CARTERET COUNTY NEWS-TIMES Carteret County's Newspaper

EDITORIALS

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1958

Bitter Harvest of Perversion

How many times during the course of a year do the daily papers carry stories of children disappearing, their bodies later found in an isolated spot, perhaps 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".

People become incensed when a 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 to daddy when he comes home from work, having mother listen to the evening prayers before crawling into bed. Should the realism of the adult world, much of it not very pleasant, be thrust upon a youngster, thrust with a violence that perhaps could warp the child's entire existence?

History in Carteret public school ed- schools, pointed out, these 107 boys and ucation was made Friday morning when the first high school boys and girls to complete the driver education course were awarded cards indicating that they had had 30 hours of classroom instruction and six hours behindthe-wheel instruction.

The driver education course is financed by the state, through a dollar fee charged each motorist when he buys his license tags.

Specially - trained instructors are teachers of the driver education course. The instructors this summer were members of the public school faculty ---John Duncan, James Fodrie and Stewart Daniels.

The mayors of both Beaufort and Morehead City congratulated the boys and girls Friday and each presented excellent advice for the future motorists to follow.

As H. L. Joslyn, superintendent of students.

How to Find Your Niche

(Dick Emmons, Wall Street Journal)

My advice to young men trying to decide on a career is to snap up the first offer of a bank presidency. However, if you decide to be choosy, you will welcome this help in answering the guestion: How shall I make ends meet? I have compiled a brief list of career

possibilities together with their salient strengths and weaknesses. Steamfitter: This is okay if you

know something about fitting steam. Lion tamer: Excellent portal to portal pay. The only trouble is they shut the portal behind you.

Civil engineer: Look into this if you are naturally courteous toward every-

Locksmith: An admirably democratic profession in which all employees are key personnel.

Television repairman: Success is being found in this field with ultrahigh frequency.

sponsible parent, the normal citizen. shudder when he contemplates it. Sexual preverts are, perhaps, to be pitied. But they should not, if discovered, be allowed to corrupt normal ways of life . . . or destroy human life. as has been the case, frequently, where the pervert seeks out children.

Parents may be reluctant to prosecute a case wherein their young daughter or son is confronted in an unnatural manner by a strange man or woman, an adult who may contend he was "just being friendly". The parents' attitude is readily understandable. Yet, courageously, when they prosecute, they are taking the only step that can protect their children and children of others in the community.

Children should be warned repeatedly, but in a calm manner, not to accept rides from strangers and not to be lured anywhere by the promise of a lollipop or ice cream cone.

In this county, unfortunately, some crimes have been committed against children. They probably will occur in the future. But responsible citizens and the courts can take measures to This happens. And it makes the re- try to keep them from happening.

New Program, Will it Pay?

girls are the "leaders". They are the first. How they handle a car on the highway will help set the reputation of all students in driver education who follow them.

Theirs is a great responsibility. If they are involved in an accident, there are many who are likely to sniff and say, "Humph! What good does a driver education course do?"

Many drivers become involved in accidents through no fault of their own. But the public is not kind. The public is more ready to condemn than excuse. It is for this reason that the Carteret's first crop of future drivers bears, with the honor, the responsibility of showing folks that the extra dollar now paid at license tag time is not wasted.

Carteret highways will bear "builtin safety assurance" with continuation, year after year, of a successful driver education program for high school

Professional golfer: Earnings are above par for players who aren't. Nuclear physicist: Bright future currently assured, but I've seen the day when they couldn't make a nucle.

Both Factions Needed

If persons who are against a tax for mosquito control do not show up at the hearing at 2 today at the courthouse, the county commissioners will receive a false impression as to the attitude of county property holders.

The people who don't want to curb pesky mosquitoes are as equally obligated to appear at the hearing as are those who want a mosquito control tax.



HORRIS **Ruth Peeling**

Bill Just Better Stay Home

be the length of Johnston County, north to south, 30 miles. Anybody got a mule to match against Hardrock?

