

If You're Going to Vote...

If you're going to vote on Tuesday, Nov. 4, you must be registered.

When people are caught short on election day and find they can't vote, these have usually been the reasons:

1. They had moved from one precinct to another, perhaps from Merrimon to Beaufort since the last election, and never thought of changing their registration.

2. They were registered to vote in a town election, and were under the impression that they were therefore registered to vote in a general election.

3. And then, strange as it may seem, some people don't realize they have to be registered before they can vote.

Laws on registration are quite strict; there may be laxity in carrying them out, but the laws were made to assure, as accurately as possible, a just polling of the people.

A man who could vote anywhere, regardless of his residence, could cast a ballot several times were it not for the "residence qualification" in the law.

To vote on Nov. 4, the registrar must determine that you are a citizen of the United States, that you will be 21 by the day of election, able to read and write, and of normal sanity. If you have served time in state prison, you may not register unless your citizenship has been restored.

Before a person can register, he must have lived in this state for one year prior to the date of the coming election and in the precinct in which he seeks to register for 30 days prior to Nov. 4.

If a person has registered for a primary, he need not register again for the general election.

Should a registrar refuse to register someone who wants to vote, the person refused has a right to carry his case to court.

After Oct. 25, the registration books will be closed and no more names may be added. On Saturday, Nov. 1, anyone who doubts that a registered person is qualified to vote can express his doubts (challenge) to the registrar. If a registrant is challenged, the registrar sets a time for a hearing. At the hearing the registrar and judges of election decide if the challenge has merit.

Persons who cannot go to the polls on Nov. 4 may cast an absentee ballot. These absentee ballots must be obtained at the office of the county board of elections no later than noon Saturday, Nov. 1, when the courthouse closes.

In the coming general election, voters will cast ballots for county and state officers and vote on state constitutional amendments.

What of The Man in the Moon?

What will happen to all the legends about the moon if, indeed, man rips from that silvery-white satellite the veil of mystery that now surrounds it?

With every moon rocket sent aloft, the moon's secrets come nearer the earthling's grasp.

And what then will become of "the man in the moon"? Or the beautiful lady some discern there with her wavy hair piled high on her head?

And if the moon is made of green cheese, what will happen to the cheese market? Surely, prices of cheese will go a-tumbling.

Of course, if one could have interviewed the cow who jumped over the moon, some of the questions we're now asking about that legendary orb would have been answered.

The moon has been the subject of fiction, poem and song...

"When the moon plays peek-a-boo, and the stars shine out on you..."

And then there's one song that ends up with the strange phrase, "If every star were a little pickanniny and there was a little chicken in the moon!"

The song, Shine on Harvest Moon, goes with autumn like pumpkins go with Halloween. And North and South

Carolinians have a special claim to the friendly satellite with the tune, "Carolina moon keep shining..."

In Roman religion, Luna, the moon goddess, was usually depicted as driving two horses. She is recognized as the patron goddess of races between teams of two. We wonder in this moon race between Russians and Americans on which team she is bestowing particular favor?

The moon has telling effect on the earth — some of which we know and some of which is shrouded in superstition. As every seaman knows, the tides are governed by the moon; the hunter has his legends of the moon and its influence on animals of the deep woods; and then there are the claims that when the moon is full, certain persons are so affected that they become a bit abnormal in their actions, even border on "lunacy".

Today a young man smiles indulgently when his sweetheart croons, "I'm in love with the man in the moon" but in a few years a girl may not be kidding when she says that — for indeed the man in her life may be one of the crew members at American Moon Station No. 1.

Obnoxious and Hardheaded

(Erskine Caldwell, Atlantic Monthly)

I think one of my greatest troubles is not being able to help people. People are always wanting to know how to write and I don't know what to tell them. People say, "Here is a story I wrote, all you have to do is read it and tell me what's wrong so I can fix it up."

Well, I don't know what's wrong with it. And I don't think a writer can rely on somebody else to help him to any extent.

