

BB Guns Undermine Morehead

Vandalism is one of the most vicious and malicious types of crimes. The joy of destroying just for the sake of causing destruction seems to be a favorite pastime in these parts.

One gentleman from Raleigh came in the office Thursday. When he and his wife came here this summer, 14 of their window lights were shot out.

It cost about \$50 to have new glass put in. The folks returned to Raleigh for a couple days and when they came back, the kitchen window had two BB shots in it.

Now, we would like to know what good it does to invest in the Chamber of Commerce and promote this area as a fine place to have a summer home, when a boy — or several boys, can in a couple minutes outweigh all that effort by putting BB shots through windows?

An ordinance prohibits BB guns inside the town limits. Yet destruction

from BB guns continues. Police cannot be every place where boys might be using the guns. They can patrol the areas where they think the guns are being used, but most of what they can do depends on neighbors.

If persons in a certain neighborhood see youngsters carrying or using BB guns, they should report it immediately to the police and supply names if possible. Police, if they do confiscate BB guns, should announce that they have done so. Publicity on that type of thing does more to curb future use of the guns than anything else.

The Raleigh resident stated that his taxes this year in Morehead City are "higher than they've ever been" and he's getting tired of paying tax money for no property protection, as well as paying for repair of property damage.

If parents will not cooperate by having their children use the guns as they should be used, the burden falls on the police. And mere threats and warnings by police are not, apparently, enough, because acts of vandalism — with BB guns — is a constant recurrence.

It's War

There has been a formal declaration of war.

The enemy is the mosquito.

Persons have been requested to give neither air nor comfort to the enemy. Those who provide him stagnant pools of water in which to breed, puddles, buckets, bottles, cans or other receptacles holding water will be labeled as traitors to the cause.

The enemy is cunning. He lives among us, feeding on our very lifeblood. In spells of dryness, he leads us to believe that he has departed. Instead, the females are laying eggs every second in places where water is known to collect. Then the rains come. Or the tides flood. And the land is swarming again with the enemy.

The war against the mosquito, unfortunately, cannot be short. It must continue month after month during the

summer time. Where funds are available, drainage projects should be undertaken on a year-round basis.

The towns and county finance, with state help, spraying programs, but that is only a stopgap measure — like the little Dutch boy putting his thumb in the dike. The war can only be won in the ditches and the marshes, in the places fogging machines never reach.

Morehead City's war on mosquitoes is a finer Carolina project. But as specialists in mosquito wars point out, one small area cannot discourage the enemy. All of Carteret, working together, might.

Each individual, each community, doing its share will break the wings of the enemy.

This is a war we're sure we can win, but only with every man, woman and child fighting in the ranks.

Going to Grandmother's

(Greensboro Daily News)

There comes a time, in the long un-winding of Summer, when Mother and children must go home to Grandmother's to renew old family ties.

Sometimes this is an extra visit. It is a ritual performed after regular vacation season when Daddy cannot leave the office and when other members of Mother's family are swarming in such multitudes over Grandmother's premises that Daddy would not be welcome anyway.

And so they are up at dawn, from eight-year-old Jane to two-month-old Milly, supervising the car packing and calling in neighborhood friends to examine every detail of the magnificent event called "going to Grandmother's."

Of course five-year-old Mary and two-year-old Flo are directly underfoot as Daddy lunges out the front door with the Kiddy-Coop; and they miss not one detail of the laborious task of fitting it securely in the station wagon. The second major packing job involves a flowering peach tree. Long months ago Daddy promised Grandmother he would move it from its shady spot among the pines where it was not thriving and transport it to Grandmother's country home where another ornamental tree would be welcomed.

So the day before, Daddy had dug up the little peach tree (now enormous, it seemed, after 18 months growth) and placed its roots, wrapped in an old rag,

in a pail of water overnight. The first part of the task — wrapping the damp roots in newspapers — was done without much trouble; then to the job of fitting that long, skinny tree somewhere in the wagon. Of course it would not fit; and everybody from Mother on down had useless suggestions. (Mother had looked on the whole project with a jaundiced eye from the beginning).