Adm. James W. Davis, USN,

now in Paris, writes home that the Nautilus' trip under the North

Pole really caused headlines in Europe "and is about the biggest

Bill McDonald, Newport, the one, you know, who gigged the Ber-muda shorts, decided the other day man, Hardrock Simpson, from Burlington, is going to race a mule. That is, if they can find a racy he would crank up the old out-board and run over to Shackleford Hardrock says he can beat any mule. He points to his record in 1927 when he beat a horse, by 25 miles, in a 143-mile race. The forthcoming Mule Day race would for a bit of fishing.

He went to the refrigerator and got out his box of bait, frozen shrimp, got all his gear and took off. Shackleford was a welcome sight. He was all set to take home a nice mess of fish, opened the bait box and found-frozen straw-

In case you don't know - fish aren't mad about strawberries.

Some newspaper headlines are eye-stoppers. It's not easy to squeeze big words into small spaces, so maybe that's the reaspaces, so maybe the story the son. Anyhow, the Christian Science Monitor headlined a story the other day, "Vessel Collides with Repair Bill". Could be. If it was a big enough bill, I'm sure the vessel was destroyed. Sum Journal headline: "Univer-

sity Chemist for Years is Dead' That's a fine commentary on the students. You mean they had a stiff in the classroom as an instructor all those years and never ven noticed?

nces Mule Day for Sept. 13. On that occasion, the famous mail-

Captain Henry

Sou'easter

and east. A non-voting voter is as useful as a boat with a hole in the bottom. If Morehead City wants more Morehead City people holding county jobs, it had best get out the voters and show that it has some interest in county gov-

Louise Spivey

Words of Inspiration

THE LITTLE COMMUNITY THAT MADE A COMEBACK Of course all of us know this community, Cameron, La., so many of our people were there on June 27, 1957 when Hurricane Audrey took its heavy toll. We have heard them tell of their struggle for survival in the midst of high winds and angry waters. Last night, following my Sunday School class meeting, one of my

students, Linda Dunnavant, brought me an August McCall's magazine, which tells the story of Dr. Cecil W. Clark's family, and others, and their story of survival. Dr. Clark lost three children in this storm. 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 who sent me this story. I felt that you would like to read of the comeback that Cameron has

made. 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 written by him. It was written and dated May 10, 1958:

In the month of June 1957, not quite a year ago, one of the most destructive and costly 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 places of business, but all along the marshlands, over which you must travel, you can see the grim reminder of the fury and destructiveness which swept through like a maddened beast, ripping, twisting and tearing everything with which it came into contact. Home appliances dot the marshland as far as the eye can see; their

white exteriors reflecting the setting sun like bleached bones on the desert. Each one of these items represents a once happy and carefree home; possibly echoing the laughter of small children at play, and at night silently listening to their prayers, as on their little knees they said

"Now I Lay Mc Down to Sleep". Possibly they came from the home of newlyweds, hearing their plans for a joyful and successful like together. Possibly from the home of an 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 shall separate them, and later reunite them in a world far better than this one.

Yes, I sometimes wonder, if these things could talk, what stories of 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 have never been found, but lay sleeping in the bayous and marshlands.

Quite a few 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 doggedly about their daily tasks of earning a livelihood and trying to rebuild a home and future. Some, at present, still living in their Red Cross tents and shelters.

You meet someone who has lost one or more of their loved ones, and 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 occasionally pass a burial vault, unmarked, unclaimed, known only unto God, conaining the remains of someone's loved one; keeping a lonely vigil over the mud flats and marshes, a grim reminder of the wrath of the elements and the power of our Creator.

Several bodies still lay in the morgue, some recently found; because they cannot be identified, they are not supposed to be buried in a pauper'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 on through town, on the vacant lots and places along the waterfront. Yes, the town has made a comeback 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. This is a busy little community. On your left, as you enter, you will

see a plant which furnishes lubricating mud for offshore drilling rigs. You will see the tugs, some moored, some pulling barges and pipelines used in the oil well operations offshore in the Gulf of Mexico. 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 the menhaden 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 catch of the day; through the night this fish catch will be converted into high grade 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 evening, suddenly someone passes the word that the boats are coming in.

