

Trial by Congressmen!

This matter of giving gifts to persons in influential places—which is causing much furor in Washington and throughout the nation—is producing a lot of heat and little light.

Christmas. As one goes up the scale and the position and influence of the office-holder is higher and more potent, the value of the gifts or the extent of favors shown, increases.

As present events show, this gift-giving and gift-accepting can become mighty sticky business. But it is not a curse of any one administration.

Congressmen virtuously investigating influence rackets in Washington may not be lily pure themselves. Because of the positions they hold, Congressmen are offered—and accept—difficult-to-get tickets to Broadway shows, fine agricultural products from various states, and continue their world-hopping junkets at government expense.

All of this smacks of dictator tactics—everybody spying on everybody else and you don't know which "friend" is suddenly going to appear before a committee to "testify" against you.

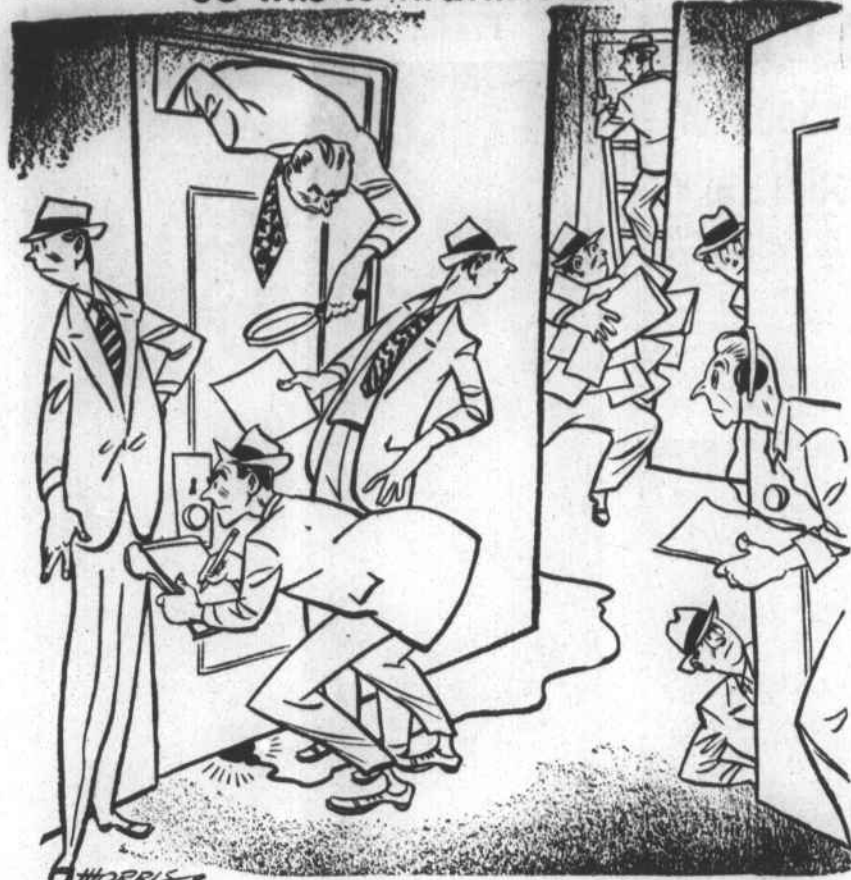
Gift-giving (buying of special favors) is rampant, apparently, among government employees, thus making our government a government by men instead of by law. Perhaps it would be advisable to put into effect a law prohibiting government employees from accepting gifts of any type.

No matter what steps are taken, all of the buying of special treatment from persons in high places cannot be stopped. But thus far, nothing has stood between the poor citizen and buyers of special favors except the integrity of the office holder—and that integrity seems to be non-existent.

