

SOS - S

This is an SOS — it might even be called an SOS-S: Save our Symphony Society.

Unless a few people come forward to assume responsibility for the Carteret division of the North Carolina Symphony Society, the orchestra's visits here will stop.

Community Concerts are no more. The symphony is the last of the better, personal-appearance type musical programs in this area. Will it, too, be a thing of the past?

It certainly will, unless persons are found to plan for the symphony's appearance here and also make an effort to obtain society memberships. The memberships cover the cost of bringing the 25-piece orchestra to Carteret for a children's concert and an adult concert.

Mr. C. R. Davant of Morehead City, who has ably headed the symphony society for the past six years can no longer continue. Mrs. W. J. Ipock, Beaufort, ably handled the work for several years. Others who are capable have served their stint.

They are the ones who are active in community and church affairs. One person can undertake just a certain number of extra-curricular activities. Those who were once active in the symphony and are now active in other

organizations cannot be blamed for parceling out their time.

It has been suggested that an organization assume responsibility for the symphony. There are several organizations which emphasize culture and the arts — the Junior and Senior Woman's Clubs and the American Association of University Women. Any one of these could assume the symphony society work and find it in keeping with their club's general objectives.

Those of us who have heard many symphony concerts are prone to dismiss the North Carolina Little Symphony as "just something else we have to go to." The children who attend the afternoon concert don't usually view it that way. It's the first time many of them have ever seen an orchestra "in the flesh" and they are thrilled.

For many of them who will not go to college, it will be their only contact with a "live" symphony orchestra. If the symphony is not of educational value, then the adults who should assume responsibility for musical education have lost their perspective.

Mr. Davant suggests that the clubs mentioned above, PTA's, or retired persons think seriously about this SOS. If you would like to Save Our Symphony, please contact him, phone 6-3388.

'Goodbye, Dollars, Goodbye ...'

We restrain ourselves frequently from saying, "We told you so," but in this instance, a prediction made here Oct. 3 has come to pass so accurately that it's almost funny.

In an editorial entitled Happy War Anniversary? it was stated that the North Carolina legislature would probably be asked to appropriate money to observe the Civil War Centennial; second, that the war is still very close to us and there may be lots of ill feeling roused by "celebration", and third, southern states could find better ways, probably, to spend money than to use it for financing a war anniversary.

The Civil War Centennial Committee of the North Carolina Literary and Historical Association met in Raleigh Friday morning.

Burke Davis, Greensboro Daily News columnist, commented on the meeting thusly:

"The late unpleasantness is still a hot and lively topic, it appeared the other day in Raleigh. A covey of several dozen distinguished Tar Heels huddled to launch the state committee to celebrate the er, ah, Civil War and some spirited firing broke out ..."

He went on to tell about how the

Sing a Song of Sixpence

(Christian Science Monitor)

Music hath charms to soothe the irate customer — and to keep all other kinds in just that state of pleasant relaxation that reaches to the purse strings. Or so some merchants of music hope to convince merchants of the more mundane.

Obviously a new profession awaits the college boy who has spent more time with his phonograph than with his calculus. He may now find employment for his talents in market research aimed at finding out what songs sell the most of what merchandise to what people at what prices.

This would require some sensitivity (not necessarily highly developed) as to what tunes tend toward bankruptcy, such as, say, "I Can't Give You Anything but Love," when played in the diamond department at Cartier's. Will Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony sell

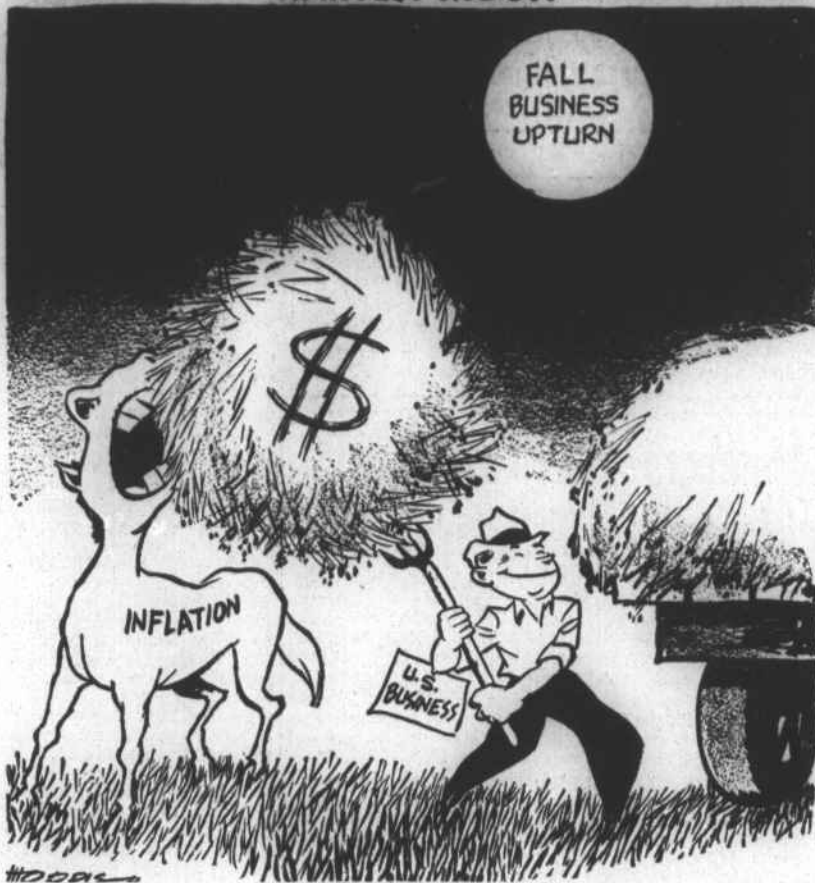
more folding lawn chairs than "Burning for You" or "I'm All Browned Off"? Will Tchaikovsky's Pathetique produce more handkerchief sales than "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes"? Will the "Nutcracker Suite" sell nuts or crackers?