When you're starting — in college, for example — you can get direction toward how to do it yourself. But a writer can't really help someone who comes along with a story and says, "Please help me."

I think you must remember that basis. He's not a great mind, he's not a great philosopher, he's a story-teller. I mean, that's the field I belong in; there are, of course, writers who have great minds, but I don't pretend to. I can't

take the responsibility of saying that I know anything that anybody else doesn't know, because I don't.

I have my own way of writing, which I don't recommend to other people. I do it my own way. I don't like other people to tell me to do it their way. I'm just completely obnoxious and hardheaded. And I can't help it. That's why I can't tell anybody how to write. I don't know how to do it; it was just a combination of trial and error and revision that finally came out as it did. It's not an exact science, as you know; you can't pin it down.

All I can say is I like plenty of yellow second sheets — and typewriter ribbons and plenty of typewriters, too. I wear them out one or two every year; I dislike old typewriters, and I dislike ones that break down, and I dislike ribbons that get dim, and I dislike white paper. So you see I have my prejudices.

A ROSE AMONG THE THISTLES



Ruth Peeling

It Was Just a Year Ago Today...

A year ago today, Mel West of Morehead City, in a 15-foot 3-inch outboard motorboat was picked up by a freighter, the Aldebaran.

West was on his way to Bermuda and met up with the freighter on the high seas. He had left Morehead City Thursday, Oct. 17, 1957 in an attempt to prove that it was just "an outboard motorboat jaunt" from Morehead City to Bermuda.

When he didn't arrive in Bermuda Oct. 20, as the Coast Guard thought he might, an all-out search was launched. It ceased, of course, when the freighter found West. He asked only for water and matches and started out again for Bermuda after getting a new fix on course.

Short of his goal, he ran out of fuel and the Coast Guard picked him up and took him the rest of the way.

In January of this year, West started out again for Bermuda in a 17-foot outboard boat. No trace of him or the boat has ever been found.

The big question remains: What happened to Mel West?

Feelings of folks in Adams Creek are hurt. They claim they were hit harder by Helene than almost anybody else and nobody has even mentioned them.

Well, it's true, I guess. That back section of the county which got

the north wind and the high tide all at the same time, did not fare so well. The Adams Creek-Harlowe area, apparently, took it on the chin.

There some farmland was flooded with saltwater, a catastrophe that, fortunately, was not as widespread in Helene as it was in Hazel.

Incidentally, it was four years ago last Wednesday that Hazel roared through here. At this time in 1954 we were still crawling out from under the debris and wondering if there were any more at home like Hazel.

Pumpkins are on the market. And those who know tell us that pumpkin pie was ANOTHER item the Pilgrims did NOT have for Thanksgiving dinner. The pumpkin pie didn't come into vogue in America until almost 50 years after the first Thanksgiving dinner of venison, wild fowl, eels, mussels, clams, leeks, water cress and wild plums.

The Aramco World claims that the most famous pumpkin of all was the one that became Cinderella's coach. That pumpkin was probably the giant type gourd first grown in Asia and Europe. A right "nice sized" squash (or pumpkin) of this type can weigh from 75 to 200 pounds!

They have finally done what I have said should be done, for lo, these many years. In snowy areas, hot wires should be run under highways so that as the snow falls, it melts.

In Germany a section of four-lane highway between Cologne and



Frankfurt has been fitted with electrical heating to keep it free from snow and ice.

Expensive? The manufacturers say cost of installing thermostatically-controlled heating under a road surface is only a fraction of the cost of winter accidents.

Good Sponge

The late Thomas A. Edison was talking one day with the governor of North Carolina, and the governor complimented him on being a great inventor.

"I am not a great inventor," said Mr. Edison.

"But you have over a thousand patents to your credit, haven't you?"

"Yes, but about the only invention I can really claim as absolutely original is the phonograph," was the inventor's reply.

"Just what do you mean?" asked the governor.