Man learned, early in his days on this earth, that he could get George to do him a kindness if he first showed a kindness toward George. Tribal chieftains, eager to cement relations with a neighboring tribe, sent retinues of servants bearing gifts. Thus, giving of items of value in an attempt to curry favor is not a practice peculiar to the 20th century nor is it confined only to people in high places in Washington, D. C.

People in government positions, (call them political positions if you prefer), learn early that if they "do someone a favor", even if it's just in the course of their job, that the person helped sometimes wants to return the favor. This is true from the small town level all the way up to the President of the United States. On the lower echelons, it might just be a box of candy at

SO THIS IS WASHINGTON!



Security for You...

By RAY HENRY

Retirement at 65 should hold few fears for the man under 50. Chances are when he retires he'll have a fairly good income and a nest-egg for emergencies and travel.

In short, he'll be a free agent, sought after—rather than seeking—by his community, by industry and by society.

Since he'll probably have a more adequate retirement income than today's older person, he'll be less apt to think of work after retirement age as an economic necessity.

Retirement in the near future will no longer come as a penalty for being old. Rather, it will represent for him a chance for the use of leisure.

It'll not have the newness or fear for him that it does for the worker nearing retirement today. He will have had the major part of his working life to get ready for it. And, society should have crystallized its attitudes toward the retired man of the future and have defined responsible roles for him.

Friedman is one of a dozen writers who contributed to "Free Time—Challenge to Later Maturity." The book also contains chapters by an economist, an anthropologist, a psychologist, a psychiatrist and a government official.

(Editor's Note: You may contact the social security representative at the courthouse annex, Beaufort, from 9:30 a.m. to noon Mondays. He will help you with your own particular problem.)

Comment... J. Kellam

Syrian-Arabic Proverbs

We are at such pains to understand the Near East, perhaps consideration of some of its proverbs will give us some little light.

In the October-December 1949 issue of the Journal of the American Oriental Society, American Consul General Dayton S. Mak (Dahran) lists forty proverbs told him by forty young men of Syria, Palestine and Lebanon. Many are like our own, such as "Go to bed early, get up early, and see what happens to your health."

"If you can't bite the hand, kiss it and pray for it to get broken." And, "If you have no power over the hand, kiss it and pray for it to get broken."

"Let there be no grass after my donkey." (Who cares about the next man as long as I get what I want.)

"Suspicion is good sense." "Your close neighbor and not your far-away brother." (Nearness is more important than other relationships.)

"Every rooster crows from his own garbage heap." (We are all brave, important, etc. at home.)

"He who needs the dog will say to him 'Good morning, sir.'" And, "He who needs the dog calls him Pilgrim dog." ("Pilgrim" is a title of respect, as to one having made the pilgrimage to Mecca. "Dog" is a title of utter contempt.)

"Beware of your enemy twice but beware of your friend a thousand times."

"We gave him a ride and he slipped his hand into the saddlebag."

Marbleless Speaker

Representative Brooks Hays, who has the reputation of being the capitol's top story teller, insists this is the way public speakers were trained when he was young:

"The instructor emulated Demosthenes, who practiced his speeches with pebbles in his mouth. At the beginning of the course, each student was given a mouthful of marbles. Every day the instructor reduced the number by one marble. The student became a public speaker when he had lost all his marbles."

—Robert C. Albright

Free Wheeling

By BILL CROWELL

Department of Motor Vehicles

LOSERS... Drivers, save your pitch for leniency if you've ever convicted for any one of the following motor offenses: your license, under the law, must be surrendered, period. Other highway bo-boos may be appealed, but violate any of the following, and have the judgment go against you and your legal driving privileges come to an end. For awhile, anyhow.

Manslaughter or negligent homicide, resulting from the operation of a motor vehicle.

Driving while under the influence of an intoxicant or narcotic drug.

Any felony in which a motor vehicle is used.

Failure to stop and render aid in the event of an accident.

Perjury or making a false statement to the Motor Vehicles Department in any matter relating to the ownership of a motor vehicle.

Two charges of reckless driving within a period of 12 months.