Now, like every new profession, this one may have a hard time catching on, even among the metered-music magnates. They may say, at least at first, that a too specific musical approach to the customer could start his feet mamboning toward the door when his hand should be gliding into his pocket. Yet musical merchandising should hardly go so far as to "Make the customer buy, without knowing why."

Still, some discretion will have to be used to avoid having the loud-speaker chirp, "Where did you get that hat?" just when madame was beginning to think it did something for her.

HARVEST MOON

FALL BUSINESS UPTURN



Ruth Peeling

Feathers — Evidence of Murder

Many feathers lying around indicate that the cats are hungry.

The yellow cat in my neighborhood thinks birds are quite tasty. I'm afraid I'm going to wring his neck one of these days. The independent dogs around there don't even chase cats.

Said yellow cat must have a home somewhere. It looks well fed. Why it has to have birds, too, can be answered, I guess, with "It's the nature of the beast."

The other night it rained. I went outdoors in the dark and made sure the door of the utility closet was shut tight. The next day at noon I went in there, and what should be curled up cozily on a pile of stuff but Yellow Cat.

She had undoubtedly gotten in there to get out of the rain and got caught when "somebody" closed the door. She wasn't ready to leave her warm nest either. I had to throw her out.

Speaking of cats — if you're wondering where Reginald Lewis' cat pictures are, he's got a good reason. His favorite model, Rusty, has disappeared. Reginald claims the cat got such a swelled head from seeing its picture in the paper that it has deserted the fish house and taken off for Hollywood.

"Yes, the last time I saw him," Reginald declares, "he was hanging around in front of the Morehead Theatre."

Captain Henry

Sou'easter

It was thought at first that the tobacco farmers came through Helene all right. But some tobacco barns were damaged. I heard that Ralph Creech's were hard hit, and at most of the other barns "awnings" around the sides were blown off.

I heard of one man who likes this county so well, not even a "mullet blow" like Helene can scare him away. Edgar Bundy, Greenville, S. C., who retired in 1954, has moved to 1705 Shepard St., Morehead City.

The entire auditorium of the recreation building, Morehead City, has been taken over as an office by insurance adjusters. I have heard that the damage to dwellings was more general in Helene than in Hazel.

IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS

THIRTY YEARS AGO

Farm agents from Eastern Carolina were holding a convention in Beaufort.

Recorder's court held two sessions this week to dispose of all the cases.

Mr. A. Walner of Carthage had joined the Beaufort News staff to assist W. G. Mebane, president and editor, who was about to begin his campaign as Republican nominee for the House of Representatives.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

Charles Hassell had taken over the rural mail route formerly carried by W. A. Pierce, who had just retired after 30 years on rural mail delivery.

Morehead City voters were unanimously in favor of a tax levy for a port terminal.

C. D. Jones was advertising hams, whole or half, at 16 cents

A few of the businessmen on Arendell Street are beginning to complain about the unsightliness of the trash cans. "None would be better than those," one declared.

A comparatively new North Carolina citizen was largely responsible for the appointment of Morehead City's former port director, Jack Holt, to the board of directors of the American Association of Port Authorities.

If the outlying areas of some towns were as anxious to unite with the town as Alaska was with the United States, towns would grow a lot faster.

Some folks were not very happy about the Morehead City school band, going to Durham over the weekend when the football team was playing, at Wallace, what was considered the toughest game of the year.

