

The Harvesters Are Coming

The approach of summer brings with it responsibilities. One of the greater of these is the responsibility to our summer "guests", the farm laborers who come to us from the south and stay to help the farmer harvest his crops.

Eventually, the harvesters will move on, but the time they are here can be beneficial to everyone, or it can be a time of neglect and distress. What kind it will be depends largely on the "host and hostess"—the people of the county.

Twelve hundred migrant workers will pass through here. They are a small army of persons who have taken up the wanderer's way of life as a means of earning food for themselves and their children. It is not a very happy life but it can be brightened if the persons who live here the year around help to brighten it.

Last summer was the first time a program of ministry to the migrants was carried out here. The County Ministers Association, sponsor, in conjunction with the North Carolina Council of Churches, and supported by county churches, started this home mission work. The ministers and the migrant ministry committee, composed of laymen, hope to improve the program this summer.

To be distributed to all civic organizations and church groups are leaflets which tell exactly how folks can help. Money, supplies and volunteers to teach Sunday School, conduct worship

services and recreation, are needed.

A Negro minister will supervise the program, but he alone cannot mold happier lives for hundreds of workers. The Rev. Ores Broomfield, from Georgia, who was the minister last summer, is expected to return here the first of June.

An efficient program of ministry to the migrants, in material gain, means that migrant crew leaders will be anxious to bring the better workers in. This will be beneficial to the farmers. Workers have been known to refuse to go into areas where housing is poor and their way of life miserable.

After work hours, the laborers can drink, gamble, get into cutting scrapes, end up in court and cost county taxpayers a lot of money — or with a small investment in a migrant ministry program, lawbreaking can be pushed farther into the realm of improbability if there is baseball equipment for workers to use, games to play or magazines to read.

In addition to material gain, there is spiritual gain — lives of dreariness can become lives of hope. Christianity will be interpreted to the harvesters through action as well as words. Being our brother's keeper is not an easy task, nor is the way always clear to carry out directions of the Master.

Here, however, the way is clear. The remainder lies with those who would follow it.

A Heritage Taken Lightly

"American democracy and the Bill of Rights are in jeopardy if the teenagers of today do not change their thinking before they become the leaders of tomorrow."

That statement, by Dr. Merlin L. Neff, is frightening.

In the current issue of Liberty, published at Washington, D. C., Dr. Neff cites facts revealed in a survey of young people. The survey was conducted by Dr. H. H. Remmers of Purdue University.

It showed that, of those surveyed: — 60 per cent favor censorship of books and motion pictures (is this due to their exposure to books and movies loaded with sex details that they may not understand, profanity, and demoralizing scenes of life?)

— Nearly 50 per cent of them are ready to dispense with freedom of the press (is this due to the lazy minds created by "reading" of comic books, hynosis created by tv, and failure of parents to help a child understand the value of a newspaper and good books?)

— 33 per cent are ready to deny free speech to certain people (is this due to failure to teach tolerance of others' ideas?)

— 25 per cent think that police should be free to search homes and individuals without a warrant (is this the result of youth admiring the "police state" and the "supreme authority" of a man with a badge and a gun?)

— 13 per cent would restrict, by law, religious belief and worship (is this due to all persons' taking for granted the church's hard-won right to attend the church of one's choice?)

Dr. Remmers summarizes the attitudes of youth toward citizenship as follows: "The typical teen-ager shows an alarming disposition to reject some democratic beliefs, to throw away some of the basic freedoms guaranteed in the Bill of Rights, and to accept many authoritarian and totalitarian beliefs and values in their place."

Surveys of college students show similar trends.

Perhaps much of this can be attrib-

uted to youth's long-recognized "urge to rebel". The teen-ager, the young adult, tends to take the attitude that what was respected by the older generation is now worthy of rejection. When the young man is no longer governed by the wishes of his parents, he tries to mold a new life; he eagerly absorbs new ideas.

As maturity comes, many of these new ideas are discarded; he returns to the tenets of his forefathers and the teaching given him as a child in school. At least, that is the hope... especially in this age when so many of tomorrow's citizens apparently have no regard for the basic rights guaranteed to Americans.

