

Ouch!

Morehead City and Atlantic Beach had best look after a certain type of publicity which it is getting upstate:

This item appeared in the Greensboro Daily News, Tuesday, July 29, in the column. The Western Week, by T. H. Wingate:

"Mr. and Mrs. Jack Parris, Mr. and Mrs. Bickett Holcomb and Gilbert Hutchens of Yadkinville were happy about catching 62 fish recently at the coast after their trip got off to a dizzy start. They were members of a party that chartered a boat at Atlantic Beach for a deep-sea fishing trip. It turned out the captain had too much to drink. He snapped his anchor chain in rough water, then ran aground on a sandbar. The Coast Guard picked up the passengers and got them back to Atlantic Beach in time to get another boat — and a sober skipper."

The boat in question anchored at Cape Lookout Coast Guard dock. There, according to James Hunnings,

commanding officer of Fort Macon Coast Guard station, about 15 of the passengers aboard asked to be brought to the mainland by Coast Guardsmen who were at work at the dock. This was done.

Mr. Hunnings said a few passengers who apparently did not fear for their safety, stayed aboard the boat which had taken them to the cape.

G. Bickett Holcomb, one of the persons mentioned in the Greensboro Daily News item, has supplied us with the name of the boat. He says, "We (probably meaning himself and his wife) did not catch any fish, because he (the skipper) did not stay anchored over five minutes. I had a fish on my hook but he drove off before I had time to land it. We did not run aground but he almost turned the boat over."

It takes just a few incidents like the one mentioned here to have visiting sports fishermen spread the word "back home" and give all sportfishing boats in this area a bad reputation.

What About Those Pets?

The summer's nearly over. Just four weeks remain before most schools reopen, and soon folks will be leaving their beach cottages and heading back home. The question is, "How many will take with them the dogs and cats they adopted during the summer?"

The stray dog and cat problem is ever with us, month in and month out, but it is noted that in September the number of strays is higher than in most other months.

It is believed that some of this increase is due to folks' abandoning their "summertime" pets. The animals come to their door when the cottage is opened, and out of kindness the summer family feeds maybe the two cats and the little stray dog.

Then comes time to go home. Those animals can't be taken with them. The family probably already has at least one or more pets that they brought with them when the summer began. So what happens? Usually, the family packs up and drives off, leaving their adoptive pets sitting forlornly on the cottage porch.

Some families will take their summer pets with them. Some may take them only a few miles, then drop them off to fend for themselves.

It was this problem of not knowing how to cope with the strays that led The News-Times to start, last fall, the Pet Corner. Sometimes finding a home for a pet involves merely putting in contact with each other a family with too many pets and a family with no pets.

Undoubtedly, many families who have to leave summer pets behind don't want to abandon them, but they have little choice. On the other hand, they took a responsibility when they befriended the strays, and the responsibility cannot simply be shelved when it becomes an inconvenience.

The pets could be put to sleep by a veterinarian, or families could make an effort to find a home for them. This can be done without cost through the Pet Corner. All persons have to do if they would like to give a pet away, is contact The News-Times, either by phone or in person, and the announcement that they have a pet looking for a home will be carried in the Pet Corner.

Perhaps not all pets can be placed in this manner, but those who have used the Pet Corner have reported good results.

Exhibit Makes History

(Greensboro Daily News)

The American exhibit at the Brussels World Fair has been attacked from right to left. It seems to please neither the arty avant-garde nor the conservative businessmen who visit there.

President Eisenhower was so disturbed by one critical report that he dispatched George V. Allen, director of the U. S. information program, to bring back a firsthand view for the White House.

But in one way the U. S. pavilion has made history in Europe. It is the only place in Belgium, perhaps in Europe, where programs are free and checkrooms optional.

The tradition of tips and fixed charges is deeply ingrained in the European system. In some restaurants abroad Americans must pay for wine, even if they don't drink it. Often cream with coffee is extra. It's probable that cover charges and minimum charges were invented on the old continent. Ten or 15 per cent service is frequently figured in the total tab. Tourists at the Folies Bergere are astounded to learn that ushers expect a tip.

