

## It's You Who Pay

Who owns the school buildings? You do. So does your neighbor. They don't belong to the county board of education, or the principal or the teachers. The school buildings are built with your money. Thus, the people and their children should be interested in keeping them in good condition.

Yet, after every summer, window lights must be replaced in almost every school in the county. This damage is not confined, however, to the summer-time. Over the winter, rocks and BB shot take a heavy toll. The rocks and BB shot are not self-propelled.

The launchers of these missiles are usually persons of school age. It is understandable why a child may want to damage a school. Trying to explain why an adult uses school windows as a target for rifle practice is a bit more difficult.

That same adult is the fellow who is required to pay taxes to keep the schools in good shape. Incredible that adults should damage school property? School authorities say that in the more remote parts of the county the children aren't totally to blame for vandalism.

Right now, wheels have been set in motion to get money to build new schools. But it will be several years — even if everything goes smoothly — be-

fore those new buildings will be available.

Our present buildings have to be kept in good shape. They must be used after the new school buildings are built. If they are not kept in shape, that means that the day when they must be replaced will come quickly and again the burden of replacing them will fall on the taxpayer.

Every year hundreds of dollars go into repairing damage at schools, damage that has been inflicted deliberately. Over the years those hundreds of dollars have amounted to enough to equip a fine science laboratory, or build a new cafeteria.

But those dollars can't be used for that. They are dollars that have flown, used to replace something that was here and was wantonly destroyed.

The county board of education is charged with the responsibility of keeping the school buildings in good shape. The board does that, but it needs the help of citizens who have pride in the schools they build and who are anxious to keep school operating costs as low as possible.

Adults should think of this and impress upon their children the fact that breaking a window at school is just as costly to their parents as a window broken at home.

## The Bridegroom's Father

The bride gets the big play, the mother of the bride runs second, the bridegroom comes in a poor third, the father of the bride is needed to pay the bills and give the bride away, the mother of the bridegroom is usually mentioned in the wedding write-up as having worn something to the wedding, and the father of the bridegroom . . . well, come to think of it, the bridegroom does have a father, doesn't he?

Some day somebody is going to remember this poor forgotten man — this man who sees his noble son being assailed by that snip of a girl who is so lazy she probably won't even get up in the morning to cook his breakfast! Of course, with these sentiments the mother of the bridegroom wholeheartedly concurs. But, they consolingly tell themselves, HE got himself into this, so we'd best just go along and hope for the best. (Five years later when they're proudly flashing pictures of their grandchildren, they'll call you "crazy" if you remind them of any misgivings they had when they saw their heir being led to the altar.)

Once in a while, though, somebody does remember that the bridegroom has a father. He's invited to a stag party one night prior to the wedding. Some day, the write-up of one of these parties is going to appear in the news-

paper and it will go like this:

Mr. Oscar Winkle entertained at a steak dinner at his home Thursday night in honor of Mr. Peter Laughing-boy, bridegroom-to-be. Upon the arrival of the guest of honor, he was presented with a boutonniere of straw/flowers. A similar boutonniere was also presented to his father, Mr. William Laughingboy.

Following the serving of sparkling beverages, the host invited the guests to the patio where he served 2-inch charcoal steaks, skillfully burned by himself.

Then the guest of honor opened his many lovely gifts — boxes of cigars, pipe rack, lounging robe, electric shaver with its own padlocked box, a book of advice to bridegrooms, and as a special gift from the host, a collapsible doghouse that can be carried anywhere.

Games, which involved decks of cards, followed, and prizes, in the form of legal tender, were awarded the lucky ones.

Good-byes were said at 3 o'clock in the morning. Although the father of the bridegroom told his host he had a wonderful time, in an after-midnight speech he remarked that he was glad he had but one son to contribute to society.

## The Children's Hour

(Milwaukee Journal)

Gather around, children. Before handing out this week's allowance, let daddy tell you a story about an English boy named Charles, who also likes candy. It's a true story that happened just the other day.