You watch the pilots and the captains 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 into action. Pumping hoses are put aboard and huge dock pumps are started, pumping the fish onto a conveyer which conveys them into the plant where the series of operations are begun which will convert them into fertilizer and oil. There is bustling activity everywhere, but no confusion.

Everyone knows his individual duties and is on his post performing them with skill and knowledge. If the fish catch is light it will not 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 product is quietly being performed. Yes, it is quite an interesting opera-

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.

One of the most quotable quotes I have heard recently came Friday from Lockwood Phillips: "Dialing a phone number here is like play-

ing roulette. Sometimes you win and sometimes you don't." I predict: that triangular monu-

ment erected at the west end of the new Beaufort bridge will collect more wrecks around it than any structure east of Raleigh; further, that the first utility pole on the right as you start up the west approach to the bridge, will run it a close second.

It is rumored that a Piggly-Wig-gly store will be located on the new Beaufort highway. There will be other businesses, such as service stations, that hope to capitalize on passing traffic. I prefer the Front Street section.

deeds was one of the bitterest in county Democratic ranks in years.

The split may not heal for a long, long time. The big bone of contention seemed to be whether the office would go to an "easterner" or

would go to an "easterner" or "westerner". A nice knock-down drag-out fight over a political office might be just the thing needed to make folks wake up and get to the polls. Morehead City may be the biggest town in the county, but it certainly has not gotten its voters out in recent elections. recent elections

When it comes to the county area that holds the balance of political power, the winner is "Beaufort and east". A non-voting voter is

A town will do almost anything for publicity! Benson, N. C., south of Raleigh in Johnston County, an-

Daisy didn't turn into a

man who utters the word "darn" is doing "a storm of cussin'," Ask Duke Marine lab's second sum-mer session closed Saturday, Aug. B. C. Brown, who is Eddie Bo's major chewing gum supplier.

Island, a stone's throw away from our famous outer banks Comment ... J. Kellum

Everyone certainly was glad that

Our Fair Exhibit Letters-to-the-editors here and there still show the alarm of visi-tors to the World's Fair in Belgium over our failure to put on a bigger and better show of power n the Russians.

Hope that all future hurricanes follow her example and give this coast no more than a passing

The cookbook compiled by mem-

bers of The Ministering Circle of

Wilmington is causing a stir in the culinary world. The book fea-

the cullinary world. The book fea-tures "Favorite Recipes of the Lower Cape Fear" and is being sold by the Ministering Circle to finance its charitable works.

I, fortunately, own one of the books and some of the recipes

have already become favorite standbys.

Everyone who delights in good

thought!

Possibly it has not occurred to them that most everybody knows that we have a big stick-and Communist propaganda is advertising it for us-and since they know we have it, we don't need to show it. All over the world, our trusty Fords of various vintages, tractors, jeeps, military hardware, gauges, gadgets and what-have-you (in-cluding faithful Japanese copies of same) prove that we are not defi-cient in mechanical aptitude. We even have a few satellites rattling pround the sky. Do we have to

even have a few satellites rattling around the sky. Do we have to cram it down anybody's throat? What we do have, that a lot of the world doesn't know about, is a big, wide, friendly country where individuals have more freedom than in any other nation on earth. Those who like our exhibit say that it is large light friendly full of

food and enjoys serving dishes that generate expressions of sheer pleasure from dinner guests, will thing since Sputnik, particularly in England." find the book a treasure. Duke University has received a The price is most reasonable National Science Foundation grant for \$24,900. It's to be used to do and you can order your copy, or copies (they would make nice gifts) from The Ministering Circle, P. Q. Box 1809, Wilmington, N. C. basic research on marine animals of North Carolina's outer banks.

