

Palatine Passengers Meet Ill Fate

(Continued from Page 5, Section 2)

ceased to burn—but there it stood, erect as ever, with the spars, sails, masts, unconsumed—every thing in place, but every thing blackened, charred, as if the fire, having penetrated sufficiently to discolor its object, had suddenly been extinguished.

This was no sight for the wretched criminals, but they watched it through the day with fearful interest. Every moment they looked to see it go down. But, strange to say, while it never sunk, it never moved. There was no anchor to hold it to those shores—there was nothing fast to bind it in its place—nor was there a calm upon the face of the deep.

With eyes upon which some powerful spell had fastened itself with the force of fascination, they watched the strange spectacle. But, with the return of night, a new interest of dread was awakened in their bosoms. As the sun went down, and twilight darkened the earth, and the pale stars came forth along the gray summits of heaven, the flames rekindled upon the vessel.

Spar and mast became re-illuminated—once more the fire raged, and the frame of the ship reddened from the bulwarks to the waves—from deck to mast-head— from stem to stern. The dreadful sight could be borne no longer.

The murderers fled from the shore—fled to the forest, and buried themselves in the vast interior. Never, says the tradition, has the penalty of blood been paid. The criminals went free. No justice followed on their footsteps. Whatever may have been their regrets, their remorse, it is very certain that human laws have had no share in their punishment.

They lived on their ill-gotten spoils—their descendants still enjoy them; and thus it is that the burning ship of the Palatines reappears, each year, on the anniversary of that night of crime, on the very spot where it was committed.

Thus it burns from stem to stern, from deck to mast, consuming but still unconsumed; and thus it will continue to burn, until, upon the last descendant of that bloody crew, the ever-avenging Providence shall have consummated the requisite retribution.

Although Carteret County can hardly lay claim to this legend, the event, if true, may have taken place off either Core or Bogue Banks.

The county has little to offer in folklore or legend. Hidden treasures, such as those supposed to have been buried at various points along the Outer Banks of the county, by the pirates Blackbeard and Steve Bonnett, have caused many a person to spend hours

digging into the sands of the beaches and Banks.

Also treasure hunters in the past have dug many a hole, hoping to find the money chest from the blockade runner Prevensey. This vessel blew up a mile off Salter Path during the Civil War while pursued by a Federal Gunboat.

Legend has it that two murders were committed on Harbor Island in Pamlico Sound off Cedar Island, for which the murderers were never punished. The first murder was committed in February 1720.

During an interval when the province of Albemarle was without an ordained minister, the Bishop of London's commissary at Charleston sent one of his missionaries from South Carolina, the Rev. Mr. Taylor, to the northern province of Albemarle.

While laboring at Bath he left Pamlico to visit Core Sound, the most southern settlement in the province. His fate was a sad one. He was in his own boat with his crew. Unfortunately he was indiscreet enough to permit them to discover that he had in his possession a considerable amount of money, for he was possessed of some wealth.

He landed at Harbor Island and never left alive. The legend has it, that, tossing about ten days and nights in an open boat, he perished from cold. But none of the crew perished; and the authorities, suspecting he had been murdered, instituted inquiries, but could discover nothing of his fate, nor obtain the money which he was known to have had with him.

Several years before the purchase of the island by the Harbor Island Gun Club in 1912, the property was owned by a man by the name of Pike, said to have come from New York or some other northern city, bringing with him a Negro servant.

The mysterious disappearance of the Negro formed the base of the theory that he had been murdered, probably by Pike and buried on the island.

Shortly after the disappearance of his servant, Pike left the island, later selling the property. Superstitious folks living in the eastern part of the county have handed down the legend that the ghost of the Negro haunts the place.

Should that be the case, the ghost of the white preacher no doubt is hanging about too, each apparition keeping the other company. A strange pair, indeed. Probably the only spirits that have circulated about the island are those which came in bottles. The only ballad which has come down through the years is one chanted by old-time fisherfolk as well as others along the coast: Peace at home

And pleasure abroad,
Do all you kin
And serve the Lord.
Keep all ya got
And get all you kin,
Pay your debts
And owe no man.