The football players, of course, probably don't worry too much whether they have a musical accompaniment, but the fans feel that the band livens things up and generates school spirit.

Drew Pearson, syndicated columnist, drew the fire of the Greensboro Daily News the other week. Pearson, speaking about Congressional defeat of a school construction bill, said:

"On the final vote, all the Republicans lined up with two Southern Democrats — Barden of North Carolina and Landrum of Georgia — to decree that nothing be done about crowded classrooms for American children."

Pearson's next paragraph read: "Here is what happened when conferees from both Senate and House met behind closed doors to reconcile their differences over space-age education. The senators — Hill of Alabama, Smith of New Jersey, Allott of Colorado and Yarborough of Texas — fought hard to keep free scholarships in the bill."

The Greensboro editorial commented, "The words 'Southern Democrat' are meant to conjure up the picture of a backward Claghorn who joins with Ice Age Republicans to oppose all social progress."

"So when Southern representatives vote against a school construction bill, they're 'Southern Democrats'. But when Southern senators fight hard to keep free scholarships in the same bill they're just 'senators' — Hill of Alabama ... and Yarborough of Texas."

Those who were aware that last week was Fire Prevention Week may be interested in a new electric fire escape developed in Detroit. Union Electric News describes it



as a parachute-like contraption, which at the touch of a switch inflates a 19-foot balloon with helium, enabling the wearer to float gently to the ground.

Recommended also for steeplejacks and window washers, it can go up as well as down.

P-r-e-t-t-y clever!

The Readers Write

RFD 3, Box 275-C
Wilmington, N. C.
4 October 1958

To the Editor:
I read with great interest an article on page six of the September 26 issue of the NEWS TIMES—an article which could easily have rated a front page location.

This article told of the recent election of Mr. Jack Holt, former director of the Morehead City Port, as a director of the American Association of Port Authorities. This is, undoubtedly, quite an honor, and the Georgia State Ports Authority, of which Mr. Holt is now director, can be justly proud of its new boss.

This honor given Mr. Holt is in itself a vote of confidence, and is proof positive that his release from the management of the Morehead Port was strictly political, which, of course, was plainly evident at the time of his firing. I am most happy to see this continuance of trust and reliance in Mr. Holt.

In going to Savannah as Georgia State Ports director, Mr. Holt, I believe, has substantially bettered his position. However, Georgia's gain is definitely North Carolina's loss, thanks to the short-sightedness of the Board of Directors of the North Carolina Ports Authority. I say, "Congratulations, Mr. Holt!"

Sincerely yours,
O. H. Johnson Jr.

Louise Spivey

Words of Inspiration

A UNICEF HALLOWEEN

Halloween is just around the corner, and I am hoping that this year we can really make it worthwhile.

Eight years ago, in October 1950 one small Sunday School class "trick or treated" for UNICEF. It was their idea and they loved helping other children. Other youngsters liked the idea too, so each year the idea spread until it reached every corner of our United States.

Americans and friends abroad learned of it, and now from tropical to northern climes, the original chant resounds across our nation and around the world. "Pennies for UNICEF will help the children of the world get well."

Every community can take part, churches, Sunday School classes, circles, clubs, Scouts, Brownies, 4-H, FHA, etc.

Combining traditional fun with a constructive purpose gives us extra benefits right here at home. A "problem day" can and is becoming a special day of international goodwill. Parents and community leaders share in both the fun and accomplishments.

Last October, more than two million youngsters had the fun of sharing their Halloween with the sick and hungry children of the world. Their combined gifts of pennies, nickels and dimes was converted by UNICEF into protective vaccines, penicillin, antibiotics, milk, vitamins and many other things to make and keep children strong. The sharing of a typical American holiday means the promise of a happier future for millions of boys and girls suffering from malnutrition and disease.

Halloween was more fun than ever, for all tradition was retained. Costumes were donned, spooks and spacemen rang door bells asking for coins for others less fortunate. Halloween parties were all the more fun with that inner glow of doing something for others.

Each year more young Americans join those already celebrating Halloween the UNICEF way. I hope that the children of Carteret County will join them this year, giving the children of the world a chance to live.

Through UNICEF, the United Nations Children's Fund, Halloween gifts of coins help the children of more than 100 countries.

Can you realize that two-thirds, or 600 million, of the world's children are suffering from disease or malnutrition? UNICEF faces a gigantic task. Last year its program in mass disease control, long range nutrition, mother-child welfare, and emergency help reached 45 million children and their mothers.

Each year Halloween coins are helping to make a holiday into something really worthwhile. With these coins goes the understanding that someone cared enough to "treat."

It was my privilege while visiting the United Nations to hear the ruler of India speak in the General Assembly. He said that it was the first time in history that his people had enough to eat. This didn't mean the food that we have, he meant enough rice.

