

New Bridge, Welcome Link

A new bridge across the water into Beaufort is welcome. While it solves problems, however, it also creates them. But the problems it creates can be readily solved with some intelligence and effort.

Most of the points to be mentioned here are already in the minds, probably, of authorities charged with the responsibility of operating a safe and attractive town.

Right now, any motorist hoping to get on to Cedar Street from Orange has a long wait, usually. It's similar to the situation that prevailed at Moore and Ann. The traffic whooshes off the bridge and approaches it, with breaks far between. A traffic light there will not solve the problem. It would just create the same trouble that was created at Moore and Ann when a light was there.

The smart motorist will try to get on to the main highway by using a north-south street farther east of Orange.

Signs, of course, should be placed on the main highway directing traffic to downtown Beaufort and to the airport. These will come, but let's hope they're not too long coming.

Since most of the north-south streets approaching the new highway are dirt,

peppered with marl, the traffic turning on to the new highway from those streets carry the dirt and gravel with them. Thus, the nice blacktop always has an ill-kempt appearance.

The only answer to that is to keep the new highway swept or pave the north-south streets!

What the route will be from Cedar and Live Oak Street remains a mystery. The town is awaiting some word from the state on this point.

The new bridge is a thing of beauty. Its pristine brilliance makes its predecessor several hundred yards to the south look like an ugly old witch doctor. But the witch doctor served us well. He took rammings, wind, rain and power failure until a wild woman, Hazel, swept by and knocked his pins out from under him. From then on, his days were numbered.

To the highway commission, highway personnel, state officials, town leaders, and the citizens whose environment had to be altered to accommodate the new bridge and highway, Beaufort owes a tip of the hat for their cooperation.

The new bridge is another firm link in what will be, some day, a highway coming from Ocracoke through Carteret County.

Trapped Again

The United States is being bled white by its efforts to contain Communism. Under the guise of protecting the underdeveloped and weak nations of the world (such as Nationalist China), the nation's military expenditures are going higher than a satellite.

America, in its nobility, is policing the world, a job that on paper belongs to the United Nations, but in reality falls on the "wealthy" but debt-ridden nation of the world, the United States.

Committed to a foreign policy set years ago and in the American spirit of "fair play" and "give every guy an even break", the United States has been lifting the down-trodden, protecting the weak, and turning the other cheek.

The United States is playing the Little Lord Flauntleroy role — Russia and its side-kick, Red China, are "the big bullies down the block." The bullies are worrying Little Lord Flauntleroy to distraction but his spirit of chivalry will not permit him to change his course!

Right now, the United States is spending millions to reinforce its fleet around Formosa. It has guaranteed Red China that it will fight if Red China tries to blast Chiang Kai-Shek off his islands.

Listen to what Maurice H. Stans, President Eisenhower's budget chief, said Thursday: "This year's budget will come dangerously close to \$80 billion and carry a \$12 billion deficit . . . around 77 per cent of the budget goes to pay for past wars, to prepare for possible future conflicts . . . only when there is a secure and trustworthy relaxation of (world) tensions can there be significantly lower military costs."

Before the present Formosa crisis, there was Lebanon; what after Formosa? There WILL be another, and another.

"Little wars" are sucking the life-blood of the United States. Communist doctrine has always claimed that the capitalist nations will be brought to their knees by economic destruction — bankruptcy. If we know this, what are the alternatives?

1. A truly international police force (Army, Navy, Air Force) which would share the financial burden of curbing aggressors. So far, this has been fine

in theory but unworkable. The burden always falls back on the United States.

2. The United States could stop playing its Little Lord Flauntleroy role. This, however, would mean a complete change of character. Although many of us have expressed the thought that "United States should go all out and wipe Russia off the map right now", the Golden Rule holds us back.

3. Let the Communists take what they want and hope that United States can achieve superiority in the scientific race and build such a perfect military force that in a final showdown with Russia and its cohorts, we could win. Another alternative here is to let Russia become so encumbered by satellites that forces in the satellite countries successfully revolt and put Russia out of business as a world power.

4. Make another stab at disarmament, as was done after the first world war, but hope that this time everybody plays fair and sticks by the rules.

Good Question

(Greensboro Daily News)

The forehanded Chicago Tribune has looked ahead and anticipated a problem which will concern us all — particularly lexicographers.

What will be the abbreviation of Alaska?

