

Well, Well — Deep Subject?

Delay in use of the new well in Beaufort is attributed by Carolina Water Co. to the fact that the company doesn't know how to treat the water. If that is true, the water company had best get out of the water business and let somebody who knows how step in.

The company, according to its manager, C. W. Williams, is trying now to decide how to get rid of the hydrogen sulfide content without causing another objectionable condition. One would think, the way the water company is fooling around, that this is a most unique condition and has all its chemists baffled.

This condition, however, is common and over the years water companies have had to contend with it. Isn't it logical to assume then that there is a set formula for correcting the situation, at least a formula that can be varied to fit conditions in different localities?

Excuses given by the water company vary. One Beaufort housewife was told that "the man who made the decision about how the water is to be treated is in Hawaii and nothing can be done until he gets back". If this is true, the water company would do well never to let that man out of its sight. Other excuses are built around the fact that the company doesn't know how to treat the water.

Meanwhile, Beaufort citizens — and

their summer visitors—continue to suffer with smelly, brown, horrible-tasting water. If anyone thinks seriously of retiring in Beaufort or spending a vacation there, one drink of the water would change his mind.

In the face of this current delay and excuse-making, we predict that after the water company has finished making all the improvements it has announced, and everyone has forgotten about the present water problems, Carolina Water Co. will request an increase in rates.

Fathers to the Fore

Congratulations to Father of the Year, Raymond Harrell. We wish that all the persons who nominated their fathers would have been able to see their dad declared the winner, because all fathers nominated for the honor were worthy of it.

But the judges had to choose just one and we thank them for undertaking such a difficult task.

The Morehead City businessmen who cooperate with THE NEWS-TIMES in the Father of the Year event make it the attraction it is. It is well to pause once in every year and take note of the characteristics that mark a man as a good father.

Developing a Talent

Tomorrow's Old Homes Tour in Beaufort has the earmarks of being one of the highlights of the summer. We hope the weatherman cooperates, because the tour sponsor, the Woman's Club, has planned an elaborate and interesting program.

The tour has been publicized upstate and preparations have been made to welcome many out-of-town visitors. Last summer's tour, the first to be sponsored, was highly successful. This summer, two more attractions have been added, the bus tour of historic landmarks and the crafts exhibit in conjunction with the art show.

The Woman's Club has had attractive folders printed. They will be given to persons making the tours. One describes the homes to be open and the

other gives some historical notes about Ann Street Cemetery. The information was compiled and written by Miss Amy Muse, a Woman's Club member.

If this tour is as successful as last year's, the Woman's Club may sponsor another next summer, with still more attractions.

The women who have worked on the program and all persons who have cooperated with them, especially those who are permitting their homes to be opened to the public, are to be highly commended.

This is a "tourist attraction" that in this area fits Beaufort to a T. No other community has quite all the favorable factors as does Beaufort for this type of event. Beaufort has discovered one of its "talents" and the Woman's Club is putting it to good use.

Romance and Reality

(Greensboro Daily News)

Romance, it's wonderful. For example: At our house contemplation of a flying trip to the mountains for a picnic lunch at Doughton Park is like unto a vision of heaven. Usually, in reality, with four children either crying, fighting or wiggling, it turns out to be nearer a 90-yard-dash nightmare.

The same goes for Henry Belk's oft-mentioned vision of watching the sun rise in the Smokies and sleeping that night by the "hypnotic pounding of the surf" at Hatteras. A thrilling experience, visualized in the ivory tower, but has Henry tried it?

Let's start, say, somewhere in the vicinity of Bryson City; the Smokies are visible from there. Even if Henry and his General Manager got an early start — hitting the road around eight — a full 10 hours would be consumed, not counting a stop for lunch, roaring down the mountains toward Morehead City, there are 43 additional miles to the end of US 70 at Cedar Island Beach, and if Henry's advice is correct, a full three-hour ferry ride from there to Ocracoke and Hatteras.

Henry and Lucile, if they are intent

on sleeping by the "hypnotic pounding of the surf" at Hatteras, might possibly reach the Outer Banks by 10 p.m., providing a ferry ran on that schedule.

It's no use, Henry. The romance of the idea is wonderful. The reality is something else.

Now, of course, the trip could be made in a leisurely way, stopping off by Asheville, meandering down the Blue Ridge Parkway, stopping off by Sedgefield, Chapel Hill and possibly Pinehurst, ending up after a week's lazy jaunt across North Carolina at that lonely tip of land called Hatteras.

