

The Sloppy City

Several complaints have been heard recently about the trashy appearance of the main street of Morehead City. One came from a visitor from New Jersey and the others from Morehead City residents.

An editorial could be written every week about the unkempt appearance of the middle of the town, but we can offer no workable solution to the problem.

There ARE solutions:

1. Keep people from throwing paper, paper cups, cigarette packages and other trash in the streets, but how do you get people to do that? You instill in them civic pride, you say. And just how do you do that?

You can talk and write until you're weary, but if parents don't teach neatness, cleanliness and respect for other people's property, is the school, the church or the newspaper supposed to teach it? Probably.

2. Pay laborers to walk up and down the streets and pick up the trash that thoughtless people throw around. And where does the money come for that? From tax funds. The town doesn't have enough money now to do the many things it would like to do. Where is it going to get the money to pay laborers to pick up after the sloppy residents?

Maybe town prisoners could do it. And once in a while they do. But there aren't enough of them to pick up after a thousand litterbugs every day.

The town last spring planted grass

on the plots along each side of the railroad. White markers were set out to keep cars off of it. The grass was mowed. This is the first time in the history of the town that this project of beautification was in any way successful. And the credit goes to street commissioner Gibbie Sanderson who bulldozed the thing through and saw to it that the town workmen found time to do what they did.

In gratitude, the townspeople continue to litter the street. Town trash cans have been put out. They were ignored and many, if still standing, are rusty and broken.

People from other areas, north or west, are invited to come south to establish plants. And what do they see? Their pre-conceived notion of a slovenly "southern town" is verified.

Industrialists consider the employees they may want to bring in to live in the town. Would their families want to live in a place that looks like a trash pile? Hardly. There will have to be many other VERY favorable factors before new enterprises move into a sloppy town. It isn't the trash itself — it's what it denotes. It's a badge of laziness, slovenliness, absence of civic pride, and backwardness.

It's a badge that brands EVERYONE, even those who would like to have a clean town.

These are rough words and they may not go down so well with some. But if you think they're not the truth, we'll be glad to hear from you.

Neighbor Beach Wants a Hotel

Plans seem to be in the wind for a 250-room "storm resistant" hotel at Wrightsville Beach. According to a news story in a Raleigh paper last Wednesday, the hotel would provide eating and convention facilities for 500.

What was most interesting about the item was that a STATEWIDE DRIVE would be undertaken to raise money for the hotel. If this is like most fund drives for an enterprise of this sort, it probably won't amount to much. On the other hand, it may meet with resounding success.

We can picture beach hotel promoters contacting major organizations throughout the state, organizations which are eager to meet annually on the coast, and offer them a special convention rate for a certain number of years if the organization will put up some money to meet the hotel's building cost.

We don't say that such a plan is con-

templated in the Wrightsville Beach scheme; that's merely conjecture on our part, but should such an idea materialize, not only would Wrightsville Beach get its hotel built, it would be assured of conventions and all the added town business that goes with them for a specified number of years.

A model of the hotel was shown last Monday at a meeting at Raleigh. Earl Fitzgerald, Fayetteville, acting chairman of the meeting, was right when he said the entire state would benefit directly from such a hotel.

Hotel people in our area have long listened to pleas for large convention facilities. We just don't have them. The entire state would benefit from a good convention hotel on the coast, in that organizations now tired of meeting upstate could come to the shore.

The Wrightsville Beach venture will be watched, from this end, with interest.

Note on Avian Tourism

(Greensboro Daily News)

Somebody's been pulling feathers over somebody else's eyes up around Richmond.

A UPI dispatch from the Virginia capital tells how Beauregard, a mockingbird cared for by a Richmonder after he'd fallen out of his nest during a heavy rain last summer, is to be given a plane ride to Sarasota, Fla., for the winter after his benefactor "tried to turn him loose early last month so he'd fly south of his own accord, but Beauregard would have none of it."

Of course Beauregard wouldn't. He must have been pretty well domesticated in the first place; the easy, sheltered life was just the thing, Virginia gentleman that he must have been.

But, that initial consideration aside, somebody, even if it has to be the Richmond Times-Dispatch's perennial avian correspondent Birdie Mae Baugh, should tell UPI and all concerned that

mockingbirds do not fly south to Florida for the winter.

You'll find plenty of mockingbirds in the Everglades State; we don't believe we've ever seen or heard more than in the trees and foliage around the Bok Tower. But they were Florida mockingbirds, not winter tourists. For mockingbirds are adaptable critters. Here in North Carolina—and the same must be true in Virginia — they stay with us the year around. Never do they seem happier than on a cool, crisp day or a chilly moonlit night when on chimney top or other apex which satisfies their vaingloriousness, they sing their hearts out in defiance of the weatherman or anybody else who would gainsay their right to be heard.

