

## Walls Are Tumbling

This is National Farm-City Week — it started Friday and ends the day after Thanksgiving.

The observance aims to bring better understanding between rural and urban folks, increase appreciation for the North American way of life and reverently acknowledge the bounty of the two nations, Canada and the United States.

Orville Walker, president of the National Association of County Agents, writes, in observance of Farm-City Week, the following:

### The Walls of Jericho

The modern version of this old story is literally coming true today, due to the efforts of rural and urban people to better understand each others' problems.

The wall of misunderstanding and doubt that for so many years separated country people from city people is fast disappearing. Rarely do you now hear the terms "country hayseed" and "city slickers."

The farm agent feels that in this fast-changing world, and with great numbers or urban people actually becoming close neighbors of the farmers, it is not only his duty, but a great privilege to help these people to better understand each other. This must be a continuing program — in operation every day of the year.

In some states, the urban people living in the country outnumber the farmers. This movement has changed many communities, and presents new problems for the schools, churches, government officials and many others.

The agricultural agents are eager to continue to help in this important undertaking, and as these imaginary Walls of Jericho crumble, they will be ready to use the debris to pave the highways with continued good will and mutual understanding between country and city people.

## Molasses Court

One hundred and one cases were continued in county recorder's court Thursday. This coming Thursday is a holiday and thus another big pack of cases will pile up for the Dec. 4 court.

Only 16 cases were heard Thursday. Instead of the number of cases being whittled down each Thursday, the number continued grows larger and larger.

Is the court being accommodating and letting lawbreakers take their sweet time to appear and answer charges?

Are lawyers holding things up because they're too lazy to get to court and try the cases?

Are court officers satisfied to open court and go through the motions of carrying out their duties, then after an hour or two amble home or back to their offices?

To the casual observer things look mighty slipshod. Court reform on a statewide scale is essential. But it seems as though there are a few steps that could be taken in county court right now to improve and expedite the administration of justice.

## Needed: Whistle Code

You'd best be leary when driving a car in the vicinity of the Beaufort and Morehead Railroad tracks.

Better yet, may we humbly suggest that the man who drives the train not toot his horn like a menhaden boat? We're serious.

Thursday at 11:10 a.m. a motorist was headed toward Beaufort. About a thousand feet east of the Beaufort bridge he heard three blasts of a whistle. The driver was somewhat anxious to get to Beaufort and wondered which way the menhaden boat was coming — were there one or two boats and how long would the bridge be up?

He slowed down as he came nearer the bridge and then out of the corner of his eye he sensed a moving object. A big green lumbering thing moving east. It suddenly dawned on him that there was no boat going through — the train was about to cross the highway

right in front of him. His brakes worked, fortunately. The diesel engine moved sedately across the highway and on to the railroad drawbridge. That was a close one.

There was no B&M flagman out to halt highway traffic. If there were any electric, automatic signals at the crossing, the motorist didn't see them.

We have wondered if the train engineer might be able to give a long steady blast as he approaches a highway crossing or maybe four short blasts — anything except three blasts that sound exactly like a menhaden boat.

It's natural that a trainman in these parts would toot three as a warning, just as it is natural for a motorist in these parts to interpret three-blasts as coming from a boat, not a train.

It may be "fun" to play "boat" while running a train, but if there's a crack-up between train and car, it might not be so much fun after all.

## Victorious Battle

(The Hartford Courant)

Almost as lively as the protest against the American art exhibit at the Brussels Fair is the storm of protest from New England against the stuff they were fobbing off on unsuspecting foreigners as clam chowder. The New England Council was the first to protest and soon Senator Saltonstall got into the act by cabling to Howard S. Cullman, U. S. Commissioner General: "They are cheating over there in Brussels. This is a sin against New England tradition and good eating."

This protest against Manhattan soup, filled with tomatoes and other unmentionable stuff, is one of a long series of cries to heaven against these continued outrages. Usually the protests fall on deaf ears and full stom-

achs. But the council has this time won a full and untarnished victory. After a six-week silence, while the chefs were looking through their books, no doubt, the following cable was sent home from Brussels: "New England clam chowder is now being served in American Pavilion. We have just tasted it and pronounce it authentic."