But if Henry still insists on seeing the sun rise over the Smokies and the moon-rise over Hatteras — all in the same day — we'd suggest he watch out for the whammy, North Carolina's just too long and beautiful to cross in a single day.

Thanks to industrial ingenuity and knowhow, we live longer and more enjoyable these days. Electronics and such, march on — but still nobody has been able to figure out a better way for a fireman to get downstairs faster than by sliding down the brass pole.

THE UNINVITED FOURTH



Ruth Peeling

Fighting with Both Hands Tied

THE NEWS-TIMES offered the East Carolina Phone Fight Committee copies of the paper bearing articles on the type of telephone service Carolina Telephone provides in this county. The thought was that perhaps these reports would have some bearing on the case protesting phone rate raises.

Samuel Behrends Jr., attorney for the phone fight committee, who has a statewide reputation as an excellent lawyer in utilities cases, wrote us: "... I am, of course, interested in all matters which bear on the present rate case with Carolina Telephone and Telegraph Company. However, it is very important that the service problems not be mixed into this case... We must confine ourselves here to a consideration of the financial requirements of this company and the needs of eastern North Carolina in terms of a proper rate structure. Thus, service problems cannot become a part of the case..."

Being a layman, I don't pretend to understand the intricacies—and foolishness—of certain parts of the law. But I do not understand how a utilities commission can render a fair judgment in a rate case when it fails to consider how well the company in question carries out the responsibilities imposed upon it by its franchise, especially in relation to the type of service offered in return for the customer's money. Carolina Telephone users are not getting value received for the amount they're paying for phone service now. How then, can higher rates be justified?

In this modern age, sales and service go together. A phone which offers little if any service is like having an electric refrigerator in the kitchen and no place to plug it in.

I hope Mr. Behrends is able to pull rabbits out of hats, because if he isn't, I see little hope for winning today's case before the utilities commission when he's got to keep quiet about the poor telephone service.

My sister and her family, the Halls, of Hanover, N. J., are thrilled and excited. They have been chosen by the American Field Service as the family with whom a high school exchange student is to live this coming school year.

The student's name is Marja. Her home is Finland. Her father is a college professor and served as a Lutheran minister during the second world war. Marja speaks five languages, including English.

She is due to arrive in this county the early part of August and will be here until the following spring.

Morehead City was hoping to have an AFS student this fall, but plans have been deferred until the following year. The student exchange program is being promoted nationwide by the Federated Women's Clubs.

Well, it came. My first magnolia bloom. David and Jerry Beveridge gave me a little magnolia tree when I moved into my new house two and a half years ago, and this spring there came a bud!

I was as excited as a hen over a batch of chicks. Tuesday I woke and there it was—it had opened! Sue Noe, across the street, wanted to know if I was going to send out announcements. No, but I took its picture. Isn't it pretty?

Much has been made, recently, of a fiction called "Togetherness" which seems to require husband and wife to live under each other's skins. Not so long ago, being under someone's skin meant that a serious emotional crisis — involving either love or hate — was imminent. We may logically suspect that it still does, because Togetherness interferes with the dignity of being one person.

Assuredly, we are all made in the image and likeness of God and therefore have at least that in common. But we are each of us, like our fingerprints, different from every other person on earth. Only in a single person does one given combination of qualities and proportions exist.

Every single soul is a particular treasure which cannot be duplicated. Therefore, we should find our pleasure not in wallowing in our common natures but in appreciating the distinctions between us. After all, it is not their humanity but their difference in form and

Less poetic but more succinct are these words from "Letters of Rainer Maria Rilke, 1892-1910" (W. W. Norton & Co.):

The Readers Write

2000 Evans Street
Morehead City, N. C.
June 11, 1958

To the Editor:

As the written word speaks more forcefully than the interminable, blatant barrage of words sounding around us today, may I express in writing an encouraging "Bravo!" for your rejection of "Garbage for Sale." The May 16th editorial was full of character, good sense, and right reasoning, and shows your wise and charitable regard for the common good.

Many of our young people, thrifty and concerned about selecting wholesome pleasure, have become more shrewd in detecting sensational advertising and rather than be lured into a movie they regret seeing, have started consulting reviews before choosing their entertainment and checking movie-ratings which appear in some family papers.

We commend your noble, knight-like stand. May you always bear the shield of truth brightly and with the pen which is "mightier than the sword" fight on bravely for the right.

