

We, the Grand Jury...

One of the most significant points made by the grand jury...

It is significant because it shows that some folks realize that much is to be gained by grouping students...

As one school official cautioned, however, we had best not get ahead of ourselves...

It is true that the state has been pushing for consolidation...

As yet, the County Citizens Committee for Better Schools has made no official and formal recommendation...

As things stand now, the committee has requested that John Cameron, director of the division of school planning...

Right now, a lot of people may be in favor of consolidation. But each probably has in his own mind a reservation...

Atlantic high school students may be too far removed from other areas to be included in a consolidation plan...

Should consolidation be carried out, the immediate cost will probably be no less than contemplated now under the 10-year piecemeal school building program...

There are many ramifications and many points to be considered. Consolidation won't come easy...

Pity the Poor Witness

"I've never been a witness and I never hope to be one..."

This, with apologies to the gentleman who wrote, "I never saw a purple cow and never hope to see one..."

Pity the poor witness. The witness is a foil in a court battle between two attorneys...

The witness must tell the truth but at the same time he must also tell what the examining lawyer wants him to tell...

Sometimes lawyers ask nagging questions. They belabor a point. If it suits their purpose, some ask questions designed to make the witness angry...

Theoretically, the witness is to be on the side of at least one of the lawyers in the case, but frequently the lawyers get so enamored of the case they are trying...

The judge, theoretically, should protect the witness and frequently does.

But many is the time a witness who has not completely succumbed to mental thrashing, has shown a bit of gumption...

Imagine a witness DARING to speak, except to answer a question. Read him the riot act. Here the lawyers have been screaming at him...

Some insolent, smart-aleck witnesses should be sat upon. And judges have shown they are perfectly capable of doing that.

But others — the more stolidly they stick to a story, the more enraged some lawyers have been seen to react.

Sometimes a witness is warned to answer only "Yes" or "No". Then when he tries to follow that warning...

It's amazing.

I Have Seen the Sea

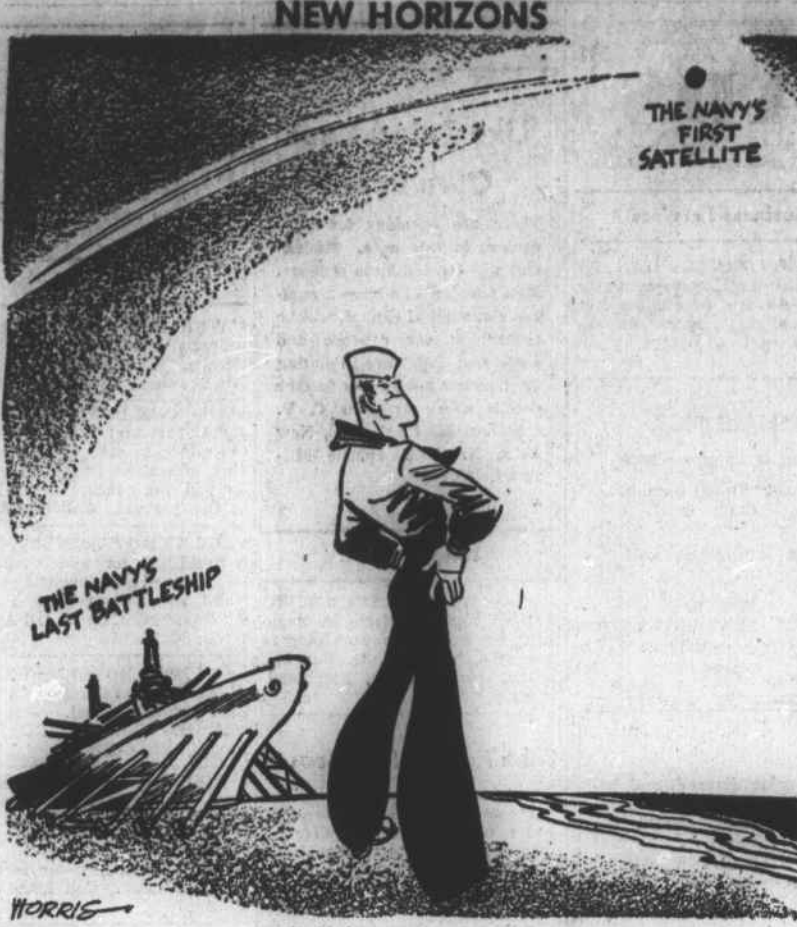
A tribe of Indians had no contact with the outside world. The old chief, before he died, wished to choose the young man who would be chief after him...

of grain, and I have brought back this last branch of the last tree."

