

If you've ever considered moving to the country under the delusion that it is quiet and peaceful, you had better take a second look before you leap. If you have dreamed of living in an old house where you can write in peace, well, you will have a rude awakening. And if you move to a part of the country which is known as a vacation land, heaven help you, you'll need it.

Don't misunderstand me. I like company. I enjoy seeing my friends who come by for dinner and stay a week or a month. I especially like those rare people who are self-sufficient and can find enough to amuse them when I am working. As strange as it may seem, a writer does work once in a while. And a writer must work without interruption if he has a deadline or an inspiration.

It doesn't mean that the keys of the typewriter are clicking all the time he is working either. Maybe you just sit and stare into space trying to find the answer to a problem in plot or composition. Maybe a hitherto quiet and amiable character has gotten out of hand and won't stay in that niche in which you have stuck him. You just have to fight it out. You can't have a character declare war on his creator and refuse to do what you tell him he is supposed to do. You have got to put him in his place right there and then. If you don't, you are lost and even the story may be lost.

You try to explain that to a guest who has overstayed his welcome, and you will know what I mean. You can see in his face the hurt look, the disbelief that you can possibly have anything half as important to do as talking to him or listening to him. You attempt to sit it out and pay attention. But your smile gets more forced as you become impatient to get back to the typewriter and take charge of the situation before your characters have decided to act for themselves.

If you have a job which keeps you away from home for eight hours a day, your guests understand that. They don't expect you to give up your job and entertain them just because they happen to be having a vacation. They might even get dinner for you or mow the lawn or weed the garden. They might, although it is very improbable, wash all the dinner dishes which you would have done had they not insisted upon playing bridge or canasta until long after normal bedtime.

But if you are trying to work at home, trying to write an allotted number of hours or words or pages a day, somehow they just don't consider that it is work. Why you have plenty of time, you can write just as well tomorrow or the day after or next week when I have gone back to my job in the city, they seem to say. After all you don't consider to put on paper, do they not seriously. No reason in the world why you can't go to the coast or the mountains or spend a day on the lake - I won't be here next week, then you can play around with your typewriter as long as you like.

Next week? Alas, things don't work out that way. The idea may have fled, the characters have taken off in some space ship to a place where you can never overtake them. The pungent words you had just about to put on paper, do they have gone beyond recall. And you sit in agony, frustrated, having given only a partial birth to the offspring of your imagination. You feel bottled up, seething, restless and completely impotent. You feel like committing murder, that's what.

But after several days you get back to the routine, you sit down again eager to write, filled with something to say. You have resolutely shut your mind against the housework and the weeds and the washing. You will remain adamant and refuse to allow any distraction to keep you from this effort at creation. You will? Not if you live in a huge old house in the country, and most certainly not if you live in Maine in the summertime.

You may have written a page, even several pages. The ideas are becoming crystallized, the words flow into your fingertips as fast as you can type - sometimes faster. The plot it all worked out, the vague places are lucid and logical. You feel filled with power. At last, this is exactly what you wanted to say. Energy surges through your whole being. Ah, you take a deep breathe, supremely happy with the joy of creation.

And then - oh no, it can't be a horn! You just won't go down stairs to the door. If you do, you are lost. The story is lost, the idea will be gone. You don't care who is there - you are not expecting anyone until the week end. And then they are only old and dear friends who understand when you have absented you from their presence for hours, who carry on the house and work for you, even concoct a superb lunch or dinner for you.

My old and special friends are like that, they overlook all the vagaries and preoccupation of a writer. They come to see you and are an inspiration. They listen while you talk out the part of a story that has got you licked momentarily. They come up with some new angle, some brilliant idea. They stimulate you to do your best, often prod you into doing it. They are always welcome. I'd be delighted if they would stay all summer. They act as a buffer between me and the door, between my evanescent ideas and the telephone.

Even my favorite summer guest, my dear friend David Kirk, is only ten, but he is the most considerate guy I know. He amuses himself for hours on end, paints and draws or builds a new bookshelf while I am busy upstairs. Many a time he has answered the door and said, "No, I'm sorry, Helen is busy writing - I never interrupt her." Bless that boy!

