

## More Than Meets the Eye

The wave of so-called "anti-semitism" which erupted Christmas eve is penetratingly disturbing. While police, government officials, and newsmen grope for the motives behind the painting of swastikas on synagogues and homes of Jews, the practice continues.

Periodically, throughout the centuries, at different places on the globe, waves of feeling against the Jews erupt. The sociologist and psychiatrist can tell you why. There is evidence in this most recent outburst, however, to indicate that in Europe it is being used as a lever to prevent the re-arming of West Germany and to quench sentiment for reunification of East and West Germany.

The Communist government may or may not be behind the action. The second world war and the fear of Germany is still quite fresh in Europe. You can't walk down a street and see three walls of a former house standing, with weeds growing where once the kitchen was, and not remember the bombs. Even a modern apartment house recalls to mind that it is there because what was there before was blasted out in the blitz.

In this country a side road off a highway may lead to a picturesque historical spot. In Holland or Germany it is pointed out as leading to a former Nazi concentration camp. The hell of war is still very close to the surface and it takes only a symbol, such as a swastika, to make hate and fear bubble over.

The hate in this current outburst is not so much against a minority as it is against the nation which persecuted that minority. As years pass, the meanings of symbols change with the attitudes of men. Some of the world hates the symbol of the hammer and sickle. Some abhor the cross. Some hate the swastika. To achieve a goal, propagandists may make use of such symbols, because they quickly generate a certain feeling from a large mass of people.

## Reason Enough

If ever there were events to spur the hunt for the cause of cancer, those events have occurred in recent months.

The cigarette companies now have some genuine sympathizers — the poultry industry, milk industry, cranberry, cosmetics and candy industries.

All are under suspicion as using drugs, pesticides or other ingredients which may be cancer-breeding.

But nobody knows for sure. It reminds us of the witch hunts. When man doesn't know the cause of his ill-fortune, he lashes out, flails in all directions, blaming this, blaming that. He must find solace somewhere — but the solace lies only in himself, his willingness to pay the scientists to hip back the shroud of ignorance or his interest in going into the laboratory himself.

Hundreds of thousands of dollars are being poured into cancer research. But progress would be so much faster if more money and more minds were available to work on the problem.

We do not agree with those who say the government should not have taken off the market the allegedly tainted cranberries. The Pure Food and Drug agency was established to protect the public and it is conscientiously trying to do that.

But the witch hunt won't end with chickens, milk, cranberries, lipstick, black jelly beans, gum drops and licorice. Tomorrow it will be something else and next week something else, until the public is so confused that, as

The goal sought, however, may be far removed from the conditions out of which the mass feeling first grew.

The swastika is the symbol of a powerful German Reich. That power will always be remembered for its butchery of the Jews. You can't use the symbol somewhere without dragging with it the misery it caused. Some have interpreted the so-called "anti-semitism" as a revival of the Nazi movement. If that is so, and certain German youths want such a revival, they're certainly promoting it in the wrong way.

How to account for the spread of the swastika-painting to this country? Hoodlums, vandals, and others are always ready to take part in a fear and hate campaign. We have seen such in the Ku Klux Klan. Sense of responsibility disappears in the cloak of night or behind a white sheet. There need be no sincere motivation for irresponsible actions, just the thrill of causing trouble is sufficient.

Anti-semitism? Perhaps. But this present outburst is more than that.

## Cheers for What?

The steel strike was settled two days before congress reconvenes to

1. Avoid stringent laws the public was demanding to end crippling strikes in the future.

2. To bolster Republican hopes for victory in 1960.

The current settlement is just a patch in the dam. The country will be faced with another major steel strike July 1, 1962 when the present contract expires.

The nation will suffer. We will relive the six months just past. How many times must the American economy be raped by powerful labor unions before laws are passed which will prevent placement of the nation in jeopardy?

The steel strike settlement evokes cheers only for the moment. Not for the future.

## Kindness Counts

A little old lady stood at the curb of a city street, fearful to cross, recounts Bert Barnes in The Pick-Up. One vehicle after another passed. The drivers who noticed her were too intent on their own affairs to care much about her plight. Occasionally she made a hopeful start, only to return to the safety of the sidewalk.

Finally, along came one of those enormous cement trucks. The driver, a husky fellow, apparently touched by the woman's show of despair, slowed down, steered his machine into a position where all traffic was stopped, and motioned to the lady to cross.

That evening at the dinner table in her home, she related the incident to her son, an executive in a large corporation. When she mentioned the name of the cement company whose driver had been so considerate, her son's face brightened. "I am glad you told me about this," he said. "Those people are going to get an order for a large quantity of cement I'll be needing."