If young Americans should continue such disregard throughout their lives, this nation in the future may not be a credit to its colonial founders.

It lies with parents and with the teacher in the elementary and grammar grades to explain and interpret, to the best of their ability, the meaning of our Constitution and Bill of Rights. The documents are not difficult to understand. They will be the supreme law of a good land only as long as the people who live under them know their meaning.

They Were Great

Two events of note occurred simultaneously over the weekend. In Beaufort School Friday and Saturday nights another outstanding musical production was staged under the direction of Mrs. Charles Hassell.

In Morehead City the Lions Club scored another "first" with their boat and auto show. The persons who worked hard in producing both events deserve praise and the utmost encouragement to make the affairs annual occurrences.

If the effort and energy put into these shows were measurable, we bet even the atom bomb would have to take a back seat!

HOW OBVIOUS CAN YOU GET?



Ruth Peeling

It's Worth More in Fun Than Money!

The young lady who has surpassed the brainy Mr. Van Doren on the quiz program, Twenty-One, is Elfrida Von Nardoff. As an underclassman at Duke University, she was known as Vonnie.

I'm not sure, but I believe she has won at least \$146,000. On last night's program, however, things might have gone against her.

A friend of mine in New York met Vonnie on the street the other day and asked her if she didn't think she ought to quit while she could still have a large chunk of money, even after Uncle Sam gets his.

Vonnie replied no, that at this point, just the fun of winning meant more to her than the money.

Well, Old Cavemouth is back, the whippoorwill that is. Heard him for the first time one evening last week. He sounds as though he's been in bed with pneumonia all winter. Weak. Softly calls out "Whippoorwill" about 10 times instead of 110, gasps out a few more calls later, and that's it.

A pair of very large red-headed woodpeckers were making sawdust of the top of the light pole back of my house Friday morning. One would screech in between his pecking. The other finally took off, probably to find a pole of his own.

On a ride down to Atlantic the

highway 24 don't like it.

The only way to stop practices like that is with a county-wide program, like Dr. Paden says.

Dogs, turned loose to fend for themselves, kill game and can become vicious. I don't know which is worse, to try to lose a dog or let the policemen pick it up. The latter, however, could prove to be quite expensive to the town.

The other night while getting ready to leave the Rex Restaurant, I slammed the back of my car into a black telephone pole. I fussed at George Stovall the next day, thinking it might have been a light pole. He was hurt. It wasn't a light pole; it was a telephone pole.

The pole sits at the edge of the restaurant parking lot and apparently I have been only one of half a dozen or more who backed into it. Whether cost of repairs to the cars amounted to \$61 in each case, as in mine, I don't know.

I phoned Mr. Daniels of the telephone company. In spite of the fact that the newspaper is raising sand with his company for the rate increase, Mr. Daniels said he would look at the pole and see what could be done to make it visible at night.

He did just that. Now there are reflector strips on the pole and maybe they will help backing-up folks to see the pole at night. As for me, I won't ever forget that it's there. But there's no sense other folks' wrecking their cars. Thank you, Mr. Daniels.

Captain Henry

The way things are going, you'd think the May 31 primary was on the moon. Nobody has stirred his stumps. Those who are running for office are doing so rather silently, on padded moccasins as it were.

Frankly, I like a little bit of rip-snorting myself. If a fellow's going to run for office and has competition, he ought to get out and make a good stab at it. Filing and then running for cover is no way to get nominated in the Democratic primary.

Speaking of new houses... have you seen Dr. Johnny Way's at Sea View and Front Street... Holden Ballou's on East Ann Street... and Dr. Lawrence Rudder's, East Front Street on the water?

The ladies are going to conduct a tour of Beaufort's old homes next month. I wouldn't mind seeing the inside of some of the new ones!

Tom Potter is as proud of the new light blue Cadillac as any body could be. He couldn't be prouder if he'd built it himself.

Wonder when the young'uns are going to stop having measles? Anyone who hasn't had them "just doesn't belong".

Well, the first of May has come and gone. Guess it's all right now for you to turn your furnace off. But if you do, and a three-day nor'easter sets in, don't blame me. Anybody crazy enough to predict the kind of weather we've been having, ought to be the first man to ride that rocket to the moon.

