

Gravy Train?

When emotion comes in the door, reason flies out the window . . .

The controversy over menhaden boats at the Moore dock in Beaufort, over which there should be no controversy if merely the law were followed, is certainly fraught with emotion. The emotion, mainly, is fear that the pocketbook will be robbed if the boats are moved.

This fear is a snap reaction not based on analysis of the situation. It is true that the menhaden season means more business for Beaufort and Morehead City. But businessmen who think the menhaden fleet is a gravy train are wrong. Businessmen may make money but they also pay. The pay is disguised.

They pay in this way: higher taxes — and though they won't admit it, fear that their way of life will be disrupted.

1. Taxes: influx of a temporary population always means more financial headaches for the welfare department. Each season there are usually one or two (maybe more) fishermen who die, either by violence or otherwise. There is no money from his family to bury the fisherman or send him to a home, if he has one. The welfare department — financed by our tax money — pays.

From seven to nine months after the menhaden fleet leaves, a crop of babies, to unwed mothers, arrives. Who pays? The taxpayer. And these illegitimate children must be supported by welfare funds, usually for 16 years.

Welfare funds are low. The county welfare tax will probably have to be raised this coming year. We wonder if the businessmen who are riding the menhaden fleet "gravy train" will take the increase without a whimper.

As for the health department, they "ride the gravy train" this way. A fed-

eral public health officer comes when the fleet is in and tests all crewmen for venereal disease in an effort to curb transmittal of the disease to the local population. The crewmen have always been most cooperative but such testing — and treatment — is costly. The taxpayer pays.

As for town police and county law enforcement — thefts increase when the fleet is in town (anyone is free to check the statistics); usually there are knifings, sometimes murders and, the processing of simple public drunkenness cases is costly. The taxpayer pays.

2. Disruption of our way of life: Just last year, families on East Front Street were disturbed because a colored maid who lived back of the home she served was entertaining, regularly, overnight, a gentleman. The mayor was called, the police were called and there was much maneuvering before the matter was straightened out. Some of these same people, distressed last year, are now inviting everybody to "come live with us."

Now this editorial will be interpreted in many ways. For those who want to read things in it that are NOT here, this is what it really says:

The menhaden fleet and business that comes from it is most welcome. But it is not all "gravy". Nobody gets something worth having without paying for it.

Man, through his stages of "civilization" has found it is advisable to live under laws. Man, occasionally, in emotion-fraught moments, wants to do away with certain laws. But standards must be followed. To change those laws, without thoughtful consideration, or to disobey those laws can result in trouble, and sometimes, chaos.

Facts in the Tax Matter

Persons who complain that the county "lets some people get away without paying their taxes" noted, we hope, that the boom was lowered on backsliding taxpayers last month.

Property on which taxes were owing was sold at auction at the courthouse Saturday, Oct. 25. This was done with proper public notice. As a result, many of the delinquents paid the taxes and thus saved their land.

For those who didn't, the land passed into the hands of the county, if it wasn't purchased by individuals.

The county commissioners and the sheriff's department are to be commended — the commissioners for carrying through on tax collection as provided by law, and the sheriff for carrying out his job in tax collecting.

For him, it's a thankless job. People who owe taxes sometimes become angry when they're asked to pay. They don't get mad at the laws written in the law book, they get mad at the officer who asks them to pay up.

Thus, the sheriff comes in for some undue criticism. The fact that he's re-elected by a walloping majority when election time comes around attests to the fact that he can handle a prickly job and still keep most people calm.

Also due a lot of credit on the county tax collecting job is the tax collector's office. Without consistent diligent work there, the sheriff's job would be twice as difficult.

Nobody wants to pay taxes, but everybody wants to share in the benefits that accrue from them. The age-old demand from the people is "Less taxes and more benefits" which is obviously impossible.

As for readjustment of land values, the county board is continuing its prac-

tice of recent years: if you want the value of your land readjusted come before the board at its equalization meeting in March. That meeting, and that one alone, is the only time that the commissioners, as specified by law, may consider land revaluation.

What may have been true of county government some years ago is not true today. And citizens who accuse the county administration of not collecting taxes are not keeping abreast of today's affairs.

Famous Americans

The Hall of Fame of Great Americans is located on the campus of New York University, in the Bronx, N. Y. Names to be inscribed in the Hall of Fame are chosen every five years by a College of Electors, consisting of approximately 100 American men and women of distinction, representing every state.

To be eligible, a nominee must have been dead 25 years. There have been 86 individuals chosen for this honor. The most recent ones, selected in 1955, were Thomas Jonathan Jackson (Stonewall, of Confederate fame); George Westinghouse (inventor); Wilbur Wright (pioneer in aviation).

The millstones of the human mind go round and round; if they have nothing else to grind, they must themselves be ground. What is nervous prostration, but the wearing out of the two millstones with no grist between? Suggestion: Fill your mind with good things.