This boy, who is 9, gets only \$2.80 every three months for spending money. That's a little over three cents a day. In other words, if an ice cream barman came around every day, ringing his bell, poor Charles would have to wait three or four days each time before he could buy one. Or he could have a bar every day for a month — and then go without for two months. Horrible, isn't it?

Well, a few days ago he found that he had spent all of his money, so he sold some of his things in order to get a little extra cash. But when he went to the candy shop, the woman in charge wouldn't sell him candy, because she knew that he wasn't supposed to spend any more than what his parents gave him.

And do you know who Charles really is? He is a prince, and one day he will be the king of England! But even so, Prince Charles doesn't get as much spending money as you do. Think about that the next time the ice cream barman comes around.

Oh, is he here now? Well, here's your money. Good-by.

## GREAT SPORT WHILE THE AIR HOLDS OUT



## Security for You...

By RAY HENRY

Your chances of working after you reach 65 are getting slimmer all the time.

What does this mean if you're a young fellow just starting out? If you're middle-aged? Or, if you're nearing 65?

Two things for certain: You'd better not count much on being able to work after 65 to supplement your Social Security checks, company pensions or savings.

You'd better know how much Social Security you'll have coming, how much your company pension is worth, and, most of all, how much money you ought to save out of your wages so you can live comfortably in your old age.

The proof of the slimmer chances you have of getting a job after 65 is in these Labor Department figures.

In 1900, nearly two out of three men 65 or over worked. Today, less than two out of every five are working. In 1965, only one out of three men 65 or over will be working.

And—unless you're a farmer, a professional man or in a managerial job—the chances of your working after 65 are considerably less than these figures show. Most of the jobs open to older people are and will continue to be in farming, the professions and managing where forced retirement doesn't play as big a part as in other occupations.

The main reason more older people aren't working is that the number of jobs open to them hasn't

kept up with the increase in their number. In 1900, there were only three million people 65 or over. A million and a half were men and a million of them worked. Today, there are 15 million 65 or over. Seven million are men and only two and a half million of them are working.

There are several reasons why the number of jobs hasn't kept pace with the increase in older people.

Since 1900, the country has changed from an agricultural to an industrial nation. We've moved from an era of small shops and small businesses into one with chain stores and big business.

With these changes has come rules by employers of not hiring older workers and compelling retirement at a fixed age—usually 65.

And, many industries have production methods which require young and vigorous workers. At the same time, there is a growing public acceptance of the desirability of retirement. This, probably, is a reflection of the difficulties older people have in finding jobs and the preference of many for more leisure in old age even with less income.

In 1900, more of the aged could continue to work in their own stores or shops and on their own farms beyond the age of 65.

(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. Kellum

Weakness of Literacy

Ananda K. Coomaraswamy is an authority on art (his Boston Museum of Art is Mecca for American students of same) and his forays in philosophy are immensely interesting. Not that his ideas are always palatable to those who sincerely believe in the divinity of Christ and His authority, and he talks about Christianity, but he is very intelligent and he says many things worthy of wide attention.

For example, he takes us to task in "Am I My Brother's Keeper?" (An Asia Press Book published by The John Day Co., N. Y. 1943) for our fantastic preoccupation with the written word. Sample this excerpt:

Quoting Plato, "This invention (of letters) will produce forgetfulness in the minds of those who learn to use it, because they will not exercise their memory. Their trust in writing, produced by external characters which are no part of themselves, will discourage the use of their own memory within them. You have invented an elixir not of memory, but of reminding; and you offer your pupils the appearance of wisdom, not true wisdom, for they will read many things without teaching and will therefore seem to know many things (Professor E. K. Rand's 'more and more of less and less'), and when they are for the most part ignorant and hard to get along with, since they are not wise but only wiseacres."

"There is nothing strange or peculiar in Plato's point of view; it is one, for example, with which every cultured Indian unaffected by modern European influences would agree wholly. Sir George A. Grierson, who says that 'the ancient Indian system by which literature is recorded not on paper but on the memory and carried down from generation to generation of teachers and pupils (survives) in Kashmir. Such fleshy tablets of the heart are often more trustworthy than birch bark or paper manuscripts. The reciters, even when learned Pandits, take every care to deliver the message word for word,' and records taken down from professional storytellers are thus 'in some respects more valuable than any written manuscript.'"

