

Reaping What is Sown . . .

"... whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

Thirty-four thousand New York public school pupils are reaping what has been sowed by infatuation with tv and by an education program which until just lately has devalued reading.

The pupils were informed that they didn't pass. They'll start next year in the same grade they were in this past year. Four thousand of them were in junior high school and 30,000 in grade schools.

A school board official, according to a story datelined New York, said the main reason for the failures was inability of the children to read.

"Board officials detected a falling off of reading achievement of children," a spokesman said. "With some,

it is a language problem and with some it is television. A lot of children think they can learn to read by listening to people speak on tv."

It is one thing to recognize that children are losing ability to read; it is another thing to do something about it. New York school officials are to be commended for taking action to change the downward trend in reading ability.

Action by schools, however, without cooperation from the home, is of little avail. After all, the tv set with the entertainment programs, is in the home. If parents allow children to sit in front of the tv as much as the children wish, if parents make no attempt to put into children's hands something better than comic books, then the schools are fighting an uphill battle to improve the normal child's reading ability.

Sadness at Parting

The Washington Daily News paid kind tribute on June 28 to the Rev. Jesse Staton, son of Mrs. Frank Staton of Morehead City. The editorial on the Rev. Mr. Staton, and his successor, the Rev. L. A. Lewis, formerly of Morehead City and Atlantic, is reprinted here:

Another Good Man Leaving

A Methodist pastoral change which we didn't expect has taken place in Aurora. The Rev. Jesse Staton, one of the finer young ministers of the conference, is going to St. John's Church in Kinston. The Rev. L. A. Lewis comes to Aurora.

We all realize that Mr. Staton was in line for a promotion to a larger church. It seemed sure that he would leave Aurora. But then the Rowe case came up in which two little girls were found to be suffering from cystic fibrosis. Mr. Staton worked as hard as any person on earth to help these two little girls even though he was not their minister.

People of the Aurora church wanted him to stay more than ever. He told the Bishop "whatever you and the Lord decide is all right with me." The Lord and the Bishop decided to send him to a larger field. So we lose another fine Christian man and dedicated servant.

We are happy to welcome Mr. Lewis to Aurora. But we cannot help but feel a little lonely that a good friend, noble gentleman, and unselfish servant is leaving our midst. Jesse Staton is really a good man. In the years ahead he'll be heard from as a force for better living.

He was a community minister in Aurora. His work knew no bounds and neither did it envisage creeds, social position, or wealth. He'll be missed, but he has the happy satisfaction of being able to look back and know that the great service and love he gave are appreciated and respected by those who know him and have felt his merciful hand.

Gulls and Handouts

In this day, with characteristics of the welfare state closing around us closer and closer, there is a lesson to be learned from the following "Paradise Lost", adapted from an article by the prize-winning journalist, Vermont Royster:

It is said that the seagulls of St. Augustine, Fla., are starving to death in the midst of plenty, because they have forgotten how to fish.

For a good many generations, as gull generations go, these sea birds were fed by the waste from the shrimpers of the St. Augustine fishing fleet. About all the gulls had to do was to sit on the seawall and feast.

Women in Their Place

(Portland Press Herald)

Funny thing happened when a Yarmouth group was kicking around Aristotle's "Politics" at a Great Books discussion session recently.

Aristotle, sage that he was, begins his description of the ideal state by putting women in their place—subject to the male, by nature the inferior creature.

The strange thing about the Yarmouth discussion was that nine out of 10 women present seemed to go along with Aristotle. For a time, the men present were quite puffed up about it. Then one young housewife explained:

"It's this way. Men have their egos. My husband has to think he's superior to me in all things. So I let him think that. He thinks he makes all the decisions. It's the only way to have peace in the family."

Reminds us of the woman who was

So the birds never bothered to catch fish as their brothers do in the wider reaches of the sea. They never had to.

Then the shrimp fleet moved down to Key West, ending paradise, and pretty nearly ending the gulls, too. A few of the birds had the intuition to follow the fleet. A few more were enterprising enough, or had enough instinct left, to take to the sea once more.

