

It Was Quite a Show

Folks who took the bus tour of landmarks in Beaufort Wednesday were most impressed. Some were thrilled. One woman enthusiastically said, "I bet they could run one of these tours every day and have a full bus in the summer time."

That's probably too wild a dream. The tour, however, was every bit as interesting as most of the bus tours we have taken, both on the east and west coast.

Grayden Paul is an expert guide. On the "professional sight-seeing" tour buses, the driver has a microphone into which he talks. Anyone who knows Mr. Paul knows that he doesn't need a microphone. But it's quite a strain to shout to a bus-full of people for an hour at a stretch and, fortunately, his voice didn't "give out."

He knew some interesting stories about some of the houses and the town itself. He told of a flirtation, after the fall of Fort Macon, between a young girl, Fannie Styron, and a wounded Confederate soldier, Raymon Paul. The soldier was being held prisoner in the basement of the Alonzo Thomas house, as were some other prisoners.

The young girl, from Davis Shores, was visiting at the little house next door. She and the wounded soldier struck up a friendship and eventually they married. "As a result of that flirtation, I'm here talking to you today,"

Mr. Paul said. "The two were my grandparents."

The ladies on the bus loved that. They applauded and laughed.

The Old Homes tour in Beaufort proves a point. When people take a trip somewhere, they want to see something. This is difficult to explain, perhaps, because you "see something" every place you go.

It's more difficult, though, to provide something to "see" for the majority of the people. You take some persons, show them the ocean from a high dune, and they will be thrilled. But for most people, that is not enough.

You've got to put on a show for them. Maybe it's a show of gardens, maybe it's historic homes, maybe it's an exhibit of firearms or sea animals—but it's got to be something that they can't see in their old home town.

It takes some effort to attract tourists, but once a town, or an area, hits upon the formula, the project rolls along almost under its own momentum.

This does not mean that people can sit back, fold their hands and watch the tourists flow by. The Old Homes tour and exhibits required much work, as any Woman's Club member who helped with the program will tell you.

The town of Beaufort owes the Woman's Club a vote of thanks, as well as total support for any future program the club may have to capitalize on the town's historical heritage.

Dragging Our Feet . . .

Sen. Everett Jordan has asked for an expansion of the federal government's sewage disposal program to help North Carolina reduce stream pollution.

Beaufort and Morehead City were notified by the State Stream Sanitation Committee in 1954 that each town would have to take steps to stop the dumping of raw sewage in waters around the towns. By law, such towns are required to file notice of intention to comply.

Federal money is available for approved municipal plans for treatment of sewage. Beaufort and Morehead City each contend that the amount Uncle Sam would provide is so small that the towns, under present financial conditions, would still be unable to pay for sewage treatment plants.

Senator Jordan's request for double the present federal funds will help the towns which already have approved plans. And there are quite a few of them. If Beaufort and Morehead City are ever to take advantage of federal help, they should get their names in the pot now.

As slow as Uncle Sam moves, by the time federal funds are available here, the towns may find a way to go through with putting in the plants required by state law.

Four towns which, according to Sen-

ator Jordan are on North Carolina's list of nine "priority" cities for sewage disposal are not as large as Beaufort or Morehead City, according to 1950 census figures. They are Star, Richlands, China Grove and Pinetops.

Among the 21 other cities whose projects have been approved are other small towns.

We like to talk of growth in this area. The major factor contributing to growth is our waters. The more we grow—continuing to dump raw sewage into those waters—the more we whittle away the lure that attracts people here. Dumping raw sewage is biting the hand that feeds us.

One of the objections to towns' putting in sewage disposal plants is that areas immediately beyond the town limits continue to dump sewage in the streams. This points to the necessity of sewage treatment on a wider scope than town-by-town. "Sanitary districts" may be the answer to this. Three "sanitary districts" are on the approved North Carolina list for which Senator Jordan is seeking more funds.

The longer the heavily populated areas of Carteret delay in making concrete plans for sewage treatment, the sooner we will wake up and find that our major asset, abundant blue waters, have turned into a liability.

Moved to Tears

(The Irish Digest)

Even the London pub audience was shattered by the appalling row that a hack violinist was making. Every note was a reminder that violin strings are, reputedly, made of catgut.

Yet when the ear-rendering performance was finished, its perpetrator, unabashed by a universal sigh of relief, announced: "And now, ladies and gentlemen, thanking you for your kind applause, I propose to play for you my well-known 'Variations on the London-derry Air'."