What we need today is more militant Christians!

Sincerely,
(Miss) Charlotte Ann Field

(The writer of the above makes a noteworthy point. Much of the

movie advertising is more lurid than the movie advertised might be. The advertisement is thus false and misleading. Whether the movie is what the ad says it is, or whether it is not, some of the phrases appearing in the ads are tawdry and cheap, designed to appeal to man's baser instincts.

What we cannot figure out is why local theatre management objects to the newspaper's refusing to run those phrases, when the management itself apparently doesn't have the intestinal fortitude to put those same phrases on signs in front of the theatres. —The Editor.)

Stamp News

By SYD KRONISH

His Eminence Francis Cardinal Spellman will exhibit his outstanding "America, the Beautiful" stamp display at the ISPEX Philatelic Exhibition to be held June 15-18 at the New York Trade Show Building. ISPEX is a philatelic exhibition honoring the 10th anniversary of the State of Israel.

Here's an interesting item for collectors. When the 25-cent Paul Revere addition to the regular postage stamp series was placed on sale April 18 at Boston, a surprisingly high total of 196,530 first day covers was cancelled.

IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS

THIRTY YEARS AGO
Herbert Hoover was named Republican presidential candidate at the Republican convention which was meeting at Kansas City.

Leonard Tufts of Pinehurst had assumed management of the Morehead Villa.

Mail service to Ocracoke was being changed. Instead of leaving by boat from Morehead City each morning at 6:30, after July 1 it would be delivered by bus line to Atlantic and from there would be taken to Ocracoke by boat.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO
Johnnie Way and Allan O'Bryan had left for Chapel Hill to attend summer school at the University of North Carolina.

A safe containing \$410 and other valuables was stolen from the home of Alex Graham, West Beaufort.

Sound Chevrolet Co. was advertising a tudor sedan for \$545.

TEN YEARS AGO
The Morehead City Garment Company was celebrating its 12th anniversary.

Miss Viola Styron won the beauty title of Miss Morehead City.

David Hill was elected commander of Carteret Post 99 American Legion.

FIVE YEARS AGO
Charles Garner of Newport was named Father of the Year.

Episcopal laymen launched a \$20,000 campaign to erect buildings on the church's property on Bogue Banks.

The Morehead City chamber of commerce opened its tourist service.



Captain Henry

Sou'easter

When the late Claud Wheatly Sr. would go around the countryside pleading cases in other courts he would, occasionally, take Claud Jr., with him.

One day when Mr. Wheatly had to go to court at New Bern he took Claud, who was about 10 years old, with him. Whenever they went to New Bern, the elder Mr. Wheatly would give Claud a nickel or two and let him go down to the 5 and 10 (or whatever the store was called in those days). This got the squirming Claud out of the courtroom and gave Dad some piece of mind.

One day Claud came back from his shopping trip and had a pack of gum. He went up to the front of the courtroom where his father was sitting and offered him a piece. Mr. Wheatly took it and started to chew. Suddenly he gagged and turned to his son and said, "My boy, what are you trying to do to me?"

The gum was trick stuff, full of red pepper. I don't know several things that should be known to end this story — was Mr. Wheatly able to plead his case after that, and what did he do to Claud? Make him chew the rest of the pack of gum or take him out to the wood shed when he got him home... Ask Claud.

Louise Spivey

Words of Inspiration

THE PRODIGAL FATHER

A bereaved father stood by his wife's grave, his teen-age son beside him, each deep in his own thoughts, both desperately needing the other, yet not knowing this to be.

In the months that followed, the big house was lonely for this boy with just the housekeeper and cook to look after him, listen to him. Besides they were not really interested in his life.

Many problems came up in the boy's life. He missed his mother. He wanted advice. He often went to his father's office and asked if he could talk with him. Many times he was sent away, to return later.

These were busy days for the father, and there was just no time to listen to the griping and arguments of a teen-ager.

Besides, it seemed like for the past few years, the boy had been extremely difficult to live with, and lately he had made it a habit of getting into minor youthful escapades which had annoyed him. Somehow, they just didn't seem to understand each other.

This, the father, just couldn't understand for he had certainly been lenient with the boy, giving to him everything that one should need, a fine house to live in, servants to wait on him, money to spend, complete freedom to choose his own friends, to come and go as he pleased, to make his own decisions.