Come snow and ice, the mockingbird's notes, even as the mails, must go through. Beauregard, if you ask us, has got himself a press agent who's been took.



Ruth Peeling

Rail Man Frowns on Water

Braxton Adair and R. P. Jobb, a vice-president of Atlantic Coast Line were teamed together to visit Philadelphia firms as part of North Carolina's mission to invite Philadelphia industry to the Tar Heel State.

Braxton laughs as he recalls it. "Mr. Jobb didn't like it very much that I kept talking about cheap transportation on the inland waterway, while he was trying to sell rail transportation, but he admitted that if North Carolina got more business, his railroad would get some of it too."

Braxton says that the Philadelphia folks were extremely interested in our integration issue. No matter what the conversation, it finally got around to integration.

Radio and tv stations would interview the governor, usually taping what he had to say. He'd tell the state's story for industry and then the integration questions would pop up. When the interview was finally broadcast or telecast, everything at the front was usually cut out and thus the governor was left talking only about integration!

While that may be stretching it a bit, the significance should be noted. Controversy engenders interest. Furthermore, businesses and industries are quite concerned about the manner in which integration would help or hinder their locating in the south.

It has been reported that many firms toying with the idea of going into Arkansas have definitely backed off since the Little Rock "explosion."

Firemen are good people to have

around. Here in the office we laughed one day because a fire department asked that it be notified of a fire before the fire starts.

Well, we were eating our words last week. Something in the office was smoking. The smell was like that of a burned out transformer (according to the know-it-alls who had smelled burned out transformers) and we couldn't find the source of the smoke.

Everyone was picturing wires burning in the ceiling or walls and soon the whole place would burst into flame. So we called Mack Edwards at the Morehead City fire department, told him we had a fire but we didn't know where.

Mack showed up and after checking the place from top to bottom found it was nothing too serious. Something had burned out in one of the fluorescent lights. It certainly was causing an awful smoke and smell.

It may, eventually, have caused a fire, who knows? That was one time that it was a good thing to call a fireman before the fire started. Any fireman will tell you it pays to be alert and suspicious about fire.

It was a pleasure to have as houseguests last Thursday night Mary and Martha Yarborough, red-headed twin members of the Greensboro College Glee Club. The glee club sang Thursday night in the First Methodist Church, Morehead City, sponsored by the Wildwood and First Presbyterian Churches.

The girls visited Fort Macon Friday morning, had lunch at Captain Bill's and then went to New

Bern where they gave a concert Friday night.

Tippy, who won "the best-dressed" prize in the Beaufort pet contest last Wednesday, certainly did not seem very happy. In the picture below, taken by Bob Seymour, Tippy seems to be saying, "This shouldn't happen to a dog!" Tippy wore a hat, collar and long dress. I hope he got a big juicy bone when he got home.



The Readers Write

Perker-Upper

Veterans Hospital Oteen, N. C.

I received my first issue of the Times today. It really helped perk me up, being able to read about things and people I know. So I will be looking forward to the next issues.

My wife subscribed to the paper for me. Her address is Mrs. Roy T. Guthrie, 1113 Shepard St., Morehead City, N. C.

Can't Do Without It

Tampa, Fla. Dec. 2, 1958

I have been a subscriber of your paper for years and don't feel I can do without it.

Will you please send me the paper for six months at once to this address, Miss Minnie L. Nelson, 7614 Conn. St., Tampa 5, Fla.

I want every paper. Send bill to me at once for the entire six months and I will send you a check.

I have lived at Atlantic, N. C., until October. I am living in Tampa now.

Thank you, Minnie L. Nelson

Stamp News

By SYD KRONISH

The United States Post Office Department will participate in six foreign stamp exhibitions. Special exhibits showing new panels and US album pages will be sent to the following: Naples, Italy, for the centennial of stamps in the Kingdom of Naples; Graz, Austria, at the Graz-American House; London, England, for the 1959 STAMPEX; Hamburg, Germany, for INTERPOSTA 1959; Johannesburg, South Africa, for their International Exhibition in 1960; and London, England, for the 1960 International Exhibition.

Also in the welfare vein, comes a new set of stamps from Western Germany. It is the 1958 series "Helpers of Mankind." The 7 pfennig plus 3 brown and tan portrays Wilhelm Raiffeisen. The 10 pf plus 5 red, white, gold and green shows Alpine dairy farming. The 20 pf plus 10 white, blue, green and red depicts vineyard farming. The 40 pf plus 10 yellow, white, green and blue illustrates a farmer carrying a pitchfork.