The horrible noise had not got beyond a dozen bars when an old gentleman standing at the bar put down his glass, dropped his head onto his chest and broke into sob.

This went on so long and so loudly that the violinist was constrained to stop. He walked across to the old man, who stood there with great tears running down his cheeks, and put an arm round those heaving shoulders. "An Irishman, sir?" he asked tenderly. "No," replied the grief-stricken ancient, "a musician."



Ruth Peeling

Will Problems Never Cease?

Things are going to the cats. Anybody who says things are going to the dogs has not been in Morehead City lately—if what town commissioners say is true.

They have been getting endless complaints about cats. The rebellion against cats is attributed to the fact that the town fathers employed a dog catcher to get rid of the dogs.

"Now if we catch the cats," the mayor declares, "we'll have to get somebody to catch the rats." As the man once said, "Don't mess with the balance of nature." The things that usually keep the cat population down are cars, guns, poison and dogs. You can't fire a gun in the town limits. The dogs (at least some of them) are being corralled, so that leaves just two remaining weapons.

To hear the folks in some neighborhoods, there are still plenty of dogs around. Maybe the best thing to do—for those people bothered by cats—is to get a cat-chasing dog. Get him a license, feed him once a day and hope the dog catcher won't pick him up until he's chased every cat out of the neighborhood.

You know how wonderful your voice sounds when you sing in a tiled shower or bathroom?

Well, you've got nothing on the frogs. Those yodeling characters have discovered that my bottled gas tanks are enclosed by gray metal covers that serve as excellent sounding boards.

So they jump inside those cov-

ers, perch themselves on various shelves and squawk away. I look under here, expecting to see a bull frog as big as a head of cabbage and what do I see? I little itty-bitty blinkin' frog an inch long!

If he gets in there and squawks, he knows he sounds like a basso profundo. What ego!

Somebody else has animal problems—Mayor George Dill has had a menagerie dumped in his lap. His 10-year-old son, George Leigh, has gone off to Elizabeth City, but he left behind orders for his father, all written down, on when, how much and what, to feed: one alligator, two goldfish, one dog, one cat, one rabbit, and when to water "a plant that looks like a miniature tree."

Woe to the mayor if his son gets back and finds any one of the above in an ailing condition.

Round and 'bout: Lt. W. E. Adams, USCG, transferred from this area to New Orleans, La., certainly appreciated the kind of attention he got while stationed here. In a letter to George Phillips, manager of the Piggly-Wiggly store, Morehead City, he said:

"Both you and the butcher were out on my last visit by the store there before departing town, so I just wanted to drop a note to thank you for all your fine service while we were in the area. It has always been a pleasure to do business in your store . . ."

"My relief is Lt. Cdr. Bill Mont-

gomery, and I told him to be sure and stop by and see you . . ."

Another letter: From I. F. Rochelle of Rochelle Realty Co. Mr. Rochelle wrote last week to Judge Luther Hamilton and sent a copy of the letter to the newspaper office. Mr. Rochelle thanked the judge for his efforts in obtaining the Cooperative Savings and Loan Association for this county.

The realtor was a prime mover in showing the necessity for such a lending agency. Judge Hamilton is a personal friend of Fred Willetts Sr., whose savings and loan firm this month located an office in Morehead City.

Comment . . . J. Kellum

POETRY

Robert Frost, in his introduction to the "Collected Poems of Robert Frost" (Halecyon), says of poetry:

"It begins in delight and ends in wisdom. The figure is the same for love. No one can really hold that the ecstasy should be static and stand still in one place. It begins in delight, it includes to the impulse, it assumes direction with the first line laid down, it runs a course of lucky events, and ends in a clarification of life—not necessarily a great clarification, such as sects and cults are founded on, but in a momentary stay against confusion. It has an outcome that though unforeseen was predestined from the first image of the original mood—and indeed from the very mood . . ."

And there comes to mind this gentle piece by Rolfe Humphries:

Rain in Forty-Eight Hours
This kind of day streams over us like water,
With water's clarity, light and sound and smell;
The leaves take on a gloss like dark-green china,
Scalded and polished well.

Not only around and over us the bright river
Washes, but through our very flesh and bones:
Why not? Is our material so solid?
Are we men or grey impervious stones?

We feel this weather, right as Mozart's music,
Moving and luminous, profound and gay,
And come to life, or welcome its invasion
This kind of day.

Literary Reminiscences and Autobiographical Fragments. By Ivan Turgenev. Translated with an introduction by David Magarshack, and an essay by Edmund Wilson. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, \$5.