If whoever is blowing the horn is persistent enough, you finally shake your head in stark despair, and give up. The day is lost anyway, darn it. You push the typewriter away and sigh in resignation and go downstairs. Someone is pounding the door so hard you wonder if they will split the panels - and hope they will hurt their hands. You try to smile instead of scowling as you feel like doing.

IT ADDS UP TO JUST ONE THING!



THE DUPLIN TIMES
Published each Thursday in Kenansville, N. C., County Seat of DUPLIN COUNTY
Editorial, business office and printing plant, Kenansville, N. C.
J. ROBERT GRADY, EDITOR - OWNER
Entered at the Post Office, Kenansville, N. C. as second class matter.
TELEPHONE - Kenansville, Day 225-4 - Night 215-1
SUBSCRIPTION RATES: \$2.00 per year in Duplin, Lenoir, Jones, Onslow, Pender, Sampson, New Hanover and Wayne counties; \$4.00 per year outside this area in North Carolina; and \$5.00 per year elsewhere.
Advertising rates furnished on request.
A Duplin County Journal, devoted to the religious, material, educational, economic and agricultural development of Duplin County.
NATIONAL EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION
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There, to your bewildered amazement are some people you don't remember seeing in all your life. It develops that you haven't either. They are acquaintances of an old classmate of yours, a classmate you haven't seen for twenty-five years, and at this point, hope you never see again. You can't even remember what the classmate looked like except you are sure she must have been a mess - and wonder how anyone as stupid managed to stay in college.

When they have finished explaining why they are here, you know that old classmate must have flunked out of school. They have looked all around the town for a place to stay, and can't find one with enough room for their children who need lots of space and their two mongrel dogs to roam, and your mutual friend told them you'd be sure to take them in, you had plenty of room. You always were so hospitable, you'd make any friend of hers welcome.

For once, you show a little spirit. This time you won't be saddled with any friends of friends especially when you don't remember the so-called mutual friends. But you hate to be rude to anyone. You offer to telephone to a tourist camp nearby which you are sure has plenty of room. You had better do it quickly. They will tell you that your living room is just like home, just what they had hoped to find, and unless you get really sarcastic, will move in.

I have, had that happen to me before. But not this year. I have a work in progress and I refuse to be interrupted. I am delighted to see any friends of mine who understand that I am working, glad to have them come and stay. But the others who keep me from my job, no, I shall be quite direct and firm with them - I hope. If I can't be, then I had better move to the city where I can be alone when I need to be.

HELEN CALDWELL CUSHMAN

Fruit Juices Sent To Soldiers By ARC

WASHINGTON, D. C. - The first shipment of badly needed fruit juices for wounded French soldiers in Indo-China, was shipped from Tokyo today to Hanoi, Indo-China, following an emergency request by the French to the American Red Cross.

The plea for juice was relayed by the French Red Cross through James T. Nicholson, ARC executive vice president, who is attending a conference of the League of Red Cross Societies in Oslo, Norway.

The request was authorized here and Henry L. Janeway, ARC Far Eastern director of operations, was directed to obtain 1,000 cases of assorted juices through American sources in the Orient and have them sent to Hanoi for use by the French Red Cross in field hospitals.

When the approved national law against interstate shipment of fireworks goes into effect, dangerous celebrations will turn out to be a complete fizzle.

London, England, city officials are pondering abandonment of the city's last gas street lights. They shouldn't worry - politicians the world over are sending up clouds of "ill-omenated gas."

PARENT PROBLEMS

The Place of Parents At a Children's Party

By GARRY CLEVELAND MYERS, Ph.D.
A P.T.A. president said to me recently: "During a party for young people at our home, I had occasion to drop into the basement playroom, where they were dancing. The room was pitch dark."

"When I asked my 12-year-old son about it," this mother continued, "he said this was usually the case at the parties he attends, and that in some of the homes, with no parents there, the children roam all over the house."

She said she smelled some smoke in the playroom and was told that a number of them smoke in the dark. She explained to her son how easily one of the girls' dresses might catch on fire.

Acting "Big"
Perhaps children at this age range are motivated in these ways by supposing they are acting "big." Also, since kissing games are quite popular among them, darkness may make it easier for the shy boys, usually more shy than girls of the same ages. However silly we consider these kissing games, they probably are pretty harmless in a lighted room, except perhaps for spreading cold germs.