One charge of reckless driving while engaged in the transportation of intoxicants for the purpose of sale.

SUDDEN THAW... Why will a person wear \$30 shoes on his feet

Louise Spivey

Words of Inspiration

GOOD AND BAD

Carteret County is definitely the place to go for a summer vacation. At Atlantic Beach, entertainment is offered for all kinds.

If you are a resident of the county and wish to enjoy the beach, I would certainly advise that you take your family and go during the early part of the week and leave Friday, Saturday, and Sunday open for our tourists.

I was there last Saturday night and people were so thick, you could hardly get from one place to the other. Finding a parking place was really difficult.

Went bowling for my first time. I believe that, if I ever learn how, I might like it. The biggest complaint that I have is that the balls are so heavy.

Bowling in the alley right next to us, was a father and his three children. I did not know them, but they were really enjoying themselves. I thought how nice it was for a father to be able to find so much pleasure in a "night out" with his children, or to enjoy vacationing with them.

While I did not go any farther back than the bowling alley in this largest amusement business on our beach, I liked the arrangement of what I did see.

All of the game machines were busy, men, women, boys and girls, trying to make a "high score", just as we were as we bowed.

Our newspapers, radio, and television tells us that "beer" is here to stay. In this amusement center there is an area roped off for the beer drinkers, so if you go there, you do not have to sit by anyone drinking it, or step on a can as you walk.

As I looked around, I saw a new type haircut on a lad, one that I had not been used to seeing. The sides and back was long enough to plait—almost. At first I thought he was bald-headed on top, but was told that right on top it was cut very close to the scalp. This young man, my informer said, was called a "beach bum."

It took me a long time to become accustomed to "crew-cuts" for our young son, I would be hopeless, I know, if I had to deal with this new style.

At 11:30 we walked down one of the fishing piers to see what sort of luck they were having.

As usual, some were pulling them in two at a time and had full buckets, others were just sitting and growling because the fish just ate the bait. The ice in their buckets only served to keep their beer cans cold.

I saw a very cross young mother give a small boy who looked to be about 4 years old a good shaking with matching words, because he was tired and sleepy and cried. Another young mother said to us as we passed, "Don't step on my baby," as she turned the infant wrapped in a pink blanket out of the path of our feet.

Down the boardwalk we could see the youth and the aged grouped around small tables drinking beer—mostly. In the background were the loud refrains coming from the piccolos with rock and roll music for dancers.

We wondered when the people would ever go home. The golf courses were still crowded, and small children still rode the backs of the ponies.

Just a few feet away, close to the water's edge, everything changed. The beach was uncluttered, and the roar of the foaming whitecaps drowned the strains of "rock and roll", and peace was everywhere. The entire beach was covered with the lovely canopy of God's Heavenly Sea filled with bright stars. And the moon made a golden pathway from the water's edge straight to God's heaven, and lighted the ocean rim with etchings of deep purple, just as far as I could see.

It is all there, the good and the bad, happiness and sorrow, peace and turmoil. Vacations are like any other phase of life. We, as individuals, choose the paths we want to follow. The paths are there, come and see, find your own and enjoy yourself.

One thing I missed especially were parents. Where are you? It is important for you to see the places you permit your children to visit. Come and see. Your presence is always important.

From the Bookshelf

Baa Baa Black Sheep. By "Pappy" Boyington. Putnam's, \$4.50.

A Marine Corps colonel, retired, Gregory "Pappy" Boyington has acquired a reputation for being a tough guy, a hard drinker, a fellow who spent too freely and ran up big debts. A service acquaintance, he says, gave an impression of refinement, "a department," Boyington adds correctly, "in which I am lacking."

But this devil-may-care attitude, this being ready with the punch, drunk or sober, in uniform or out, no doubt had a lot to do with the fact that he holds both the Medal of Honor and the Navy Cross for flying his Black Sheep squadron to meet the Japanese in the Pacific in World War II. The trouble-maker back home is apt to have the stuff of front-line heroes.