Just in case you've run out of worldshakers to keep you awake nights: 80 per cent of the wooden Indians which used to stand in front of cigar stores were squaws.

IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS

THIRTY YEARS AGO
Beaufort police captured three men who were in the process of robbing Davis Brothers' store.

D. M. Jones, D. M. Denoyer of Beaufort, Stanley Woodland, Dr. B. F. Royal and O. B. Willis of Morehead City were appointed a committee to plan a bridge celebration in June for the Beaufort-Morehead City bridge.

Property at Cape Lookout was under dispute because of various tortious acts.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO
Three-point-two beer was legalized on May 1.

All Beaufort officials were re-elected to office. Bayard Taylor was mayor, Dr. C. S. Maxwell, Seth Gibbs, James Rumley, D. W. Glover and Frank L. King, commissioners.

Morehead City swept a new ticket into office. H. S. Gibbs was

mayor, P. H. Gibbs, Walter Huffman, E. W. Guthrie, S. C. Holloway and E. C. Willis were commissioners.

TEN YEARS AGO
Bobby Morris, pianist of Atlantic, won a scholarship given by the State Federation of Music Clubs.

Beaufort town commissioners were asking residents of the outlying districts to attend the next commissioners' meeting to discuss their being taken inside the town limits.

FIVE YEARS AGO
Paul H. (Sonny) Geer Jr. was installed as president of the Morehead City Jaycees.

Clifford T. Lewis and George W. Dill were reelected mayors of Beaufort and Morehead City.

Edgar Hibbs was elected mayor of Newport.

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).

DON'T LIKE TO SPADE!

Most every Spring I vow, by gum, I'll plant a garden plot, and every year, when May rolls round, no garden have I got. I'd like to raise the tasty truck — some beans and peas and such, some turnip greens 'n lettuce leaf — I'd like to, very much. But there's a little circumstance, which makes my ardor fade — before you plant, you have to dig, and I don't like to spade!

It's mighty nice to plan and dream of how I'd plant each row; where I'd put this, where I'd put that, then sit and watch it grow. Imagination I have much, and often, like as not, I daru near smell the savory stuff, a-cookin' in the pot. But this, of course, is long before the garden's ever made, 'cause you can't plant until you dig and I don't like to spade!

I guess the world is full of folks who want 'most everything, who feel they should be given — free — the best the world can bring. Their hearts are filled with envy of the other fellow's lot, and they demand to have their share of what they haven't got. But yet I fear these "ginme" boys will never make the grade — to get ahead, you gotta dig, and they don't like to spade!

CABBAGE BUTTERFLY

"How beautiful your fragile golden wings
Would look beneath a glass and silver tray,"
I told myself, and tossed my silly net
To trap your scrap of sunshine in this way.
I held you prisoner, felt your throbbing heart
Against my fingers, but you challenged me;
How could I murder life and sky and dreams
When something in me had to turn you free?
You flew away to the peace I'd given you,
I almost wished that I might follow, too.

— Mary O'Connor

OUR MASTER'S TOUCH

It's tiny things that mean so much:
The way a baby's fingers clutch;
And impish saucy turned-up nose;
A cricket's chirp — a dew-kissed rose;
A soft spring rain, a pansy's face
Are really not so commonplace.
These tiny things, they mean so much
For each one proves Our Master's Touch.

It's tiny things that mean so much:

A gentle woe — a loving touch;
A warm handclasp — a bit of praise
Transforms like magic dreary days.
A kindly deed — a smile — a song
Can often right a human wrong.
It's tiny things that mean so much,
Each thought and deed — Our Master's Touch.
— Gertrude Cramer Williams

From the Bookshelf

Escape from Fear. By Martin A. Bursten. Syracuse University, \$3.50.

Bursten has written a well-documented story of the flight from Hungary in November and December, 1956, of 200,000 refugees from communism—and their subsequent resettlement in the free world.

Bursten was on the Austrian-Hungarian border to watch this flight. He himself participated in the efforts at resettlement. He knows the story—and he tells it well.