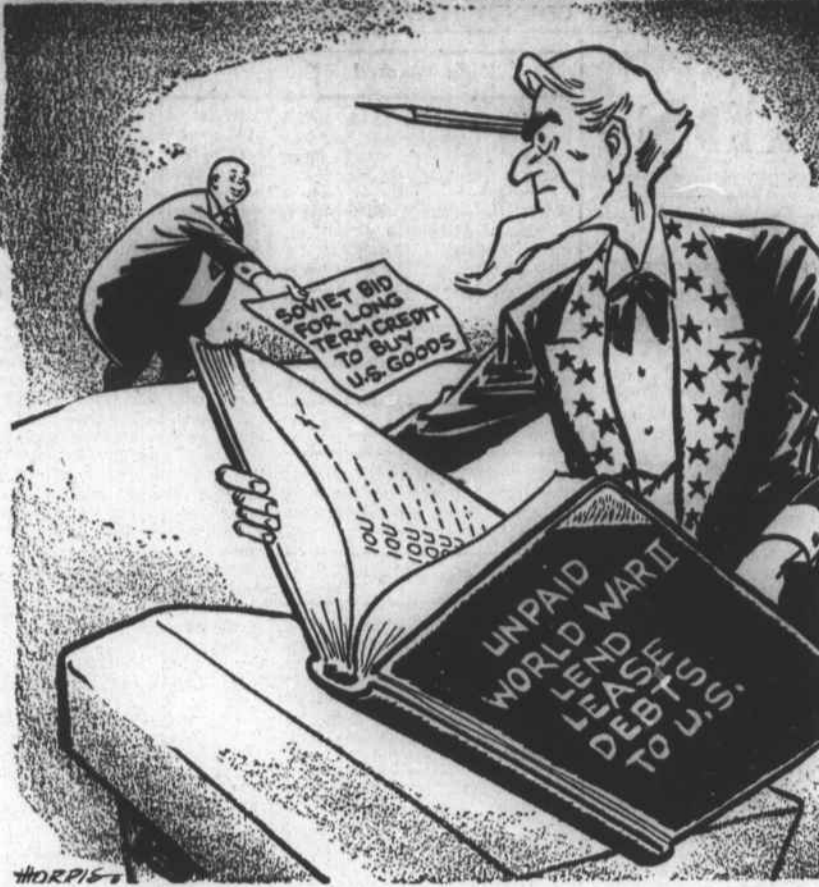
It can't be "Ala." because that already stands for Alabama. And if the abbreviation is kept to four letters — the current limit, the result would be "Alas."

How would it look on a letter to write: Juneau, Alas.? That'll hardly do. The new state could possibly use the first and last letters of its name: "Aa." This, of course, would look like the crossword puzzle word which means "lava".

Every state has an abbreviation. Idaho has "Ida." and Iowa has "Ia." Alaska should have all the rights and privileges of the others — full sovereignty, full faith and credit and all that sort of thing.

So Alaska should have an abbreviation too. But is "Aa." dignified enough? And if it isn't what shall Alaska do?

AND EVEN IF HIS CREDIT RATING WAS GOOD-



Ruth Peeling

Moral: Look Before You Speak

After that car went over the Atlantic Beach open draw and almost into the water, someone walked up behind the driver and said, "I bet you'd like a drink."

The driver said, "I sure could use one." Then he looked to see who he was talking to. It was Patrolman Sykes.

"No, no," he hurriedly corrected himself. "I don't want any liquor."

Everybody's talking about the new bridge into Beaufort and how "smooth" it is. It's smooth and not like the roller-coaster Morehead City bridge because the pilings are not sunk. On the Morehead bridge you go up hill and down dale and its ba-looms, ba-looms all across the bridge.

If there isn't a new bridge very soon, people who know say some car is going to end up overboard, or else the bridge will be out of commission frequently and all of us will be going back and forth between Morehead City and Beaufort via Mill Creek.

Everybody's attention has been directed during the past few days to railroads because of Southern's case before the ICC wherein Southern asks the right to equalize rates into Morehead City.

As most of you know, railroads are fighting for survival—to be free of the regulations that are making it impossible for many of them to operate.

Many pieces of printed matter pass over an editor's desk. The

one I think I have seen more than any other recently is this one, entitled "If Railroads did not exist, the United States would have to invent them!"

Suppose that everybody in the United States were to learn for the first time about a marvelous method of transportation called a railroad.

The idea would be sensational. High-speed tractors running on steel rails laid on privately-owned rights-of-way, with minimum curves and grades, would be capable of pulling long processions of trailers full of merchandise. Imagine!

Trains of trailers would be kept rolling day in and day out until they reached their destinations. They would be shuttled into and out of vast marshaling yards, where the trailers would be grouped in the right combinations. Of all things!

Everything connected with the procedure, moreover, would be subject to taxation. It would be expected to pay for itself. What a switch that would be!

The high-speed tractors on their twin ribbons of steel could even haul human beings, in addition to freight. If necessary, the human beings could be bedded down and hauled from one place to another in special cars with comfortable seats—all the comforts of home.

It would be an absolutely revolutionary idea—railroading. Provided it had just been invented, that is.

