

Carteret County News-Times

The Beaufort News (est. 1912) & The Twin City Times (est. 1936)

EDITORIAL PAGE FRIDAY, AUGUST 26, 1949

On Passage of Summer . . .

Fall is approaching. Light winds bring down yellowing leaves, a grey haze falls comfortably close to the earth at the horizon, and the sun stays abed a few seconds longer each morning.

Youngsters flock excitedly through the stores, searching for big yellow pencils, notebooks, pencil boxes and other items they will tuck under their arms on the day school doors swing open for the first term.

Announcement that relief agencies are preparing for the September hurricane season makes us realize that another summer has passed swiftly, leaving its golden mark of bronzed bodies, beach parties, fishing and surf-bathing — and leaving, too, scars of tragedy among those who have felt the swift shaft of holiday and vacation death.

The mullet are jumping, a flash of silver and ker-splash! It won't be many weeks before the beach, all the way from Fort Macon to Salter Path and beyond, will be swarming with bare-footed fishermen, long nets that look like masses of gargantuan seaweed will lie on the shore, and best of all, will come hundreds and thousands of mullet and spot.

Vacationists will be leaving, and missing some of the most beautiful weeks the coast offers. Gone is the intense heat of summer, replaced by warm, peaceful days, cool nights, and a feeling of serenity that July and August never know.

Hunters are beginning to look to their guns, supply of shells, and regulations on the taking of wildfowl and game. Before long, the yachts from the North will start wending their way southward through the inland waterway en route to Florida for the winter season.

Autumn is on its way. It's the autumn of 1949, a season marking, too, the climax of the first fifty years of the twentieth century.

Sou'easter

By Captain Henry

I see the state is doing some litching on the north side of Front street extended. It will help to drain a lot of water off the road there where it lays on the curve that takes you into the new development.

Harvey Smith is lowering the water level in his lake to prevent water from flowing over the road there.

It's very seldom these days that anyone is laid to rest in our old Ann Street cemetery. Mrs. G. W. Richardson, descendant of one of the old families was buried there Wednesday afternoon.

Say "Boo" to anyone around here

after dark and they jump six feet in the air and holler for the police.

It looks as though the burglars go for anybody who works in Morehead, yet the only place they got any sort of money, evidently, is at Vick Billenah's.

Wiley Taylor, Jr., says that at one time he believed the most useless thing was man's navel, now he's convinced it's an electric clock.

Joe House has a new Buick and the Maxwells have a new Hudson.

Apt term for the dog races: one-armed handits with fleas.

Letter to the Editor

August 25, 1949
Beaufort, N. C.

To the Editor:
I refer to the letter to the Editor of August 19, 1949 when I say that it is gratifying to learn that someone is concerned about the welfare program in Carteret County. Although Mr. Wallace's comments were critical, his interest and activity are appreciated.

The statement that there are needy persons who have applied for Old-Age Assistance and have not received a payment is true. Actually, that was the intended emphasis of the article which he read. We have many more examples similar to the one he cited.

Our case workers are burdened with such a tremendous load that they have little time to devote to helping people who have become dependent regain their independence. The more preventative aspects of a welfare program are not being carried out; we are leaving untapped many services which should be made available to the citizens of the county.

I assure you that it is not due to a lack of interest that such conditions exist but as a result of a serious shortage of welfare personnel during the past years. A concentrated effort is now being made to interpret this urgent need.

It was somewhat disturbing to read, "There is a bunch working that office and it looks like they don't care, just so their checks come every month."

In answer to this let us consider what a welfare worker does and who he is. Day in and day out, he is faced with hunger, illness, wretched living conditions, anxieties, fear and hostilities of recipients.

He bears the brunt of the clients' need for the larger grants and the communities' rejection to increased appropriations. As a college graduate, often having an additional year of specialized training in social work, he is well underpaid according to his qualifications. Yet in the face of all this, he is determined to contribute his services, energy, and spirit to a welfare program which is financially inadequate to fulfill the constructive purposes for which it was founded.

In closing, I would like to say that your welfare program and mine can grow and develop only as fast as the community understands, accepts, and goes along with it. Ask yourself what you can do about it.

Thomas C. McGinnis, Supt.
Carteret County Department
of Public Welfare

Hendricks House to Return To The Citadel Sept. 19

Cadet John Hendricks House, of Beaufort, is scheduled to return to The Citadel, the Military College of South Carolina, by 9 a.m., Sept. 19, as a member of the training cadre.

