

Who's the Loser?

It was stated editorially in this column several weeks ago that if a town had nothing but zoning to offer residents beyond town limits, zoning in itself was sufficient reason for those residents' becoming a part of the town. That statement should have been qualified: a town that offers zoning and ENFORCES its zoning ordinance has something to offer out-of-towners. Beaufort has not followed its zoning ordinance in several instances, the latest incident being the docking of menhaden boats in a residential area. The dock is located in front of the postoffice and is privately owned. The zoning ordinance specifically prohibits commercial operation, such as menhaden boats or piers, in a residential area. Several years ago a resident of Beaufort went before the town board with a proposal to buy property in the block between Queen and Pollock Streets, construct docks on the waterfront in that block and service all types of marine craft. Embodied in the idea was the objective of offering better service to yachtsmen and providing, perhaps, a modern motel across the street to accommodate water tourists. The town board didn't budge. No sir. That was attractive waterfront property and they weren't going to

mess it up with any commercial operation. Wasn't it zoned residential? OK, the board said, that's the way it's going to stay. But, apparently, what applies to one resident of the town does not apply to another. It's a funny thing about the law — it usually means that everybody has to obey it, unless, of course, governing authorities do not choose to enforce it. But when a governing authority enforces the law for one fellow and not for another, it's bound to run into trouble. The zoning ordinance specifically charges the building inspector with the responsibility of enforcing the zoning ordinance. But the building inspector has to have the full backing of the mayor and town board. There is evidence to the effect that in the present menhaden boat problem, he does not have that backing. Beaufort town officials wonder why they have opposition to expanding the town limits. It's incidents such as this one, that accumulate over the years, that make people wary of getting involved with the town. Perhaps the town board intends to enforce the ordinance. But maybe it's too late. More drastic steps have been taken. And who, in the final analysis, will be the bigger loser?

Patrol Declares War

In view of the recent war declared by the State Highway Patrol on traffic violators, anyone who exceeds the speed limit or tries to get away with other violations is begging for trouble. The North Carolina State Highway Patrol has not been tops in the nation without effort — and if we know the patrol, it's not going to let that honor slip through its fingers just because some careless drivers mess up the state's traffic safety record. Twenty-six persons were killed on the state's highways last weekend; 18 were killed the weekend before. It doesn't take many weekends like that to knock a low fatality record into a cocked hat.

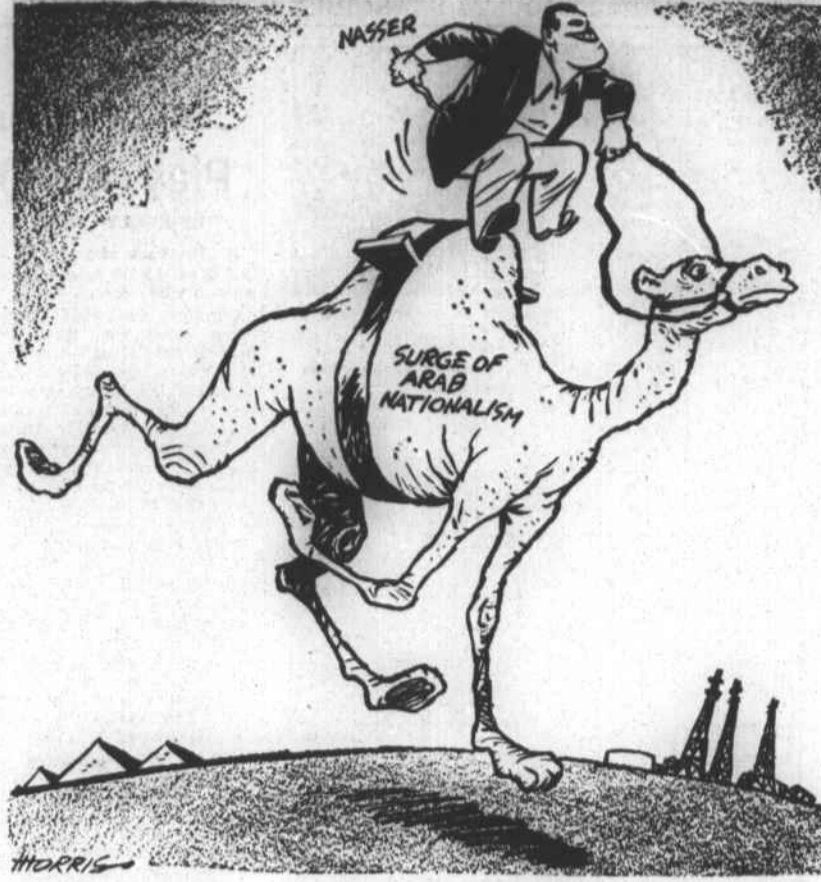
And while we're on the traffic subject, a word of caution to motorists accustomed to spinning along Ann Street in Beaufort. Under the new traffic setup, cars going north and south on Turner have the right of way. It takes a long time to change habits and if some motorist forgets, sometime there may be a crackling smash-up at the Turner-Ann intersection. Beaufort's new traffic plan to adjust to the highway relocation is good. If and when the state approves, stop lights will be working and more traffic signs placed to help the motorist. Meanwhile, the word has gone out, from Raleigh to every hamlet, if you're walking or behind the wheel, watch it!

