## CARTERET COUNTY NEWS-TIMES

EDITORIALS
TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1958

## Bitter Harvest of Perversion

How many times during the course sponsible parent, the normal citizen, of a year do the daily papers carry bodies later found in an isolated spot erhaps mutilated.
We're not referring to kidnapping, Where a child is abducted with the
thought of ransom. We're speaking of the many cases where perverts lure children to their cars, take them off, attack and then murder them. If the murderer is found, his excuse
has been that he had to kill the child to keep him or her "from telling". woman is attacked, and rightfully so, but the crime that can rouse even
greater emotion is the attack on a child a child whose only world is climbing trees, taking care of a small bird that has fallen from its nest, running work, having mother listen to the eve ning prayers before crawing ine adult be thrust upon a youngster, thrust with child's entire existence

## New Program <br> History in Carteret public school ed ucation was made Friday morning when the first high school boys and girls to complete the driver education course were awarded cards indicating room instruction and six hours behind the-wheel instruction. nanced by the state, through a dollar fee charged each motorist when he buys his license tags. <br> Specially-trained instructors a re teachers of the driver education course. The instructors this summer were members of the public school faculty John Duncan, James Fodrie and Stew art Daniels. <br> The mayors of both Beaufort and Morehead City congratulated the boys excellent advice for the future motor ists to follow.




## Ruth Peeling

## Bill Just Better Stay Home


$s$ of their respective churches and faiths; some prayers and lase never been
ound, but lay sleping in the bayous and marshlands. efuture with saved their lives, but their lives were all, having to face the future with absolutely nothing at all except a strong determination
and their faith in God; going doggedy about their daily tasks of earning
a livelihood and trying to rebuild a bome and future. Some, at present, You meet someone who has lost one or more of their
though he will smile and clasp your hand, you can see in his eyes the
scars of their grief and sorrow. God created a masterpiece when He
created Man. As you drive further down the road you will oceasionally
pass a burial vault, unmarked, unclaimed, known only unto God, conthough he will smile and clasp your hand, you can see in his eyes the
scars of their grief and sorrow. God created a masterpiece when He
created Man. As you drive further down the rood you will oceasionally
pass a burial vault, unmarked, unclaimed, known only unto God, con-
taining the remains of someone's loved one; keeping a lonely vigil over the mud fats and marshes, a grim reminder of the wrath of the ele
ments and the power of our Crator.
Several bodies still lay in the morgue, some recently found; becaus Several bodies still lay in the morgue, some recently found, because
they cannot be identified, they are not supposed to be buried in a paut
per's grave. Where is our love and respect for our fellow man?
As you enter town, you can still see signs of the terror that struck,
even en through town, on the vacant lots and places along the water they cannot be identified, they are not supposed to be buried in a pau-
per's grave. Where is our love and respet for our fellow man?
As you enter town, you can still see signs of the terror that struck,
even on through town, on the vacant lots and places along the water front. Yes, the town has made a comebaek and is gradually clearing
up the wreckage; repairing, repainting, and rebuilding. New buildings
here and there, some are business establishments; a new Baptist Church, which most any large city would be proud to have. enter, you w This is a busy little community. On your left, as you enter, you wil
en a platin which furilisher lubriating mud for offshore driling rig.
You will see the tugs, some moored, some pulling barges and pipeline You will see the tugs, some moored, some pulling barges and pipelines
used in the oil well operations offshore in the Gulf of Mextico. You will
pass the docks where the shrimp fleet is moored, some of these vessels were constructed in Morehead City, N. C.
Further along you will pass
menen menaden plants of Mr. Harvey Smith and also of Wallace Fisheries. They appear as huge monsters, lazily dozing in the sun, to awaken at night and devour the fish calci of ree
day; trough the night this fish catch will be converted into high grade
fertilizer and oil, used throughout our country. fertilizer and oil, used throughout our country. This plant employs hundreds of men, coming mostly from eastern
North Carolina, especially Carteret County. Most of the communities of Carteret are represented at these plants. It is especially interesting to
be on the docks, where the factory men are enjoying the cool of the Carteret are represented at these plants. It is especially interesting to
be on the docks, where the factory men are enjoying the cool of the evening, suddenly someone passes the word that the boats are coming in.
You watch the pilots and the cappains bring their heavily laden vessels alongside the docks so smoothly and easily that they would not crush an egg. When the mooring lines are made fast, everyone surges started, pumping the fish onto a conveyer which conveys them into the plant, where the series of operations are begun which will convert then
into fertilizer and oil. There is bustling activity everywhere, but no confusion.
Everyone knows his individual duties and is on his post performing too many hours before the plant will a gain be laxily dozing will the be too many hours before the plant will again be lazily dozing in the sun
while inside, the various operations of weighing and bagging the finished whle inside, the various operations of weighing and bagging the finished This is the little town that didn't say "quit" when the storm was over.
It went grimly about the task of cleaning up and starting over; it is
again a bustling, thriving community.

There is a good lesson for each of us here, no matter how difficult today might be, tomorrow will offer us a new beginning, another op
portunity; so long as there is love, faith and hope in our hearts.

## From the Bookshelf

 happiness, pain and sorrow they could tell. Where are these people now?
Some have been found, identified and buried with the prayers and last
rites of their respective churches and faiths; some bave never been Eusion.

## Louteo Spiver

## Words of Inspiration

## the litile community that made a comebace

 Of course all of us know this community, Cameron, La., 80 many ofour people were there on June 27,1957 when Hurricane Audrey took its
heavy toll. We have heard them tell of their struggle the midast of high winds and angry waters.
Last night, following my Sunday Seho
Last night, following my Sunday School class meeting one of atudents, Linda Dunnavant, brought me an Ausust MeCail's mangzine,
which tells the story of Dr. Ceeil w. Clark's family, and others, and Wheir story of survival. Dr. Cleark lost three childriy, in this storm, and
At the close of school each year, many of our citizens pack up bag and baggage and head for Cameron and remain there where their hus-
bands are employed, until school starts. Out our way, there are many closed homes that will soon be lighted again
The one next door has bothered me most. Our neighbors, the Martin Willis's have been in Cameron for three long months. It was she whe
sent me this story. nade. This article was sent, with the request that I not print the name of the writer, but I can assure you, that he is Carteret's own son.
We can almost see this little community as we read these words writ

In the month of June 1957, not quite a year ago, one of the most de-
struetive and cossly storms to strike this part of the country, struck before dawn and reaped its toll of property and human lives.
There has been considerable progress in the rebuilding of homes and
隹 places of business, but all along the marshlands, over which you mus
travel, you can see the grim reminder of the fury and destructivenes
which swept through like a maddened beast, ripping, twisting and which swept through like a maddened beast, ripping, twisting and tear
ing everything with which it came into contact. Home appliances dot the marshiand as far as the eye can see; thelr
white exteriors reflecting the setting sun like bleached bones on the desert. Each one of these titems represents a onece happy and carefree
bome; possibly echoing the laughter of small children at play and home; possibly echoing the laughter of small children at play, and at
night silently listening to their grayers, as on their little knees they said
"Now I $=5=5$ elderly couple, who have joyfully and sorrowfully shared the happiness
and grief of a long lifetime, then towards their journey's end they think
back, of the years they have shared; then ahead to the time that death back, of the years they have shared; then ahead to the time that death
shall separate them, and later reunite them in a world far better than

## Yes, I sometimes wonder, if these things could talk, what stories