FIRST, THE DOCTORS HAVE TO AGREE!



The Readers Write

The Problem of Piering the Pogy Boats Presages Posthumous Ruminations from the tombs of our forefathers, just the latest ones, too, of those whose cries of offense have so ridiculously even reached the courts of the law.

The forefathers used to sit on their porches and look, even admire, and smell not only the boats at anchor but the seines rolled on reels on birdshoal. This in the days of primitive methods of cleansing and airing and sunning, in charge of such chores just Nature itself; and maybe a bucket brigade which must have considered its job silly and unnecessary, for who minds a few smells; which will just come again after the next trip to sea and the processing plant.

Increased capacity and improved methods have made the fish factory and pogy boat of today smell like perfume compared to the defensive action of a skunk, which was more like the stench of the whole menhaden industry of old. Even the "take" stunk, for without the present know-how it was a losing proposition.

A foremother I know and still alive still calls the pogy boats queens of the sea. There is something majestic about them. She loves to hear their three long blasts for the drawbridge, and she could would even get up in the middle of the night to watch them all lighted up, glide by, the sound of engines and the hum of the generators just a hulling orchestral background to their movement.

A lot of forefathers who used to go down to the sea in ships must be restless in their graves. I wonder if the landlocked lubbers are envious of the rugged seamen when placed in close proximity? Do they regret their youthful opportunities if they had them, for only in youth does one have the nerve and yen for adventure. Now old, we might even look in Taylor's creek with misgivings. I know, for I am cautious now.

If all the waters in Beaufort Harbor, in Fort Macon Channel, Atlantic Beach, Shackelford Banks, the Inlet, and even Cape Lookout were the same as when I was a boy, I am sure I would not fear to frolic with them any time, in the belief each drop would caress and nourish and buoy me up as they did when I loved them, wallowed in them without care or fear. But, alas, I am old, and even if I was sure these waters were

the same, there would be no trust in me.

With each generation of improved gentle living we probably get softer and more refined, and even if at heart we haven't, there must be an urge to create the impression, or make sure somebody believes we have reacted to our environment, just for appearances' sake; or to hush our consciences, or to prove outwardly at least we have completely shed the jungle in our stage of civilization.

Now what do these gentle folk do for recreation? If they have the money the whole world is their playground. At least a night club or a theatre is within convenient reach. Or have their kids to play with, in the yard, at the school, at a movie, or just in the living room in front of the tv. They are at home.

How many of the staid parents have been alone in foreign parts, most of the time like the pogy boatmen? Up and down the coast, home for a weekend, or gambling they'll be in one place long enough to have the family for a weekend, only to find that after the family arrives they have put to sea again?

Suppose all these gentle folk found themselves confined to one little pier, crowded by the crews of nine boats, and the problems of supply and transportation and recreation? I bet there would be a little unrefined noise, don't you?

Now and then I can imagine the pilot tired, sleepy, even disgusted when there is a small catch, just leaning on that whistle for the bridge to open, saying to himself, "Hope this'll wake a few of the complacent sons-o' guns, whose pockets we fill with money while they sleep."

Well, it's a funny world. Each unto his own, and condemn all the rest! The unkindest cut of all is not the reflection on all the captains and crews and owners of the pogy boats, but upon the hospitality and fairness of most of the good people of Beaufort. Just as the charges the crews consist of criminals and riff-raff of the waterfront, it implies our whole town is also unjust.

A Citizen of Beaufort

F. C. Salisbury

Here and There

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

FRIDAY, NOV. 28, 1919
Dr. W. Q. A. Graham of Winston-Salem spent several days in the county visiting his former church members.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Helms, Sunday, Nov. 23, a boy.

J. B. Sawyer and Vernon Paul and Mrs. O. B. Willis motored to Aurora Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Willis left Wednesday morning for Norfolk to spend Thanksgiving with Mrs. Mattie Wallace.

Miss Helen Canfield left Tuesday for Winston-Salem to visit her sister, Miss Reba.

Mrs. Bettie Lidsay of Beaufort arrived in the city Thursday for several days' visit with her sister, Mrs. W. L. Arendell.

A. O. Honegger and D. E. Thompson, who have been employed by the Ocean Leather Co., left Monday for New York.

Mr. and Mrs. D. G. Bell, Miss Lorraine Arendell and Ralph Hau-

ser motored to New Bern Wednesday to attend the musical comedy "Blue Eyes."

The wedding of Miss Annie Hocutt and Alton Robinson took place last Saturday evening at the home of Harvey Hamilton. Mrs. Robinson is the daughter of the Rev. Hocutt of Atlantic. Mr. Robinson holds a position with the Cherry Wholesale Co.

Guion Eubanks of Beaufort, a ministerial student at Ayden Seminary, died Sunday in Sydney.

