

Good Reason to Rejoice

Sunday will be a joyous occasion for the members of St. James Methodist Church, Newport. On that day the congregation will worship for the first time in its new, modern sanctuary.

Every citizen should take pride in the completion of a new building dedicated to the perpetuation of Christian principles and the worship of God. For therein is evidence that men are aware that any good fortune they enjoy comes not from their hands alone, but from a Greater Being.

The building of a new church requires sacrifice, and sacrifice in turn generates pride in the achievement. Congregations are like some of the shellfish that swim in our waters. If they grow, they reach the point from time to time when the old shell must be shed and a new one taken on.

Thus, new churches are a healthy sign. Some folks leave an older church edifice reluctantly, but not so with the creatures of nature who shed their outer shells in growth. They're happy to have "new living space."

New churches are also an indication of prosperity. Just as a lively community dislikes run-down homes, a lively com-

munity dislikes a church building that does not appear worthy of the high purpose to which it is dedicated. Thus, worldly goods are willingly channeled into the spiritual realm.

The county has been blessed with several new sanctuaries in recent years. May the trend continue. May this trend carry with it a building of more-dedicated Christian men and women, as well as the building of the tangible church structure.

A beautiful church is built not by money alone. Without a warm heart—a congregation that works in love and fellowship—a new church can become a cold heap of mortar and brick. Carteret is fortunate that its churches are beautiful from the heart outward rather than in edifice only—as are some churches in metropolitan areas.

Our wishes for abundant blessing and good fortune go today to the members of St. James Church, who, in the words of St. James, have been not only hearers of the word, but doers. "But whoso looketh into the perfect law of liberty, and continueth therein, he being not a forgetful hearer, but a doer of the work, this man shall be blessed in his deed."

Russia Shows Its True Colors

Russia, again, has ripped off its smiling mask and bared the ugliness beneath in its condemnation of the Nobel prize winner, Boris Pasternak.

After Russia's brilliant strategy in putting a satellite into orbit, we were willing to admit that propaganda-wise, Russia was probably without equal among the nations. Today we have doubts.

Who could have foreseen how a man-made satellite would affect the world? Russia foresaw—and for a while everyone was "paying her homage."

Now comes a writer, Pasternak, who lives just 15 miles from Moscow. His novel, Doctor Zhivago, has words in it such as these: "I do not know of any movement which is more self-centered and further removed from the facts than Marxism. . . . The government hierarchy, in order to promote the myth of their own infallibility, do everything to turn their backs on truth. . . ."

In the Communist world, that is heresy. Doctor Zhivago was not published in Russia, nor will Russia allow it to be. It was first published in Italy and is now hailed throughout the free world as a courageous literary masterpiece.

Pasternak notified the Swedish Academy, which bestows Nobel prizes, that he would accept the \$41,420 prize for literature. Then the fire of invective from mouths of Communists licked around him, and he rejected the award. They demanded that he be banished from Russia.

This caused such a furor throughout the free world that Khrushchev, upon receiving a personal appeal from Pasternak, decided that the author could accept the award. But the information that he could go to Stockholm to receive the honor, had its barbs.

The top Communist committee, according to the Soviet news agency, said, "If Pasternak wants to leave altogether. . . the official authorities will not hinder him. . . . He will be given the chance of departing beyond the frontiers of the USSR and of experiencing personally all the 'delights of the capitalist paradise'."

Whether Pasternak goes remains to be seen. Russia, in spite of what is said in Doctor Zhivago, is very dear to him, and once he leaves it, he may not be permitted to return.

In this incident, Russia has again

showed the world the disaster inherent in tyranny. She has shown that her major concern is to take chains from the bodies of those who believe in Communism and put chains on all men's minds.

Russia need not chide America to cast out its mote, race prejudice, when the beam in Russia's eye, censorship and dictatorship, is equally reprehensible.

It is our hope that Pasternak can accept his award and continue to live and write in peace. Or will headlines some months from now announce that Pasternak has "mysteriously disappeared", another victim of Russia's villainy?

Men at Play

(Fortune)

In 1915 a lady named Sarah Norcliffe Cleghorn published a poem of protest that clutched at the heart of every right-thinking American. It ran: "The golf links lie so near the mill That almost every day

The laboring children can look out And watch the men at play."

Now comes a report from the National Golf Foundation, called "Golf in Industry." One learns from it that the golf links do indeed lie close to the mills. Some 87, in fact, were built by United States corporations for the use of their employees at nominal fees (rarely exceeding \$1.50 a month).

All together, the NGF reports, there are some 228,500 business organizations that include golf on their company-supported recreation programs, and industrial golfers outnumber private country club players by a good margin.

Often in the cool of the evening, no doubt, late working executives can look out the window and watch the men play.