Parents Must Help Teacher In Education of Children

Mrs. Margaret Arrington and Mrs. Sarah Dudley Beaufort Faculty Members

When a teacher takes charge of a classroom, he is in the critical focus of more than two dozen sets of eyes, intent upon every movement and mannerism. The individual pupil can detect immediately if he is liked or simply endured. The teacher's every word and action is judged and, in a very real sense, his behavior must be exemplary, sincere, and impartial.

Teachers have dedicated their lives to the job of helping youngsters grow up to be useful, intelligent adults with sound spiritual, social, economic, and other values. Teachers do a great deal of guidance just by their actions in the classroom. But it is unrealistic, unfair, and impossible to expect them to do everything.

Educators expect that, by the time a child is old enough to start school, he will have had training at home in the rudiments of self-control and courtesy. Then, something like this happens—an incident reported by an educator in one of our large cities—which demonstrates how misunderstood the teacher's role can be in our society:

"This week one of our fifth grade boys strutted around the playground with a \$100 bill. He managed to get it changed somehow and handed out \$5 and \$10 bills to his pals. It was hard to believe at first but, upon investigation, we found that he had stolen it from the cash box at home.

"The parents came at once to express their gratitude for the return of the money. As they were leaving, the father turned to the boy's teacher and said: 'I think perhaps you'd better punish Jimmy for this.'"

Today's children must become tomorrow's lawyers, farmers, doctors, teachers, craftsmen, engineers, and other productive and successful citizens. We cannot afford to have it otherwise.

This means that each adult who has a share in a child's development must accept his appropriate responsibilities for that development. Parents should not expect any other person to assume those

Just Thinking

Four Poems to Dispel Solitude...

By TUCKER R. LITTLETON
Beaufort Faculty Member
Our column today is again made up of poetry. Three of the poems

are written by high school students. Even though spring is still a good while away, you'll notice that one of our students has turned thoughts toward love.

So Young to Die
A morning-glory so blue and small
I saw as I arose today early.
The vines are hundreds turning up
Our fence in a blanket of leaves green.

So lonely, this one — the first of the season —
With its five-lobed outer margins!
Dew, wet and cold, makes it look like

aspirant, a teacher seeks career satisfaction and recognition for enthusiasm and initiative.

He must be convinced that your school district offers these rewards. There is no substitute for personal, face-to-face contact in selling the advantages of your school system.

Teachers should be encouraged to share in important public programs and actions. They should be invited to serve on councils, community planning committees, and with church groups.

Teachers expect to shoulder their share of community duties. They have accepted these obligations in their codes of professional ethics. Many teachers have, in addition to technical knowledge and skill, a mature understanding of the social, political, and economic values of American life. They live by and teach these ideals. Indeed, these teachers are, perhaps, in closer touch with our heritage than most other groups of people.

The foregoing excerpt was quoted verbatim from the pamphlet, *Our Teachers—Their Importance to Our Children and Our Communities*. Permission to quote was given by the National Association of Manufacturers.

Satin — smooth and Untouchable.
But comes the sun brilliant,
The hot rays scorching its young Face innocent.
It begins to wilt slowly —
So short a life!
— Name withheld by request

My Love Will Come
Someday I know he'll come my way,
The one that I shall love;
And my dormant heart will then awake
As flowers to the sun above.

One glance, and surely we will know
That fate has destined us to meet.
And from that moment on we'll share
A love that's true, a love complete.

The world he will not have to win,
Nor search for wealth galore.
So long as I have his trust, his heart,
I ask for nothing more.

For every soul there is another,
Or so they tell to me;
And when my promised love is here,
It will be deep and pure and free.

So roll on, World; continue, Life;
Soft breezes your tales relay,
Until you hum my joyous song,
"I've found my love this day."
— Becky Monroe

You
You are so many things to me;
Listen . . . I will explain:
You're the glory of the morning sun,
The music of falling rain.
In moments of passion, you're the dark north wind,
Wild, unharnessed, strong;
In moments of tenderness, you're the warm spring breeze,
Upon which is wafted the bird's sweet song.