So the father decided life would be more pleasant for both of them if they lived separately.

He bought the boy the new car he had wanted, gave him an unlimited check book, and sent him off to a fashionable preparatory school, and felt that he had discharged his full duty to his son.

Then the father gathered together his own possessions and went into a far country, into the land of stocks and bonds, business, politics, and worldly pleasures. In this land there was no place for a young boy, and no opportunity or desire, of being a companion to his son.

There were a few letters and a few strained visits between them, finally the boy was expelled from school and dropped out of his father's life, when he entered the service.

Several years passed, and the father began to feel a great hunger in his heart for true companionship and love. He gave large donations to hospitals, and served as chairman on many worthwhile committees, but no man gave him any real friendship.

Then one day on the golf course, he met another father and his college son. Between them he could see real companionship, happiness, friendship, honor, respect.

Then he began thinking of his own son and the empty years that had passed, perhaps for both of them.

He recalled a story he had heard long, long ago when his boy was small and he had had the time to take him to Sunday School, "The Prodigal Son".

So the father said to himself, "I have been a Prodigal Father, I will arise and go and find my son."

He went in search of his son, and when he was a great way off his son saw him, but instead of running and falling on his neck, he drew back, ill at ease in the presence of his father.

The Prodigal Father said to him, "My son, I have sinned against Heaven and against thee and am no longer worthy to be called thy Father, just come and be one of my companions, one of my friends."

But the son answered sadly, "Not so. There was a time when I desperately needed your companionship, your love and understanding. I was confused during those growing up years. I wanted to know things. I needed you to teach me how to make the right decisions, to select the right companions, I needed your praise when I did a job well, and your correction and discipline when I erred."

"Through these years, with the help of your check-book, I have found companionship, the wrong kind. I have found out the hard way many things I wanted to know. I know, first hand, the cravings in the soul of a drug addict, I know what it means to be a drunkard, and live a dirty, common, sinful, useless life, just like the stories in the books I used to read when you were too busy to share my life."

"I do not want you for a friend. With you around, I would find myself thinking about my life, as it might have been. Now I am wrecked in body and soul, there is nothing you can do for me. It is too late, too late." — Unknown

Comment . . . J. Kellum

SEPARATENESS

Much has been made, recently, of a fiction called "Togetherness" which seems to require husband and wife to live under each other's skins. Not so long ago, being under someone's skin meant that a serious emotional crisis — involving either love or hate — was imminent. We may logically suspect that it still does, because Togetherness interferes with the dignity of being one person.

Assuredly, we are all made in the image and likeness of God and therefore have at least that in common. But we are each of us, like our fingerprints, different from every other person on earth. Only in a single person does one given combination of qualities and proportions exist.

Every single soul is a particular treasure which cannot be duplicated. Therefore, we should find our pleasure not in wallowing in our common natures but in appreciating the distinctions between us. After all, it is not their humanity but their difference in form and

tendency which attract the sexes to each other, as Phillip Wylie pointed out in his essay against Togetherness.

Kahlil Gibran gently observes, in "The Prophet":

"You were born together and together you shall be forevermore.

You shall be together when the white wings of death scatter your days.

Aye, you shall be together even in the silent memory of God.

But let there be spaces in your togetherness.

And let the winds of the heavens dance between you.

Love one another, but make not a bond of love:

Let it rather be a moving sea between the shores of your souls . . .

And stand together yet not too near together;

For the pillars of the temple stand apart.

And the oak tree and the cypress grow not in each other's shadow."

Less poetic but more succinct are these words from "Letters of Rainer Maria Rilke, 1892-1910" (W. W. Norton & Co.):

"It is a question in marriage, to my feeling, not of creating a quick community of spirit by tearing down and destroying all boundaries, but rather a good marriage is that in which each appoints the other guardian of his solitude, and shows him this confidence, the greatest in his power to bestow.

A togetherness between two people is an impossibility, and where it seems, nevertheless, to exist, it is a narrowing, a reciprocal agreement which robs either one party or both of his fullest freedom and development. But, once the realization is accepted that even between the closest human beings infinite distances continue to exist, a wonderful living side by side can grow up, if they succeed in loving the distance between them which makes it possible for each to see the other whole and against a wide sky!"

Smile a While

Wife: Everyone in town is talking about the Jones's quarrel. Some are taking her side and some his.

Husband: And I suppose a few eccentric individuals are minding their own business.

Logical, isn't it?

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