A victorious battle, perhaps, but the whole war is not won. It will still be necessary to man the battlements continuously, and at every opportunity to strike down this upstart that masquerades under the name of clam chowder. Let this newest victory make us not smug, but ever more vigilant in a noble cause.

P.S. Too bad the stuff with the tomatoes in it is so pleasing to the taste.

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## PILGRIMS HAD TO WORRY ABOUT INDIANS ONLY



Ruth Peeling

## Baby-Sitting with a Basset

Scotter's family left him the weekend before last. They went to Delaware and Scooter, the Basset, came to stay with me. If you've seen Cleo on The People's Choice, a tv program, you know what Scooter looks like. What a hulk of dog — and he's just six months old.

Each ear is 8 inches long and his short stocky legs are 6 inches. You can see where that puts his ears. Each one dragging on the ground. Now it would be all right if he'd hold his head up and walk along looking rather than smelling, but no, the bloodhound instinct in him says smelling is better than seeing any day.

His nose goes down on the

ground the minute his legs start in motion for a walk. And his nose stays there, evidently a vital necessity to get him back home the same way he came.

His favorite fruit is dried frog skeleton. He came to the right place when he came to my house. There's not a frog corpse left in any gutter on Yaupon Terrace or Emeline Place.

In the frog season, cars would squash the frogs on the roads, then the bodies washed to the gutters and dehydrated there. What a delicacy! Ugh. Scooter would dig them out if they were buried under an inch of sand and grass.

At first I tried to pull them out of his mouth. Getting those jaws

open was like trying to thaw a frozen vise. I succeeded once and he looked so crushed, I didn't have the heart to do it again. So I let him eat the awful things. They seemed to agree with him.

One little boy on a bicycle came along as Scooter was grinding up what must have been a particularly delicious skeleton and frog skin.

"What's he eatin'?" he asked. "Dead frog," I replied, "He'll eat anything."

"Gosh," said the youngster, "no wonder he's so long."

I couldn't quite follow that reasoning, but maybe he's right—a dog has to have a long chassis if he's going to eat stuff like that, so he has space for enough stomachs and intestines to digest the junk he throws into himself.

Saturday afternoon I took Scooter—and Lillian Frances Giddens took her dog, Holly, over to the beach. We turned them loose and they had a wonderful time. Holly, of course, ran circles around Scooter. She's a granddaughter of Spot Ayscue, a terrier type dog.

Scotter was like a bear in comparison. They tumbled and tussled until poor old Scoot was ready to drop. I finally carried him for a while and that was like toting a bag of sand.

Holly likes the beach. When she was up at Hatteras on vacation last month, she caught a flounder. In the whole party only two fish were caught and Holly's was one. She pounced on the fish when a wave tossed it up. From then on she pranced up and down the beach flaunting her catch in the faces of all the other disgruntled surf-casters.

Scotter's first trip to the beach puzzled him. He couldn't understand why he couldn't drink the water that came rushing at his feet. He'd gingerly taste it and back off.

Holly chased the shore birds and flushed sand crabs. At the end of our walk she uncovered a big one. Scooter got his nose up off the beach (I think his middle name is Trackdown) long enough to see the sand crab.

Holly skillfully dug the sand away from the crab so that he couldn't escape. There the crab stood, both claws raised ready to do battle. Holly teased him, enjoying the sport immensely. Scooter looked on, dumbfounded, for a few seconds. Couldn't understand why Holly didn't eat the thing.

So big old brave Scooter walks up to the hole, sniffs the crab. Must have smelled mighty like a frog, so he clamps his jaws around it and gets ready for the next chaw when suddenly he tosses his head and arcs the crab out over the sand in a flash. That "frog" bit back.

He looked at it a few seconds; then unconcernedly put his nose back on the sand again and started tracking off in another direction.

It was quite a weekend. I now know why the new cars are so low. The Republicans say that it makes drive-in voting easier. You can put the ballot on the roof of the car to mark it. But I think every new car designer owns either a Basset or dachshund and the only way those low-slung canines can get in and out of a car alone is if the car is only a couple inches from the ground.

The heck with the driver. He can double up like an accordion to get in and out of a car easier than a dog can. Oh my aching back.