Then darkness enveloped the whole American armada. Not a pinpoint of light showed from those hundreds of ships as they surged on through the night toward their destiny, carrying across the ageless and indifferent sea tens of thousands of young men, fighting for . . . for . . . well, at least for each other.

—Ernie Pyle

YOUR PRIVILEGE...THEIR HOPE



The Readers Write

Morehead City, N. C.
November 4, 1958

To the Editor:
I am somewhat disappointed in the apparent lack of concern by responsible citizens regarding the partial collapse of one of the bleacher sections during the Morehead City-Beaufort football game last Friday evening.

My family and I were seated in the area which gave way and even though my wife suffered a severely bruised leg, we feel that we as well as other persons seated nearby were extremely fortunate, especially when we consider the disaster which could possibly have occurred.

Bleacher collapse has been known to main persons horribly, and deaths have occurred among persons who were pinned beneath the weight of groups occupying the stands as they collapsed. Such thoughts raced through my mind as I tried to extricate my feet from the fallen benches and reach my four year old son whom I believed to be pinned under a bench (luckily he wasn't but I still shudder when I recall the incident).

Game Spectator

F. C. Salisbury

Here and There

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

FRIDAY, NOV. 7, 1919
Bud Fisher and party, after spending a few days here fishing, left the city Monday for New York. C. L. Walker of San Diego, Calif., arrived in the city Friday to spend some time here.

Dr. B. F. Royal, a member of the County Board of Education attended the regular meeting of the board in Beaufort Monday.

Mrs. William B. Wade, daughter, Elsket and son, Stacey W. Wade, left Friday morning for Pensacola, Fla., where they will make their future home.

Dr. Leedom Sharp, in a paid notice states: "No, I'm not going to leave town, but stay right here. I am not practicing medicine. I am deprived of my license, if you want to know the true reason, ask me; don't believe what the gossip mongers are pleased to tell about me."

Charles S. Wallace, William M. Webb and R. T. Willis, directors of the Shepard Point Land company have given notice for the

dissolving of this company which has been in existence since the opening of Morehead City in 1857.

The County Board of Commissioners at their monthly meeting voted to bond the county for the sum of \$200,000 for the construction of better roads and bridges in the county.

The township of Portsmouth, the first to take action regarding the stock law, at an election held Oct. 13, 1919 carried the election by a vote of 13 for and 12 against.

The marriage of Miss Etta Lewis to Mart Lewis took place at the home of the bride's parents Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. Miss Clell A. Watson of Swansboro and David B. Wade Jr., of this city were united in marriage at the home of the bride Sunday at high noon. Recent marriage licenses were issued to George Wheaton and Lillian Boyce, and Will Betton and A. Floe Fisher, all of this city.

William H. Jones, a highly respected colored citizen, died last Friday. He was postmaster here for four years under the Harrison administration.

From the Bookshelf

Once Upon A City: New York from 1890 to 1910 as photographed by Byron and described by Grace M. Mayer. Macmillan, \$15.

Led by Joseph Byron, the Byron family came to this country from England in 1888, and over the years father, son Peter and other members took 10,000 pictures of New York City.

The collection has been compared to the irreplaceable Atget photographic record of Paris, and that is as high as praise can go.

The 10,000 photos were presented by Peter Byron in 1942 to the Museum of the City of New York, which has got from them three major exhibitions and now this book, on which an immense amount of most knowledgeable and loving care has been spent by Miss Mayer, the museum's curator of prints.

Over 200 photographs are reprinted here, and with each one Miss Mayer writes an article describing the scene, the time, the characters, the relationship to the larger metropolitan setting.

There are the square, street, parade, theater, restaurant, hotel, private home, roof garden, horse-

car, auto, bicycle, sweat shop, immigrant—this is an incredibly rich and varied collection.

Miss Mayer works in an odd word every now and then—cynosure, synonymical, recoultal, mollificatory; but they are no odder than the sights themselves.

And I would think it would be impossible to find anyone alive so informed about turn-of-the-century New York as the encyclopedic Miss Mayer.

—W. G. Rogers

Un-American?

The civic club's discussion had hit a snarl on the question of devoting funds to a project which might be operated at a loss.

"Gentlemen, no matter how much good it may do, the plan is unbusinesslike," said one member. "Let me warn you that I never remain identified with any organization that operates with a deficit."

There was a long hush—until another member asked, "You're still an American citizen, aren't you?"

—Fort Myers News-Press

Louise Spivey

Words of Inspiration

BE YOUR OWN MASTER

The one person you can't dodge is yourself. The one criticism you can't dismiss is that of your own self knowledge. The one charge you cannot argue against is that before the bar of your own conscience. The one person you have to live with is yourself.

Know yourself and your capabilities. If you spent as much time and energy trying to live up to what you want to be, as you do putting on a front for the benefit of others, you'd really get somewhere.

