

Happy War Anniversary?

The centennial of the War Between the States is to be celebrated from 1961-65.

A federal commission has already been established to engineer the observance. Federal funds have been earmarked and all the states that were engaged in the conflict — and probably the others — have been invited to appropriate funds to finance a four-year celebration. (Pennsylvania is giving \$25,000).

There is, perhaps, merit in commemorating an event which welded this nation into one republic, indivisible. At the same time, we fear, there is a lot of unpleasantness that will be recalled. A hundred years isn't awfully long ago. There still live in the North and South persons who got first-hand information from their fathers of the agony these soldier-fathers endured during the Civil War.

Then, too, the Northern states have a different attitude toward the war than do the Southern. They were the victors. While the North paid heavily for its victory, it was not subject to the years of privation and the economic set-back suffered by the South.

Southern legislatures, most likely the North Carolina legislature which meets in February, will be asked to appropriate funds to observe the Civil War Centennial. And there will be persons lobbying and pleading for those funds in a biennium when, Governor Hodges says, the state will be hard pushed to meet expenses for essential operations.

It has taken the South almost a hundred years to recoup what was lost in 1861-65. Putting hundreds of thousands

of dollars in a celebration commemorating a war — when we're still being taxed for wars fought since then — is almost ludicrous.

This thing smacks very much of some clever, high - pressured tourist - promotion scheme. Illinois, the Land of Lincoln, would benefit; Pennsylvania, site of the famous Gettysburg battlefield would be even more of a mecca in 1961-65 than it has been in the past; and southern battlefields, too, would benefit from visitors.

Civic organizations, schools, and many other groups could well observe the Centennial in ways that would not require expenditure of public funds.

To our way of thinking, one of the nicer ways to observe the Civil War Centennial would be the North's contributing to Southern states millions of dollars, sort of a belated-Marshall-plan idea.

In wars since the Civil War, United States has poured forth millions to bolster the economy of defeated nations. But after the Civil War, the South was handed little more than grief.

While the belated-Marshall-plan proposal is mentioned with tongue in cheek, we can't help but think how much good those Northern "celebration" dollars would do in these parts in building bridges, roads, improving public school educational facilities and housing for Negroes, and otherwise bettering the South.

The South has always hoed its own row and will continue to do so. But this region, North Carolina included, doesn't have extra thousands of dollars of tax money to throw around on Civil War celebrations.

What Our Competitors Say

Two men employed by the Imperial Tobacco Co. of Southern Rhodesia and Nyasaland, South Africa, were guests at the Morehead Biltmore Hotel over the weekend (see feature story elsewhere in today's paper).

While favorably impressed with the methods of tobacco growing in North Carolina, they were somewhat stunned by the sloppy method American tobacco growers use in packing the tobacco and putting it on the warehouse floor.

The visitors were reluctant to comment too much in detail on this phase of American tobacco production, fearful of insulting their hosts — the tobacco firms and farmers. The most they would say was that our method of grading and marketing was "untidy".

Alonzo C. Edwards, executive vice-president of the North Carolina Farm Bureau, hammered at the same point upon his return recently from a tour of European countries where he studied fine-cured marketing conditions.

"Either the farmer is going to hand-grade his leaf more strictly on the farm or face the strong probability that we lose most of the export market within two or three years," Mr. Edwards said. US tobacco grading runs a poor third place when compared with the grading job done in Rhodesia and Canada.

The Tar Heel Farm Bureau executive added that European buyers of American leaf are also weary of the light, neutral tobacco produced here in quantity within the past few years.

Mr. Edwards warns, "We as tobacco growers must produce varieties that possess the qualities demanded by the trade. Otherwise Rhodesian tobacco will replace ours in the foreign markets. True it is a mild, light tobacco but it is also cheaper than US leaf and free of the \$8 per pound duty which must be paid in many countries on imported US leaf."

Present market requirements here in

the US may not be placing importance on the grading and handling of tobacco that they have in the past, but nevertheless, if tobacco farmers are to continue to hold their foreign sales, they must return to a program of close hand-grading their leaf, Mr. Edwards concludes.

Years of Trying

One of America's outstanding playwrights, S. N. Behrman, turned out manuscripts for eleven years before he finally sold his first play. Fannie Hurst wrote more than a hundred stories before one was accepted. Somerset Maugham was an obscure writer for ten years. Then, a producer needing a play to fill in while he was looking around, dug Maugham's forgotten Lady Frederick out of his desk. Maugham thereafter became the toast of London.