Miss Lila Wade, who has been clerking for Sam Adler, has accepted a position with J. O. Baxter jewelry store in New Bern.

Gurney P. Hood, who has served as cashier of the Bank of Morehead City since 1914, has resigned, having accepted a similar position with a bank in Tarboro. T. C. Wade of Beaufort has been elected in his place.

Chalk & Bonner are advertising the new Overland car with three-point cantilever springs that makes the car seem to "Sail Over the Roads."

Comment . . . J. Kellum

Reading Chaucer

Soldier, servant of the King, sometime diplomat, secret service agent, customs comptroller, clerk of the King's works, Geoffrey Chaucer was a busy and important man who also wrote lively poetry in the slang which later became the language of all England.

To read his work, we must understand at least a little background — the Middle Ages were colorful times, full of plagues, wars, genuine realism, confessions, earthy jokes and genuine piety in stirring contrast to one another. His "Canterbury Tales" concern a pilgrimage—he wrote more than a century before the Reformation—to Canterbury, even then an ancient shrine. Spelling was not standardized and he must have invented his own to convey the speech.

This begins the "Prologue":
"When that April with his showers sole

The droghte of Marche hath perched to the roote,
And bathed every veyne in swich licour
Of which vertu engendered is the flour;
Whan Zephirus eek with his swete breeth
Inspired hath in every holt and heeth
The tendre croppes, and the yonge sonne
Hath in the Ram his halfo cours y-ronne,
And smale fowles maken melodye
That slepen al the night with open ye . . ."

For a trial, put aside commentaries and translations of Chaucer and simply go over those lines—read them aloud, too quickly to consider every syllable. Lo, it sounds like sense! It is. Beautiful. A picture of spring we can almost smell.

Now try it with modern spelling:
When that April with his showers soft

The drought of March hath pierced to the root,
And bathed every vine in such liquor
Of which virtue engendered is the flower;
When Zephyrus with his sweet breath
Inspired hath in every holt and heath
The tender crops, and the young sun
Hath in the Ram his half course run,
And small fowls making melody
That sleep all the night with open eye . . ."

The word "eek" may be dropped; it is related to our "eke" but not so easily usable in modern English. From Greek Zephyrus, we retain the word zephyr, for a light wind. And the Ram is, of course, the constellation of that name, noting time by astronomy which used to be the accepted method.

Even if ill-understood words are skipped, this light-hearted reading preserves his light-hearted rendering and so is truer to the song than the popular translations. Chaucer is meant to be fun to read. Once we learn to automatically recognize our words in his spelling, read them in his music—preferably aloud—(as "En-ge-lond" instead of the "England" we know him to mean), we have the key to all his writing.

Smile a While

A famous psychiatrist conducting a university course in psychopathology was asked by a student, "Doctor, you've told us about the abnormal person and his behavior—but what about the normal person?"
"When we find him," replied the psychiatrist, "we cure him."
—Irish Digest

Louise Spivey

Words of Inspiration

TEN COMMANDMENTS FOR OLDER PEOPLE

1. Don't give up your job too early. Keeping busy as long as possible will keep you young, interested and interesting.
2. Don't live with your children if you can possibly avoid it. Keep a place of your own, no matter how humble. Keep your freedom and independence. Don't trade them for the constant fear of treading on someone's feelings and causing friction with in-laws and grandchildren — to say nothing of your own son or daughter. The father or mother who goes to live with children either becomes a rubber stamp or a firebrand — neither of which produces much happiness.
3. Keep a medium tight hold on your pocketbook. Give your children as much as you can afford, but keep most of your money in your own hands. Never turn property over to the children on the promise that they'll take care of you. A good child will not ask such a thing, a greedy one will not hold the promise as binding. One of the best friends in old age is a checkbook.
4. Keep your friendships in good repair and add as many new ones as possible. Don't rely solely on the old ones; they have a habit of taking up residence in the cemetery, and you can get very lonely waiting for someone to take their places. Make a business of cultivating people. Write letters, send greeting cards, show interest in triumphs, and disasters. If you want friendship, you must earn it.
5. Keep yourself as attractive as possible. Age doesn't give you the right to appear sloppy, frumpy, or unwashed. Be meticulous about your person.
6. Keep in the running by doing things for other people. Entertain as much as possible — and you'll be entertained.
7. Don't try to run your children's lives. Just because they are your sons and daughters is no indication that they share your likes or dislikes. Furthermore, make allowances for the fact that "times have changed." What was a wise thing in your day may be very foolish now.
8. Don't indulge in that common vice of old age — conceit. Just because you are in halting distance of 80, you aren't automatically wise. Don't act as if you had the wisdom of Solomon.
9. Don't think that age gives you the privilege of making yourself disagreeable. Age doesn't give you the right to be peevish, fretful, demanding or ill-mannered.
10. Finally, don't be a repeater. Don't tell the same bygone stories again and again. Many older people can make fascinating tales out of the past, and their grandchildren love to listen. Other senior citizens — and I'm afraid most of them — just get boringly repetitious, with their stories beginning, "Why when I was young, milk was six cents a quart." As long as you can read the daily papers, listen to a radio, or watch TV, you need not go senile in your conversation.