In an organization to which I belong, there is one man who knows himself. Everyone looks up to him, for, no matter what the circumstances, they know he will decide according to what he thinks is right for him to do, with the result that he is always fair to others.

There is a great deal of difference between being egotistical and being self-contained. . . . just as great a difference as that between isolationism, which is the egotism of a nation, and self-sufficiency. One is the front, the other a future. Know yourself and live up to yourself. Be yourself. You will feel fear vanishing because you are sure.

Be your own master. It isn't easy, but its rewards are great. Therein lies the only real freedom from fear, because the solution to any and all problems lies within one's self.

Find out what you believe and why. Then you won't be swayed by momentary emotion or by unreasoning prejudice. You will be sure and secure, able to go ahead because you know where you are going.

To be self-contained, independent and self-reliant is to belong to one's self. It means that you will not need to lean on others or to depend on what they can do for you, or to feel that to get ahead you must push others aside.

And don't be afraid to change your mind. It doesn't make any difference what your opinion has been. . . . get right. No longer is our world bounded by where we can drive, nor are our lives bounded by our recreations. We are citizens of a world and that world will be not only what we make it but what we ourselves are.

Know yourself!

—Ruth Taylor

QUOTES

There's not much sense keeping your nose to the grindstone just to turn it up at the neighbors.

The church needs less advice on "how to do it" and more members who are "willing to do it."

The man fired with enthusiasm for his job is seldom fired.

Heads, hearts and hands well directed could settle the world's differences much better than arms.

People look at you six days of the week to see what you mean on your seventh.

No one has ever cleaned up this world with soft soap. . . . It takes grit.

Because the longest life is brief I must be swift in keeping
The little trusts with kindness, before the time of sleeping.
Before a sudden summons comes, I surely must be saying
The words that I have failed to say. . . . the prayers I should be praying.

—Grace Nowell Crowell

OPPORTUNITY

They do me wrong who say I come no more
When once I knock and fail to find you in;
For every day I stand outside your door,
And bid you wake, and rise to fight and win.

Wait not for precious chances passed away!
Weep not for golden ages on the wane,
Each night I burn the records of the day,
At sunrise every soul is born again.

Though deep in mire, wring not your hands and weep;
I lend my arm to all who say, "I can!"
No shamefaced outcast ever sank so deep,
But yet might rise and be again a man!

—Walter Malone

Security for You...

By W. W. THOMAS
Manager, New Bern Social Security District Office

Ever since the enactment of the original social security law, marriage or remarriage has often been a reason for ending social security benefit payments to dependents or survivors of insured workers. In many cases, it is still a cause for the termination of benefits. The law, as recently amended, however, removes some of the restrictions.

For example, Mrs. Florence Jackson, 64, was widowed two years ago. She has continued to live in the home she and her husband bought soon after their marriage, and has been receiving \$81.40 a month as a social security widow's benefit. Naturally, she's been lonely and has welcomed the friendship of Frank Brown, a lifelong neighbor.

Frank, 72, and a widower for many, many years, lives in a small furnished room. On the income from the monthly social security checks paid to him because he was dependent upon his son, Bill, when Bill died a number of years ago.

Recently, it has occurred to Mrs. Jackson and Mr. Brown that it would be both pleasant and sensible for them to marry and spend their remaining years together. Until just a month or so ago, how-

ever, their marriage would have meant financial disaster because it would end social security payments for both of them.

Under the provisions of the social security law, benefits paid to the dependents of a worker—to his child, to his widow (or widower), or to an aged dependent parent—stop when that dependent marries.

A change in the social security law will make it possible for them to go ahead with their marriage plans. Under this change, a dependent's social security benefit payments will not stop if he or she marries another person who is also receiving social security payments as a dependent.

A woman receiving widow's benefits can therefore marry a person who, like Mr. Brown, is getting dependent parent's benefits, or she can marry someone who is eligible for benefits as a dependent widower or as the disabled son or daughter of a retired or deceased worker.

Marriage to a person who is not receiving social security benefits will still end the benefit rights (present and future) of a dependent-beneficiary. But another change in the law will help dependent beneficiaries who marry persons who are now or who may soon be getting old-age insurance or disability insurance benefits.

Until now, such a marriage would have ended the dependent's benefits and he or she would have had to wait at least three years to get benefits as the dependent of the new spouse, or in the event of his death, she would not have been able to qualify for benefits as his widow unless the marriage had been in effect for at least one year.

The 1958 amendments to the law have ended these periods. Someone like Mrs. Jackson could therefore marry a man who is getting old-age insurance benefits and qualify immediately for wife's benefits based on his social security account.

If you would like social security information, you are invited to visit, telephone, or write the local office, 305 Pollock Street, New Bern.

A social security representative is in the courthouse annex, Beaufort every Tuesday from 9:30 to noon.

—Don Bennett, in Quote

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