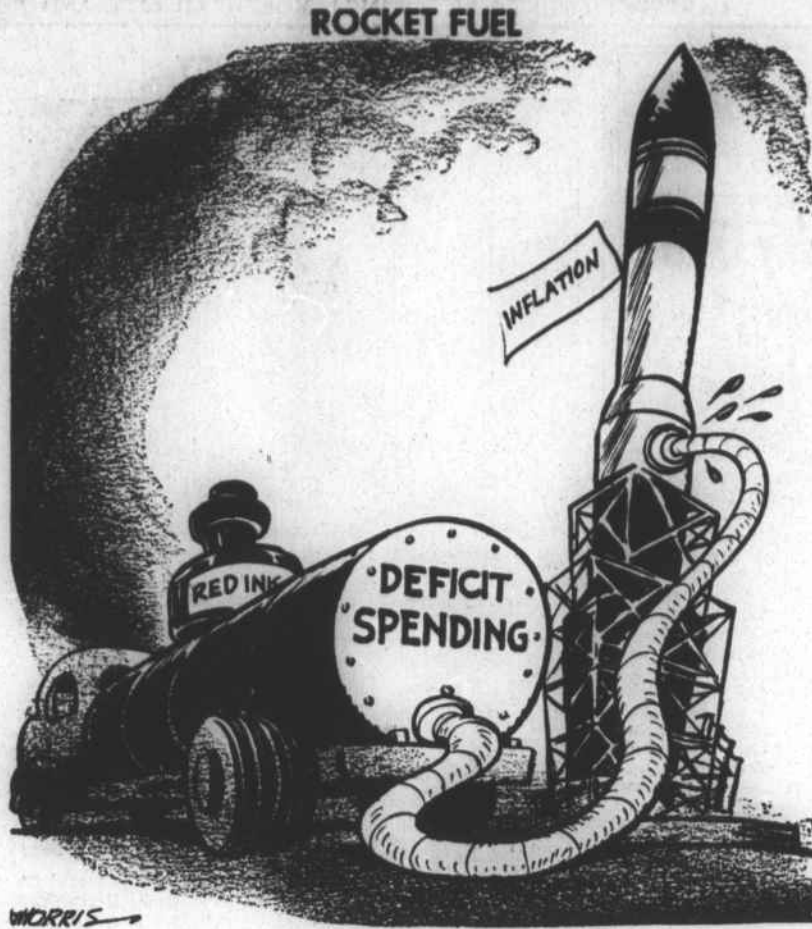
But Daddy would not let a peach tree whip him. Finally, in desperation out came the clipping shears, and the whole top of the tree disappeared. Then it fit into the way-back with some neatness — along with suitcases, baby bath pan, extra mattress and assorted children.

"I wish I was going," shouted Neighbor Betty, watching this ritual with some amusement from a nearby kitchen window.

At that point with baby whimpering and a grand slamming of doors, nobody believed her. But they were "off to Grandmother's" in a great flurry of good-byes. A noble excursion indeed, thought Daddy, retiring to the serenity of an air-cooled office.

"Who feareth to suffer, suffereth already, because he feareth."

— Michel de Montaigne, 1588



Ruth Peeling

Millions Go to Cherry Point

I hope everyone has noticed how many millions of dollars are being invested at Cherry Point.

But you know what? I bet in three months some rumor-monger is going to say in a hushed, know-it-all whisper, "Did you know they are going to close Cherry Point?"

It is not beyond the realm of possibility that some day something catastrophic will happen that will put the Marine air base here out of existence. But if people would only look at facts and use their heads to think with rather than as a housing for a flapping tongue, they would make fewer fantastic statements.