You're the dark quiet of twilight,
The brightness of skies soft and blue.
You're the lazy autumn days, still and warm,
With their leaves of brilliant hue.
You are the nearness of my heart, and yet
As distant as the stars above.
You are all that's bright and free and good —
All things so dear are you, my love.
— Becky Monroe

Life and Death
A sun that rises upon an unknown world and finds the day a fair one or a cloudy,
A summer sun that rides high and slowly or a winter sun whose race is quickly run,
A sun that is lifted upon our sphere and is later lowered into another world beyond our present vision —
This is the mystery of life and death.
— Tucker R. Littleton

Big Doggy
Socorro, N. M. (AP)—Life on the streets of this southern New Mexico town of 5,000 can grow precarious. Officers, drawn by a barking dog, killed a tree cat—a 6½ foot female mountain lion.

Postoffice Needs Fireman-Laborer

The Fifth US Civil Service regional office, Atlanta, Ga., announces an open competitive examination for a career or temporary appointment to the position of fireman-laborer at the Beaufort postoffice. The rate of pay is \$1.76 an hour.

Applications will be accepted from persons who are entitled to veterans preference only. Applications must be received or post-marked on or before Dec. 1, 1958.

Necessary forms and further information may be obtained from the postmaster at the postoffice, or from the Fifth US Civil Service Regional Office, Peachtree-Baker Building, 275 Peachtree Street, NE, Atlanta, Ga.

Applications for the position of laborer, an opening also existing at the postoffice, will be accepted until Nov. 20, 1958.

One of the leading cities of Poland is Bydgoszcz. It is pronounced "Bromberg."

JACQUIN'S
ROCK
AND
RYE
\$1.95 PINT

CHARLES JACQUIN & Co., Inc., PHILA., PENNA. 60 PROOF



Let us give thanks

We have so much to thank Thee for, dear Lord—
Thy love that gathers us in sweet accord
To pray and praise. For tables richly spread
And blessed peace that sweetens daily bread.
For joys of life that gild the passing days—
Home, work, love, friends. For freedom's shining rays
That spotlight cherished rights to think, to speak,
To worship as we please. Lord, help us seek
For ways to share these gifts with all mankind!
And hasten on the golden years that find
From sea to sea the battle flags all furled—
Thanksgiving Day observed throughout the world!

MAUREEN MURDOCH

CAROLINA POWER & LIGHT CO.

If you can't follow the birds...



SIGN UP NOW FOR CLEANER-BURNING TEXACO FUEL CHIEF Heating Oil

COLD WEATHER will be here soon — so arrange right now for your winter supply of fuel oil. Your wise choice will be Texaco Fuel Chief Heating Oil — for many reasons.

CLEANEST BURNING! Texaco Fuel Chief is the cleanest-burning oil you can buy. It burns completely. There's no wasted fuel, which means you save money.

UNIFORM QUALITY! Some fuel oils vary in quality from batch to batch. Not Texaco Fuel Chief! Every tankful you get is the same fine uniform quality, which results in dependable, uniform heat.

NO ODOR! There is no disagreeable odor with Texaco

Fuel Chief. And no smoke to soil walls and curtains.

NO DEPOSITS! Texaco Fuel Chief won't leave harmful deposits in or on burners, which can impair the efficiency of your furnace—result in costly repair bills.

FREE FLOWING! Texaco Fuel Chief has excellent low temperature fuel flow characteristics. This is important in cold weather, especially when your fuel tank is stored out of doors or in a cold space indoors.



DEPENDABLE DELIVERY! You can count on our on-time delivery service. We schedule deliveries to meet your needs—will keep your tank full without a call from you.

CALL US TODAY... AND FORGET ABOUT HEATING PROBLEMS NEXT WINTER!

J. M. Davis
Distributor
TEXACO PRODUCTS
Morehead City, N. C.

