

### Dean Luxon Likes to Travel

Dean Norval Neil Luxon of the University of North Carolina School of Journalism has made himself a most unpopular fellow among his journalism colleagues. He has attained this unenviable state by advocating that two-thirds of the schools of journalism throughout the country be dissolved and that only 40 to 50 schools be maintained.

If this grand theory would remain merely a theory, journalism educators could hold their own against Dean Luxon's attack. But when the good dean trots off to other states, as he did to Florida, and recommends that the Florida State University School of Journalism be dissolved, he is taking unto himself a mantle of superiority to which he is not entitled.

Dean Luxon and two other consultants were invited, and evidently paid, to go to Florida to study journalism education in that state. The dean jolted the journalism education realm last summer at a national meeting with his pronouncement advocating fewer schools of journalism. Thus, it is not strange that as a result of his "objective" analysis in Florida, he would recommend dissolving one or more journalism schools or departments.

Dwight Bentel, writing in the April 19 issue of the national magazine, Editor and Publisher, says, "A danger of the Luxon proposal is that superficially it sounds great . . . But this writer is among those who believe that the emphasis on 'bigness' inherent in the Luxon proposal (which he denies, though it is conspicuously present) . . . would eliminate some of the best jour-

nalism programs in the country." One of the obvious faults of the Luxon program is that it would move schools and departments of journalism out of geographical reach of many prospective college students. In this day when newspaper publishers see excellent journalism talent being siphoned off into other fields, the dean at Chapel Hill would put journalism even farther out of reach of the average student.

Most students enter college not knowing what their major course of study will be. Many decide on the basis of what they are exposed to. Take journalism, which is potentially the greatest motivating force in a modern democracy, isolate it on the college training level to a few ivory towers, and a pattern will be molded that can do irreparable damage to the future of all communications media.

No one can argue with persons who want to see the improvement of journalism education programs. But to scuttle excellent, accredited programs, as Dean Luxon has helped to do at Florida State is not going to raise journalism education levels.

In our estimation, Dean Luxon has helped to do away with a School of Journalism which, in several respects, is superior to the School of Journalism at Chapel Hill.

If his theories prevail, the future of every school or department of journalism in this state and the 47 others is in jeopardy. Perhaps Dean Luxon would do better to stay at UNC and take care of his own homework, than to sit in judgment of his journalism contemporaries elsewhere.

Even with this and the spraying programs which the town and county will undertake, there will be mosquitoes. But there will be a lot fewer than if we did nothing.

The grass on either side of the railroad track along Arendell Street in Morehead City looks good. It even looks ready for cutting. As any lawn keeper will tell you, frequent cutting is necessary to keep down the weeds.

If the grass isn't cut frequently, the weeds will take over and everything will be right back where it was before the new seeding was undertaken.

Any place that looks unkempt invites persons to throw trash on it. It might be a good idea, too, to

keep the white markers along the grass plots, even though the grass has come up. "Keep off the Grass" signs would help too.

All motorists have to do is tear their cars up on those markers or signs once or twice and they'll stay on the hard surface. No signs and no markers also invite persons to park in that center area. Parking there is a good way, too, to undo all the work that has been done.

Now that the boating season is here, Popular Boating has made some suggestions on how boat owners can keep gulls from cluttering the deck:

1. Rig your boat with a phonograph and speaker system. Loud and unfriendly recorded voices can then be used to scare off the birds. The voices can sound like "Scram!" and "Your father is a chicken!"
2. Put your laundry to work. Cover your boat with flapping laundry and streamers. Not only you but your boat may end up cleaner.
3. Stuffed owls sometimes work on buildings in driving off unwanted birds. Why not try them on your boat. However, a word of warning. A Massachusetts boatman recently tried this ploy, only to return the next morning and find 35

friendly owls pacing the deck.