Howard Taubman, New York Times

music critic writing from Brussels, gives credit to the U. S. commissioner general for protesting the fair management's extra gate charge for those who come to attend plays and concerts in the American pavilion. After the pressure the ticket was reduced from 60 to 40 cents for after-dark patrons. U. S. officials still say this is not a negligible amount, and it irritates even those who can afford it.

But the American pavilion still shines in this one notable exception. Elsewhere on the continent the patron must buy a program in every theatre and concert hall. "The cost of three pages, giving the reader some ancient cliches about several Beethoven symphonies," complained Mr. Taubman, "came to 30 francs (60 cents) the other night." In the grand auditorium, as in most halls in Europe, use of the checkroom is obligatory.

"The United States pavilion has been attacked for many reasons," he added, "but it is bound to be remembered as the only place in Belgium, perhaps in Europe, where programs are free and checkrooms optional."

ANOTHER OF THOSE FIRST-OF-THE-MONTH LETTERS



MORRIS

Ruth Peeling

Little Green Men Keep Popping Up

Some day — and I hope to be around when it happens—someone will be able to say for sure what "those things", usually called flying saucers, really are.

You hear one report that, actually, they are merely our own aircraft on which celestial light is weirdly reflected. Or they are simply large weather balloons. Then, you just about get convinced that no little green men are manning the things, when a news story like the one I read last week appears:

"Dr. Carl Jung, Swiss psycholo-

gist, says in a report that Unidentified Flying Objects are real and "show signs of intelligent guidance by quasi-human pilots."

The statement by Jung was released by an L. J. Lorenzen of Holloman Air Force base, Alamogordo, New Mexico.

What really caught my eye, though, were the following quotes by scientist Jung, appearing here as they actually appeared in a news story in the Sun Journal:

"If the extraterrestrial origin of this phenomena should be confirmed, this would prove the existence of an intelligent interplanetary relationship. What such a fact might mean for hu98ngs cannot be predicted.

"But it would put us without pfg2in the extremely precarious position of primitive communities in conflict with the superior culture of the whites."

Offhand, I'd say Mr. Jung needs a vacation.

Grayden Paul, one of Beaufort's most charming gentlemen, was stood up week before last—and by no less than Miss North Carolina herself.

Miss Evans was to be taken on a tour of Beaufort. The Jaycees arranged for Mr. Paul, the town's jovial guide, to be her escort.

Well, he got all slicked up and waited. Miss North Carolina never showed up. It seems as though the state beauty had a tv engagement that ran overtime or started late, and I also heard that the car she was using broke down. But it does seem as though somebody responsible for having Miss North Carolina meet her appointments should have been considerate enough to let Mr. Paul know that she would not be able to make the Beaufort tour.

Other beauty queens on their week's vacation here have said that their schedule is simply too full—they're exhausted by the time the week ends. Morehead Jaycees, who sponsor the vacation, have tried to remedy this and in recent years have given Miss North Carolina more free time.

On the other hand, maybe the week is baptism by fire. It's a taste of what she'll have to go through for the next year—always looking beautiful, always being pleasant and charming, always "enjoying every minute" when she'd probably like to announce that she's bored to tears!

Being a beauty queen and a

semi-official representative of one's state is not all glory.

Ever get bitten by a dead animal? Well, it's possible. And if you must explore a dead animal's mouth, pick something with fewer teeth than a shark. Ask Marvin Scroggins of Morehead City, he'll tell you.

The night of July 21, another of the big critters was caught off Otis Purifoy's dock. Someone wanted to take the teeth out of the shark to make a necklace.

The head of the shark was severed from the body. Scroggins put his hand in the mouth to start work on extracting the teeth, when wham! the mouth snapped shut. They had a time freeing Scroggins and when the mouth was finally pried open again, the wounds in his hand had to be closed with stitches.

When an animal meets violent death, nerve reflexes continue to cause motion of the body. Remember the old wives' tale about how a snake will never die 'til sundown? They say you can chop him in several pieces and he'll still continue to writhe.

They should make power mowers with headlights on them so you could cut grass in the dark. The first one turned out should go to Tommy Noe. He cuts grass in the dark all the time. He did this even before he got his new glasses —and believe it or not, that grass-cutting job he does is pretty good.