During the long day the young men kept coming back, some with one thing and some another, until it grew dark...

The old chief said, "My people, this is the young man who will be chief when I am gone. He is worthy to lead you. He has seen a vision."

— New Chronicle



Ruth Peeling

Frogs They Do a-Wooing Go

"Romance blooms in froggy little hearts on the first warm night in spring..."

This quote is from an article by Willard Neal in the magazine of the Atlanta Journal and Constitution...

He and Prentiss Garner recall the frog population around my house! As a matter of fact, the frogs are probably quite disgusted with civilization...

The article tells of a \$9,300 grant to a biologist at the University of Georgia, Dr. Bernard S. Martof...

After all, he says, amphibians were the first creatures to emerge from the water and live on land 300 million years ago...

At the moment he's studying the love life of the tiny chorus frog which sets swamps a-throb with their voices on warm nights in spring...

Captain Henry

Sou'easter

By the time you read this, John Dawson probably has announced that he is not going to run for the state senate...

Rumors in political circles say that there will be more than two running for the State senate...

The prognosticators (that's a 50-cent word for the people who predict the future) say that Judge Hamilton is probably a shoo-in...

Bill Blair's wife traded in his old

IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS

THIRTY YEARS AGO C. D. Jones was advertising Swift premium hams for 24 cents a pound for Easter.

Beaufort town commissioners refused a request for a bond issue for street paving purposes.

The Coast Guard stationed at Bogue Inlet captured and destroyed a load of contraband liquor.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO James W. Mason and Halsey Paul had withdrawn from the Republican ticket as candidates for Beaufort town commissioners.

Lawrence Rudder held the winning ticket for a suit of clothes given by Johnson-Saunders' Dry Cleaning Co.

TEN YEARS AGO Aycock Brown, former editor of the Beaufort News, columnist, tree-

Certain sections of a swamp are more romantic than others, Dr. Martof points out. He's trying to find out why.

The following is from Mr. Neal's article:

"When the sun goes down, boy frogs gather around the romantic part of their swamp and start singing... First a frog chirps over here, and is answered by one over there..."

The more frogs in the chorus, the greater their fervor," said Dr. Martof. "They can keep it up all night, never seeming to miss a note, and never growing tired or hoarse."

"The girls don't sing, but they hear and heed, and go hopping or swimming to the spot. They are choosy. They pay no attention whatever to a frog that isn't singing..."

"In the frog world, the lady does the proposing. The only aggressive act of the male is to keep singing and thus let it be known that he is available. He doesn't even notice what he's sending."

With my newly-acquired tape recorder I am going to take down all these noises, and when civilization crowds even closer and the frogs go hopping off to deeper swamps...

car last week and he was some kind of mad. Bill lives over on Crab Point. He and his wife used to raise cows.

Anyhow, Helen took the old car when Bill wasn't looking, and traded it off on a shiny new job. I guess the dust has settled by now, but you'd think we husbands were devoid of brains sometimes, the way our wives maneuver things.

Another deal: One prominent countain bought a Ford the day Parker was giving Fords away. One of his friends laughed: "Ha-ha, and your wife wanted a station wagon."

New Ford owner replied, "That's what we got."

Back in the days when the new county jail was being built, someone asked Hugh Salter, the sheriff, why he wanted a new jail. Hugh replied, "I want better clientele."

lance writer and publicity man, had accepted the job of publicity man for the Dare County Chamber of Commerce and would also handle publicity for the Lost Colony at Manteo and the Morehead City Chamber of Commerce.

The Rhoda Theatre, new moving picture house at Atlantic Beach, was to open this week.

FIVE YEARS AGO The tourist season opened Easter Sunday with crowds jamming Atlantic Beach.