But many of them can be seen sitting sadly where they were left, starving to death because no one will bring them shrimp, while just a few wing-flaps away there is a sea of food for the taking.

explaining to a friend why she and her husband got along so well together.

"You see, we have agreed that I am to make all the minor decisions in our household, and he is to make all the major decisions, so we never quarrel," she said.

"That's very interesting," her friend replied. "Can you tell me about some of the minor decisions that you make?"

"Well," replied the happy wife, "I decide what college our children shall go to, when to buy a new car, whether to rent or buy a house."

"Hmmm," hummed the friend, "if those are the minor decisions you make, what are the major decisions you allow your husband to make?"

"Oh," said the wife, "I let him decide how to solve the Suez crisis, what to do about the Russians and things like that."

TWO PROPS FOR THE ONE PRICE



Ruth Peeling

Governor Pays Weekend Visit

Gov. Luther Hodges and some of his family were here the weekend of June 28. The governor had made plans to attend a Civil Defense meeting at the Atlantic Beach Hotel. The meeting was postponed, but he came anyway.

The Beaufort Jaycees threw a real wing-ding when they took a trip to Cape Lookout and crowned Miss Beaufort. Sheriff Hugh Salter did the bouquet presentation in the absence of Mayor Clifford Lewis.

He said that after the boat docked at the cape, he figured it would take some time to get the fire going so that everyone could eat. So he went up to the Coast Guard station to visit with the boys.

When he got back, all the food was gone—except four little hot dogs. That for a fellow who hadn't even eaten any supper!

Woman's Club members in charge of the Old Homes Tour are mighty proud of Ma Taylor. At the age of 97, she opened her home to the public when lots of younger women offered excuses. The Woman's Club wants Ma to know they appreciate her being 97 years young.

Talk about typographical errors. THE NEWS-TIMES, in a story on a wedding, reported that one of the musical numbers was "Entreat Me Not to Love Thee". The avid reader is occasionally rewarded by gems of that kind.

Things on the shrimping front aren't very good.

The situation down east sharply contrasts with the hustle and bustle and signs of good business in the west tourist-end of the county.

Shrimpers, many of them, have exhausted both their savings and credit. This poor shrimping season follows a fair one last year, and a very poor one the year before.

For those who depend on the whims of nature for a livelihood, new means of income must be found. The most logical means for down-easters is tourist business. But tourist business will be slow, unless there is some way for travelers on the banks north of Ocracoke to get to this county without detouring 300 miles around Manteo and little Washington.

That problem can be remedied only by a car ferry between Ocracoke and Cedar Island.

The Readers Write

Morehead City, N. C. July 1, 1958

Dear Editor:

Today in your Editorial "There's a Limit" there appears this statement: "Add to this fact that some of the very persons who go about soliciting such contributions from local businessmen do much of their shopping in other cities—etc."

When I was a young lad, my father ran a place of business here. He, too, was very conscious of local people spending their money in other towns. My mother and sisters were not allowed to even buy a pair of shoes or a dress anywhere but here. They could not even order from the catalogue. My father often said, "If you take your money to another city you are contributing to the failure of Morehead as a prosperous, growing town."

For years, the local businessmen have sung this theme song. As a public consumer I am getting pretty sick of it!

It would be all well and good if they practiced what they preach. Do the local grocers buy from our local wholesalers 100 per cent. Not a little perhaps. The things they run out of and cannot get anywhere else at short notice. From the number of wholesale trucks running into Morehead, I should say the majority of THEIR money was being passed on to "out of town" businesses.

Do the local businessmen ask their wives to buy from our local independent grocers? No! The more successful the businessman the higher his wife piles her basket from the shelves of the chain

stores. Of course, a small amount of this money goes to the employees who are local people, but the big margin of profit goes out of town.

Even the JC's who yell loudest and longest are guilty of sending their money "out of town".

Shortly after the JC sponsored Little League started playing this season, I was attending one of the ball games. At the refreshment stand I saw potato chips from an out of town distributor and from our local distributor, too. Why don't the JC's buy 100 per cent from our LOCAL MAN?

I think it would be wise if our businessmen would examine their own actions before criticizing the public.