The same design and colors but with different values were issued for the Saar.

Captain Henry

Sou'easter

My grandson mailed us his Christmas list this week. He wants a boat. And he's very considerate about the whole thing—we don't have to mail it to him. We're just to look after it, until he comes to visit us this summer, and have it all ready for him to sail.

He figures, I do believe, that I have nothing to do except build him a boat. Well, maybe he's right. And come June, there will probably be a sailboat here waiting for him.

I read a story the other day which illustrates the way I feel about some of the folks around town. There are those who would like to see things change for the better and will work toward that

end, and then there are folks who don't want to see anything change.

Whatever the go-aheads start, the stand-patters stop and call themselves heroes.

Story: This chap was standing at a street intersection when he saw a car with no driver start down the hill. Fortunately the front door was open, so he jumped in and pulled on the handbrake and brought the car to a shuddering stop.

Feeling like a real hero, the man stepped out just in time to meet the car's panting owner. "Well, I guess I stopped it for you," smiled the chap. "You sure did," exclaimed the owner, "I was pushing it."

IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS

THIRTY YEARS AGO

One hundred head of purebred hereford cattle from Kansas arrived for the Nectcalf project on South River.

The weather report service for Beaufort, which had been discontinued for a while, had been restored because of the fishing industry.

James W. Mason was appointed county attorney by the new county officials.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

Loftin Motor Co. in Beaufort was showing the new 1934 V-8 model Ford.

The Floating Theatre had tied up at Inlet Inn dock and would present plays for a week.

Troy Johnson, Billy King Taylor, and William Willis, all of Beau-

fort, gave a radio concert at the Wilmington station.

TEN YEARS AGO

Santa Claus arrived in Beaufort aboard his yacht Mistletoe.

All Morehead City churches were joining in a union Christmas service Sunday night.

Lennoxville residents lost in their fight to have Lambert Morris's fish factory moved.

The Benson H. Riggan menhaden boat, sank off Ocracoke Inlet. The loss was estimated at \$68,000.

Congressman Graham A. Barden appeared before the county board of commissioners and advised them to contact the state health officer for aid in fighting mosquitoes.

Beaufort firemen gave money to paint the town hall.

Louise Spivy

Words of Inspiration

A FAMILY TREE

Wouldn't it be nice for parents to have in their possession a Family Record to pass along to their children?

Would it not make a difference in all of our lives . . . if we knew that we were direct descendants of great men and women like Beethoven . . . Madame Currie . . . George Washington . . . or Abraham Lincoln?

I would suggest that all of us begin a "Family Tree," beginning with the present and going as far back down the line of ancestors as we possibly can.

As for me . . . I just can't go very far back. So I have adopted a couple of wonderful ancestors to begin with . . . and to pass along to the youth of our Tyndall clan.

The first is: William Tyndale . . . who was born about 1490 and translated the Bible into English. His translations were vigorously opposed by ecclesiastical authorities in England. His combined translations were published. He was taken into custody in Antwerp and after fifteen months' imprisonment was tried . . . sentenced . . . and burned at the stake on Oct. 6, 1536. I am awfully proud of him.

My next adopted ancestor is John Tyndall. My explanation for the change in spelling from Tyndale to Tyndall is poor penmanship. All of us have been poor writers.

John Tyndall was an Irish physicist . . . born in 1820. In 1847 he became teacher of physics at Queenwood College, Hampshire England, where he began original researches. In 1859 he began his researches on radiation . . . a later subject was the acoustic properties of the atmosphere. He made a successful lecture tour of the United States (1872). He devoted funds to founding scholarships for original research at Harvard and Columbia Universities.

These two certainly make fine roots for a "Family Tree," and I'd certainly like to feel that way back through the years, I could really claim them.

If you will read the "History of Atlantic Christian College," written by Charles C. Ware, you will find another Tyndall, who was a combination of the two mentioned above.

His name was John William Tyndall; and was the son of my own Uncle Jim.

He was born in a two-room uncelled house . . . in Craven County. He attended public school for three months in his life.

Life was hard and my Cousin John writes "I fully made up my mind . . . that I would give my life to the poor. I would wear myself clear out for their uplifting and culture."

In 1907 he opened a school eight miles north of Kinston . . . known as Tyndall's School and later called Industrial Christian College. One hundred and two students were enrolled.

For \$75 a student received board and tuition for one year. He also said, "The lack of money shall not keep one out of this institution. No-accountness may keep one out . . . but not lack of money."

Many of you perhaps knew my Cousin John better than I did, for he preached many times at the Otway Christian Church. There are several in that community named in his honor.

He was once pastor of a large church in Atlanta and was a Christian evangelist and teacher for many years.