—Sunshine Magazine

## BITING THE HAND



## Security for You...

By RAY HENRY

From D. J. of Los Angeles: "I reached 65 this year and retired about Jan. 1. A friend told me that the government allowed certain tax privileges on the income of people over 65. Will I be able to claim the privileges this year on my income or aren't they allowed to people in the year they reach 65?"

There are a number of federal income tax breaks allowed to people 65 or older. You're considered 65 and eligible for the breaks if you reach that age anytime during 1959 or on Jan. 1, 1960. As tax-paying time draws closer, I'll explain in a special series the privileges available to people 65 or older. Watch for it, late in January.

From Mrs. E. V. of Pontiac, Mich.: "My husband died two years ago, leaving me with three small children. Because he was in a job covered by Social Security when he died, the children and I have been collecting monthly payments. If I should go to work next year — I haven't been working because the children were too small — will the Social Security payments stop entirely?"

No. The check you receive is partly for you and partly for the children. If you go to work and your earnings are beyond certain limits, the portion of the check which is paid to you will be stopped. But, the portion paid to the children will continue to be paid until they die, reach 18 or marry, whichever event occurs earlier. Also, a child who is seriously disabled before reaching 18 and continues to be disabled after that age, can continue to collect Social Security as long as the disability exists.

From A. O. P. of Cleveland, Ohio: "My father retired last March when he reached 65. He was getting Social Security when he died in September. My moth-

er who is seriously and permanently disabled will be 62 next February and entitled to payments from Social Security as a widow. I've been handling her finances for her. May I have her Social Security checks sent in my name?"

Yes, if your mother is actually incapable of handling her money, you can ask to have the checks made out to you. When it's time to ask for payments, explain the situation to your Social Security office. An investigation will be conducted to establish the facts, but this is routine and done merely to protect Social Security money from getting into the wrong hands.

From S. H. of Oklahoma City: "I'm getting Social Security old age payments. Recently, due to a bequest, I came into a substantial amount of money. I don't want to get any Social Security which isn't rightfully mine. Should I tell the Social Security people about this money, or do they care?"

They don't care. Only money you receive as earnings from work will have any bearing on your right to Social Security checks.

From O. R. of St. Petersburg Fla.: "In a recent column you described the help the federal government will give people over 60 in buying a home. How can I get official information about the program?"

Get in touch with the nearest Federal Housing Administration office. You can get the address by writing to Federal Housing Administration, Washington, 25, D. C. When you write, also ask for the free brochure called "Housing for the Elderly."

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

## Free Wheeling

By BILL CROWELL  
Motor Vehicles Department

It's a wise practice to lock your car every time you step out of it, even though you may be in your own driveway. Absurd? Not at all, for while children are not supposed to play in the family car there have been instances where a small child has released the brakes on a parked vehicle and suddenly found himself moving down the street.

You are not immune to this suggestion even though there may be no small children in your family. One of your precocious neighbor children might suddenly develop an adventurous mood and try to take your car for a spin.

It pays to lock your car whenever it's left unattended.

PASSING . . . You're at the wheel now, traveling moderately along a broad four-lane road. You're in the outside, or extreme right hand lane. A car ahead is in the left lane, going slower than you are. You speed up a little and pass him on the right. He is mildly startled and shakes his fist at you passing by. Was he justified or merely showing bad manners?

Apparently some Tar Heel drivers are similarly puzzled about the always ticklish business of passing on the right. But the motor vehicle manual has some pretty enlightening paragraphs. Most of the rules are based on common sense, like making sure the way is clear before executing any move in traffic.

In the example cited, the passing driver could rightfully, if elegantly, stick out his tongue at the fist shaker and drive on. For

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## Captain Henry

### Sou'easter

I heard about some folks who took menhaden roe to Florida over Christmas. They introduced it to their friends as Carolina Caviar. The 8-year-old girl in the family looked at it doubtfully, dabbed at it with her fork and announced, "It looks like fish eggs to me."

I guess by now Gray and Charles Hassell are fully recovered. Gray's daughter, Rae Frances, who is also Charles' niece, chose New Year's Day to get married. THE day her Uncle Charles always goes hunting and THE day her dad always watches football games.

That same night her brother, Butch, and other members of her family were due on the basketball court. Well, they all made it—Gray, Charles and Mama Evelyn included. But it was a struggle.

I was talking to one of our senior citizens the other day. She takes a dim view of all these magazine articles about active people "over 60" and "over 70." I'm over 50 and about 20 years younger than she is and I agree with what she said.

People are still reckoning "old age" in the terms of what was "old" a quarter of a century ago.