A few good questions they might mentally ask before buying from a wholesaler are: Is this a LOCAL wholesaler? Does this man, or business, pay CITY TAXES? Does he have to buy a Morehead City PRIVILEGE LICENSE? Does he buy TOWN TAGS for his truck or car?

If the local business men and JC's would stop crying about the amount of money our local consumers spend "out of town" and take stock of their OWN purchases from out of town dealers and try correcting this so that THEIR money would stay at home I'm sure the consumer public would be more willing to shop locally.

Let these men SET THE EXAMPLE instead of taking the attitude of the liquor-drinking, woman-chasing preacher who said "Don't do like I do—do like I SAY do."

A Morehead Native

IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS

THIRTY YEARS AGO

Beaufort town commissioners gave permission to the Texas Oil Company to erect a building on its waterfront property at the foot of Orange Street.

Beaufort and Morehead City united in celebrating the opening of the highway bridge under the direction of Claud Wheatley and Aycock Brown.

Al Smith was named Democratic nominee for president at the Democratic Convention, Houston, Texas. Joseph T. Robinson was named vice-presidential nominee.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO The county commissioners and the board of education elected school superintendent, J. G. Allen, superintendent of the county welfare board.

The temperature during June ranged from a low of 55 to a high of 94.

Two-cent stamps would insure first class mail delivery for local letters.

TEN YEARS AGO

Approximately 2,500 people attended the Morehead City dog track on its opening night.

Two train accidents on the Atlantic and East Carolina line delayed mail delivery here for four hours last Thursday and Friday.

Office as president of Beaufort Rotary, succeeding R. M. Williams.

FIVE YEARS AGO

Morehead City Jaycees issued \$8,000 in athletic bonds for improvements of the school athletic field.

Gene Smith was appointed Beaufort town attorney and solicitor of the municipal recorder's court.

The county budget was set at over \$500,000 for the coming year, which are the causes of war."

Louise Spivey

Words of Inspiration

A professor in Chicago is reported to have given the following test to his pupils. He told them that they were not really educated unless they could say Yes to all these questions:

1. Has your education given you sympathy with all good causes and made you espouse them?
2. Has it made you public-spirited?
3. Has it made you a brother to the weak?
4. Have you learned how to make friends and keep them?
5. Do you know what it is to be a friend yourself?
6. Can you look an honest man or a pure woman straight in the eye?
7. Do you see anything to love in a little child?
8. Will a lonely dog follow you down the street?
9. Can you be high-minded and happy in the meaner drudgeries of life?
10. Do you think washing dishes and hoeing corn just as compatible with high thinking as piano playing or golf?
11. Are you good for anything to yourself?
12. Can you be happy alone?
13. Can you look out on the world and see anything but dollars and cents?
14. Can you look into a mud puddle by the wayside and see anything in the puddle but mud?
15. Can you look into the sky at night and see beyond the stars?
16. Can your soul claim relationship with the Creator?

Now, believe me. God hides some ideal in every human soul. At some time in our life we feel a trembling, fearful longing to do some good thing. Life finds its noblest spring of excellence in this hidden impulse to do our best. There is a time when we are not content to be such merchants or doctors or lawyers as we see on the dead level or below it. The woman longs to glorify her womanhood as sister, wife, or mother. Here is God.—God standing silently at the door all day long.

—Robert Collyer

Dreams come true, if we only wish hard enough. You can have anything in life if you will sacrifice everything else for it. "What will you have?" says God. "Pay for it and take it."

—James Barrie

If you have built castles in the air, your work need not be lost; that is where they should be. Now put the foundations under them.

—Thoreau

We see things not as they are but as we are.

We can be thankful in a topsy-turvy world if our own lives are top side up.

SMILE

It costs nothing, but creates much. It enriches those who receive, without impoverishing those who give. It happens in a flash and the memory of it sometimes lasts forever. None are so rich they can get along without it, and none so poor but are richer for its benefits.

It creates happiness in the home, fosters good will in business and is the countersign of friends.

It is rest to the weary, daylight to the discouraged, sunshine to the sad, and nature's best antidote for trouble.