He was killed in an automobile accident when he was 56 years old. At the time he was president of Randolph College at Cisco, Texas.

I happily give to each of you of the Tyndall Clan, and also to those named in honor of "John" . . . "William" . . . Tyndall . . . these fine ancestors as examples for you to follow.

So . . . wake up. Much has been given you . . . the world needs . . . and expects . . . much from you.

There is great work to be done. Roll up those sleeves and get busy.

Comment . . . J. Kellum

The Power of Reception

The ability to receive and thereby grow is as much an essential property of the mind as of the body. We know the consequences of starving the body; we seem less particular about our minds.

The body hungers and we feed it, in accordance with advice of experts in the field, our pocket-books and our appetites. The mind hungers and we animalistically snatch anything handy to stuff into it, all too often. We admit that minds, like bodies, can be seriously crippled, but we neglect their nutrition as though the absence of noticeable deficiency implied the presence of maximum health.

To the imaginative person, the spectacle of all these hungry minds stoking themselves on the grunts and grins of man-made entertainments is thought provoking. That is not to imply that such entertainment is unworthy. It is interesting, and it is often a great deal of fun. But it compares to real life as a painting compares to the actual sight of the scene. And as mental food, it must compare as soda pop does to milk.

It seems as though, today, we have so many handy packages of ersatz brain-filler that we needn't go out and pick an apple off the natural tree. Perhaps we were so entertained that we have forgotten that there are other, more satisfying foods, and we have forgotten how to gather them.

Charles Morgan, in "Reflections in a Mirror" (Macmillan) reflects, "In the imprisonment of routine, in the midst of great labors, in spite of the temporary inconveniences of revolutions, man has always known how to let the instant rest like a petal on the stream of their lives . . ."

Morgan is content to apply it rather shallowly, but he put the case nicely. We so often drown ourselves in a hubbub of people and, as a mob, subject ourselves to an onslaught of babel in the name of recreation that we miss opportunities to deepen our enjoyment and understanding of life. There is fruit for us in an aware, observant, appreciative, attitude.

No man can show another how to sense what is about him, it must be allowed to grow. Yet we do know that we cannot know truly what a certain spirit may be—whether of climate or person or what have you—by pummeling it with our minds, draining it dry and lining up its skeleton of statistics. We can discover our share of the comprehensible only when we let it in to us, when we give it our loving and respectful attention—not like a blotter gobbles up moisture but like a flower opening to the sun must our infant understanding be.

"I know that I know not," is, however surprisingly, a joyous discovery and a gateway to the stars. From that point on, anyway, each bit of real knowledge is beautiful, precious and a thing of wonder. And the art of obtaining it, sensitive intellectual reception, is a most satisfying—even though sometimes very difficult—occupation.

Free Wheeling

By BILL CROWELL Motor Vehicles Department

BUMPER CROP . . . A fellow said the other day, "Show me a vacant lot and within two weeks I'll show you a filling station." Which does seem to be true, especially in Raleigh where even a church was knocked down to make room for a bright new gas station. But common sense says the petroleum people don't go around investing dollars frivolously.

Service stations, though on every horizon, must pay off. A clue might be that over 67 million motor vehicles were registered in the United States last year, with more than 10 per cent of them credited to California alone.

New York and Texas both had more than four million while Illinois, Michigan, Ohio and Pennsylvania all topped the three million mark.

North Carolina? A recent tally by Miss Foy Ingram, director of the Motor Vehicles Department's registration division, showed the Tar Heel State with 1,670,000, or a rank of 13th among the states in total registrations.

Rolling on Tar Heel roads are 1,157,894 automobiles 264,394 trucks over 100,000 trailers 1,548 buses 4,382 motorcycles

34,650 public owned vehicles 42,930 vehicles in the hands of dealers

Now, forget the figures if you want. But don't forget to advise the Motor Vehicles Department if you've moved in the past year. Officials want to know so they can address your 1959 license renewal card correctly. The cards must be used to get new plates, so if your address has changed since the last registration write in now listing your license number and your new address.

TOUCHE . . . Highway workers shrugged their shoulders; state police were puzzled, too. But Minnesota Route 61 was sporting some highly mysterious paint work. Officers went to take a look, found a one-foot stripe laid down on the pavement with seven-foot letters proclaiming "Start." A quarter-mile down the road another line and the word "End."

A conference was called. Investigators began to "suspect" the markings were being used to lay out an auto racing course. They kept the area under surveillance, finally nabbed five youths in the act of touching up the markings. Although not actually seen racing, the group was marched off to a local magistrate, charged with defacing the road, and promptly fined \$30 and court costs.

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