Smile a While

A wealthy Texan was making the rounds of New York night spots and on leaving one place late in the evening, he called the waiter over to the table.

"What was the biggest tip you ever got?" he asked.

"One hundred bucks," replied the waiter promptly.

The Texan took a huge roll of bills out of his pocket and started peeling \$20 bills from it. Then putting ten of these into the waiter's hand, he said:

"Next time anybody asks you who gave you the biggest tip, don't forget to tell him it was me."

"I sure will," said the waiter as he pocketed the money.

"By the way," said the oilman "who was the fellow who gave you the \$100?"

"You were, sir," said the waiter, "last night."

Louise Spivey

Words of Inspiration

Mrs. Lucy Pake and I have just returned from a wonderful weekend, spent in and around Williamsburg, Va.

We were fortunate indeed to have the opportunity of seeing the pageants presented there, The Common Glory and The Founders, and to visit the spots where early American history was made.

On Saturday we walked over a large part of Jamestown.

The ruins of Old Jamestown are still there, also a gift shop, tavern, old and new world pavilions. We explored the thatch and clay houses of re-created James Fort of 1607, a wigwam such as the Indian Princess Pocahontas might have lived in, the old Jamestown Church, rebuilt in 1639 on the spot where the first legislative assembly in the New World met in 1619.

In the harbor we saw replicas of the 100-ton flagship Susan Constant, the Godspeed, and Discovery that brought 105 brave colonists, the first permanent English settlers, to the New World.

Death dealt a heavy blow to the first settlers of our country. Here nine-tenths of the colonists died during the terrible "starving time". Sanitation and mosquitoes also, must have taken their toll.

In Williamsburg, which was the capital of Virginia for 92 years, there are many points of interest.

I was especially impressed with the Apothecary Shop. In colonial days the apothecary and doctor supplied the housewife with herbs, spices, and medicines and took care of the health of the people. In the operating room was a drop leaf table such as was used in the homes, this was opened up when operations were performed. The surgeons' instruments looked more like those found in a butcher shop of today, there was no anesthetic to relieve pain. According to the record in the office there, Patrick Henry had been treated there.

We found the old prison in Williamsburg quite interesting, for it had once held many famous prisoners; among them Black Beard and his men.

There was one room in the prison, about 12' x 15', larger than the others, with one small window. Our guide said this room held around fifty prisoners at a time. Law violators for minor offenses were kept there and served one meal a day. Among these violators were . . . those who did not attend church on Sunday . . . hog stealers . . . one who gossiped falsely about neighbors . . . who did not pay their debts . . . and who beat their wives with sticks thicker than the thumb.

The House of Burgesses located in the Capitol, was one of the most important rooms we visited. Here Patrick Henry made his fiery oration against the Stamp Act, and where the great Patriot John Fry listened, and where Virginia made her famous call for American Independence.

I was especially impressed with the "families" that were with us on these tours. To me it was a good sign. I have felt that Americanism, and all that it stands for, has been neglected in our education of today. I heard many parents explaining to their children the great heritage which was theirs, because these Founders of America had lived and fought and many had died while establishing our country and making it people free.

There is not enough space here to even touch upon all we were privileged to see . . . feel.

The Governor's Palace and garden represented gracious living in those early days. Here the lawmakers and their wives were entertained twice each year. They carried back into their homes ideas and plans for better living.

The stories of Jamestown and Williamsburg, men like Thomas Jefferson, Patrick Henry and others who are outstanding in the building of America are important to all of us, and should be well taught our children and placed deep into their hearts.

Williamsburg is a nice vacation spot, too. With children, I would advise at least a week to cover the places of interest. Most of the motels have excellent accommodations, which include air conditioning, television, swimming pool and miniature golf.

On this Monday morning as I look back at my own life . . . the contributions that I make for my country . . . for my fellowmen . . . seem so very small when compared to those made by our forefathers.

Perhaps when you return from this trip, you will feel just as I do today. Very humble . . . and very proud of our American heritage.

Captain Henry

Sou'easter

Mayor Lewis said several weeks ago that he'd like to see the airport administration building put in better shape.