"Well," explained Mr. Edison, "I guess I'm an awfully good sponge. I absorb ideas from every source I can, and put them to practical use. Then I improve them until they become of some value. The ideas I use are mostly the ideas of people who don't develop them themselves."

Captain Henry

You should have been down in front of Economy Appliance and the Beauty Bar Wednesday morning. Zada Noe and Jean Dixon put on a hula hoop show.

Don't know how it all started, but it was so good some folks paid to see it. Harry Van Horn, of course, would part with nothing but Centennial silver dollars. He probably still has some Confederate money too that he'll pass on to a poor unsuspecting soul some day.

If anyone is missed, Miss Sally Stencil is.

For years she delivered our Beaufort News, and then THE NEWS-TIMES. She has been sick quite a while, they tell me, and it just isn't the same without Miss Stencil coming around every Tuesday and Friday—and sometimes earlier if the papers got out early.

I've been doing a little inquiring about, and have learned that she had the biggest route in town—and usually covered it more promptly than lots of the younger carriers.

Like the US mail, the paper always went through—rain, sleet, heat or freeze. Miss Stencil was never one to decide "until a more favorable time" to get the papers out. She knew the folks were waiting and she wasn't going to let

Louise Spivey

Words of Inspiration

HANDWRITING

That's a touchy subject with most of us, for as a rule there aren't many who write as well as they can. Not long ago I heard someone make the statement that "anything that was worth writing, was worth being written so it could be read." There is certainly a good point here.

I believe there is plenty of room in our educational programs for the three R's. Our children of today hardly know what they are. Spelling, I believe, is dropped in about the seventh or eighth grades, and writing long before that. In so many jobs, writing and spelling are absolute necessities.

Should an ad appear in THE NEWS-TIMES offering a job to a willing boy and says "apply in own handwriting," a lot could depend upon his letter.

You may be sure that a boy replying in a neat, smooth, easily-read hand will have a much better opportunity of landing the job than one who has never taken any pains with his penmanship, his English, or spelling.

All through life, little things like penmanship are used in judging people; and a young man who masters them will be rewarded with opportunities all out of proportion to the effort required.

A boy with a brilliant mind will seldom have a chance to show his intelligence if his hair is shaggy, his shoes scuffed, his posture poor, his handwriting messy, his speech careless.

He will be passed by in favor of a boy of quite average intelligence if that boy speaks clearly, writes well and looks neat. It does not matter whether this is fair or not; it is so, and youngsters who ignore it, or think it unimportant will be handicapped in competition for good jobs.

Better to have a small wardrobe with every single thing in it well-fitted, wearable and in top notch condition than a large wardrobe with everything falling apart.

QUOTES

No one can remain unhappy when he is trying to think how he can make someone else happy.

Success depends upon the backbone, not the wishbone.

To preserve a friend, three things are very necessary; to honor him present, praise him absent, and assist him in his necessities.

Sympathy, when expressed in words, soothes the troubled heart; but sympathy, when expressed in action, takes the trouble away from that heart.

O, Lord, help us to be masters of ourselves that we may be the servants of others.

The fire you kindle for your enemy often burns yourself more than him. — Chinese Proverb

Nothing in the world can take the place of persistence. Talent will not... Few things are more common than unsuccessful men with talent.

Genius will not... Unrewarded genius is almost a proverb. Education will not... The world is full of educated derelicts. Persistence and Determination are the all-important ingredients of every successful.

Persistence is indeed a great virtue.

If you insist on perfection, make the first demand on yourself.

For an attack of blues, take a dose of hope mixed with grit.

Comment... J. Kellum

Reminiscence

We are sometimes led to believe that it is more important for us to read Napoleon than to listen to Grandpa. Yet we are much more likely to turn out like Grandpa than like Napoleon and Grandpa's successes and failures have a great deal more significance for us than the ups and downs of foreign dictators and politicians.

So here's a boost for biographies of people we know or know of, the stories of people whose lives have meaning for us: the people who voted for the laws we now live by, who settled the places where we live, who caught the fish that built the houses, whose lives are the foundation of our lives.

