

Carteret County News-Times

A Merger Of

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

EDITORIAL PAGE

TUESDAY, SEPT. 13, 1949

Town and Country

There has been much ado about Gov. Kerr Scott's criticism of the United States Chamber of Commerce and its policy toward labor and agriculture.

The governor said last week that his criticism was directed only to the Chamber's agriculture policy, but United States Chamber of Commerce executives contend that he also took a crack at their stand on labor.

This brought a letter from Herman W. Steinkraus, president of the national body, to the Tar Heel governor, in which Steinkraus told Scott that he regretted to see " . . . that you are warning organized labor against a business organization which has a valuable part in creating better understanding among management of labor's rights and among labor, of management's problems."

The governor's duel with the Chamber dates from a talk he made recently to the State Federation of Labor, Charlotte. He declared then that the Chamber has opposed "every measure to help the Southern farmer" and has stated since that time that his criticism is confined only to that policy.

On a national scale, Governor Scott may be right in condemning the Chamber of Commerce's attitude toward the farmer.

On the local level, we have nothing but admiration for the attitude the Beaufort and Morehead City Chambers of Commerce have taken toward the farmer.

Their attention has been directed mainly toward getting him good roads, an objective we're sure the governor would approve.

Dan Walker, manager of the Beaufort Chamber, has gone to great lengths to get action on the Merrimon road problem; Bob Lowe, manager of the Morehead City Chamber, has made personal appeals to authorities to get work done on the road in the Mill Creek section.

Our county Chambers of Commerce have always supported the Farm Bureau. The Beaufort Chamber is almost solely responsible for recent accomplishments in the county's dairy and poultry industries.

As long as our Chambers of Commerce continue in the way in which they are going there will be no divorcing of town and country in Carteret county.

A harmony born of cooperation and understanding will bring the prosperity that every farmer's organization and Chamber of Commerce seeks.

Hardly a Thing of Beauty

Many of the cars traveling the highways are wrecks. Some of the cars not traveling the highway also fall into the funk category. One in particular that we have in mind is parked on South Sixth st., Morehead City, and has been there the better part of a year.

Around its several flat tires have blown straw, paper, and litter of all sorts. Not only is the car an eyesore, but a traffic hazard. Two-way traffic is impossible. One car always has to stop until the other passes that wreck.

Morehead City has permitted its streets to be used for numerous and varied purposes, but permitting a public thoroughfare to become a junkyard is, to say the least, aggravating and disgusting.

For the information of those in authority a description of the car and location follows: Dodge, about 1937 model, black weather-beaten nondescript color, facing north on South Sixth st., bearing 1949 North Carolina license 692-628.

The Call for Help Comes

A polio epidemic emergency drive is under way throughout the nation.

Because Carteret county was so severely struck by the disease last summer and received unstinting aid from state and national headquarters, the county infantile paralysis chapter feels that it cannot afford to let this emergency call go unheeded.

Boy Scouts delivered, and will deliver today, envelopes in which contributions may be placed to aid other communities throughout the country which suffered epidemics this summer similar to ours last summer.

After placing a sum of money in the envelope, merely drop it at the post office.

There may be some of us who, in this instance, will pass down the other side of the road. But it would be gratifying to prove that most of us in Carteret county are Good Samaritans.

Thoughts for an open mind...

If only people will applaud him, man may console himself for downright misfortune or for the pittance he gets from human happiness. How astonishing to find the same man deeply annoyed and pained if you injure his feeling of self-importance.

It is advisable to set limits on this weakness, and rightly estimate the value and thus temper your susceptibility to other peoples' opinion. For in either case it is the same feeling that is touched. Otherwise you become the slave to what people are pleased to say about you.

A rust spot in your line will loose you the big fish, a rust spot in yourself will loose you your best friends.

—Jim Merrill

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THEY COME BIGGER EVERY YEAR



HERE and THERE

With F. C. SALISBURY, Morehead City



Westward Ho!

So many readers of THE NEWS-TIMES expressed themselves as enjoying our "journey jottings" on a trip we made last fall, the editor has asked for "jottings" covering a trip we are making to the west coast.

Leaving Morehead City late Friday afternoon, Sept. 2, we spent the night in Rocky Mount in order to reach Richmond in time to catch our train for Chicago. Boarding the C. & O. "George Washington" we settled down in the Pullman for a ten hours ride to the "Windy City."

Sunday afternoon found us in Chicago. Visiting friends and enjoying a trip about the "Windy City" took up our time until 11 p.m. when we boarded the North Coast Limited of the Northern Pacific railway for our trip to Yellowstone Park. Before leaving Chicago we set our watches back one hour as we were in the central time zone. This trip to reach the Cody gate of Yellowstone Park requires two nights and the best part of two days.

North Carolina has its cotton and tobacco but when it comes to corn, you will have to take your hat off to Indiana. As we made the run from Cincinnati to Chicago the farms along the route were one vast acreage of corn, extending as far as the eye can see.

Early Monday morning as we raise the curtain of our section we find the train rolling along the shore of "Ol' Man River" which we have been following for some 300 miles after leaving Savanna, Illinois to St. Paul. Breakfast time finds us coming into St. Paul and a few minutes more and we are at Minneapolis. Called the Twin Cities of the West, they are the gate-

ways to the northwest and the lake regions of Minnesota.