You Doubt It?

If anyone cares to argue the point that "theatre" and "drama" is art, all he need do is listen to some of the comments after persons have seen a play. No play-viewer sees the same thing. Just like a person viewing a painting — each one sees it differently. After seeing the recent community theatre play, Papa is All, one play-goer declared, "I'll tell you right now, I didn't like the play. I certainly didn't like Papa. He scared me." Papa was SUPPOSED to scare people. He was not a lovable character. If he had portrayed the role as such, he couldn't lay claim to the title of "actor". A lot of folks still think that a "play" is something that you see wherein you know personally every character, and even though one is to portray a two-headed monster, you still can see that he's really Johnny Blinks, who lives next door. He has dressed up in a costume and is just "carrying on". That is not theatre — it is not art nor is it drama. It's mainly a lot of foolishness and certainly does not promote "theatre art" in the higher sense. Another play-goer said, chortling, "Well, I saw nothing cultural about Papa is All — the way they talked wasn't good grammar!" It certainly wasn't. The way the characters talk in Erskine Caldwell's

Tobacco Road isn't good grammar either. Perhaps that same person doesn't like the way the Welsh coal miners talk in the book, How Green Was My Valley. Portrayal of another way of life — to the point that the person viewing that portrayal is transported to another world — requires a talent demonstrated by writers, painters, actors, musicians. That other world may be a palace or it may be a hovel. Everything an amateur theatre group produces is not art. Far from it. And those in the theatre group will be the first to admit it, for they aspire to so much and feel just a small sense of achievement if they come halfway to the goal. What spells despair to the actor, to the painter, to the musician, is that so few people appreciate what he produces that even if he produced perfection some of the so-called educated people would say it was awful. And that, too, is the viewer's privilege. Nevertheless, in all art there are standards. In the schools the basic ingredients of good art, good music, tasty cooking, appealing floral arrangement are taught. In colleges, appreciation of drama is taught. It's an uphill battle, but Americans may some day reach the point of art appreciation that seems more generally widespread among Europeans.

THE DRIVER--OR JUST A LUCKY PASSENGER?



The Readers Write

Nov. 19, 1958
To the Editor:
May I enter the controversy relative to the congestion at the dock facilities opposite the US postoffice in Beaufort by making the following statement through your publication?
The construction of adequate dock facilities along the waterfront between Queen and Pollock Streets, either by the property owners or by the town of Beaufort, will better distribute the present load and contribute to encouragement for increased business opportunity.
In addition, removal of parking meters on the south side of Front Street in the same area will distribute the excess traffic load and better control traffic.
May I hope that proper officials will look favorably on these suggestions?
W. H. Potter