Yet it cannot be bought, borrowed or stolen, for it is something that is no earthly good to anyone till it is given away.

And if in the last minute rush of buying, some of us should be too tired to give you a smile, may we ask you leave one of yours.

For nobody needs a smile so much as those who have none left to give.

—Unknown

Captain Henry

Sou'easter

They say that wreck on Ann Street a week or so ago was caused by two motorists after the same pedestrian.

One of my friends went away for the Fourth of July holiday on the plane that leaves the airport every evening. It was his first plane trip.

He was sort of worried about flying. One of his friends, who has flown lots of times, said, "You haven't anything to worry about. If your time has come, you can't do anything about it."

"That may be true," said my buddy, scratching his head, "but what happens if the pilot's time has come, and mine hasn't?"

Years ago, a circuit rider just starting out, went to a small country church to preach. Only one farmer showed up. They sat there waiting, both rather embarrassed.

Finally the young preacher put it to the farmer. "My friend, if you took a load of hay to the pasture for your cows and only one cow showed up, would you feed her?"

The farmer considered, "Yeah, preacher," he finally replied, "I believe I would."

The preacher took the challenge, got up, sang a few songs, passed the collection plate, preached an hour, pronounced the benediction and walked out with the farmer.

At the door they shook hands and the farmer said, "You know, preacher, I been thinkin'. If I took a load of hay down to the pasture and only one cow came up—yeah, I'd feed her all right, but danged if I'd give her the whole load!"

Coming next week: two sea rescue stories which I don't expect will make the papers prior to then.

From the Bookshelf

Traveling with the Innocents Abroad: Mark Twain's Original Reports from Europe and The Holy Land. Edited by Daniel Morley McKeithan. University of Oklahoma, \$3.

Late in 1866 Mark Twain, 31 years old, a bushy-haired fellow with a droopy mustache, persuaded a San Francisco newspaper, the Daily Alta California, to buy him a European tour aboard the Quaker City and to print his travel letters.

Not many papers have struck such a historic bargain; out of the trip came Mark Twain's second book, "The Innocents Abroad." It was based very directly on the 50 letters, which are collected here for the first time within hard covers.

A superb book came out of them; by themselves they make a superb book. The question is, how much did Mark Twain polish, and did he do it well? He felt that for book publication he needed to tone down his exuberance and be more tender toward religious susceptibilities; he believed eastern readers more effete than western; and a new wife, Olivia—whose brother he met aboard ship—breathed down his neck while he traveled.

Opinions are divided on the comparative merits, but my own is, that his second try made no major improvement on his source, that he often weakened instead of polishing, and that he omitted some really hilarious passages—like the one about seeing the "Barber of Seville" in Spain and hoping to meet "Two Gentlemen of Verona," or about the beautiful women of Genoa with 180 of whom he said he fell in love on one evening in the park.

Time after time he eliminates

a colorful word because someone may think it an offensive one, he gnaws away at his own genius, he chips it off bit by bit.

There's something deadly about having readers in mind, or a shapeless unidentifiable public, or editors, or even a sweet young wife. This book, helpfully edited, is invaluable testimony to the nature of the man and his creative powers.

—W. G. Rogers

A Friend in Power. By Carlos H. Baker. Scribners, \$3.95.

The chairman of the modern languages department in a university not too far from New York City serves on a committee to choose a new president for his institution, according to this first novel by the chairman of the English department at Princeton, a university not too far from New York City with a new president chosen not two years ago.

This is not the university life seen through the cynical or caustic eyes of a Stringfellow Barr or a Mary McCarthy, but a picture, if not almost a vision, of a well meaning and able board of directors working through a loyal faculty group to find the one uniquely qualified individual.

You'll be interested not only for the main theme but also for the background of a busy teacher's yearly round—committee meetings, boys in trouble, colleague plagued by a first wife and other legitimate concerns interfering with classroom work and with the longing to write a book.

This, I like to imagine, is the way it really is; here is a welcome good word, and an enjoyable one, for at least one corner of our often criticized educational system.

—W. G. Rogers

**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 18, 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