbow or is in direct communication with the Kremlin. The rest of the anti-science bloc just feels that they are 'old men with long hair and whiskers,' that they 'may be geniuses but half insane', or, reflecting a curious horror of reading in certain segments of U. S. society, that 'they just keep their heads in a book all their life . . . would rather learn than have fun at parties.'"

The most appalling part of this opinion survey is the public degeneration of the teaching profession. When people were asked to evaluate various professions in terms of financial return, future security, opportunity to win respect and fame, and the chance for fascinating work, they put high school teachers at the bottom of the list. Moreover 200 editors polled as "opinion leaders" considered teaching even less attractive than the public does. In their opinion it offers only mildly interesting work, only a moderate chance for respect and security, and no chance at all for fame and money.

Captain Henry

Sou'easter

America is still in a do-it-yourself craze, although a reactionary trend has set in. Some people have decided it's better to call the plumber than try to stop a leak that has already swept away the kitchen table.

My nomination for the most unshakable, tenacious, do-it-yourselfer: the bootlegger.

When I was in the Coast Guard one of my North Carolina mountain friends used to tell about his grandpappy.

Grandpappy went down into Asheville one weekend for a bad time. He was even spending Saturday night at a hotel. When the hotel clerk handed Grandpappy the pen, he took it and drew an X.

After a thoughtful pause, he drew a circle around the X. "I've seen people sign with an X," said the clerk, "but that's the first time I've seen it circled." "Tain't nothin' odd about it," replied Grandpappy, "When I'm out

for a wild time, I don't use my right name."

I was walking along Ann Street the other day. Some little boys were playing around the trunks of the large trees.

A little fellow about 8 years old came up to me and announced: "My brother fell from a 50-foot tree this morning."

I'd never seen the youngster before in my life, but I felt as though I had to say something so I said, "Goodness! Was he killed?"

"No," the youngster hooted, "he had only climbed up three feet!"

That's what television does to us elders—let's us get roped in by the young'uns.

Judge Luther Hamilton's grandson, Billy, lives with his mother and daddy in Durham, near a lake.

The other day Billy came home and announced to his mother, "My shoes got in the lake, and my feet were in 'em!"

From the Bookshelf

Young Mr. Keefe. By Stephen Birmingham. Little, Brown, \$3.95. Jimmy Keefe burns up with a secret. Blazer, dear old Blazer, once his roommate, and Blazer's ever-so-dangerously blonde wife, Claire, with an underhanded assist from Jimmy's own anguish, manage to worm it out of him: Helen has left him.

The bitter truth is betrayed on a picnic. Jimmy, Blazer and Claire, morbidly bemoaning exile from their New England birthplace, are living in California. Claire is rich, and her husband

hopes to be, too, by his own efforts or her own pull. He doesn't care which. Jimmy comes of the wealthiest background of them all, and has married a sedately middle-class Californian.

Their love got off to a fairy-tale start; but bit by bit the families intervened — Jimmy's father and the lawyers, Jimmy's supercilious mother, Helen's too-awed parents; and before the young people really grow up, really grown-up problems overwhelm them.

Once Claire thinks Jimmy is freed of Helen, or can be prided free of her, she decides she wants him for herself; and all the willer for some high-powered martinis, she makes some practically irresistible passes.

But Jimmy never wholly forgets the wonderful idyl of the first few weeks with Helen.

So this is a struggle—and you'll find it stirrs you deeply—between good and evil, in broad terms; or between two lures, that of a man's own wife and that of his best friend's wife; or between staid respectability and raffish adventure.

Though Birmingham plots well, I have an uneasy feeling every now and then that he plots too well; and as I think back on it, he does just escape being slick.

But if this suspicion is justified, there nevertheless is a deeper significance here, aside from the fault of the too conscious neatness and the virtue of emotional vitality: Better than any other fiction I have seen, this expresses the reported desire of American youth to play it safe, to crawl into its shell and stay there. It's a kind of social neutralism.

England has her angry young men, France her drifting, though by no means pallid, existentialists, but we have our lukewarm, chamaleon-like conformists.

—W. G. Rogers

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