Boyington tells about resigning from the Marines to serve in the Far East piloting P-40s in Claire Chennault's Flying Tigers, about trying to return to the Marine Corps after we entered the war and getting badly tangled in red tape, about his stints in those down-under, insufferable places whose names some men will never forget, Guadalcanal, the "Slot," the Russell Islands, Choiseul, about spending a year as a prisoner of the Japanese.

You don't get a very clear picture of operations—a man is killed, an enemy plane is downed, a mission is flown, someone dives on someone else's tail and chases him into the ground, a prisoner is beaten, starved, meets a friendly and a hateful captor, is freed.

Boyington interests you because of Boyington. This isn't really a book; it's a man letting you have his run-through of his remarkable experiences, his rough, untutored talk, his opinions—and some sound ones, too. He says it was Max Miller who persuaded him to write, but the subtle Miller couldn't have given him the slightest hint about how to do it. This is raw meat, and good if you like it.

—W. G. Rogers

Once to Sinai. By H. F. M. Prescott. Macmillan, \$5.

Friar Felix Fabri, Swiss-born Dominican of Ulm, went on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem in 1480, as Miss Prescott, reworking his own account, told in an earlier book.

In 1483 this indefatigable Christian went on a second pilgrimage, this time to Mount Sinai as well. As Miss Prescott took him on the outward-bound trip before, she now brings him home, from Jerusalem to Gaza across the hazardous desert to Mount Sinai where Moses saw the burning bush and the Law was given to him, up to Cairo and Alexandria, across the Mediterranean and through the Adriatic to Venice and back over the Dolomites to Innsbruck and Ulm, the starting point.

"It was delightful to see these things," said Felix at the baths at Gaza; and though there was danger from nomads, though travel was a hardship and tips were more of a nuisance than now, he found it delightful all the way.

He was a thoroughly good humored man, says Miss Prescott, who, thoroughly good humored herself, has given us an utterly absorbing picture of Mideast people and places 500 years ago.

W. G. Rogers

The End of the Road. By John Barth. Doubleday, \$3.95.

An odd stick of a doctor tells Jacob Horner that the best way to cure what ails him is to teach school.

So off Jake goes to Wicomico State, rents a room, gets a job, seduces two women—telling you all about it in his aimless, rambling way.

The trouble one woman gets into takes you to the climax of the novel, to "The End of the Road" and to the end of your credulity and patience.

The most unbelievable thing about it all is that this inept concoction is by the author of a highly praised first novel, "The Floating Opera."

Highway Patrol is Tops

Every North Carolinian can hold his head high with pride—this state has the best highway patrol in the nation.

And this is the second consecutive year the Tar Heel highway patrol has won the honor. The patrols of the 48 states are judged by the International Association of Police Chiefs.

The patrol scored 91, followed closely by California with 90. The award is given for outstanding achievement in traffic supervision.

The average driver of a car is prone to look with jaundiced eye on the state trooper. Instead of regarding him as a guardian of our lives, the driver wants to avoid the patrolman, he wants to "open 'er up" to 90 or 100, he wants to drive his car the way he wants—without regard for the rights of others.

It is a well-known axiom that your freedom ends where the other fellow's begins. Highway patrolmen are on the highways to see that everyone makes an effort to follow that.

It has always been our deep regret that we cannot count the accidents that do NOT happen. Unfortunately, we can't report in a column of figures the number of accidents that didn't happen because a highway patrolman at a certain point at a certain time stopped a drunk driver or halted a speeder.

North Carolina's highway fatalities are dropping. That is the only statistical indication to be had on how good a job the highway patrol is doing.

Since 1955, the number of highway deaths in the state has decreased.

In 1955 there were 1,165.

In 1956, there were 1,108.

In 1957, there were 1,063. The fatality rate last year is the lowest in the state's automotive history.