When Walt Disney applied at a Kansas City newspaper for a job as an artist, the editor told him he didn't have any talent, and sent him away, urging him to give up art. Even his first series of animated cartoons, Oswald the Rabbit, failed. Then along came Mickey Mouse.

Robert L. Ripley was fired from the first newspaper on which he worked. Zane Grey did not sell a story during his first five years as a writer.

When O. O. McIntyre was a copy reader on the old New York Evening Mail he was fired. H. G. Wells was discharged from his first job — after several months as a draper's apprentice.

Penniless Carrie Jacobs Bond, semi-invalid, tried hand-painting china — even sang songs in vaudeville. Bitter failure was her lot. She tried song writing, but publishers would not buy. Then she wrote the song the whole world loves, The End of a Perfect Day.

— Gluey Gleanings

A TWO HANDED GAME



The Readers Write

Beaufort Fire Department Rescue Squad

To the Editor:

During our recent visit from Helene, I am glad to inform the world we came through alive. We did not enjoy it, nor did we ask for it—the storm came to us. The area I am speaking of is the amount of land mass, and the property, and the people, east of Morehead City.

Friday night when experienced seamen cocked a weather eye upward, and folks with common sense thought back over the storms as far as Hazel, there was no preparation being taken here by the powers that be. No one was sure of the path it would follow. But, from Cape Fear southward to Charleston, S. C., there were high-way patrolmen, Civil Defense units, Red Cross, evacuations and the works.

Conferring with the highest authority I could find, Sheriff Hugh Salter, I found he was among us in knowledge standpoint. To be on the safe side, the sheriff authorized a call to the state commander of the North Carolina association of Rescue Squads, of which the Beaufort Fire Department Rescue Squad is a member, asking that several units be alerted. This was done.

As reports came over the radio of the path of Helene Saturday morning, but no word of any organization in this area, the decision was reached to call the N.C. Association of Rescue Squads again. The commander decided to send units ahead. Helene was then off Wilmington, N. C. Civil Defense headquarters was set up in Morehead City hall. Red Cross was there. All meetings were held at Morehead and Atlantic Beach. Radio stations advised the public.

National Guard was called out, to report to Morehead City, Boys from Beaufort and down east went to their unit in Morehead City. Disaster workers reported in Morehead City from other states. Power crews were held in readiness at Morehead City. Helene came to brush us off.

Power went out, phone lines were dead, teletype wasn't working, Fort Macon Coast Guard station phone dead, no news. Cars could go to Morehead City. Also cars came from outlying sections, bringing people. Sheriff's department received them at the jail house, and fed them from the jail kitchen. There was a report to the sheriff from local Red Cross that the only evacuees were in the courthouse and had their own food.

Beaufort police reported approximately 200 people at Queen Street School. A Red Cross man was finally obtained from Morehead City, and after evaluating the situation, procured food for the school.

Graham Rescue Squad with nine men, one utility truck, one station wagon unit, portable generator flood lights, first aid equipment, radios and transmitters, reported in after their way through the wind and rain and high water at New Bern.

Sheriff's department called Morehead City by radio requesting conditions east of Beaufort, and especially North River bridge. No one knew, but not to let the squad go until the Governor came over to shake hands.

Catawba Valley Rescue Squad reported in with six men, one ambulance, one station wagon unit, portable generators, flood lights, radio equipment, first aid equipment. After over an hour's wait with no contact with the highway patrol in Atlantic or in Smyrna, no phone contact, no nothing, the decision was reached to send three units east—all under the patrolmen, to be at Smyrna, Atlantic, and where ever needed. There being no place to find food, the units were taken to the Queen

Street School, to set up a power plant and eat.

As they were in the process of eating, the Red Cross man entered and wanted to know from the principal why the squads were eating. He was assured there was enough, and they had to eat too.

The Red Cross representative marched to a table where one unit was. He informed them that this was Red Cross food—"and that's the way it is." The units politely left. I was not informed of this until late at night, for I was with several of the men installing flood lights at the other end.

The units left for the down east section. They cleared the highway into Atlantic and contacted the highway patrol there. On the way back after the storm, they cruised all roads down east on the off chance of finding trouble.

When they reported in to the sheriff's office, they were taken to a Morehead City cafe to eat. From there, we tried to find a place to sleep 15 men. At 3 o'clock Sunday morning, all the units decided to drive on back to Hickory and Graham.

Approximately midnight Saturday, some National Guardsmen drove by the sheriff's office, inquiring about the eastern section of the county.

I want the people of Beaufort and "Down East" to know that Sheriff Hugh Salter and Deputy Bruce Edwards, and the men of the Beaufort Fire Department, and the Beaufort Police Department did not forget the area east of Morehead City. Nor did these men use the hurricane as a basis for a political rally. Where was everybody else?