Something is eating my petunia

flowers—not the leaves or the stems, but the flowers.

The man at the pray-and-spray store says that snails, slugs or some other such beast is eating them and I have put out stuff to kill said beasts. They are dropping dead left and right but the petunia petals are still getting chewed.

Conclusion: The rabbits are eating them.

At first I thought maybe the frogs had turned into vegetarians. Then on second thought I could not picture a frog standing on his hind legs to chew a petunia, nor did I think there was much possibility of his taking a chunk out of a flower during a leap in mid-air.

The Readers Write

June 4, 1958

To the Editor:

It seems in these times the teenagers of our nation and community are the subject of some very sad publicity. I feel that what I have to say would be of much interest to the general public and especially to our law enforcing agencies in the town of Morehead and in the county of Carteret.

Last week my wife and I had gone down to the Sound just west of Morehead City to look into some property. On the way in we ran into a mudhole and our car became firmly entrenched. It seemed that no matter what action was taken, the situation became worse.

After about an hour of jockeying back and forth, a car showed up and two young fellows came to offer their assistance. Both boys were neatly dressed and well-mannered and in all respects very eager to assist us. They stayed with us for almost two hours when we finally came to the conclusion that our last resort was to call for a wrecker.

They carried us home and then insisted that they help me find a wrecker since it was Saturday afternoon and a holiday and there could be some difficulty in locating the assistance we needed.

These boys are members of a Road-Runners organization, an organization about which I had heard little or nothing and had no conception as to what their objective might be. During the course of the afternoon I ques-

tioned them and it seems there are 15 young men whose average age is 18 1/2 years.

Their primary purpose in organizing is to assist motorists in difficulty; performing such tasks as changing tires, minor engine adjustments, and going for help when their limited knowledge is not sufficient to take care of the situation.

Each member pays dues into the organization and they supplement their income by a further aid to the county in general, which consists of picking up soft drink bottles and redeeming them for deposits.

It is my opinion that such an organization, and especially when organized and administered by young men of this age group, should be commended. I believe sincerely that most of our youth of today want more than anything else to be helpful and good citizens.

The two men with whom I have had this experience are Lonnie Hyatt, who on Saturday instead of assisting himself at the polls since he was one of the candidates for constable in this township, was out looking for motorists such as myself; and the other was a younger fellow whose name is Lloyd McKay.

I think it would be fitting if more of the people of our county could learn more details about this organization and in some small way show their appreciation.

Very truly yours, F. A. Cassiano

Captain Henry

Sou'easter

You just ought to see our Little Leaguers. It may not be major league stuff, but it certainly isn't minor either.

What I get a chuckle out of are the mothers out there keeping score. Oh, they come up frequently with things like a fellow getting two hits with one time at bat, but I'll say this for the official scorekeeper — she's impartial. She attributes these fantastic performances, without favoritism, to all players, among all teams, through all innings.

If Little League continues to be successful, a large share of the credit goes to the mothers; if it shouldn't be, it's not their fault!

Speaking of sports — I read in the paper some time ago of Walt Niemi breaking a bone in his foot with a golf club. He swung at a ball and hit his big foot instead. Sequel: Later in the office of WMFL where he props said feet on desk, he was showing luscious willowy Faye Merrill how to swing

a golf club.

He said she was doing it awfully daintily, so he stepped behind her, put his hands on the club (making like a real golf teacher) and helped her take the club back and bring it down with an air-slicing swing.

Somehow the club slipped in Faye's hands (anyhow this is his story) and the head of the club whizzed around, knocked him on the head and knocked him out — but cold.

And you know what? I bet that crazy fool right now is making like Frank Buck, still trying to tame golf clubs.

The biggest news this week is that George and Sarah Brooks have forsaken the Republican party and have joined the ranks of the Democrats. George was supposed to run for surveyor on the Republican ticket but he never filed. If all this, about George and Sarah's changing party affiliation is just scuttlebutt, it sure has rocked the town!