All the progressives and the folks who try to lend a helping hand to get the new ideas off the ground would be 100 per cent for it.

All the politicians and administrators would be 100 per cent for it.

As for the militarists and hard-headed security planners, they would be 150 per cent for it, because it would represent a mode of transportation more dependable for long-haul movement of heavy cargo than anything ever dreamed of heretofore.

The whole country would welcome the useful stranger with open arms and be alert for opportunities to give it a boost.

Cities and counties would tumble over one another to build things for it and to make free land available for its terminals.

Politicians would get into higher mathematics to subsidize it with financial gimmicks.

Nothing would be too good for the railroads if the idea of transporting things on steel rails were brand new . . .

All railroads want is a chance to be as good as they know how to be if they are unshackled—set free from regulations that were designed to curb them when they were new and threatening to abuse a monopoly in high-speed straight-line transportation.

Railroads should be born again. That is what would have to happen if they went out of existence. If they did not exist, the United States would have to invent them . . .

We have a very persistent vine in this office. It comes right through concrete block wall. When I first discovered it, I trained it up over the bookcase and it lent a very charming air to the place.

But finally, fearing that it would be another Beanstalk and a giant might evolve at the top of it, I pulled it out. But this vine is probably growing from a magic bean. The other day, there it was again, this time at a different place, but coming right through the concrete.

That sprout was short-lived. But if the vine tries again, I doubt that I'll have the heart to tear it up the third time. When ya' gotta' grow, ya' gotta' grow.

I believe I have read the following several times, but it's always amusing. An Associated Press story, datelined Mullins, S. C., says that State Rep. James C. Hooks and his wife were awakened in the middle of the night by a noise downstairs.

"Jim," Mrs. Hooks whispered, "there's a robber in the house." "Impossible," came the sleepy reply, "in the Senate, yes, but in the house never."

The Readers Write

Harkers Island Sept. 4, 1958

To the Editor:

I want you to publish this article for me because I am so proud we have got the best county commissioners there are in the state. I can hardly believe that a board could have so much sympathy, especially the tax department, but you know there is a catch to it.

The more tax you owe, the more sympathy you get. If you haven't paid any tax in the past five or ten years, boy, you really get sympathy. All you have to do is go by the tax department, tell them you don't feel so well and they will take you to the board and they will tell you to forget it.

We have a good board, and that's what we want. Especially the new members. We want young blood on our board. They can learn so fast that they can second a motion before the speaker can make a motion. That is good. You know, I think the best time to let our good board know how much we appreciate them is to help them out in November?

I am planning to write about 20 articles on the governing board and I wish some of you good people out there in Reader Land would write and tell them how much you like them. Thanks.

Walter Davis

(Editor's Note: Percentage of the 1957 county tax levy collected was 92. E. O. Moore, tax collector, states that when all legal efforts are taken to collect taxes, the percentage will be 95. This rate of collection exceeds that of any town in the county and has been termed outstanding by Williams and Wall, Raleigh firm which audits county accounts).

IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS

THIRTY YEARS AGO

The school problem was settled and 200 rural school children would attend the Beaufort school.

Mr. Earl Webb of New York was building a summer home facing on Bogue Sound.

A Jeffersonian democrat, in a letter to the paper, urged Democrats not to support the county nominees because, he said, the primary was a fraud and not binding.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

Wiley H. Taylor had been appointed Beaufort's postmaster, to succeed R. B. Wheatley, whose term would expire in January.

A record student body of 800 pupils was expected at Beaufort Graded School this term.

Frank F. Longest of Beaufort was appointed new deputy collector of customs.

TEN YEARS AGO

Marshall Ayscue, T. M. Thomas, Beaufort police chief L. B. Willis, and Robert Safrit destroyed a still found ¼ of a mile off Lennoxville Road.

Fire destroyed a grocery store at Bettie which was operated by W. A. Bryant.

Newport commissioners approved a street lighting contract with Tide Water Power Co. and were advertising for bids for the erection of the water tank.

FIVE YEARS AGO

The Taylor Brothers of Sea Level opened the new Sea Level Inn, a 14-room motel, Saturday.

The First Baptist congregation of Beaufort would lay the cornerstone of the new church Sunday.

Morehead City Jaycees were selling bonds to finance lights at the new school football field.

Louise Spivey

Words of Inspiration

A PASTOR TO HIS PEOPLE

You are my people, given me to love,  
To serve, to shepherd through the days ahead;  
I pray God that I may be worthy of  
This honor; I am glad that I was led  
To come to you, that through God's gentle grace  
My lines have fallen in this pleasant place.  
I would be strong to work where there is need;  
I would be true to serve you as I should;  
And I would give the Bread of Life to feed  
Each hungry soul who comes to me for food;  
And I would honor with my every word  
The blessed Saviour — Jesus Christ, our Lord.  
I plead with you for patience. Should I make  
An error, I would gladly make amends,  
Or if some unintentional mistake  
Be mine, I crave your understanding, friends.  
As pastor and as people, may we be  
Builders together, for Eternity!