The United Nations had sent to their country what we called "agricultural missionaries," who had taught them how to drain, irrigate and plant their crops. The UN had sent medical missionaries, to administer vaccines, and deaths and disease had decreased by the thousands.

"Yaws" is a most dreaded disease found in this country. It is sort of a combination of venereal disease and polio. Just five cents means enough penicillin to cure a child of this dreadful tropical disease.

This year plan a UNICEF Halloween for your parties, dances, ball games, club, lodge and church meetings. Let us change Halloween from a night of costly pranks to one of international goodwill.

Free Wheeling

By BILL CROWELL

TEENERS ... Dr. C. S. Rommel of Penn State University has been conducting some scientific probing into teen age rebelliousness at the wheel. He's discovered, among other things, that youthful drivers with a record of accident-proneness look upon driving as an activity which relieves their mental tension.

Did you get that? Relieves their mental tension. So next time you're near clobbered by a wheel-spinning young idiot at a drive-in, remember he's only taking the pressure off his brain. And here's another revelation Dr. Rommel turned up. He says, further, young folks substitute spectacular driving as compensation for their youthfulness; they want to assume the role of an adult, accelerate the "growing up" process.

These and other attitudes are directly related to the youngsters' accident experience, the studies showed.

Although not without a few exceptions, Dr. Rommel's findings tended to show that teen agers thought of driving as a form of behavior by which they could readily demonstrate their "ability" at the wheel. They often ignored speed as an element of danger. Many placed greater emphasis on the power of a vehicle rather than its style or utility.

Well, in my youth, defiance, (whatever the brand) was considerably watered down by Dad, side-armed with an oil-tanned razor stop. But of course this woodhouse discipline was effective only until the psychiatrists announced that obstreperous conduct was merely an outlet for mental tension.

However outrageous (drag racing, scratching off, etc.) the act nowadays, modern teen agers can fall back on what the psychiatrists have been persistently "normal". Dr. Rommel's study further revealed these subliminal tendencies in his accident-prone guinea pigs, any one of which would have been rewarded by a sound walloping in my day:

A frequent desire to leave home, an urge to do something harmful or shocking, association with friends objectionable to parents, a desire to frighten others just for the fun of it, suspicion of people in general, difficulty with police.

'Oh well, everywhere you look these days—problems!

Adoration

By GRACE NIELSON BABBITT

Thy power I see in every star,
And every dawning day,
Thy glory I see in the rising sun
That lights my wandering way.

Thy grace I find in every tree
And the soft breeze blowing by.
The violets nod and bow their heads,
As I praise thy name, Oh God most high!

Thy beauty I find in every rose,
And the fresh wild daffodil.
Thy love and joy in a baby's face,
And wonder and worship, my soul doth fill!

FREE BOOK ... Speaking of

teen agers, here's better news. The Department of Motor Vehicles has on hand a good supply of a wonderful new driving pamphlet called "Are You Fit to Drive." I've read it through; it seems authoritative and well enough prepared to offer our readers a free copy.

You teen agers read it first then pass it on to Mom and Dad. Get your free copy by writing Public Relations, State Department of Motor Vehicles, Raleigh.

Comment ... J. Kellum

God Save the Flag
Poet and physician Oliver Wendell Holmes (1809-1894), father of Justice O. W. Holmes, wrote this romantic verse of the above title: Washed in the blood of the brave and the blooming,

Snatched from the altars of insolent foes,
Burning with star-fires, but never consuming,
Flash its broad ribbons of lily and rose.

Vainly the prophets of Baal would rend it,
Vainly his worshipers pray for its fall;
Thousands have died for it, millions defend it,
Emblem of justice and mercy to all!

Justice that reddens the sky with her terrors,
Mercy that comes with her white-handed train,
Soothing all passions, redeeming all errors,
Sheathing the sabre and breaking the chain.

Borne on the deluge of old usurpations,
Drifted our Ark o'er the desolate seas,
Bearing the rainbow of hope to the nations,
Torn from the storm-cloud and flung to the breeze!

God bless the flag and its loyal defenders,
While its broad folds o'er the battle-field wave,
Till the dim star-wreath rekindle its splendors,
Washed from its stains in the blood of the brave!

Better remembered is Henry Holcomb Bennett's "The Flag Goes By" in part:
Days of plenty and years of peace;
March of a strong land's swift increase;

Equal justice, right and law,
Stately honor and reverend awe;

Sign of a nation, great and strong
To ward her people from foreign wrong;

Pride and glory and honor,—all
Live in the colors to stand or fall.

Hats off!
Along the streets there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums;

And loud hearts are beating high:
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!

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.
504 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, \$8.00 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.
10 East 40th Street, New York 14, 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