We could have had a much worse storm, and we have humans in this area too. After we're cut off from Morehead City and Cherry Point, who will be able to help them? A little preparedness will work wonders in a case of this sort. We owe a thanks to the Rescue Squads that responded on their own—and left wondering the same as we here were. Where was everybody?

Thomas V. Woolard

Security for You...

By RAY HENRY

From Mrs. C. N. of Clifton, N. J.: "My husband and I are trying to plan for retirement. We are saving about \$12 a week for this purpose. We know there's a limit on what you can earn while drawing Social Security. Can you tell us what the limit is, and will our savings be counted against it?"

There's no limit on your earnings if you're over 72. If you're under 72, you must not earn over \$1,200 a year to get all 12 monthly Social Security checks. Savings are not counted against this limit.

From Mrs. C. H. S. of Emmaus, Pa.: "My husband gets \$90 a month Social Security. We got married two years ago when he was 73 and I was 69. How long do I have to wait till I can apply and how much will I get?"

A woman must be married to her husband three years to draw Social Security retirement payments from his work. You can apply up to 30 days before your third anniversary. Since you'll be over 65 when you apply, you'll be entitled to one-half the amount your husband gets.

From L. G. G. of Gurnee, Ill.: "My Railroad Retirement pension started last September. I haven't worked since then, but recently I was offered a little job. I've been thinking of taking it just to keep me busy. If I take the job, what effect would it have on my Railroad Retirement pension?"

Comment . . . J. Kellum

Patriotic Writing
Not so fashionable these days is the type of stirring verbiage which flowed so freely in the younger days of our country. Let us review, for a few Fridays, some of the poetry we so richly enjoyed reciting as children and which is so full of love for and pride in our United States. Here is a piece by Henry Van Dyke:

America for Me
'Tis fine to see the Old World, and travel up and down Among the famous palaces and cities of renown, To admire the crumbly castles and the statues of the kings,— But now I think I've had enough of antequated things.

So it's home again, and home again, America for me! My heart is turning home again, and there I long to be, In the land of youth and freedom beyond the ocean bars, Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full of stars.

Oh, London is a man's town, there's power in the air; And Paris is a woman's town, with flowers in the hair; And it's sweet to dream in Venice, and it's great to study Rome; But when it comes to living there is no place like home.

I like the German fir-woods, in green battalions drilled; I like the gardens of Versailles with flashing fountains filled; But, oh, to take your hand, my dear, and ramble for a day In the friendly western woodland where Nature has her way!

I know that Europe's wonderful, yet something seems to lack: The Past is too much with her, and the people looking back. But the glory of the Present is to make the Future free,— We love our land for what she is and what she is to be.

Oh, it's home again, and home again, America for me! I want a ship that's westward bound to plough the rolling sea, To the blessed Land of Room Enough beyond the ocean bars, Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full of stars.

You'll lose one check for each month in which you work for a railroad, or for the person or firm by whom you were employed when you retired. You can work for anybody else or in self-employment with no loss of benefits.

From R. J. C. of Crossville, Tenn.: "I retired from US Civil Service about 10 years ago on disability. I wasn't allowed to make any provision for survivors benefits because I didn't have enough service. Has there been any change in the law since then which would give my widow a small pension if I should die? We've been married 16 years."

Yes, if you retired before April 1, 1948, your widow will get a monthly annuity for life. If you retired on or after April 1, 1948, your widow will get a monthly annuity only if she is both caring for a child under 18 and is under 50.

From E. V. of Pomona, Calif.: "When a working man reaches 65, must he retire before his wife can draw Social Security from his work?"

Yes, a wife cannot draw payments from her husband's Social Security account until her husband has first retired and applied for Social Security.

(Editor's Note: You may contact the social security representative at the courthouse annex, Beaufort, from 9:30 a.m. to noon Tuesdays. He will help you with your own particular problem.)

Louise Spivey

Words of Inspiration

A New Church Year is beginning in many of our churches. There is an opportunity for every member to serve in the church of his (her) choice.

Statistics show that there are more people attending church now than ever before in history, yet it is difficult for the nominating committee to find willing hearts and hands to serve our God.

Perhaps some of you are a bit like I was for many years. I wanted to serve, but I didn't feel that I was "good enough" to fill these important offices, so, I too let many opportunities pass.

Finally one day I asked for a class in the Junior Department and was assigned one. Nothing has given me more satisfaction. Even if I am not the best teacher in the church, I know that I am doing my best, and believe me, this thought is comforting.