The allocation covers a two-year period. Official title: Distri-bution and Abundance of Fauna in In Eddie Bo Wheatly's book, the Transitional Marine Habitats.

23. The lab, as you probably know, is located at Beaufort on Pivers

Bank teller: Offers fine opportunity for widespread publicity if you are good at being herded into a vault, giving eyewitness accounts and can point to the cage through which the snubnosed revolver was thrust.

Steeple jack: Salary is high but not high enough to compensate for fact that you are, too.

"The history of liberty is a history of limitation of governmental powers -not the increase of them. When we resist, therefore, the concentration of power, we are resisting the processes of death, because concentration of power precedes the destruction of human liberties." - Woodrow Wilson, 28th President of the United States."

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The fight over who would succeed Irvin Davis as register of ernment.



THIRTY YEARS AGO A Labor Day celebration was planned at Atlantic Beach. Among the features would be a Stutz car

racing and trying to break its own

A plea was made in The Beau-fort News, now THE NEWS-TIMES, to save the elms on Ann Street,

Stephen Gillikin of Morehead City would soon move his wood-working shop into a new building being erected at Evans and 11th Streets, Morehead City.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO Miss Helen Hendrix of Beaufort nd Mr. William C. Carlton of Col-ge Park, Ga., were married Aug. 29.

St. Paul's School, Beaufort, would open Sept. 11. A 12th grade pre-paratory work for college entrance was being added this year.

C. D. Jones was advertising coffee at 25 cents a pound. TEN YEARS AGO County officials postponed the opening of schools until Oct. 1 be-cause of the polio epidemic. The proposed sale of the A&E railroad to a New York firm had en cancelled.

Two new housing units were being planned for Morehead City. One would be at 28th street and highway 70, and the other just west of the Camp Glenn school.

FIVE YEARS AGO County schools opened this week. The Colonial Stores opened a new super market in Morehead City, closing the last Pender unit in the state.

Gov. William Umstead officially gened the Atlantic Beach bridge.

it is large, light, friendly, full of open doors and free comforts. The Russian exhibit is said to be very large, heavy, agressive, boastful and boring. They are very busy cramming their importance and prestige down people's throats. Maybe they have to prove it. All of which brings to mind some

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From the Bookshelf

The Bramble Bush. By Charles Mergendahl. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.95.

This is an inspired novel - inspired by the phenomenal sales of Peyton Place and the prospect of another sex-ridden movie about a New England town.

The sale has already been made to Hollywood for a "major produc-tion," and the promotional machine has been in high gear for weeks, getting ready to give it a big push into the best seller class.

Like Peyton Place, this one has doctor who commits a crime to share other human beings suffer-ing and goes to trial for it. It also has a gallery of sexual wierdies to has the repulsive editor of the lo-so the repulsive editor of the lo-so the repulsive editor of the lo-so the polaroid camera. There is, to the polaroid camera. There is, to boy-friend through much of the boy-friend through much of the boy friend through much of the boy friend through much of the box is an Adonis of a lawyer was been first experience with sets inable to take the initiative in sub-suble to take the initiative in sub-sub-Like Peyton Place, this one has

Montford and his uncontrollable passion for the wife of his hopelessly ill best friend. He dispatches lessivill best friend. He dispatches the suffering invalid with an over-dose of morphine, believing it an act of mercy. Later, he has doubts. He also has a wretched experience when, thrown into jail on a charge of homicide, he finds himself is the come call with the himself in the same cell with the alcoholic town bum — and learns that the bum is his real father.

14

This must surely rank as one of This must surely rank as one of the rankest scenes in recent fic-tion and brings the whole story close to absurdity. The characters for the most part are drawn broad-ly and superficially, good enough for movie casting. If you're not in-terested in sincerity, artistic qual-ity or frequence of vision but one

Smile a While

A Munich hotel has posted a sign in each room: "Please be courte-ous to our employees. They are harder to get than guests." — Abandreitung