4. Give them the electric chair treatment. Cover your boat with electric wiring. The first gull who lands will get a painful shock. As he squawks and hops about on one foot, stick your head through the cabin door and shout, "Last one in the water is a rotten egg!" No seagull wants to be a rotten egg.
5. Use dynamite, acid, poison gas! The boat may be completely worthless after this treatment, but at least you will have shown those gulls who is boss.
6. Put up a "For Sale" sign. This will solve the problem for the owner if not for the boat. The skipper might then consider making a down payment on a surplus submarine.

Don't forget that Friday and Saturday are the nights for the Beaufort PTA's Musical Variety Show at the school. You're in for a fine evening of entertainment, so plan now to be among those present when the curtain parts at 8!

Thank You

Carteret is gratified that the Governor and Council of State have seen fit to appropriate \$50,000 to halt the dangerous erosion at Fort Macon.

The money will be used to reinforce concrete jetties, repair ocean ends of groins and extend the land end of groins to the dunes.

The ocean has been making extremely dangerous advances toward the highway and the State Highway Commission is working now to prevent undermining of the road.

Almost anything done to rebuild Fort Macon Point will be of inestimable value. Nature is working every minute at taking away the county's most historic landmark. Man must work fast and well to preserve it.

And May Shall be Queen

Thursday is May Day.

In spite of the American love of holidays, the colorful celebration of May Day has never really gained a foothold here. Occasionally children can be seen dancing around a May Pole in city parks and playgrounds, and youngsters in some rural communities still gather May flowers on the first day of May, and leave gay little baskets of blossoms and bonbons on the doorsteps of friends and neighbors. But as a general holiday for adults, May Day means little.

The fact that the Puritans frowned on May Day festivities is given by the World Book Encyclopedia as the reason the day has never been celebrated with much national enthusiasm in the United States.

As is the case with most holidays, the origin of May Day is more a matter of theory than of historical fact. Credit sometimes goes to the ancient Druids, probably because of their worship of the tree. The May Pole, or May Tree, has long been the symbolic center of May Day festivities. But students of folk customs feel it's more likely that the tradition goes back to the "Floralia," spring festival of the ancient Romans.

Floralia was celebrated each year from April 28 to May 3, in honor of Flora, goddess of flowers and spring. A very gala affair it was, with games and street dancing, and floral offerings to the goddess. The first boy or girl to adorn Flora's altar with a garland of flowers was assured of good luck throughout the coming year.

During the Roman occupation of Great Britain, the festival was probably introduced to the English, and evolved into their May Day. Whatever its origin, the English May Day festival of the Middle Ages was the jolliest of the entire year. The festival has re-

mained close to the hearts of the English people, and is mentioned often in literature of the land.

We are told that even King Henry VIII and Queen Catherine "rose on May Day very early, and with the lords and ladies of the court went to fetch May or green boughs."

Very strange things take place on May Eve in Ireland. If one is brave enough to listen, the fairy pipes of the "wee people" can easily be heard. Enchanted cities spring up from the sea, and even O'Donoghue of Killarney leaves his castle under the waters and parades on a dazzling white steed, followed by his lords and ladies.

The one rather universal observance of May Day in our country are the gay spring festivals held everywhere on college campuses. The outdoor celebrations include May Pole dancing, and a bevy of ladies-in-waiting to attend the modern "Queen of the May."

Captain Henry

A young lady wearing one of those new dresses with no shape was taking a grand kidding from the husband of one of Beaufort's girls. Jack Roberts, no less.

The young lady said to Mr. Roberts, "Well, you bought your wife, Miss Tibbie, one of those dresses." "That's different," he said. "I know what's under that. It's these girls I don't know that I don't want wearing those sack dresses."

Everything that they get at the newspaper office and don't know exactly what to do with, they give to me.

Comes this message from Newport: "I looked over Jordan and what did I see? A seat in the Senate waiting for me!"

They say that's Governor Scott's theme song.

I was down on Front Street the other day and saw L. G. Dunn. Any of you folks who don't know

Sou'easter

that butterball ought to know him by this time. I talk about him enough.

Anyhow, I'd like to know what the "L" in his name stands for. Piggie Potter says that since L. G. got mad because he couldn't sink any putts out at the golf course and wrote a letter of complaint, that the "L" stands for Letter.