From this point on it is "Westward Ho" through a dairy and livestock ranching country. Before reaching the North Dakota border, we pass through one of the lake sections of the state. Viewed from the train it is said that one can see 412 lakes within a run of 25 miles. Further on we enter the Red River valley which extends over into North Dakota.

This valley is said to be the "breadbasket of the Nation," so called for its horizon-wide wheat fields. Just before crossing the Red River into North Dakota we pass through the city of Moorhead. This gives us a feeling of nostalgia and a wish that our readers at home in Morehead City, N. C., might be enjoying this trip.

The sun is going down beyond the distant mountains as we come into Bismark. Five miles beyond we cross the Missouri river at Mandan where we set our watches back another hour to mountain time. Daylight has faded when we reach the Dakota Bad Lands about 100 miles west of Mandan. Thanks to a full moon and the clear western air one can get a remarkable view of these lands where water and wind have produced many weird shapes, in places brilliantly colored by burnt-out lignite fires.

This region is now officially designated Theodore Roosevelt Memorial Park. To the south of Mandan on a high bluff one may see the buildings of old Fort Abraham Lincoln from which General Custer began his ill-fated campaign against the Sioux. Off to the south of the Bad Lands are the Black Hills of the Dakotas. Within this region are many historic spots. Chief among them is the Mount Rushmore Memorial, entitled "The Shrine of

Democracy." Here heroic sculptures of four great American presidents—George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Abraham Lincoln and Theodore Roosevelt — have been blasted out of the imperishable granite of Mount Rushmore. The colossal sculptures represent years of work by the late Gutzon Borglum and an army of assistants.

Who has not heard of Deadwood, that wild mining camp opened in the days of '76? Here Wild Bill Hickok with 36 notches in his gun took on all comers until one Jack McCall laid him low. Calamity Jane, the Lady Wildcat, found turbulent Deadwood to her liking and along with other characters of those days lie buried on Boot Hill. Deadwood is now the largest gold producing section in the United States.

Tuesday morning finds us at Billings, Montana, where our Pullman is switched to the Burlington line for the run to Cody, Wyoming.

A short distance from this city is the Custer battlefield. Here it was in 1876 when General Custer and his 64 men tried to outsmart that old Sioux chief, Red Cloud, Custer and his 264 men were slaughtered to a man. The battlefield is marked with a small marble monument where each man fell, while in a nearby National Cemetery the remains of these men are buried.

As we come into Cody we are reminded of another character who played an important part in the settlement and wild life of the west, William F. Cody, better known as "Buffalo Bill." Cody established the town that bears his name where he at one time conducted a military school. He was an American guide, scout and showman. He earned the name of "Buffalo Bill" by furnishing buffalo meat to the laborers building the Kansas Pacific railroad. Instead of being buried at the town he established, his remains rest on the top of Lookout Mountain a short distance out of Denver.

Here at Cody is the Gertrude Vandervilt Whitney's large bronze statue of Buffalo Bill showing him astride his horse with gun held aloft as if to challenge the men of frontier days to follow him. The statue is a beautiful piece of bronze work mounted on an immense base of granite. Close by is the Buffalo Bill Museum which contains a great collection of the frontiersman's trophies and mementos.

We selected the entrance to Yellowstone Park by the Cody gate in order to get the 80 mile bus ride through the Buffalo Bill country and the heart of the Shoshone National Forest. No highway crosses the Cody road in all the 80 miles from Cody to Yellowstone Lake. Along the way, through this mighty segment of the Continental Divide, one gets glorious vistas of peaks and valleys. For six miles along Buffalo Bill road the road runs along a shelf cut out of sheer rock wall of Rattlesnake mountain.

As we near the end of the 80-mile trip and enter the boundaries of Yellowstone Park the road winds up the slope of the Absaroka Range, through Sylvan Pass and down the other side by means of an amazing series of curves and twists, considered one of the engineering triumphs of the age. It took forty years of blasting, cutting and grading to complete this section of the Cody road. This is no ride for a person that does not enjoy mountain roads.

As we come down from the Pass and approach Yellowstone Lake we can see for miles to the westward where the mountains of the continental divide stand out in their rugged grandeur, wooded and snowcapped. After a short stop at the lake we continued on to the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone from where we will start

Bait Jail Makes Business Flourish

BRADENTON, Fla.—(AP)—William L. Aldridge, Sr., retired Dunn, N. C., manufacturer, couldn't stay retired so he and his son have opened a sporting goods store here. One of the reasons was his development of what he calls a "bait jail," a container for holding bait while fishing and for keeping it alive better.

It is a metal rectangle with flexible arms which fit into slotted steel holders. The holders are fastened to the boat and the container can be slipped in and out in a jiffy. The arms permit the bait to remain half submerged when the boat is at anchor and a single row of holes on all four sides permits the water to flow freely in and out. When the craft is in motion, the arms permit it to rise higher and volplane behind on the surface. A scoop in the bottom picks up sufficient water to keep the bait alive.

on Wednesday morning for a two days' trip through the wonders of the Park.

Yellowstone Lake is one of the largest mountain lakes in the world, it is a mile and a half above sea level. The blue of its waters against the surrounding snow-capped mountains make it one of nature's grandest pictures.

Worker bees are females in which sex functions have not developed.

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