Then one night I saw a rabbit, making like an innocent statue near the flowers. Now I have not actually seen the rabbits eat the petunias, but what else could be doing it?

Remember Ferdinand, the bull, who never wanted to go into the bull ring, all he wanted to do was sit in the field and sniff the flowers? Well, my rabbits aren't satisfied with sniffing. They're hungry.

Some day, Bruce Edwards, Bobby Bell, Marshall Ayscue and the sheriff might write a book on how to dynamite stills. But first, they're going to have to agree on how to do it.

Bruce takes a mighty dim view of the others' dynamiting techniques.

He says those fellows light seven sticks of dynamite, yell "Fire in the hole" and duck for cover. Five sticks go off. Bruce says he's not going to go back to see why the other two didn't go off.

The other fellows say he couldn't even if he wanted to, because he is already halfway upstate before the first boom.

Knowing those characters, I'm inclined to take the same view of the matter as Deputy Edwards.

Ocracoke has won itself another national publicity spot in the insurance magazine, Minutes. The article is by Dorothy Noyce and is titled Ocracoke: The Island Time Forgot.

Rufus Butler of Commercial National Bank is enthralled with the bank-sponsored tv show, Vacation Varieties, which comes on at 7 Monday nights. Its theme is the vacation opportunities in this area and Rufus would like you to watch it... if you want soft, background music for dining far from the din of a juke box, Fleming's on the beach causeway has it... if you know anyone who would like to have a motel, send them to Mrs. Julia Holt on Radio Island.

Know what the vacationing sports fisherman on the Carteret coast sends his lady love back home these days? A big blue mounted fish with the following note enclosed: "Just a marlin from your darlin'."

Comment . . . J. Kellum

Sex in Art

Amidst the increasing hullabaloo about sex in books, movies and what-have-you we become aware of two conditions involved in its presentation: morality and emphasis.

It goes without saying that art is instructive and that the artist may make his subject appear good and desirable when it may be neither one nor the other. Hence, immorality may be portrayed as being quite all right and there are good grounds for a great deal of criticism in that matter. The artist, being a teacher in his way, falls under the admonition of Saint James, "Be not many of you teachers, knowing that we shall receive a stricter judgment."

Apart from his hope of heaven, if he has any, the artist is judged by us according to his talents as a delineator. It is in this that John Galsworthy pointed out that sex as a subject must be carefully treated:

"To write grossly of sex, to labor in a story the physical side of love, is to err esthetically — to over-paint, for the imagination of readers requires little stimulus in this direction, and the sex impulse is so strong that any emphatic physical description pulls the picture out of

Louise Spivey

Words of Inspiration

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

A few weeks ago, while I was dressing to go to work, I turned on our television to get the time on Dave Garrows's show.

He was explaining that during the week they had been taking up the life and problems of our teen-agers. Their likes, dislikes, etc.

On this special program he was planning to interview several students from the graduating class of a very large high school. I don't remember the name of the school, but it was the type school that most of us have dreamed about having our own children attend.

This school offered all types of courses, all types of guidance programs with special counselors to help the children with all types of problems.

I was very interested in hearing this interview, for I was sure that from such a school would come many leaders of tomorrow's world.

I have never been more disappointed. There was one girl who said she was going to college. When asked, "Why?" she said, "It is expected of me." When she was asked what she wanted to be, she just didn't know.

All of the others interviewed were not making any type plans for college. Some of the girls had had business in high school and would try to find office work as secretaries, the boys were going to look for jobs in some type of engineering.

When some were asked why they felt that they should discontinue their education they said, they were "tired studying, tired working so hard."

This certainly goes to show that we do not give our children a good education by just sending them to fine, expensive schools. Ambition must come from the child's own soul.

James A. Garfield said that a log with a student on one end and Mark Hopkins, his old teacher, on the other end was his ideal college. The point in it all is that personal contact and direct interest in the individual student by an instructor of lofty character is the main thing in any institution of learning.