— Grace Noll Crowell

WHAT SHALL I BRING?

I'll bring the best my hands can do.  
Oh, may these hands be strong and true,  
Though great or small my gift may be,  
The best, O God, I'll bring to Thee.

The hardest thing a pastor ever did in all his life was to serve a church where he had been half called.

— E. F. Eagle

FAMILY WORSHIP

Rear you an altar that will last forever,  
Longer than any shaft or marble dome;  
Erect there beside your own hearthfire,  
The chaste, white family altar in the home.  
Chisel the Word of God upon the waiting  
Hearts and minds of the dear ones gathered there—  
The blowing sands of time will not erase it;  
No fiction dim the imprint of your prayer,  
For memory will hold these chiseled letters,  
And prayers shall be embedded in the heart.  
O Father, Mother, rear that lasting altar,  
And the children whom you love will not depart  
From the way of life . . . The word will last forever,  
Though earth and heaven itself should pass away—  
If you have not yet begun the building  
Of that eternal altar—start today!

— Grace Noll Crowell

The hardest place in the world to live our religion is among our dear ones. How hard it is for us to always be on the guard.

No matter what resolutions we may make, no matter how careful we may desire to be, selfishness will come in our speech and in our behavior. And we wonder sometimes what the members of our family must think of our Christian faith.

Some families can trace their ancestors back 300 years, but can't tell you where their children were last night.

Captain Henry

Sou'easter

The least that can be said about the new bridge is that it certainly gives you a different view of things.

I'll be glad when something is done about Live Oak Street from Cedar out to the outskirts of town. Friends take me to ride out that way once in a while. That sure is a bumpy and narrow street. Almost lost my teeth.

There are always start-of-school stories. Over in Craven County a little fellow said to his teacher, "Miss Betty, didn't you say you'd give me a kiss if I would bring some flowers for the classroom?" The teacher replied, "Yes, I did."

"Well, here are the flowers," the youngster said, "I've sold the kiss to my big brother for 50 cents."

Lots of teachers supplement their salaries during summer vacations. A man with a family has to. One teacher I know operates a bulldozer during the summer. Not long ago he made an application for credit to purchase a home, stating that he was a teacher.

It was turned down. He then re-submitted the application, this time putting down his occupation as a bulldozer operator. This application was approved.

Carl Hattell is building an electric shop on Live Oak Street on the site formerly occupied by Parker Motors as a used car lot.

Went down Front Street the other day, and there by Halsey Paul's house and across the street is where most of the waterfront wits collect.

The day that Daisy was supposed to pass this way, they were all decked out in foul weather gear, faces grim, but very busy and quietly "getting ready."

Let some with complain that Addison, if he himself is wise, would not end a sentence with a preposition — and other such remarks—let us admit that education and wisdom are not necessarily coincidental and either condition may exist quite noticeably in the absence of the other.

What is notable in his observations is the responsibility of the individual to criticize himself. It is always possible that others will miss the less obtrusive of a person's faults. But an honest man does not overlook them in himself. And the more honest he is, the more aware he is of the gulf between his state and that state of perfection which he seeks to attain.

We have for examples such men as Washington, Lee, Lincoln—who often had to go along with situations which they would not have chosen, and who were sometimes called upon to weigh their fellow men—slow to anger, restrained in judgment, patient with dissension, kind to all, willing first to suffer themselves rather than to tax others. They are notable in that they sought not fame or praise but simply to be right always.

More in Sorrow. By Wolcott Gibbs. Holt. \$4.

On the New Yorker magazine from 1927 to his death a month ago, when a first copy of this book had just reached him, Gibbs has given us here 35 of his inimitable pieces—parodies, profiles, fiction, and theatre and book reviews.

It is his third published collection.

— W. G. Rogers

Usually the first screw that gets loose in the head is the one that controls the tongue.

From the Bookshelf

The Eighth Day of the Week. By Marek Hlasko. Translated from Polish by Norbert Guterman. Dutton. \$2.75.

In postwar Poland the men and women in this short and powerful novel wait for a day that will never come: Agnieszka wants her lover, her brother wants his mistress, her father wants to flee his nagging wife, the roomer wants his fiancée.

But they are balked violently of their maddest as well as their slightest desires. There is no room for a lovers' tryst, it is easier to be unfaithful, they have only the consolation of a day free for fishing — unless even the weather conspires against them — and the wretched solace of drunkenness.

These miserable men and women have nothing — no money, no living quarters, no amenities, no present and, most tragic of all, no future and no hope of one.