Many a man works hard to keep the wolf from the door; then his daughter grows up and brings one right into the house.

Louise Spivey

## Words of Inspiration

I'M THANKFUL

I'm thankful for the flowers that bloom around my home, and the birds that sing and nest in my yard in the springtime. The rich soil and waters of my country.

I'm thankful for the abundant harvest, and the bright colors of the woodlands in the fall.

I'm thankful for the soft white snow that sometime falls in winter, and the warm fire that keeps my home comfortable and warm.

I'm thankful for the sunrise and the promise it brings to a new day, and for the beautiful Carteret sunsets that I watch from my back door.

I'm thankful for my family, my home and my good neighbors, and for the beautiful stars that shine, especially on cold winter nights when I can look up into Heaven's Sea and think about the great Star of Bethlehem that led the Wise Men to the Manger, or the make-believe star that shined from the top of our tree each Christmas during the growing up years of our children.

I'm thankful for the moon that lights the world at night and controls the tides and seasons and preserves life. In spite of the efforts of men it is still intact, and I pray that it will never be darkened by the selfish desires of men.

I'm thankful for the opportunities that I have found to serve God and my fellowman, for a good job, and the many friends who work and serve with me.

I'm thankful for Peace in my country, and my heart will pause by the grave of the Unknown Soldiers in prayerful thanksgiving, for all who fought and died to keep our nation free. The price that many have paid was high. May we never forget their sacrifice and prove ourselves Americans worthy of their faith.

I'm thankful for a healthy body, strong legs and arms, eyes that see, ears that hear, and a mind that enables me to hold my job, serve my family and my church, and a heart that holds no hate and is filled with love and thanksgiving.

On this Thanksgiving Day, I am so very thankful for God's very special care in watching over our new daughter (Ted's wife) during these past weeks of her illness. I pray that He will continue to bless her, and let us keep her, if it be His will. My heart is filled with love and appreciation for the concern, get well cards, phone calls and flowers that she received from the readers of THE NEWS-TIMES, and especially for your prayers in her behalf. These have helped us all so much during this difficult period.

A large family is indeed blessed on Thanksgiving Day when parents, aunts, uncles and cousins can gather at Grandma and Grandpa's house for a festive day. There aunts and uncles will find their thoughts turning back to their own growing-up years, cousins will happily renew their bonds of friendship and love, and grandparents will look upon the whole scene perhaps through misty eyes, and a thankful heart to God, for His goodness through the years.

"Blood runs thicker than water!" Mix it with the ties of love and fellowship and you will have one of the greatest gifts that life can bestow upon a human being.

On this Thanksgiving Day . . . count your blessings . . . there are so many. Reunions are wonderful. Be sure to have one in your family this Thanksgiving Day . . . go back home . . . or to Grandma's house . . . if only in your dreams.

### WHEN GRANDMA ASKED THE BLESSING

So many lovely pictures come to haunt my memory. Of past Thanksgivings when we gathered with "the family." With all the aunts and uncles, and all the little cousins. Ours is a big clan . . . closely knit . . . with kin-folks by the dozens. Quite often it was Mom and Dad, who played the hostess . . . host. And looking back those were the days I always loved the most. And at the heaping table there was a moment's drama, When everyone got solemn . . . quiet . . . and grace was said by Grandma.

She was the matriarch who spoke for her assembled brood, And asked God's blessings on each one, and on the festive food. She talked to God so naturally, her words so easy fell. Upon each bowed head . . . that we felt Gram must know God quite well. When I was little I could never somehow quite surmise, Why after grace was said there were those tears . . . in grown-up eyes. But later . . . on Thanksgiving days at last I really knew, For glancing up at brimming eyes, my own were tear-filled too. And when Gram's grace was ended with a reverent "Amen," I recall how sweet each dear face looked, when heads were raised again. And after that each dish contained an extra special savor, For Grandma's blessing seasoned it with such a divine flavor. Oh, I have tasted lots of foods, and lots of fine-cooked fare, I've eaten lots of humble bread and delicacies rare. I've dined with great folks, now and then, and shared a cup of tea With folks who had to struggle with the curse of poverty. But nothing's ever tasted quite so good . . . so past expressing . . . As all those feasts of long ago, when Grandma asked the blessing.