Paul H. (Sonny) Geer was elected president of the Morehead City Jaycees, to succeed Walter Morris.

The will of Mrs. Alice G. Hoffman was filed for probate. The bulk of the estate was left to a niece, Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr.

a female unless she actually touches him...

"In the swamp, when the girl moves up against the frog of her choice he puts an arm over her shoulder, and he is through singing for the night, and in some cases for the year."

"With thousands of frogs around the same puddle, sometimes a fellow makes a mistake and grabs another male. He is warned away by an irritated grunt, and if he doesn't move quickly, a swift kick puts him in his place."

Other interesting notes from Dr. Martof's research: chorus frogs will suffocate in stagnant water... frogs do not cause warts... they have poison glands in their skin which makes dogs, cats and foxes wary of gulping them down...

Frogs are not stupid. After lapping up a bee and getting stung on the tongue they know enough to let bees alone. Wise old toads will go up on porches and grow fat on bugs that drop from around the electric light.

There must be more than just frogs making noise in my Okfe-noke. There are things that sound like Halloween noise-makers and one creature that has a built-in telegraph set. If I knew Morse code, I could probably figure out what he's sending.

There were about 200 guest rooms with very few private baths. Though every five or ten rooms had a bath they were seldom used. There was all of Bogue Sound to bathe in! And at the end of each of the two piers were two closed-in bath houses, one for men, one for women.

The sides extended down to the water line, enclosing an area of water of the sound—like a pool. If you were too modest to be seen in your stylish bath suits in the wide expanse of water outdoors, you floated around in the water in the closed-in bath house.

Ladies were chic in those striped canvas suits—mostly navy and white, with ruffled bloomers down to ankles, high collars, long or short sleeves with ruffles, and elastic waisted—full gathered shirt below the knees and a dust cap hat. They paddled about with decorum and squealed when splashed by dashing swains clad in two piece striped jersey, sleeved and below-the-knee length.

Healthful Spa Some health minded souls, who objected to exposing themselves in such manner, had bellhops carry Bogue Sound water to their bathtubs, and there in the privacy of their rooms luxuriated in the healing salt waters.

This was the social center of North Carolina. You were somebody when you could stay at the Atlantic Hotel. All summer a luscious southwest wind blew through the open windows and open doors, traced down the long corridors, fanned you delightfully in the spacious dining room, cooled you in the ballroom and puffed the sails of the sharpies at the piers.

At times a romantic, balmy southeast wind gently caressed you and brought clean, salty scents into your room.

There was a special dining room for small children and their nurses. The main dining room was known for its excellent meals and service. You dressed for dinner—evening clothes and real jewels (costume jewelry had not been heard of then). The head waiter, in evening dress greeted you, and all-Negro waiters were dressed in immaculate white. The very best local seafoods, and ice cold water-melons and cantaloupes were

Stamp Notes... Argentina has issued a new stamp honoring the 75th anniversary of the city of LaPlata.

Picture on the 40 centavo is the LaPlata Museum. Also issued by Argentina was a 40 c stamp commemorating the 50th anniversary of its petroleum development.

Communist China has issued three new stamps to mark the end of their first Five Year Plan...

Egypt has issued a new brown stamp for its Fifth International Cycle Race.

The "trunk" line from Laos reports that a new set of seven new stamps has been issued depicting elephants.

For every growing living thing that you can touch or see at spring

Is but a message from above To say that God is Life and Love. — Helen Steiner Rice

Words of Inspiration

"Be careful what you look for," warned my mother once, "for that's what you'll find."

My friend across town looks for birds. He sees more varieties of birds in a day than I see in a year.

My neighbor around the corner looks for ailments. I half suspect his her method of getting attention. But one thing I do know; she finds them. She has a new set every time I visit her.

An acquaintance on the next street looks for trouble. She must really be disappointed when a day passes without some calamity worth telling. But she doesn't have many of those days.

Life is crowded with thousands of little extra pleasures for human enjoyment. The only requirement is to look for them. For the searching eye there is all the magic world of nature — a whippoorwill at dusk, a pine tree against a sunset, snowflakes on the sill. There's the smell of boxwoods after rain, the taste of fresh syrup on hot biscuits, firelight on the floor, the companionship of loved ones at the end of the day.