"From the Indian point of view a man can only be said to know what he knows by heart; what he must go to a book to be reminded of, he merely knows of. There are hundreds of thousands of Indians even now who daily repeat from knowledge by heart either the whole or some large part of Bhagava Gita; others more learned can recite hundreds of thousands of verses of longer texts."

"It was from a traveling village singer in Kashmir that I first heard sung the Odes of the classical Persian poet, Jalau'd-Din Rumi. From the earliest times, Indians have thought of the learned man, not as one who has read much, but as one who has been profoundly taught. It is much rarer from a master than from any book that wisdom can be learned."

Those of us who have enjoyed a large dose of education can appreciate his view of us as "knowing of" things. And where are our regular old-fashioned performances of speeches and verses from memory? Even the tv bit-player reads her couple of lines from an off-stage blackboard.

## Smile a While

William Smith obtained a job as gardener at a large house. The mistress took a great interest in the garden, and one day, seeing Smith rather busy, went up to him and said: "And how's my sweet william this morning?" Smith, rather taken aback, said: "Well, ma'm, if you want to be so friendly, just call me Bill!"

Louise Spivey

## Words of Inspiration

FAULT-FINDING

The fault-finding habit is a bad one. It is easily acquired and not easily broken. We live in an imperfect world. Everything is flawed and defective. Institutions blunder and fall short of the ideal. All people are erring creatures, and their faults give us offense, but one should not pay too much attention to the faults of others or to the defects of the world.

One may become a chronic fault-finder, and in that case he will become a grumbler, and he may degenerate into a cynic; and if he grows long enough he will become a cynic. When a man has become a cynic, he has reached the bottom — he is of no account to himself or anyone else. He is a nuisance and a stumbling block. He did not intend at the start to become a cynic. He began by finding fault and the habit grew on him until his mind became twisted and his heart sour.

If all the gold in the world were melted into a solid cube, it would be about the size of a eight-room house. If a man possessed all that gold — billions of dollars worth . . . he could not buy a friend . . . character . . . peace of mind . . . clear conscience . . . or a sense of security.

A sun-dial standing upon the pier in Brighton, England, bears these hopeful words, "Tis always morning somewhere in the world."

Fear is lack of faith. Lack of faith is ignorance. Fear can only be cured by vision. Give the world eyes. It will see. Give it ears. It will hear. Give it a right arm. It will act. Man needs time and room. Man needs soil, rain and sunshine. Needs a chance. Open all your doors and windows. Let everything pass freely in and out, out and in. Even the evil. Let it pass out and in, and out. No man hates the truth. But most men are afraid of the truth. Make the truth easier than a lie. Make the truth welcome than its counterfeit. Then man will no longer be afraid; being afraid is being ignorant. Being ignorant is being without faith. — Horace Traubel

Four men, the greatest living authorities on Chinese culture, were in conference endeavoring to decide the outstanding characteristics of the Chinese people. They unanimously agreed on the quality of reasonableness. If all people of the world were as reasonable as the Chinese, there would be no wars, and all disputes would be easily settled.

There are two Chinese proverbs that summarize the Chinese attitude. The first is this: "If you lose your temper it is a sign that you have wronged on your side." And this is the second: "Dogs and cats fight, men reason."

Both of these proverbs might well be posted in every industrial plant, in every business office, in every government office in the land. A tremendous amount of time is wasted by petty quarrels and disagreements. When we fight among ourselves, we help the enemy in his fight against us. If we would settle all disputes in a spirit of reasonableness and good will, we would start moving forward with giant strides.

The next time you have a problem to solve, try using the two Chinese proverbs. They are powerful harmonizers. What lies behind us or before are tiny matters compared with what lies in us.