— Betty Stuart

## Comment . . . J. Kellum

### The Russian Viewpoint

A good, useful book about Russian viewpoints and Communist attitudes is "East of the Iron Curtain" by William van Narvig, published in 1946 by Ziff-Davis. It is very different from similar appearing works. Mr. van Narvig was reared in Russia and worked in Russia. He is familiar with her before and after the Revolution, and his observations are valuable because they puncture rosy Western pictures of interior soviet discontent with communism.

He gives us a little history and background, enough to elucidate what we already know: that Russia has changed the who's who in power rather than the nature of the government. Totalitarian she has been for centuries and totalitarian she remains. Her much broadcast and readily apparent (when she is lying about them) desires to dominate the rest of the world are not only not new, they are as old as Russia. The ground down peasants of the old order are the ground down peasants of the new order—and if they do not think so, it is probably just as well, seeing that they have to endure it.

The big difference between old and new Russian leadership (which, after all, is capitalism for the few instead of capitalism for the many, as we have) is that these present men are as clever and unprincipled as the devil. That is not meant to be funny.

They have not the vaguest idea of what truth and freedom really mean. They are not simply trying to pull the wool over somebody's eyes. It is over theirs, and the darkness seems to be as deep as hades. These men regard us as fantastically foolish—for example, the way we let our press say anything it pleases.

They think that as nations we are so disorderly and childish that simply by holding their ground and shoving into every extra inch they can, they will eventually rule us.

The awful part of it is, that they are proving themselves right in

that we are easy to cheat and exploit. We are. It is the weakness of justice and decency that it can defend itself only with justice and decency, and the unjust, the dirty player, can get in all the gouges he is able without similar retaliation from us.

It is yet to be seen how soon and how effectively the familiar processes of civilization will apply: that is, that no matter who wins the battle, the uncivilized become more civilized by contact with the more fortunate people.

In other words, man has the desire for justice and decency and given the chance, will tend toward them. Even Russians. It is to be hoped they do not have to wreck us to do so, or so completely that they learn nothing.

## Psychic Bird Dog

The embarrassed owner of a sporting pointer, traveling on the London underground, had been unable to distract his dog's attention from a fellow passenger who was carrying a shopping bag.

After the pointer had exercised its directional functions for some moments, its owner apologized and inquired whether the man with the bag was perhaps carrying home some game.

"No," was the reply. Then, as an afterthought: "I don't suppose it could have anything to do with it, but my name does happen to be Partridge."—Manchester Guardian News Service

## Smile a While

"As a matter of fact," said the lawyer for the defendant, trying to be sarcastic, "you were scared half to death, and you don't know whether it was a motor-car or something resembling a motor-car that hit you."

"May I say, then," the plaintiff calmly replied, "that I was forcibly struck by the resemblance!" — Watchman-Examiner

## IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS

### THIRTY YEARS AGO

A car stealing wave swept Morehead City when the carnival arrived last week for the county fair.

C. T. Chadwick was appointed mayor of Beaufort in place of D. M. Jones, who had resigned, and John A. Chaplain was appointed to the town board.

M. Mann's sons in Newport was to have a formal opening this Saturday of their new and improved store.

### TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

Woodmen of the World had started suit against Carteret County, the Morehead City and the Beaufort graded schools for payment on school bonds.

The Civil Works Administration would allow Carteret County funds for the employment of 530 men.

C. D. Jones was advertising turkeys, (live) for 25 cents a pound, corned hams 18 cents a pound and baked ham at 40 cents a pound.

### TEN YEARS AGO

Carteret County would receive \$3,825 from beer and wine taxes for the past year.

R. S. Garner of Newport had bought a grand champion Duroc boar into the county.

The First Methodist Church and the First Baptist Church, both in Morehead City, were undertaking extensive building programs.

### FIVE YEARS AGO

The Sea Level Community Hospital was dedicated Saturday, Nov. 21. The hospital was a gift from the four Taylor brothers, Dan, William, Alfred and Leslie, who composed the Taylor Foundation.

Rose's 5 and 10 Cent store opened its new building in Morehead City.

E. A. Hessee of Morehead City was rescued on the inland waterway when the gas line in his skiff broke.