Included in Cadet House's duties as a member of the training cadre are orienting freshmen in their new surroundings and then the fundamentals of military drill.

Cadet House holds the rank of cadet second lieutenant in I company of the Infantry ROTC unit. He is a member of the rising senior class and is taking the pre-medical course.

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SUNDAY DRIVER



Raleigh Roundup

By Eala Nixon Greenwood



LAWYER ESTATES . . . Former Governor J. C. B. Ehringhaus, who passed away on July 31, left an estate of \$161,415, most of which was accumulated after his term as Governor of North Carolina.

Back in the twenties, the saying hereabouts was to this effect: "Our Governors usually leave office broken and broke." However, this has certainly not been the case in recent years. Former Governor O. Max Gardner left an estate well up into six figures, so did Angus W. McLean, J. M. Broughton, and so will Kerr Scott unless something unforeseen occurs between now and his passing.

Senator Josiah William Bailey's estate ranked a little heavier than, everything included, that of Ehringhaus. Former Governor Morrison, thanks to a fortunate marriage largely, will also leave his beneficiaries exceedingly well fixed. Due to the fact that attorneys, after they have been governor, can because of their prominence and influence, command much larger fees in their practice, former Governor R. Gregg Cherry should be rather well fixed in another 10 years, but this isn't to infer that he is a pauper by any means at the present, Senator Clyde R. Hoy, it is said, is also financially independent.

So, since 1920 at least, our leaders—our political bellwethers—have done all right turning a dollar. It also seems true that most of them would have earned as much had they not sought and won political office.

EXPECTED TOO MUCH . . . Believe no doubt that they would receive tremendous orders and contracts as the result of this State's adopting the \$200,000,000 road program, roadbuilders and machinery companies carried the major portion of the financial load in putting it across. One of the contractors provided Governor Scott with a plane for his speaking-making tours.

Now they see the error of their ways. North Carolina itself, they find, will do much of the road-building—in fact, most of it, with its own machinery. These contracting companies and machinery firms for the past three weeks have been raising quite a ruckus, thinking this would deter Scott and the State Highway Commission from going ahead with their plans. That love, for the Governor which came into full fruition with the adoption of the bond issue is no more. Meantime, Scott and his highway appointees are going along merrily with their own ideas and seem to be paying not the least attention to the boys in the grandstand seats. Reckuses never sway Kerr Scott when he starts moving in a certain direction.

And, to quote briefly from one of John Charles McNeill's poems, the people "liking a man whut kin cut a shine."

DEANE VS. HOEY? . . . Last week, about the time you were reading here that Sen. Clyde R. Hoy would be a hard nut to beat because of the "five percenter" probe which he is pushing, labor forces slipped out the word that Congressman C. B. Deane of the Eighth Congressional District is

on its promotion list. Labor has money to spend, make no mistake about that, helping the late J. M. Broughton rather materially during the last two weeks of his campaign and lending a hand to Kerr Scott at a time when he desperately needed it.

Labor is tickled pink with Sen. Frank Graham and is looking with longing eyes in the direction of Deane, who is an ambitious man. Being an attorney, recording secretary of the State Baptist Convention from 1932 to 1947, and a member of the Board of Trustees of Wake Forest College, he would like to pick up the support of Broughton, which like Novelist Leacock's famous character, now seems to be "riding off in all directions."

If Deane runs against Hoy, the next Congressman from the turbulent Eighth will no doubt be Bill Horner of Sanford, who still has an eye on Washington. In fact, Horner may be a candidate for Congress whether Deane is or not. He barely lost out to the Rockingham resident in their last setto, and with a little luck might emerge triumphant should he seek again the office.

LESS THIS YEAR . . . In the event you think the following statement is wrong, you should get in touch with Bill Rogers, chief highway engineer, or Dr. Henry Jordan, chairman of the State Highway Commission: There will be less road work done in North Carolina this year than in 1948; and there will be less money spent on roads in 1949 than last year. There will be fewer miles of roads built during Roadbuilder Scott's first year as Governor than during Businessman Cherry's last year at the helm.

Why? Mainly because talk does not build roads . . . though it does frequently lead to roadbuilding.

FIRE and KINDRED LINES

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HOLLYWOOD . . . by Gene Handshaker

HOLLYWOOD—Bing Crosby's next, "Top o' the Morning," is a lightly tripping fantasy until it stumbles over its whimsy and gets serious. Crosby fans who've been waiting for a really corking Crosby movie will have to wait a while longer.