QUOTES

We have committed the Golden Rule to memory, now let us commit it to life.

The soul of a man can be free only when it is captive of God.

The longest journey begins with a single step.

A great many open minds should be closed for repairs.

A loose tongue often gets in a tight place.

A soft answer has often been the means of breaking a hard heart.

Some folks forget to look up until they are flat on their backs.

## The Readers Write

Harkers Island, N. C.  
Sept. 23, 1958

To the Editor:

I want to publish this article because I want all of my friends to know what the Lord has done for me.

I didn't have anything but an afflicted son and a husband in the state sanatorium at McCain, N. C., and an old house that no one would have for a barn. But the Lord worked it around that some men from Charlotte came on the Island to build houses and they built me one.

The house is four rooms. It is not the prettiest in the world, but to me the greatest. It is cool in the summer and keeps the sun out, and warm in the winter and keeps the cold out.

I want everyone who reads this to come and see my old house and then see my new one. That is how the Lord blessed me.

I would like to thank everyone for what they did to make it possible for me to have a new home and things to go in it, even rugs for my floor.

The hardest task I faced was paying my taxes because I am a poor woman. You know our taxes have to be paid to keep our schools

up and the good work of our country. But the good Lord worked it around that I got the money to pay all of my taxes.

There is a vote for our county commissioners and they are all good men, and if God is for you who can be against you?  
Mrs. Bessie Scott

SCHOLARS PREFERRED

Morehead City, N. C.  
Sept. 19, 1958

To the Editor: The members of the Emeritus Civic Club of Carteret County at its regular meeting held at the Webb Memorial Civic Center on September 15, 1958, voted unanimously to adopt a resolution congratulating Mr. W. S. Kidd on his open letter to THE NEWS-TIMES published September 12, 1958, pointing out the recognition given athletes over scholars and emphasizing the need for more acknowledgement of the endeavors and accomplishments of students for their scholastic effort.

The Emeritus Civic Club endorsed wholeheartedly the arguments contained in this letter.

The Emeritus Civic Club of Carteret County

F. C. Salisbury

## Here and There

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

FRIDAY, SEPT. 26, 1958

Banks Arendell returned to Raleigh this week after spending a few days here with Mrs. Arendell.

Frank Klein and family formerly of this city, now of Richlands, arrived here Saturday.

Mrs. Beulah Rich left Monday for Bainbridge, Ga., where she will spend some time with her son, W. H. Wallace.

Miss Elodie Webb will leave Monday for Washington where she will assume her duties as assistant secretary to Congressman S. M. Brinson.

Mr. and Mrs. John Deppe left Monday for Asheville after spending several days here as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Sam Willis at their home on 10th Street.

Mrs. Sybil Willis Piver of this city passed her 80th birthday last Friday.

Capt. Vincent Oaksmith, recently discharged from the Army, has returned to West Palm Beach, Fla., after spending several days

here with his sister, Mrs. J. W. Waddington.

Leonard Fulcher, young son of Joseph Fulcher of this city, arrived home from New York where he was recently discharged from the Navy.

The marriage of Miss Bessie Ray Penny to Cecil R. Willis of this city took place in Wilmington Thursday afternoon of last week.

The 45th annual session of the Independent Order of Samaritans and Daughters of Samaria convened here Wednesday, the guest of Progressive Lodge No. 244 of this city. Dr. T. W. Thurston, pastor of St. Stephens A.M.E. Zion church was host to the delegates.

Plenty of Room

"Why do you want to enter the United States?" the immigration official asked.

"I want to lead a peaceful life and make an honest living," replied the immigrant.

"Good," said the official. "That's not one of our overcrowded fields."  
—Great Northern Goat

## Carteret County News-Times

WINNER OF NATIONAL EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION AND NORTH CAROLINA PRESS ASSOCIATION AWARDS

A Merger of The Beaufort News (Est. 1912) and The Twin City Times (Est. 1936)  
Published Tuesdays and Fridays by the Carteret Publishing Company, Inc.  
304 Arendell St., Morehead City, N. C.