— Dorothy Dix

AFTER SEVENTY

- Pamper the body
 - Prod the soul
 - Accept limitations
 - But play a role.
 - Withdraw from the front
 - But stay in the fight
 - Avoid isolation
 - Keep in sight.
 - Beware of reminiscing
 - Except to a child
 - Re: forgetting proper names
 - Be reconciled.
 - Refrain from loquacity
 - Be crisp and concise
 - And regard self-pity
 - As a cardinal vice.
- Olive Prouty

Security for You . . .

By RAY HENRY

Your Social Security tax goes up Jan. 1.

How much depends on your earnings and whether you work for yourself or somebody else.

If you work for someone else, your tax will be 2 1/2 per cent of all your earnings up to \$4,800. It has been 2 1/4 per cent of your earnings up to \$4,200.

The increase — in dollars and cents—means you'll have to pay \$120 tax in 1959 if your earnings are \$4,800 or more, compared with \$94.50 this year.

If your earnings next year are less than \$4,800, your tax will be less than \$120. For example: Suppose your weekly earnings will average \$80 for a total of \$4,160 a year. Your tax will be \$104. That's 2 1/2 per cent of \$4,160.

Averaged over the year, the most the increase can cost you is a small fraction more than 49 cents a week.

Whatever your tax is, your employer will have to match it.

If you work for yourself—that is, you're self-employed — and you're covered by Social Security, your tax for 1959 will be 3 1/2 per cent of your net earnings up to \$4,800. It has been 3 per cent of \$4,200 a year.

This means, if your earnings are \$4,800 or more next year, you'll have to pay a tax of \$180, compared with \$141.75 this year if you have net earnings of \$4,200.

Remember: If you're self-employed, you pay the Social Security tax only once a year at income tax time. The tax paid then is for your previous year's earnings. For example: Between Jan. 1

and April 15, 1959, you'll pay your Social Security tax. Since the tax will be for your 1958 earnings, it will be at the 3 per cent rate on your net earnings up to \$4,200. It won't be until you pay your tax in 1960—for your earnings in 1959—that you'll have to pay the new 3 1/2 per cent tax.

The Jan. 1 raise in tax will not be the last. It will be raised again in 1960 and every three years after that until a final jump in 1969. There may be even more if other changes are made by Congress in Social Security.

Here's a table of the scheduled increases:

Years	Em- ployed	Em- ployed	Self-Em- ployed
1960-62	3%	3%	4 1/2%
1963-65	3 1/2%	3 1/2%	5 1/2%
1966-68	4%	4%	6%
after 1969	4 1/2%	4 1/2%	6 1/2%

(* The percentages in the table all apply to earnings up to \$4,800.)

The reason for the tax increase next year is the raise in payments which goes into effect Jan. 1, and for the other changes made recently in Social Security.

The future increases are to take care of the heavier demands which will be made on the Social Security funds in the future. For example: By 1975, nearly everyone 65 or older will be eligible for Social Security retirement payments. Presently, only about two out of three are.

(Editor's Note: You may contact the social security representative at the courthouse annex, Beaufort, from 9:30 a.m. to noon Tuesdays. He will help you with your own particular problem.)

Georgia-Grown Hate

While the police were raking the debris of that bombed synagogue in Atlanta, columnist David Lawrence confided to the world that it all might very well have been a Communist plot.

And Georgia's Senator Tal-madge, in the first shock of the explosion, toyed with the same idea in examining how such a thing could have occurred in Atlanta.

Since then five men have been arrested and indicted by a grand jury. There is not the slightest bit of evidence that any one of them is a Red. There is a good bit of evidence that any one of them is a consummate hater and that his hate was manufactured in Georgia and nowhere else.

Lawrence and the senator were merely engaging in a modern American pastime. All that is low and evil you blame on the Communists. If something happens that defies normal explanation,

then the Russians must surely have had a hand in it.

Even in an inflamed South it is hard to believe that anyone would use dynamite on a church. Thus the answer for such conduct must lie elsewhere.

A good bit of the evil in the world is hatched inside the Kremlin, it is true. The Soviet plan of conquest is linked to fomenting discord. Sabotage and subterfuge are basic to Red techniques.

But much of the South's present woes are native American. And those who would understand a local bombing might look first for a local explanation.

—Charlotte News

Just in Passing . . .

The trouble with a fellow who talks too fast is that he is liable to say something that he hasn't even thought of yet.

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