For about 15 years, starting in the late 1860's, Turgenev, whose genius, like Tolstoy's and Dostoevsky's, the czars could not suppress, felt called on to reply to a still more serious threat to his creative work: The criticism of unsympathetic fellow novelists and essayists. Five of the 13 articles here are literary and serve as answers to fault finders, while eight combine autobiography and fiction.

Setting out in life under the rule of his mother, who on every count was an abomination of a woman, he led something of that strained, tense and tortured life which, we sometimes suspect, has helped to fashion other great novelists, those profound students of humanity.

Magarshack quotes, from Turgenev's introduction to his collected novels, a statement about the novelist's dependence on the life

IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS

THIRTY YEARS AGO
Morehead City would hold a referendum on July 10 to decide whether to sell its waterworks and lighting plant for which \$350,000 had been offered.

Members of the science department of the College for Women at Greensboro were studying marine science at Beaufort for three weeks. Among the group were Florence Parkin and Mildred Salter.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO
The Noe Hardware Co. was building a new warehouse on Front Street, Beaufort.

Luther Hamilton had announced his candidacy for Democratic nominee for Congress.

D. M. Jones and L. J. Noe Jr., formerly with Gaskill-Mace Hardware Co., were now with the Noe Hardware Co.

Captain Henry

Doesn't the Inlet Inn look nice? We are so close to it, that I guess we don't realize how much has been done to improve the appearance of the "front yard."

With the table and chairs out there and most of the jungle gone, it again has taken a commanding view of Beaufort Inlet.

I hope the folks who came to town Wednesday on that Old Homes Tour had a nice time. The tour did one thing—it got the town mowed out and cut those sign-high weeds in the first block of Ann Street and even mowed that meadow where the playground-by-the-sea was born and died all in one season.

It would be a good thing if somebody stole the roof of that toppled picnic shelter that has been lying there ever since the hurricanes. If that roof were in somebody's back

TEN YEARS AGO
Miss Joyce Johnson was crowned Miss Beaufort in the Beaufort beauty contest.

John Smiley Jr. of Morehead City was drowned in Bogue Sound when he fell out of his sailboat.

Beaufort was without power for 14 hours after a cable through Gallants Channel was damaged by a deep drift tug.

FIVE YEARS AGO
An attempt to annex land west of Morehead City by resolution failed, and a referendum would be held.

Morehead City commissioners voted to install traffic lights at four intersections on Arendell Street.

The State had awarded the contract for the Cedar Island Bridge.

Sou'easter

yard it would have been stolen long ago.

But it's lying out there in plain view, good lumber in it probably, and because nobody seems to want it, not even thieves will bother it.

Talking about thieves . . . several years ago, Wardell Fillingame of the town street department and Gray Hassell, town engineer, worked like dogs to build those concrete benches that were placed along the waterfront.

They did it after work hours, receiving no pay, just doing it as a personal gesture to help make the town more attractive. When the job was done, each made a bench for himself.

Then you know what? People said that Gray and Wardell "stole" benches for themselves!

People make me the maddest sometimes of anyone I know.

Louise Spivey

Words of Inspiration

SUMMER JOBS FOR PRE-SCHOOL PARENTS

After Pre-School Clinic is over and your child talks to you about school, listen to him and talk to him about the wonderful things he will learn there.

During the summer when he asks you "What can I do now?" be ready for this question.

1. Have a box of cryons, a coloring book, a pencil and a blank sheet of paper handy.

2. A 5-year-old will enjoy using modeling clay.

3. A dime store drum could be the beginning of the development of his sense of rhythm. Pie pans can often double for symbols.

4. Try to provide the opportunity for him to play with other children.

5. If you do not have a dog, you might let him get acquainted with some friendly dog. Don't rush him. Children and dogs understand each other. Each should learn to respect the rights of the other.

6. Pre-schoolers love to grow things. They love to plant seeds in their own little garden when they see you planting seeds in the spring.

7. They love to play in water. A plastic pool with toy boats, spoons, soap for blowing bubbles and an old egg beater will furnish hours of summer pleasure.

8. Toy blocks are always appealing.

9. Summer is a wonderful time for family trips, picnics, visiting, walks through the woods.

If your child will walk to school, walk there with him several times during the summer. Teach him how to cross streets safely and obey traffic signals. As you walk, talk about the "safe way to go". Be sure he understands the stop and go traffic signals, explain how cars turn corners very quickly at times, making it always necessary to be watchful, even when the light is right.