LOCKWOOD PHILLIPS — PUBLISHER  
ELEANORE DEAR PHILLIPS — ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER  
RUTH L. PEELING — EDITOR

Mail Rates: In Carteret County and adjoining counties, \$5.00 one year, \$3.50 six months, \$1.25 one month; elsewhere \$7.00 one year, \$4.00 six months, \$1.50 one month.

Member of Associated Press — N. C. Press Association  
National Editorial Association — Audit Bureau of Circulations

National Advertising Representative  
Moran & Fischer, Inc.

20 East 40th Street, New York 18, N. Y.

The Associated Press is entitled exclusively to use for republication of local news printed in this newspaper, as well as all AP news dispatches.

Entered as Second Class Matter at Morehead City, N. C., Under Act of March 3, 1879

By BILL CROWELL

THEN & NOW . . . Gunfighting is a deadly art not now noticeably practiced by Col. James R. Smith, commanding officer of the award-winning State Highway Patrol. But that isn't to say the poked-faced lawman hasn't slung vengeful bullets in the past and dodged his share of incoming slugs as well.

Like in 1937 when he and a fellow officer swapped shots with an accused cop killer—the notorious Wash Turner.

It was Sergeant Smith in those days, only eight years after the patrol was organized. The highway patrol then had many motorcycles and few automobiles. Sgt. Smith was driving one on a routine patrol near Carolina Beach when he braked his car to a sudden stop and tuned his ears to a radio message. Presently Cpl. H. J. Sloan joined him. Together the two troopers listened as the radio uttered a welcome tip.

Only a short time before one of their fellow officers, Pfc. George Penn, had been gunned down from ambush by two desperados. The pair—Wash Turner and Bill Payne—had managed to elude authorities and were believed to have parted company. The crackling radio message indicated, however, that Turner and a new companion were thought to be in the vicinity of Carolina Beach. Investigate, the radio commanded.

Cpl. Sloan hopped off his motorcycle and joined Sgt. Smith as the patrol car pulled away. This was a mission they intended to see through successfully. They had an identification of the two culprits, a license number, and plenty of determination. They had to succeed.

Arriving at the Masonboro Loop Road, Sgt. Smith caught sight of the suspect's car. "That's it," both officers said simultaneously. Manoeuvring his car into position, Sgt. Smith touched his siren and fell back warily. The car failed to stop. During the interval alongside the suspect's car, though, the two

## Free Wheeling

troopers had recognized the occupants and knew they must be armed.

The fleeing car picked up speed, heading toward nearby Wilmington. Close behind was Smith and Sloan, urging the patrol car upwards to 60, 70, 80 miles an hour.

As Col. Smith recalls the incident today, Turner then climbed into the back seat, while his companion at the wheel tried desperately to outdistance the pursuing officers. He knocked out the rear window with a Krag .30 calibre rifle and opened fire. By this time both cars were hitting 90 miles an hour.

"Sloan and I both managed to return the fire," Col. Smith says. "Then this side of Wilmington one of us, I couldn't say which, hit Turner's accomplice square in the head. He lost control of the car and spun off the road heading into a barbecue stand and turned over. Turner, as I remember, was thrown clear."

"When we saw what had happened Sloan took off after Turner who was heading for the woods. I pulled the driver from the wrecked car and put in a call for an ambulance. He was cut up pretty badly."

Sloan, meanwhile, was having the toughest break of his career. The fleeing Turner, apparently deciding the jig was up, had stopped in his tracks at the trooper's command to halt. Then as Sloan was approaching, gun drawn, he slipped in a drainage ditch and sprawled face down. Turner took advantage of this untimely distraction and set sail once again. He gained the woods and disappeared.

But not for long Col. Smith recalls. Only a few weeks after Smith and Sloan's encounter with the desperado, FBI agents under Edward Scheidt (now Commissioner of Motor Vehicles) surrounded Turner in Sanford where he gave up without a struggle.

Turner and his erstwhile companion, Bill Payne, were subsequently put to death in the electric chair.