His friends say that the "G" stands for Juice. I'm still trying to figure that one out.

And speaking of golf, Claud Wheatly tells me that Billy Mace is beginning to wield a mean club out there on those cow pastures, I mean golf links.

Claud says he chews tobacco because it keeps his teeth in good shape, keeps his hormones in proper proportion and keeps him from getting any more gray hairs than he already has.

Someone said that if Claud has convinced himself of all that, he's a good lawyer, sure enough.

Building Town is Slow Process

many little things as well as the big ones. For only through attention to the small details can those who would produce the big ones be drawn into the town.

Cleanliness and order are the most apparent marks of a progressive community. Energy of its citizens and pride in their town are watched with care. These things go together. A clean, orderly city is always filled with proud, hard working inhabitants.

City officials should be supported and encouraged to improve streets, sanitation, and the many other facilities that can only be provided through public agencies.

Alert clubs, well attended churches, good schools are other marks of a growing town. So it is up to the citizens who want to progress to support and help build those agencies.

Yes, building a town is a constant job. It is one that cannot be shirked, leaving it to chance if anything happens. Good planning and ardent carrying out of the things outlined is necessary.

Every citizen of a thriving city must make himself a part of the work to keep the constant building going. There cannot be any weak links in the chain of endeavor.

If a community wants to grow, it must have citizens who will work to make its expansion sure. That is why every citizen must always be alert to better his efforts. For in building a bigger, better town, every citizen is indeed helping himself, as well as others. For a growing community always has more opportunities than one going the other way.

No community stands still. It either goes forward, or backward. And the actions of its citizens, their actions alone, govern the direction.

IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS

THIRTY YEARS AGO

The Beaufort News, now THE NEWS-TIMES, ran an article on the battle of Fort Macon, which had been fought 66 years ago. There were still livin' in Beaufort several people who remembered the occasion.

The Beaufort school board hoped to work out a compromise for rural students who had only an eight-month school term, as compared to the town students who had a nine-month school term.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

The seventh grade of Beaufort School was sponsoring a May Day Festival. Julia Whitehurst would be queen; Lucille Thomas, maid of honor; Maude Bloodgood, spring; Helen O'Bryan, queen of fairies; Borden Mace and Tommy Russell, pages; Herbert Lewis, herald; Ed Hancock, Robin Hood, and David Beveridge, bugler.

TEN YEARS AGO

Beaufort town commissioners voted to build a dog pound in the rear of the town hall, and to impound all dogs running loose in the town streets.

Beaufort PTA would sponsor all home games of the Tidewater baseball league.

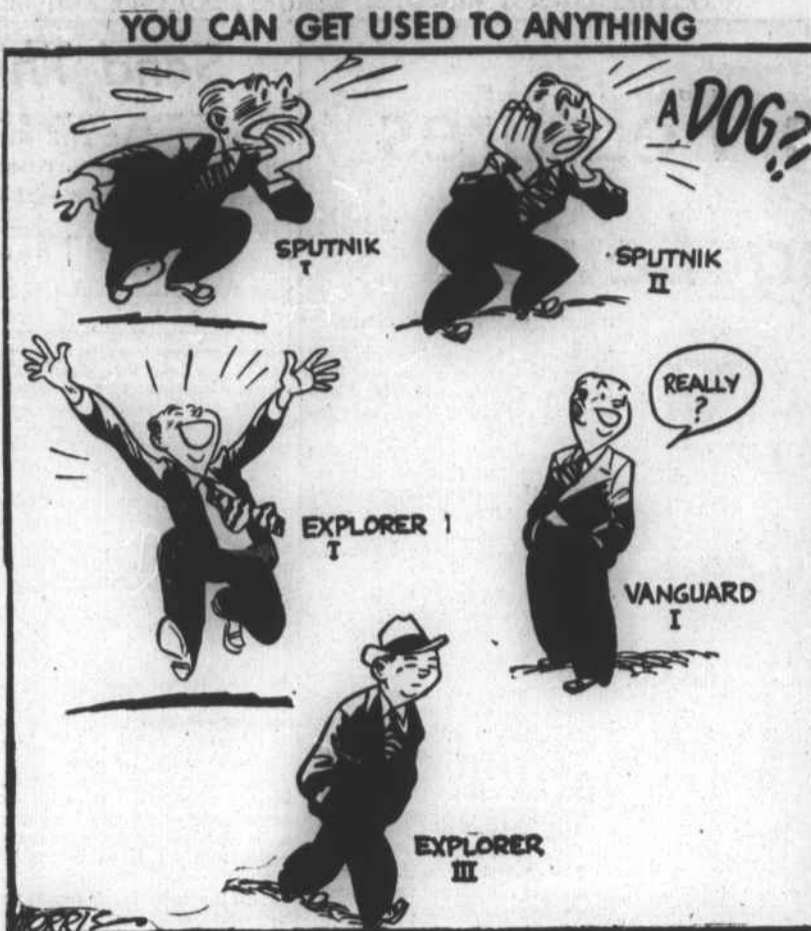
Morehead City Jaycees cancelled their Coastal Festival because of financial difficulties.