If he rides the school bus, teach him how to enter and leave it safely without pushing and shouting. Teach him not to wrestle on the bus or put his head or arms out the window.

Be sure he knows his name

His address

His telephone number

Teach him to go to the toilet properly, without assistance, to wash his hands thoroughly afterwards.

To wash his hands before eating.

Except for special occasions, establish a definite bedtime hour, not later than 8 during the school year.

Teach him to put on his own coat, hat, mittens, and rubbers and to be responsible for them.

To eat balanced meals, without griping, because such meals are what they need to make them grow.

After school, beginners' problems can oftentimes be traced to some defect. To get the most out of school, he needs to be physically ready for it.

There are many pre-school children with minor speech defects. It is very important in these cases for parents to remember to speak clearly and slowly. Give him your full attention when he talks.

You know more about your child than anyone else. Just loving him gives you special insight. But you are wise to take advantage of new knowledge, realizing at the same time that no word is the "last word" and that every child is unique in many different ways.

Be generous with praise when he does a job well, sparing with criticism, and lavish in tender loving care. Have a happy summer. This summer is important, it will not come again, except in memory.

Free Wheeling

By BILL CROWELL

Motor Vehicles Department

WOMEN . . . I guess the average Tar Heel male, women drivers are a necessary evil, a nuisance he somehow learns to put up with through years of deciphering hand signals and unpredictable maneuvers on the highway.

As a release for some of the annoyances he feels, the male directs a multitude of jokes (usually bad) about the womenfolk's activities behind the wheel. He enjoys poking fun because the jokes help him forget how furious he can get with her as a fellow motorist.

But hold on, there's one segment of the adult male population that actually loves her!

They are our car designers. To the engineers the little woman is no laughing matter. They like to meet her every whim, please her, and they're out to do right by her—even the housewife you saw making a left turn from a right lane last week.

When the auto industry was young, and salesmen were beating the bushes for customers, they learned quickly that more women would be interested in the new-

fangled horseless carriage if they had tops on them. Early day motoring was more an athletic experience than a pleasure, what with a spin in the country leaving the gals looking as though a stray tornado had struck them. So enclosed bodies became standard for passenger cars. And the ladies' favor was won.

Another advance in the courtship between the women and the designers was the adoption of the self-starter in 1911—and the ladies who would never dream of doing anything so indelicate as cranking an engine became charter members of woman driver's fraternity.

Not until recently, though, did the industry go all out in introducing new designs aimed at increasing the beauty, safety and ease of handling which women demand in today's car.

Just take a look at the '58 models, for example. There's scarcely a manufacturer who doesn't offer automatic shift, power steering and brakes, finger-tip controls for a variety of operations, and interior decorating that would please the most meticulous homemaker.

There are colors men never heard of—like "coral," "orchid," "f i a m e," "cerise," "flamingo," and other "decorator tones" in body finishes which send men either on the wagon on to an eye doctor.

One builder even offers his dealers feminine apparel to peddle along with matching automobiles!

Several companies have lowered steering wheels, and have made the wheel smaller for greater handling ease. Gone too, in most models, is textured upholstery which left lint and dust on clean clothing and furs. Seats and windows can be adjusted by pushing a button, and the average car trunk now goes up like magic with the flip of a key.

Trunk and glove compartments have been enlarged to meet women's demands for more storage space. And no one is deceived about whom the designers are pleasing with all that chrome. Women love glitter, and the industry is giving it to them with plenty to spare.

It may be the ladies are simply practicing the old business of twisting the poor male around her little finger, but in all fairness, there's this to say: Despite her frivolous approach to car design the women have adapted to the automobile intelligently and well.

She recognizes it for her necessity it is, and, on the whole, uses it with more care than the male.

Her safety record as a driver is far better than man's, qualified in that she is able to do most of her driving when she chooses—during off-peak traffic hours.

And she has cheerfully weathered the countless women-driver jokes. There are over 20 million women drivers in the country who determine as high as 80-per cent of automobile sales—so it's a fair guess they will go on ignoring wisecracks, driving along in their fashion-plate buggies, having the last word on who buys what for years to come.

—Egan Echoes

That's Logical

Hiram spent a lot of time fishing. In fact, a lot more time fishing than he did plowing fields. He said that was the way the Lord planned it for mankind.

He would then show a map of the earth, and say, "See there?" Two-thirds of the surface is covered with water, and one-third dry land. That means a man ought to fish two-thirds of the time and plow one-third."

—Egan Echoes

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