It doesn't take superior buildings, but superior teachers would be a great help.

There is one thing, though, that we must remember, if the student himself does not want to learn, has no ambition, neither the school nor teacher can be of much help.

There are those students who feel that they have the right to make their own decisions. It is their right to decide whether or not they want to study and go on with a higher education or remain at the foot of the ladder of success. I believe they are absolutely right in this decision, just as long as this decision does not involve others who love them.

If they are willing to live on the salaries they will be able to earn with a limited education, this is their privilege, or at least that is the way most of us feel about it.

However, there is another opinion that each individual would be wise in securing. That is the opinion of God.

I have looked up a few references below that I think might help.

Ecclesiastes 11:9 — Rejoice, O young man in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee unto judgment.

II Timothy 2:15 — Study to shew thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth.

Proverbs 1:8 — My son, hear the instructions of thy father, and forsake not the laws of thy mother.

Proverbs 1:5 — A wise man will hear, and will increase learning; and a man of understanding shall attain unto wise counsels.

Proverbs 4:5 — Get wisdom, get understanding; forget it not.

Proverbs 4:13 — Take fast hold of instruction; let her not go; keep her; for she is thy life.

Proverbs 3:13 — Happy is the man that findeth wisdom and the man that getteth understanding.

Proverbs 10:13-14 — In the lips of him that hath understanding wisdom is found; but a rod is for the back of him that is void of understanding. Wise men lay up knowledge; but the mouth of the foolish is near destruction.

IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS

THIRTY YEARS AGO

The old ferry boat, Pilot, which used to ply between Beaufort and Morehead City, was seized by the Coast Guard as a rum boat.

A real estate subdivision was being opened up east of Beaufort by the Beaufort Lumber and Manufacturing Co.

Beaufort town commissioners voted to have the town pier at the foot of Turner Street put in proper condition.

Beaufort town commissioners adopted a resolution which provided for an inspection of milk sold in the town.

Loftin Motor Co. was advertising a 1928 model Chevrolet for \$40, a 1929 model A roadster for \$100, and a 1932 model B coupe for \$425.

Miss Emily Loftin, Miss Varina Way and Mrs. William Potter were attending summer school at Chapel Hill.

TEN YEARS AGO

The Capt. James Hancock, shad boat built by the Phillips Brothers boatyard on Evans Street, Morehead City, was launched.

Harkers Island citizens were campaigning for a new school.

The county ministerial association appeared before the county commissioners to request a liquor referendum in the county.

FIVE YEARS AGO

Ronald Earl Mason was installed as president of the Beaufort Jaycees.

The Morehead City dog track opened this week.

The second drowning of the season occurred when a 17-year-old Norlina youth drowned at Atlantic Beach.

From the Bookshelf

Ciske the Rat. By Piet Bakker. Translated from Dutch by Celina Wieniewska and Peter Jansson-Smith. Doubleday. \$3.75.

A boy named Ciske, his father a seaman always away from home and his mother a slattern who works in a bar, brings his own unsavory reputation and himself — skinny, pale, large-eyed and unhappy — to the class of teacher Bruis.

Bruis tells this story of the wretched youngster's attempts, under a friend's guidance, to turn his explosive fits of anger into affection and love, to welcome schoolmates with a smile instead of clenched fists.

This novel, already translated into several languages and made into a successful film, is of interest in part because of its concern with an American problem, the delinquent.

It follows a couple of other teacher-pupil novels, touching, but narrowly escaping, the sentimental. This work is a little gem, rough-cut but sparkling; and in the very spots where Bakker most strips and hardens his writing, he most softens the reader's heart.

—W. G. Rogers

Smile a While

Wife: "That new couple next door seem to be very devoted; he kisses her every time they meet. Why don't you do that?"

Husband: "I don't know her well enough yet."

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