I feel truly sorry for a person who says, "I don't make enough to tithe, but we always give a dollar when we can."

I have tithed for many years and I can assure anyone, that more can be purchased with the nine-tenths, than with the whole. I challenge you to prove me wrong.

In each church there are always those "faithful few" who serve. Each year takes its toll among these servants of God. Some are called Home, breakdowns from overwork or disease claim others.

There is a job for you in your church. You need that job. Ask for it before next Sunday. You will always be glad that you did.

A DOLLAR I GAVE TO GOD

"Three thousand for my brand new car,
Five thousand for a piece of sod
Ten thousand I paid to begin my house
A dollar I gave to God.
A tidy sum to entertain
My friends in pointless chatter
And when the world goes crazy mad,
I ask, 'Lord what's the matter?'
Yet, there is one big question,
For the answer I must search;
With things so bad in this old world,
What's holding back my church?"

A PRAYER

I'll go where You want me to go, dear Lord, real service is what I desire.
I'll say what You want me to say dear Lord, but don't ask me to sing in the choir.
I'll say what You want me to say dear Lord, I like to see things come to pass,
But don't ask me to teach girls and boys, dear Lord . . . I'd rather just stay in my class.
I'll do what You want me to do, dear Lord, I yearn for the kingdom to thrive,
I'll give You my nickels and dimes, dear Lord . . . but please don't ask me to tithe.
I'll go where You want me to go dear Lord, I'll say what You want me to say,
I'm busy now with myself dear Lord . . . I'll help You some other day.

Semper Fidelis

(The following, by Judd Arnett, is reprinted from The Savannah News, Savannah, Ga., July 17, 1958).

And now the United States Marines have landed on still another distant shore. Lebanon, they call it, and the word has a strange and brooding sound, as though it might be the harbinger of harsh and bitter things to come.

Many of the old ones are gone now, those of the mud, and jungles, and festers, and coarse hardships and incredible braveries of World War II, but despite the mewing of the phony liberals and the breast-beatings of the politicians bent on the "democratization" of the armed forces, the feeling clings that the lads we have dispatched to the Middle East are representative of the best of the Corps—which means that they are the best anywhere, anytime.

Already, perhaps, you can tell that I love the Marines.

I remember Saipan and Tinian in the early months of that long, hot desperate summer of 1944, when the war with Japan was in the balance and life was cheap in the South Pacific.

We had carried a regiment of Marines to those sultry, lovely islands, and after the battles were finished and the dirty, filthy, soul-searing mopping up, a form of organized murder, really, was over, we got the remnants of them back.

Lean and haggard, weary to the bone and sick with slaughter, they came aboard in the early evening, and as the ship stood out from the harbor you could look from the fantail into the darkening sky and see tracers cutting through the advance of night, flickering like lightning bugs back home in Indiana.

There were still some Japs there, some live ones, and there were Marines there, hundreds and hundreds of dead ones. And there were tears: the tears of sailors who had stood by the radios in helpless agony during those cruel days when the calls had come in for more tanks, more fire power, more of everything, and the tears of Marines, who had won a great victory with raw courage and selfless sacrifice. God knows how.

The moment clings—even now it has been bused for "cruelty" to recruits, and there has been a general attempt to "humanize" the Corps, to make a cushy billet out of what has always been a rib-busting, root hog or die outfit. But once again the nation has come to a crucial moment when what counts is the foot-slogger, the guy with an M-1, his hip pocket full of hardtack and well-controlled homicide in his heart. The do-gooders didn't change the Marines too much. That's why they are in Lebanon this morning.

F. C. Salisbury

Here and There

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

FRIDAY, OCT. 3, 1919

Miss Lola Pincer left Saturday for Littleton where she has accepted a position as teacher.

The Misses Varina Bell and Florence Jones spent the weekend in New Bern visiting friends.

Clyde Goodwin, having accepted a position with the Fashion Shop, New Bern, left Monday to assume his new duties.

returned Saturday from Atlantic where his father, Capt. Charles H. Bennett bought two small ponies at the penning held there last Saturday.

N. A. Porter, a well known resident of Newport, died at the hospital in New Bern Wednesday morning. Burial took place in Newport.

More than 50,000 pounds of blue fish were caught Thursday by Capt. Tom Lewis's crew. The price received for this splendid catch was 8 cents a pound. The catch was made off Diamond Shoals.

Ten thousand pounds of mullets were brought to the local market Wednesday by the crew of the Leader and sold to the Morris Fish Company, the price obtained being 5 1/2 cents.

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