Comment . . . J. Kellum

Ogden Nash
This madcap poet, who can be as forgiving as any of us for such insanities as, "He who is ridden by a conscience worries about a lot of nonsense," is quite capable of making his mockery convey his soberest remarks. Try this bit of Nasberry:
Very Like a Whale
One thing that literature would be greatly the better for
Would be a more restricted employment by authors of simile and metaphor.
Authors of all races, be they Greeks, Romans, Teutons, or Celts,
Can't seem just to say that anything is the thing it is but have to go out of their way to say that it is like something else.
What does it mean when we are told
That the Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold?
In the first place, George Gordon Byron had enough experience. To know that it probably wasn't just one Assyrian, it was a lot of Assyrians,
However, as too many arguments are apt to induce apoplexy and thus hinder longevity,
We'll let it pass as one Assyrian for the sake of brevity.
Now then, this particular Assyrian, the one whose cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold,
Just what does the poet mean when he says he came down like a wolf on the fold?
Did he run on all fours and did he have a hairy tail and a big red mouth and big white teeth and did he say Wool, wool, wool?
Frankly, I think it very unlikely, and all you were entitled to say, at the very most,
Was that the Assyrian cohorts came down like a lot of Assyrian cohorts about to destroy the Hebrew host . . .
They're always comparing ladies to lilies and veal to venison. Any they always say things like that the snow is a white blanket after a winter storm.
Oh it is, it is, all right then, you sleep under a six-inch blanket of snow and I'll sleep under a half-inch blanket of unpoetical blanket material and we'll see which one keeps warm.
And after that maybe you'll begin to comprehend dimly
What I mean by too much metaphor and simile.

Free Wheeling

By BILL CROWELL
Department of Motor Vehicles
CENTER . . . If you're ever out in Butte County, South Dakota, you can stand in the new exact geographic center of the United States. It used to be in Lebanon, Kansas, remember, but with the addition of Alaska as our 49th state, map-makers had to redetermine top dead center for the country.
The actual site, according to the Triple A, is almost inaccessible by automobile. A dirt path leads the tourist to a hill called Two Top Peak, which is located 11 miles west of Castle Rock. Near the hill is the exact geographic center.
Kansans, prior to the shift, had made much over the point. Citizens financed a fine paved road to the site and a concrete monument marked it for the curious. But they can take comfort in the fact that Two Top Peak's glory may be short-lived. Meaning, what will happen if and when Hawaii comes into the nation?
Officials of the US Coast and Geodetic Survey say it won't make much difference. The center will remain in South Dakota. The area of Hawaii is so small, compared to Alaska which was big enough to upset the whole appreciat, that the change will be very slight. It will move about seven miles west and slightly south of the present location—down toward Fruitdale, South Dakota.
SUDDEN THAWT . . . New definition of a pedestrian is a person who gets too far behind in his car payments.
SIMPLE, HURT . . . Never un-

Smile a While

"You're already had leave, Ferguson, to see your wife off on a journey—to attend your mother-in-law's funeral—for your little girl's measles—your boy's christening. What is it now?"
"I'm going to get married, sir."
—The Ahey

Louise Spivey

Words of Inspiration

BE A GOOD FORGETTER
Life is too short to remember that which prevents one from doing his best. "Forgetting the things that are behind, I press forward," said a brave man in the first century. The successful man forgets. He knows the past is irrevocable. He lets the dead past bury its dead. He is running a race. He cannot afford to look behind. His eye is on the winning post.
The magnanimous man forgets. He is too big to let little things disturb him. He forgets quickly, and forgets easily. If anyone does him wrong, he keeps sweet. It is only the small man who cherishes a low revenge. Be a good forgetter. Business dictates it, and success demands it.
— Selected

The thief thinks every other man is a thief; the impure man thinks every other man is impure; and the dishonest man thinks every other man is dishonest. "Unto the pure all things are pure but unto them that are defiled and unbelieving is nothing pure; but even their mind and conscience is defiled." — Titus 1:15

A study of the want ad columns of almost any metropolitan newspaper will disclose an infinite variety of material things wanted. Wanted — everything almost but character!
And yet what we need is men who will keep their word — their contracts — though they go to the poor house!
Along with all the alphabetical codes, we need a code that keeps a man human, true to his ideals — a code for service.

We all like to be with people who make us feel good. Instinctively we turn away from those who are always trying to hand us a "crying towel." Those who tell us about their troubles, their illnesses, their disappointments, are people to avoid.
They lower our vitality. But the cheerful, the positive, the creative people — they raise our spirits to soar.
They lift us onto a higher plane and we are thankful to them.
— Thomas Drier

THE LITTLE THINGS COUNT

It is the omission of the pinch of salt that spoils the dinner. It is the care of trifling things, the small essentials, that mark the difference between a well-organized and a disorganized home. Women frequently rebel that their lives are limited by the petty and insignificant details to which the mind of a housekeeper, though she be a college graduate, must give attention.
Yet it is the care and nicety of attention with which details are met that make the difference between well-applied intelligence and ignorance, or its equivalent, indifference, in any home. Strength is shown in our ability to meet, not the great trials of life, but the petty annoyances that make up every day's experiences.
— Fellowship News

QUOTES

Lay nothing too much to heart. Desire nothing too eagerly, nor think that all things can be perfectly accomplished according to our notions.
— Robert E. Lee

Between the great things that we can't do and the little things that we won't do, the danger is that we shall do nothing at all.