And this year, traffic deaths are down, as compared to the same period last year.

Each locality's opinion of the highway patrol is based on the patrolmen

in that locality. Carteret is fortunate in having four of the finest highway patrolmen in the entire state.

Like most police officers, they probably wouldn't come in with flying colors in a popularity contest, but Carteret should know that it is fortunate to have Robert H. Brown, J. W. Sykes, W. J. Smith Jr. and W. E. Pickard as the patrol's contingent here.

We are always glad to cooperate with the highway patrol in reporting news of highway accidents, in cautioning persons to drive carefully and courteously. Only in receiving such information can drivers be made aware of the danger on highways—and their responsibility, too, in helping North Carolina's highway patrolmen to be the best in the nation.

The Indians' Niagara

The mighty Niagara Falls, which holds a sentimental meaning for many married couples who visit there on their honeymoon, held a far deeper significance to the Iroquois Indians who dwelt in the neighboring forests long ago.

To them, the thundering cataract with its contrasting fury of roaring waters and misty rainbows was earthly manifestation of the power of Manitou, the Great Spirit.

When an Iroquois, worthy of the acceptance of Manitou, died, his spirit became caught in the fragile mists of the Falls and ascended to the happy hunting grounds over the rainbow, whose shimmering arc was the gateway from death to eternal life.

But the spirit of an evil Indian fell into the angry currents of the rapids, and was hurled over the awesome drop, to be held forever captive in the depths of the whirlpool below.

—Sunshine Magazine

Carteret County News-Times

WINNER OF NATIONAL EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION AND NORTH CAROLINA PRESS ASSOCIATION AWARDS

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F. C. Salisbury

Here and There

The following information is taken from the files of the Morehead City Coaster:

FRIDAY, JULY 18, 1919

Dr. and Mrs. J. B. Bonner of Bonerton, N. C., arrived in the city last week to make their home here. Dr. Bonner will be associated with Dr. K. P. B. Bonner of the city.

Joe Wells and family of Southport arrived in the city Thursday to spend a few days with relatives.

Carlyle Willis left Friday for Edenton where he has accepted a position with Leggett's Drug Co.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan Hill of Beaufort passed through the city Saturday enroute to Mansfield to attend the wedding of Mrs. Hill's sister, Miss Merle Pelletier to Joe Hill.

Mrs. William Riley Willis and children left Saturday for a visit with her parents, the Rev. and Mrs. W. Q. A. Graham in Winston-Salem.

L. L. Leary and family returned Tuesday from a short visit with the Rev. Theo. B. Davis in La-Grange.

Abel Adler and family of Plymouth are spending a few days in the city with relatives.

Born Tuesday, July 15, to Mr. and Mrs. Howard Wade, a daughter Ethel. Weight 14½ pounds.

The many friends of Joseph Royal will be glad to learn that his condition is much improved since Saturday when he suffered a stroke of paralysis on the entire right side.

At the monthly meeting of the county board of commissioners, the Rev. J. W. Alford of this city was elected county welfare supervisor.

Firemen of Hose Company No. 1 and No. 2 who are attending the State Firemen's Association in

Stamp News

By SYD KRONISH

Turkey has issued two new stamps publicizing two tourist attractions. A 20 kurus brown shows the ruins of the theater at Pamukkale (Hierapolis). The 25 kurus blue depicts the travertines (springs) of Pamukkale near Denizli.

One of the most popular issues of 1958 have been the stamps from various countries of the world publicizing the Brussels Fair. The stamps already are greatly in demand and price increases seem almost certain. Many countries have sets scheduled for issuance this year.

The nations who have issued Brussels stamps are: Belgium, Brazil, Czechoslovakia, France, French Morocco, Hungary, Liechtenstein, Luxembourg, Nicaragua, Portugal, Russia, San Marino and Tunisia.

The United States issued a 3-cent commemorative on April 17 picturing the U. S. Pavilion.