Bing plays an American insurance-company investigator who goes to Ireland to recover the stolen Blarney Stone. Posing as an oil painter near Blarney Castle, he's presently locked up as a suspect himself. The incompetent local cop, Barry Fitzgerald, and his assistant, Hume Cronyn, release Bing because he sings prettily and is Irish, too.

Still sleuthing about, Bing falls in love with Barry's beautiful daughter, Ann Blyth. She falls for Bing because he fulfills a local soothsayer's predictions regarding Ann's lover: The lining of his coat is green. His voice comes from strange places (a dictating machine), etc.

But the blarney stone absence

country. Scott is determined to see this accomplished.

DIDN'T WORK . . . The announcement in the papers said, very quietly, that State Board of Education Comptroller Paul Reid, Surry County native, was becoming president of Western Carolina Teachers College. True it is that the college wanted Reid, a god man and former superintendent of the Elizabeth City schools. But the powers that be (or used to be) around Asheville promoted Reid for the job so they could place W. H. Plemmons of the U. of N. C. Ed. Dept. in Reid's job and thus resurrect the ill-fated Foundation Program, which he pushed last summer and during the Legislature as secretary of the Education Commission. Claude Gaddy, secretary of the Baptist Council on Christian Education, was promoted by opponents of Plemmons. Gaddy loves his present work and did not apply for the job. But the use of his name as a prospect pushed Plemmons out and brought in as a compromise C. D. Douglas, long-time, able assistant in the Department of Education.

from the ledge where tourists kiss it is visiting strange misfortunes upon the countryside. Finally, in some hard-to-follow runnings about a dark forest, the thief is exposed. He seems more pitiable than despicable.

The Groaner's singing is, as usual, the best thing about his picture though his material is routine. Next is the sensitive beauty of Miss Blyth, whose toothy smile is one of the prettiest on the screen. Fitzgerald has some scenes and sympathetic laughs as the bungling cop. A village dance is lively. Unfortunately, that's more than you can say for the last part of the script. And some of the brogue is unintelligible.

"Slattery's Hurricane" is a pretty exciting movie about Navy fliers who hunt down hurricanes at sea so Florida coastal residents can be forewarned. Richard Widmark, a nice guy in "Down to the Sea in Ships," is a heel again. He has his own private hurricane of emotion with Linda Darnell as the storm center. Unfortunately, she is married to a Navy hurricane hunter, John Russell.

Patiently standing by is Veronica Lake, who loves Widmark though he treats her meanly. I'd like to pick a quarrel with the scripters, at one point, lands her in the hospital. You wonder why. Turns out she's a dope addict, though the studio didn't want to say so because "the Navy lent a lot of support in making the picture." So you're given a flash of an unintelligible medical diagnosis card and left guessing.

There's a lot of hair-raising flying through storms, though, and enough emotional conflict to keep you interested.



August 24—Mr. and Mrs. Baker Lupton and children of Suffolk, Va., are spending the week

with his mother, Mrs. Sophia Lupton.

Mrs. Roy Goodwin and children who spent last week at Atlantic City, N. J., arrived home Monday.

Mr. James Willis visited relatives at Cedar Island Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Luther Pittman visited their daughters in Vandremer and Oriental last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Dickman and children visited relatives here Monday afternoon.

Mrs. R. K. Wasson, who spent two weeks here with her mother, returned to her home at Portland, Maine, last week.

Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Jackson and children of Mansfield spent the past weekend here with her mother, Mrs. Julia Pake.

Mr. Douglas Arthur of Beaufort was in the community a short while Saturday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Baker Lupton and children and Mrs. Charlie Ferrier and daughter, Beverly, visited Mr. and Mrs. Roy Dickson Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. William Willis and small son of Beaufort spent Sunday afternoon here with relatives.

Miss Mary Sue Lynch and Edith Willis of Beaufort visited Letha Simpson the past week.

Smile Awhile

Purely Unintentional
The richest man in the town had died a few days ago, and the minister of one of the smaller churches of the community (not the rich man's) felt he would have to make some passing reference to the event in his morning sermon. What he had to say was not going to be complimentary, and he wondered what effect it would have upon the late millionaire's gardener, who was sitting in the third row.

"My friends," the clergyman remarked sententiously, "as you all know, Rufus Tucker passed away last Wednesday. It is reported he was worth fifteen million dollars. No man ought to be allowed to leave so much money."

The gardener's reaction was prompt and decisive.

"Pardon me, pastor," he interrupted, "but I think you're a little hard on Mr. Tucker. I was with him when he died, and let me tell you—he didn't want to leave it!"

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