Few parents, I believe, consider darkened rooms desirable at these parties. Prudent parents set adequate lighting as a requirement. To enforce such a regulation, one parent, at least, must be home during the party.

Yet we are amazed at how many parents plan to be absent from these parties, as requested or demanded by their children. Why they do so is more than I can understand.

If you really care about the welfare of your child at this age range, or even somewhat beyond it, you won't let him attend a party unless you know one of the parents is present. If several parents concerned were to confer on these matters, they might easily effect more desirable standards.

The parent need not become obnoxious to the children during their party. A mother certainly would remain in their midst. Yet she would let them feel her presence in the home, and might occasionally drop into their midst, perhaps, "to wish them a good time."

Some parents help the young party-giver to plan wholesome, enjoyable programs.

Transportation Problem
Another problem of these parties for youths from 11 to 14 is the transportation. It is fortunate if the party is within easy walking distance. Otherwise, the parents should take their children and call for them, unless they can easily go by bus or trolley car. It is very hazardous when older children drive many passengers to and from the party.

Safety can also be furthered if a reasonable hour is set by the hostess-parent for ending the party, as driving hazards usually increase around midnight and later. Often it's the after-parties at restaurants and inns that are least safe and wholesome. Children are fortunate when parents get together and decide on some regulations they will help enforce.

(My bulletins, "Your Child and His Playmates" and "Let's Enjoy Our Children," may be had by sending a self-addressed, stamped envelope to me in care of this newspaper.)

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Rev. Goldston Named Professor At Louisburg

Louisburg. - At the final exercises of the Louisburg College Commencement May 31, President Samuel M. Holton announced the appointment of Rev. C. Wade Goldston, pastor of Pine Forest Church, Goldsboro, as Professor of Town and Country work at Louisburg College for the session beginning in September, 1964.

The position is a new one at Louisburg and it is designed to enable the College to serve more directly the needs of the North Carolina Conference of the Methodist Church in view of the fact that the Conference is preponderantly made up of small town and country churches. Mr. Goldston's work will include among other duties working with the pastors of the small town and country churches, teaching courses in Louisburg College for special pastors of whom the Conference has a large number, extension and field work with the churches, helping to direct the religious activities of the College. Mr. Goldston will move to Louisburg on August 1.

Mr. Goldston was born in Goldston, North Carolina. He was graduated from the Goldston high school, and he holds the B. A. degree from the University of North Carolina where he was a member of Phi Beta Kappa, national scholastic fraternity. He holds the B. D. degree from the Divinity School of Duke University and from Yale University. He and Mrs. Goldston have two children. Since he has been a member of the North Carolina Conference he has served pastorates at Clark Street Church, Rocky Mount, Danieals Memorial in Wayne County and Pine Forest in Wayne County.

In making the announcement of the appointment, President Holton stated that several months had been spent in making the selection and that he and the Committee that helped to make the selection felt that Mr. Goldston was eminently fitted for what is really pioneer work for a North Carolina junior college.

Civil Service Exam

The Board of U. S. Civil Service Examiners for Scientific and Technical Personnel of the Potomac River Naval Command announced a competitive Civil Service examination today June 9, 1964 for Laboratory Electronic Mechanic with salaries from \$2990 to \$5940 per annum.

Applicants who are appointed will have the opportunity to use the latest electronic equipment in some of the Navy Department's leading research laboratories, including the Naval Research Laboratory, the Naval Ordnance Laboratory, the David Taylor Model Basin, the Naval Air Test Center, the Naval

Gun Factory and the Naval Proving Ground. These activities are part of the Potomac River Naval Command, which includes all naval field establishments in and around the metropolitan area of Washington, D. C. and in areas adjacent to each side of the Potomac River down to Chesapeake Bay.

No written test is required in this examination. Applicants will be rated solely on the basis of the education and experience shown in their applications. Due to the highly technical phases of electronics work involved, applicants for positions paying \$3410 per year or higher will be required to show specific amounts of design and development experience in electronics.

To apply, mail Form 57 and Card Form 5001 ABC, which are obtainable at your local post office, to the Executive Secretary, Board of U. S. Civil Service Examiners for Scientific and Technical Personnel, Building 37, Naval Research Laboratory, Washington 25, D. C.

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