His book is a tribute not only to the Hungarian refugees themselves, but to the governmental, intergovernmental and private organizations which participated in the programs for relief and resettlement of the Hungarians who managed to escape in the aftermath of the Soviet-crushed Hungarian rebellion.

Though Bursten is moderate indeed in his criticism of U.S. immigration procedures and practice,

as shown during the Hungarian refugee crisis, his story is enough to make almost any American ashamed of the difficulties which U.S. immigration laws caused the U.S. government and the American people in the effort to meet that crisis.

The story leads to the conclusion that there must be provided some quick and efficient legal means under which any similar crisis in the future can be met with expedition.

The book also follows through with the story of Hungarian refugees in America, who still face an uncertain future because of their dubious legal status under American immigration laws — a status which Congress has not yet seen fit to change.

—Thomas P. Whitney

The Mountain Road. By Theodore H. White. William Sloane. \$3.95.

Back in 1944, according to White's novel—his first though it is his third work to be chosen Book of the Month—a band of eight Americans led by Major Baldwin gets a tough mission:

Retreat along a Chinese mountain road, stay out of reach of pursuing Japanese, destroy bridges and dumps to block the enemy yet not get into trouble with their supposed friends, the Chinese, whose land they must lay waste.

The major is a credit to American manhood; two soldiers ably demonstrate contrary attitudes about the natives: Collins, for fraternization, and Michaelson, for kicking them in the teeth; one man is ill; a pretty Chinese widow goes along for the ride; and the whole is capped with the moral that power corrupts.

If it is a familiar moral; it is also, however much you approve, a familiar tale. I've gone up into those mountains, or flown them, or slugged across Normandy hedgerows with those same eight men so many times I can do it in my sleep—which is about where I ended up this time, too.

The Readers Write

Morehead City, N. C.
May 2, 1958

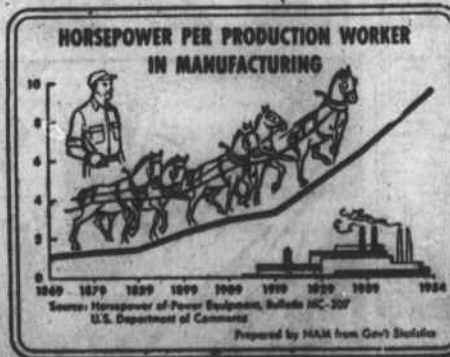
To the Editor:
Here is my little 25 cents for the "phone fund" but with this I would like to add a few words of caution to the top brass of the telephone company.

It is this: if eventually the State steps in and takes you over lock, stock and barrel, don't squawk "socialism". You will have brought it on yourselves. And I will predict that it will happen in the next ten years if you continue to carry on in the high-handed manner as you are now doing. The management is stupid to say the least.

W. S. Kidd

Smile a While

We were quizzing our favorite bachelor about a new girl friend. "Well, she is pretty..." he admitted. "Only it's a pity she didn't come equipped with one of those buttons that let you turn off the sound and still enjoy the picture."



Carteret County News-Times
WINNER OF NATIONAL EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION AND NORTH CAROLINA PRESS ASSOCIATION AWARDS
A Merger of The Beaufort News (Est. 1912) and The Twin City Times (Est. 1936)
Published Tuesdays and Fridays by the Carteret Publishing Company, Inc.
504 Arendell St., Morehead City, N. C.

LOCKWOOD PHILLIPS — PUBLISHER
ELEANORE DEAR PHILLIPS — ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER
RUTH L. PEELING — EDITOR

Mail Rates: In Carteret County and adjoining counties, \$6.00 one year, \$3.50 six months, \$1.25 one month; elsewhere \$7.00 one year, \$4.00 six months, \$1.50 one month.

Member of Associated Press — N. C. Press Association
National Editorial Association — Audit Bureau of Circulations
National Advertising Representative
Moran & Fischer, Inc.
10 East 40th Street, New York 16, N. Y.

The Associated Press is entitled exclusively to use for republication of local news printed in this newspaper, as well as all AP news dispatches

Entered as Second Class Matter at Morehead City, N. C., Under Act of March 3, 1879