Well, the airport commission finally got busy—now that the summer is about over, and painting was started a week or two ago. The painters knocked down a wasp's nest and did a few other little things like that. This all helps, of course, to make visitors feel more at home. Wasps have their place, but not as a welcoming committee at an airport building.

Some panes of glass need replacing and other work should be done, but there's always tomorrow?

Western Union hasn't given up hope of closing the Beaufort office. One of Front Street's businessmen has offered to be the Western

Union agent and take telegrams in his office, but others are still fighting closing up the little office next to Jarvis Herring's.

One of the youngsters who was in Little League has graduated to Pony League. For Pony League, the field has been enlarged. Well, in a Pony League game the other day, our little friend got a hit. He ran. He ran and ran. He thought that by this time he certainly must have passed first base, so he stopped. He was tagged out. He still was several feet from first base.

Announcer: We have just received a flash of a catastrophe, the like of which has never been known to mankind. But first a word from our sponsor . . .

From the Bookshelf

Ask Any Girl. By Winifred Wolfe. Random House. \$3.50.

This is an ice cream cone of a book — just right for summer. Heroine Meg Wheeler's adventures in her first year as a New Yorker are a happy romp. The plotting is

contrived but Miss Wolfe lends gaiety to almost every paragraph as she tells of Meg's escape from a wolf in Madison Avenue clothing, her flight from an actress roommate who can't say no and, finally, her use of motivation research to snare the man she wants. Once she has him, Meg discovers she really loves his brother.

This is a book you are likely to hear a good deal about. A major film company purchased it before publication. Later, there is to be a paper-bound edition and Miss Wolfe's real-life husband, a dynamic gentleman named Jack Gordon, is directing a national campaign aimed at making the title a catch-word.

All this is as it should be, for "Ask Any Girl" is fun. Miss Wolfe, a good-looking brunette who could pass for one of her heroines, published some 120 short stories before attempting this first novel. The experience shows.

—Stan Swinton

Author of the Week



Mary Renault, author of "The King Must Die," a Book-of-the-Month, is a native Londoner who tried teaching and then nursing before she committed herself to a writing career.

She enjoyed travel, settled briefly in South Africa, and visited Greece and the islands of the Aegean, the classic locale of this novel and the one before it, "The Last of the Wine."

Oh, So Right!

Here's a sign of the times that keeps popping up on office walls of the lower echelon military here and there:

KISS!

Doesn't have a thing to do with the Spring, or the amatory gesture that seems to meet with favor here and there.

It's an abbreviation for advice to memorandum writers who ghost write for upper echelon signatures. It stands for:

"Keep It Simple, Stupid!"

—Newport News Daily Press

IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS

THIRTY YEARS AGO

Eldad Moore of Beaufort had written a letter to Santa Claus asking for a pony and an air rifle.

The Dempsey-Tunney fight, which was to take place in New York, would be broadcast over the radio.

Morehead City commissioners called off the referendum on the sale of the city power and water plant because of opposition to the sale.

FIVE YEARS AGO

Warren Beck of Morehead City and Odell Merrill of Beaufort were chosen directors of the golf club to replace L. E. Pittman and C. G. Holland, whose terms had expired.

The legislative hearings on the operation and ownership of dog tracks had found nothing amiss.

Miss Ruth Peeling, editor of THE NEWS-TIMES, who had been on leave of absence, received her master's degree in journalism at Florida State University.

"The crowd surged toward him as toward a refuge, and cried, 'Vive De Gaulle!' He went out into the square, where the rifle fire was even heavier, coming from the towers and the roofs of nearby buildings. The General calmly climbed into his open car and left. Everyone shouted, 'Vive De Gaulle!'"

" . . . Far from diminishing the General's prestige, the outbreak set an aura of miracle about him. It was foolhardy of him to go as he had done, either on foot or in an open car, through a city that was barely taken and still full of the enemy rearguard. . . . But it was also foolhardy of General de Gaulle to take sides against Germany in 1940. That folly was successful. Now it is timid wisdom that has been defeated. France was destroyed by her well-behaved children and saved by her 'enfants terribles.'"

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