FIVE YEARS AGO

Morehead City town commissioners extended by a week the time for voters to register.

Mrs. D. F. Merrill of Beaufort was named woman of the year for Carteret County.

Twelve forest fires had struck the eastern part of the county.



Ruth Peeling

### Spring Brings Mosquitoes Too

Flowers are blooming and so are mosquitoes. Down east they have already had a good smattering of the beasts and I swatted my first of the season last week.

From the looks of things, the most effective work on killing mosquitoes, before they take to the air, lies with individuals. This means getting rid of pools of water, draining property wherever possible and, where you can't, throwing oil-soaked sawdust bags or old oil filters into the water.

The oil creates a slick which makes it impossible for mosquitoes to hatch.

Even with this and the spraying programs which the town and county will undertake, there will be mosquitoes. But there will be a lot fewer than if we did nothing.

Smile a While

A little girl of five was entertaining while her mother was getting ready. One of the ladies remarked to the other with a significant look. "Not very p-r-e-t-y," spelling the last word.

"No," said the child quickly, "but awful s-m-a-r-t."

The teacher was examining the class on the moral law, and asked for a definition of "sins of omission."

A bright boy was quick with the answer — "Sins we should have committed and didn't."

Captain Henry

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Louise Spivey

### Words of Inspiration

(Editor's Note: Mrs. G. T. Spivey, Beaufort, who writes this column, is taking a vacation. In place of her column today, we are substituting the following).

#### SUCCESSFUL MEN REJECT DEFEAT

If fate has dealt a body blow at the beginning of your career in any field, thank your lucky stars for it, because it probably has kept you humble, down-to-earth, and minus an exaggerated value of yourself.

Someone once said, "You will succeed if you capitalize on defeat." It is so easy to feel sorry for ourselves when we have setbacks. Some of us may even give up and say that we have reached the end of our rope, and fate is against us.

A better way is to triumph over disappointment by admitting that we are only temporarily licked. At the same time we should look at our defeat as only a preliminary setback, enabling us to analyze the situation better, catch our breath, buckle down, and find some other way to get what we want out of life.

Setbacks, if they come early enough, may prove to be blessings in disguise. Alfred C. Fuller would never have founded the Fuller Brush Company if he had not been fired from the streetcar company where he worked as a conductor for \$12 a week. Loss of his job resulted from his surrender to an overpowering urge to run one of the cars.

His search for a new job took him to a brush firm, and a year later he struck out for himself on the path to one of America's great success stories.

B. C. Forbes wanted to become a newspaper man. He had to work for nothing because he couldn't land a paying job in New York. The only place that would even let him work "for free" was a financial paper. From that start he became a business and financial authority.

John Robert Powers, whose school has long trained some of the leading models in the country, met success because he was a poor actor. Fredric March took him aside one day and pointed out that he could not act, but that he had a real knack for accumulating names, addresses, and abilities of contemporaries also seeking stage roles. It was true. So, because a young man proved a "flop" at his chosen profession, he became one of the well-known successful figures of our day.