One enjoyable collection of stories told by an old man who loved North Carolina and spent his last years in Morehead is "The Autobiography of Waldron Baily" (Exposition Press, N. Y., 1958). Mr. Baily wrote "Heart of the Blue Ridge" and other books, was a businessman in this state and shared ownership in the land near Cherry Point which has become part of the government ground there.

This description is taken from a chapter about his efforts in the mountains to gain a Senatorial seat:

"Sant Gallion's possessions consisted of a farm of two hundred acres situated in a fertile valley that extended back as a narrow strip into the mountains, divided in the center by a watercourse which as it rushed down from the mountain park or peak at its course gave to the scene a singular charm.

"The long, low farmhouse was built of great logs, hung flat on two sides, taken from the forest years ago by one of Gallion's forebears. The roofs were covered with shingles of oak, or boards as they are called locally, which had been rived by hand after the great tree from which they had come had been cut to proper lengths. There were only two rooms. But there was also a small lean-to on the rear for cooking purposes, while across the entire length of the front had been built a porch, supported by an occasional pole."

As for dialect, he tells this story of an incident that happened down here—the servant is speaking of Irvin S. Cobb, who had just told a dialect story which the servant had overheard:

"Mr. George I see a white man's servant an' I is here to do my duty fo' white folks. Mr. George, yo' don't 'member me, a white man's man, ever eh workin' at the wrong place! Now, Mr. George, I been watchin' it close, an' if dat man which yo' all calls Mistah ain't Negro, I hain't got any myself."

What a wonderful compliment to Cobb's talent for dialect!

Baily compares this day to the old ones here and there, but not dully. If anything, he could have said a great deal more on the subject long before the reader had his fill.

Stamp News

By SYD KRONHE

"Thou Shalt Love Thy Neighbor As Thyself" is the motto to be used by Israel in honor of Human Rights Day on Dec. 10. On that date Israel will issue a 750 pruta stamp commemorating the occasion.

The central design is a slab of stone inscribed with the above phrase which is a quotation from the book of Leviticus, Chapter 19, Verse 18. The emblem of the United Nations will appear in the lower right corner of each stamp. Colors will be yellow, blue, gray and black.

The issuance of this stamp will be the first time that Israel has issued a stamp honoring the United Nations-sponsored Human Rights Day.

A total of 265,072 first day covers was cancelled Aug. 15 when the 4-cent Atlantic Cable Centennial commemorative stamp was placed on sale in New York City. There were 1,829,375 stamps sold on that day.

IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS

THIRTY YEARS AGO
Luffin Motor Co. was offering a new Ford roadster for \$157.67, a two-door Ford sedan for \$197 and a four-door sedan for \$240.33.

W. P. Smith in Beaufort was advertising the new circular pleated skirt from \$2.95 to \$5.95, and stylish caps for men from \$1 to \$1.95.

Sixteen Beaufort merchants had joined in a full page ad in the Beaufort News, urging wholehearted cooperation in the community.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO
The federal government was being asked for \$680,000 to promote the Cape Lookout area. Included was a proposed Lennoxville, Harkers Island, and Cape Lookout bridge.

Beaufort's football team defeated Snow Hill 43-0. Piggie Potter was Beaufort's coach and Cecil Longest was Snow Hill's coach.

Miss Alice Darden Potter of Beaufort and Mr. Harold Waldon Webb of Morehead City would be married Oct. 27.

TEN YEARS AGO
A Carteret County Symphony Society was organized this week. Ralph Wade of Morehead City was elected president.

Miss Hildred Carraway and Dick Parker, both of Beaufort, were married in Ann Street Methodist Church.

FIVE YEARS AGO
The Rev. E. Guthrie Brown, new rector of St. Andrew's Episcopal Church, Morehead City, arrived this week.

C. Gerhmann Holland had been appointed assistant state fisheries commissioner.

Col. G. W. Gillette resigned as executive director of the North Carolina Ports Authority.

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