Today, it's not unusual for a man over 70 to be making wood cabinets, building boats, going fishing and playing a good game of golf. It's not unusual for a woman over 70 to be on the dance floor or wearing pedal pushers.

Yet articles by the score acclaim these as outstanding achievements . . . something all of us "can do if we want to." Improvements in health practices and advances in medicine make this possible.

What would be interesting to folks over 60 these days are stories about what the folks over 80 and 90 are doing. Are THEY still active and enjoying life?

Maybe they're doing nothing, the most of them, and that's why nobody writes about them!

Officers who blow up stills are respectfully requested not to set off dynamite when there are duck hunters in the area. It scares the ducks and puts the duck hunters in a state of shock.

Incidentally, the duck season ends today. Shed a tear.

## Lovers' Lane

By WALTER WILLIS  
Harkers Island

Are you roaming the path of lovers' lane,  
Or are you groping in the dark?  
Are you beating the bush, just standing around  
And breaking someone's heart?  
Lovers' lane is a very wide road  
With trees sighing in the breeze,  
As you walk along, please sing one song  
And someone's heart you may ease.  
Sometimes this lane has a winding curve  
So watch your step, my dear.  
The slower you go, the better it is,  
And then you have no fear.  
This lane is sometimes far too short—  
The end, it comes too quick.  
Careful walking should be done  
Or else you'll be sitting in the ditch.  
Lovers' lane has two ways to go,  
One is good and one is bad.  
So take the one that leads to good  
And make no one blue or sad.  
This poem is ending and has great meaning,  
So stand up straight, and don't be leaning.  
Watch your step as you roam the lane,  
And keep your sweetheart one sweet dame.

GO KARTS . . . Those cute little motorized cars that children 7 years up—and down—are driving can be deadly toys. In fact a group of authorities in one city called the latest craze "mass infanticide." Safety leaders across the country are speaking out against the go cart races, maintaining that the miniature cars and the "speed" attitudes they build can only add to the nation's safety problem.

The Department of Motor Vehicles warns owners and prospective buyers that the small vehicles cannot legally be driven on public streets or highways.

## Smile a While

After installing a sprinkler system, a hotel warned its guests: "Please do not smoke in bed—you may drown yourself."  
—The Spotlight

Louise Spivoy

## Words of Inspiration

MOM'S APRON

How dear to my heart was Mom's old-fashioned apron;  
Its uses were myriad and ample its size;  
For the drying of tears and the wiping of noses,  
For lifting hot pans from the oven, hot pies;  
Convenient for bringing in eggs from the henhouses  
For carrying kindling or corn cobs as well.  
Waved at Dad in the field, it said, "Come to dinner,"  
Just as plainly as did our old dinner bell.  
It kept her hands warm when departing guests lingered,  
And the child standing by could hide 'neath its folds;  
There's something nostalgic about an old apron  
With the memories of Mom and our home that it holds.  
How I pity the children whose new fashioned mothers  
Wear practical aprons of plastic so neat . . .  
Though they serve the same purpose . . . protection from soil  
With Mother's old aprons they'll never compete.  
— Ida M. Yoder

SHE LEADS THE BAND

"I'm just a housewife," the mother said.  
And you know, she sort of hung her head.  
"Oh, I wash and iron and cook and sew,  
And do all the wifely chores, you know.  
We do things together, my family and I . . .  
Together we work and play and laugh and cry.  
I know we're happy as can be . . .  
For our house is really a home, you see."  
Again she slowly hung her head.  
"Still I do nothing important," she said.  
Oh dear little mother, dear little wife,  
You're living a most important life.  
These things you're doing are special, you know,  
It's these little things that make us grow.  
It's these little things that do the most,  
Toward spreading success from coast to coast.  
You're truly the greatest one of all,  
You're the belle of every ball.  
So lift up your head, and put up your hand . . .  
Three cheers to the housewife who leads "her" band.  
— Mrs. Hugh Blackburn

## F. C. Salisbury

### Here and There

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

Friday, Jan. 6, 1922

The death of Mrs. Nellie Bell Bonner, wife of Dr. K. P. B. Bonner, occurred early this Friday morning. Funeral services will be held from the Baptist Church Saturday afternoon for Mrs. Bonner, as well as her aunt, Mrs. Lucy Webb McLean whose death occurred Thursday night. Mrs. Bonner was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William P. Bell. Mrs. McLean was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Silas Webb.

The Stewardship Institute of the Neuse-Atlantic Association will be held in the Baptist Church on Monday and Tuesday.

Marriage licenses issued last week: James G. Murdoch, Wildwood, to Lillian G. Teasley, Morehead City. Troy Willis to Eva Mae Piner, both of Williston. Harold V. Taylor to Grace Fulcher, both

of Williston. James Cox to Minnie Simmons, both of Beaufort.