Successful people have had innumerable setbacks in their careers. But they kept plugging, shrugging off defeat, finally reaching the end of their rainbow.

—Carl Holmes in The Sunshine Magazine

### From the Bookshelf

The Langston Hughes Reader. Braziller. \$5.95.

This is a fine rich dish of Hughes—500 pages from his voluminous writings, poems dated as early as 1926, short stories, some translations from French, some of the "Simple" pieces, some plays, speeches and autobiography.

There are many explanations for Hughes' popularity, such as his sure knack for telling a story, his ability to get five-syllable thoughts into one-syllable words. But best of all, I think, is the wonderful light touch; who is more serious among our writers, and who makes us enjoy it so much?

—W. G. Rogers

Al Smith and His America. By Oscar Handlin. Library of American Biography. Little, Brown. \$3.50.

Editor Handlin becoming happily author—Handlin for this biography series he directs now does the 18th book in it, and easily one of the best.

Smith's rise on New York's East Side, his practical direct education at rallies, party meetings and legislative sessions, the development and growth of his liberalism, his willingness to compromise on little things but his admirable devotion to principle, his popular governorship, his campaign for the presidency and the fierce debate on the Catholic issue, his declining years with the rival Roosevelt the leader of party and nation—all this, short though the book is, comes through these pages with a fresh and forceful significance.

—W. G. Rogers

Park Row. By Allen Churchill. Rinehart. \$3.95.

From 1883, when Joseph Pulitzer

entered Park Row and the New York newspaper world—indeed the World itself—on through the first decades of this century and the "end of the World," according to a chapter head, this tells stories of some spectacular figures in and around newspaper offices.

Pulitzer hypersensitive to noise and going blind, Hearst turning pages with the flip of his foot, Bennett drinking himself into a fury—these men certainly assisted in founding the modern press, and with the help of name writers like Richard Harding Davis, Irvin Cobb and Stephen Crane, among others, made their lurid most of the Slocum disaster, the shooting of Stanford White, the murder of a couple of their own colleagues, such as David Graham Phillips.

This is no history of the press, however, or of yellow journalism, but rather of a few yellow-journalists; and the open-sesame to these pages was not necessarily to own or run a paper but to shoot your wife, whip up a war, live on a palatial yacht, or act like an idiot — not, you understand, that that doesn't make very spicy reading.

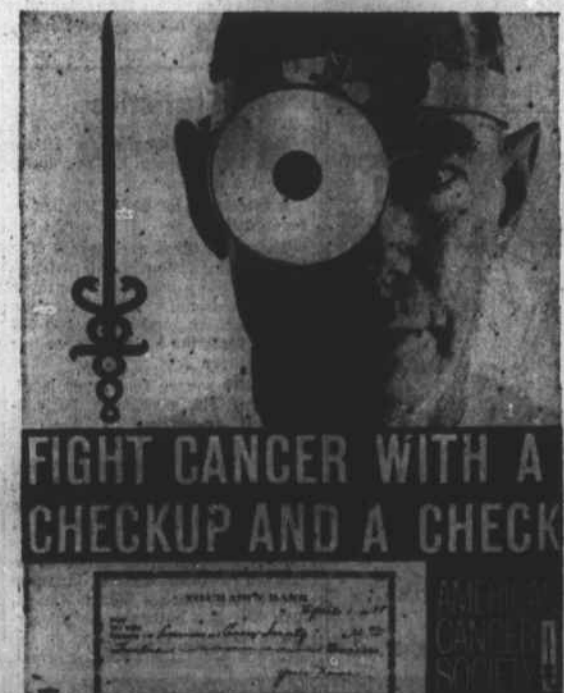
—W. G. Rogers

Just in Passing . . .

The surest way to get a job done is to give it to a busy man; he'll have his secretary do it.

Some people do not seem to grasp why they were given two ears and only one tongue.

One way to avoid losing your shirt is to keep the sleeves rolled up.



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