Sin puts hell into the soul and the soul into hell.

Don't pray and talk cream and live skimmed milk.

Teach by your life.

A man can become so wrapped up in himself that he becomes very small.

(Editor's Note: The first line was omitted Tuesday from the top of this column. The first portion of the column should have been titled Ten Ways to Wreck Society).

F. C. Salisbury

Here and There

The following information is taken from the files of the Morehead City Coaster:
FRIDAY, NOV. 21, 1958
Paul Webb of Stephenville, Texas, arrived in the city Monday to spend a few days visiting relatives.
K. Gray Hawkins, who is an assistant in a bank in Farmville, spent a few days here this week visiting relatives.
Roy D. Wade returned home Wednesday, having received his discharge from the Navy after several years service.
Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Dewey will leave this week for their future home in Blackstone, Va., after having disposed of the dairy business to their son and George Oglesby.
L. E. Coleburn and family moved to Southport last Saturday to make their future home.
Dr. E. M. Hollister who has been located at Camp Glenn in charge of the hospital, left this week for his home in Chicago.
Capt. Robert G. Moore arrived in the city last week to spend some time with his family.
The marriage of Miss Ruth Willis to Joe Willis took place at the home of Mrs. Will Wade on Nov. 8.
Miss Nellie J. Wells and J. Homer Mann were married at Charlotte Nov. 21. Miss Wells is the daughter of Mrs. Ormond of this city.
Zebulon C. Holloway, age 81, died in the city on Thursday morning. Burial took place at Swansboro, the home of his parents.
Lt. Luther Hamilton has secured enough signatures of ex-service men for the reorganizing of a local American Legion Post.
A new building to be used as a fish house by M. S. Lee and A. B. Morris is in the course of construction on a site just west of the Texas oil house.
A potato weighing 10 ounces more than one peck, raised by A. F. Davis, is on display in the window of the Bank of Beaufort.
Frank Suggs, a colored boy of Beaufort was shot in the back of the head by Joe Taff. He died later in the hospital in this city. The shooting took place while Taff was playing with a group of boys and became angry when Suggs would not obey his orders.

Stamp News

By SYD KRONBERG

Flowers will be the dominant design on the Swiss Pro-Juventute (For Youth) stamps beginning with this issue and for future issues. The 1958 set will depict the China Aster, Pansy, Morning Glory and Christmas Rose.
This annual semi-postal series is dedicated to the Pro-Juventute in Switzerland with all additional funds derived from the sale of the stamps going to child welfare benefits.
One of the stamps in this year's set bears a portrait of Swiss scientist Albrecht von Haller who was well known for his work in botany.
Values are 5 centimes plus 5, 10 c plus 10 c, 20 c plus 10 c, 30 c plus 10 c and 40 c plus 10 c.
To commemorate the XVII International Railway Congress, Spain has issued a new set of stamps. The 15 centavos and the 1 peseta orange show the Talgo Rapids with the Escorial Monastery in the background.
The 60 c violet and the 3 pts magenta depict a modern train moving through the Despenaderos Gorge. The 80 c green and the 3 pts blue illustrate the Talgo Rapids with the La Mota Castle in the background.
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When life's brief day is closing
With sunset in the west,
May God look down in mercy
And grant a calm, sweet rest.
When labor's hours are over
And hands once strong lie still,
May heav'n-bequeathed glory
Light up the last far hill.
When mind grows dim and cloudy
And memories fade away,
May I recall the good things,
No evils of the day.
When evening shadows lengthen
Across the countryside,
Give quiet, peace, and comfort—
May holy grace betide.
When night falls dark and chilly,
I long no more to roam,
O call me out of darkness
Into the warmth of Home.

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. FREELING — 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.
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National Editorial Association — Audit Bureau of Circulations
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Moran & Fischer, Inc.
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Entered as Second Class Matter at Morehead City, N. C., Under Act of March 3, 1879