Little homey joys they are, more satisfying than any artificial amusement. But they belong only to those who seek them. — Louie Latimer Owens

Who pauses long enough each day to count his blessings one by one, Soon learns that there's a brighter way to travel than by stars or sun. Whose heart remembers, with a prayer of thanks, the goodness it has known

Need never ask if God is there for face his trials alone. — S. H. Dewhurst

All that is needed for evil to prevail is for good men to do nothing.

Your daily duties are a part of your religious life just as much as your devotions.

If you would like to leave footprints of the sands of time, you had better wear work shoes.

The greatest thing in life is service — service for others. It is what we have given that makes old age sweet; the memory of things we have given away, not what has been given to us. He has most who gives most. He has most friends who has been a friend to most folks. We get back what we give. The only one who gets nothing is he who gives nothing. — Selected

The Atlantic Hotel

By RUTH HOWLAND DEYO served here. Ice cream was brought down on the train.

Atlantic Hotel boasted a barber shop and beauty parlor. The beauty parlor washed, crimped and marcelled młady's hair with curling irons. There were rooms for children's nurses, for personal servants.

There was a bar—for men only. License to operate this bar provided a means of revenue for the town and was a controversy among the town fathers each year—whether to renew or not! On the second floor there were two assembly halls, used for conventions.

Morning dances were from 11 to 12 o'clock, tea dances 4 to 5 o'clock, and dancing every night. A grand ball was held at the opening of the summer season, on July Fourth, and at the closing of the season. These were gala affairs, not surpassed anywhere for their brilliant elegance.

Every day the huge ballroom floor was cleaned and waxed to a mirror-like finish. A balcony on the second floor ran around the entire dance floor, and the orchestra played in a little balcony that extended out from this and slightly over the dance floor. Downstairs a railing went around the dancing area with benches and chairs for spectators and resting dancers.

After dinner, you promenade in your finery or chatted with friends in little groups around the dance floor, waiting for the orchestra to strike up the music. Ladies, with beautiful and elaborate satins, brocades and velvet gowns with trains trailing, or looped over a wrist, flirted with large feather fans, their white shoulders powdered and bare; their jewels sparkling and flashing. Gentlemen in evening dress with black patent leather dancing pumps. Dowagers looking down their noses through lorgnettes and discussing the boldness of the younger generation.

The opening grand ball was a German—or Cotillon. All ladies had dance cards dangling gracefully from wrists and anxiously waited and hoped for many names to be written in them for all the dances. Some prominent couple led the German figures, or the grand march.

A military ball was the 4th of July feature. Staff cars from Camp Glenn brought in handsome men in full dress uniform. They checked their glittering sabers at the lobby desk and escorted exquisitely gowned ladies into the vividly decorated ballroom. A colorful grand march led off the dance, brilliant uniforms vying with the gorgeous color-hued dresses.

Boating on Bogue Sound, was a favorite pastime. This was the beginning of party-boating for Morehead City. At the hotel's two docks local fishermen tied their sharples and sometimes came to blows, each declaiming the comforts and fast sails of their boats as an entertainment.

When dances were over, a moonlight sail was very popular. Guests hurried to change clothes; some daring or foolish ones boarded boats with their evening regalia still on them. Then voices raised in song accompanied by a banjo strumming, floated across the sound and into the early morning air.

Hands, and sometimes feet, were trailed through the water. Watermelon was eaten. Hands were held and proposals of marriage were made, all under the spell of moonlight, lapping waves and gentle or spanking breezes, as you raced through the darkness with creaking tiller and boom and white sails billowing.

The Miracle Of Easter

Each time you look up in the sky And watch a fluffy cloud go by, Or stoop to pick a daffodil Or gather violets on some hill, Or touch a leaf or see a tree, It's all God whispering this is ME...

For every growing living thing that you can touch or see at spring

Is but a message from above To say that God is Life and Love.

— Helen Steiner Rice

Carteret County News-Times WINNER OF NATIONAL EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION AND NORTH CAROLINA PRESS ASSOCIATION AWARDS