Deputy J. W. Odom was shot and painfully wounded Friday night by a gang on N. 11th Street. Ike Dudley was arrested in connection with the shooting. Odom is recovering from a charge of No. 6 shot.

Mrs. Ben Royal and little son, B. F. Jr., left this week for Four Oaks where they will visit relatives for a few days.

The Misses Ruth Reed, Lucy Goodwin and Lillian Paul left Wednesday for ECTTS, Greenville.

Mrs. Ernest Odom and little son of Dunn arrived in the city this week to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Webb.

Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Taylor Jr. returned this week to Raleigh after a visit to relatives in the city.

Gordon Webb returned to Porter's Military Institute, Charleston, S. C., after spending Christmas with his parents.

## From the Bookshelf

Invitation to a Beheading. By Vladimir Nabokov. Translated from Russian by Dmitri Nabokov. Putnam. \$3.95. The Real Life of Sebastian Knight. By Vladimir Nabokov. New Directions. \$3.50.

These two novels antedate by 20 or 25 years the Lolita which roused up the great Nabokov audience. More European, and in fact written abroad, they are nevertheless by the same intriguing artist in every character on every page.

If you complain that you didn't hear of them before, partly it is not your fault, partly it is: Beheading has just been translated, and by the novelist's son; Sebastian, however, was there to read in 1941 when New Directions first brought out what it now reprints.

Sebastian's half brother tells the story of Sebastian, born in Russia, studied and lived in England and France (Nabokov was born in Russia, studied and lived in England and France).

Sebastian, author of several books, has achieved enough renown so that at his death the narrator "V" feels he owes him a biography, and sets out to probe to the bottom through his writing, his experiences and his mistresses.

What he uncovers may be his own self, for identities fade in and out and overlap mystifyingly—the revelatory letter written by some one not Sebastian who yet might have been Sebastian, the vigil mounted beside the dying man supposedly Sebastian though he proves to be Mr. Kegan, and "V's" final suspicion that he himself is Sebastian, so that we arrive astonishingly at a kind of Steinian reiteration: Sebastian is Sebastian is "V" is Nabokov.

In Beheading, Cincinnatus C. in a Russian prison cell awaits execution for the monstrous crime of "gnostical turpitude," or the most ancient of sins. He is resigned psychically to his death, which he anticipates, in one of those gruesome figures in which Nabokov reveals, as a sort of crunching dental operation, the head in the role of the aching tooth, and the body, the inflamed gum.

Luckily he can escape momentarily from reality in a release, allied to Sebastian's, into another identity; but it is only to return to the mother who bore him to an unknown father, or the promiscuous wife, who explains apologetically that it's such a comfort to a man. So he stays where he can see his prison director Rodrig, his lawyer Rodion's little daughter the age of Lolita, and his dear friend who will become his executioner.

Education is what a man gets when he sits in his living room with a group of teen-agers.

Beheading is not quite so accomplished and subtle as Sebastian, but both are black and white sur-realist creations.

Fancy Nabokov, letting his weird fancy run, focuses his entire attention on the ineffable adventure of words.

The Stones of Florence. By Mary McCarthy. Harcourt, Brace. \$15.

Florence means a lot of things to a lot of people—Tuscany, the Arno, sculpture and architecture and Brunelleschi and Michelangelo, Savonarola, Medici, Dante, Uffizi, Ponte Vecchio, leather goods, bambino, hot weather, Maggio musicale.

This almost limitless diversity provides a sharp contrast with the encompassable substance of Venice, the waterside museum and resort city about which this author wrote excitingly a couple of years ago in "Venice Observed." Twentieth Century Florentines are able very handsily to do without the historic and artistic past that interferes with their present desire to live positively and worthily.

Their treasures use up more money than they can afford, the tourists bring in a little but not enough to make up for being a nuisance or to pay for the upkeep of monuments.

So Florence is a contradiction, to most strangers a dead and even dull past despite its Athenian quality, to most residents as much a home here and now as your city or mine. It's the residents who win out, says Miss McCarthy who admires what they have done and what they now do. The city which had a magnificent rise and a fall has become a city on its own, inhabited as other Italians say by "the most civilized people in Italy."

Miss McCarthy associates social and artistic achievements revealingly, and matches past and present to get at secrets no one else had discovered. Florence in a large sense is a man's city; at least in its greatness it never was really a woman's. That makes this book all the more remarkable. It is superbly illustrated with 128 black-and-white photos and 12 in color; they are mostly by Evelyn Hofer.

Just in Passing . . .

Some foreign countries are considering levying a tax on American tourists. Probably another way of trying to make them feel at home.

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