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What About Seafood Agents?

Aycock Brown, famed writer of the North Carolina coast-land, in a recent Covering the Waterfront column, which appeared in THE NEWS-TIMES, commented on the "decline of the fishing industry" and contrasted it with the progress of agriculture.

He suggested that "seafood agents," similar to county farm agents, be paid by federal-state-county governments to teach men better methods of earning a living in the fishing industry.

The idea has merit. When one thinks of the great progress in farming made possible by government aid, it seems logical to think that help is due the great segment of population which derives livelihood not from the earth, but another element of this planet, the water.

This idea is not new. Many fisheries men have deplored the fact that farmers are paid for crops they don't grow and are subsidized when prices are below what the farmer considers a "fair profit." But not so with the fisherman — if the catch is poor, that's his tough luck; if there is an over-supply of fish on the market and he gets such a low price that he sells at a loss, the government doesn't say, "That's too bad, here's some money to make up your deficit."

As logical as the seafood agent idea and more government help to fishermen may seem, there are several obstacles.

First, federal funds would have to be appropriated by Congress. Twenty-one of the states have coastal waters and a seafood industry; 27 or a majority of states have no seafood industry. Although political finagling and "If you vote for this for me, I'll vote for that for you" has furthered in the past projects that benefit certain states, we're willing to bet that it would take a lot of concentrated lobbying on the part of a highly-organized fishing industry to put across the idea of federally-supported seafood agents.

It is well-known that the United States seafood industry is far from "organized" in any sense.

Bringing the idea down to the state level, we meet the same difficulty. A majority of the counties are inland, they have no coast. Therefore the inland counties hold the balance of power in legislative bodies, and that, too, makes it highly unlikely that appropriations of any size would be forthcoming for support of seafood agents.

There are few wealthy coastal counties. It is almost useless to think of a county government, alone, supporting an agent whose sole work would be to teach more scientific methods of fishing.

Unfortunately for the fisherman, whereas a few states have a seacoast, all have land. A large part of that land is cultivated by men who have voting power, by men who long ago realized that in union there is strength. These men have organized farm groups that make their power felt in government, and for that reason they have been highly successful in obtaining government aid.

It is well-known that fishermen are not "joiners." Food fishing is, at least in this state, an individual and highly-competitive industry. Until broad mindedness and cooperation supplant intense individualism, there is little basis for belief that government funds will bring about progress comparable to that in agriculture.

Furthermore, most fishermen dislike intensely the government's "meddling" in their business. When government funds are handed out, with that goes the inevitable red tape — reports to be made, statistics kept — the fisherman, just as the farmer, would be expected to report everything he does, how he does it, and why he does it.

Putting his operations on an open book was the "price" the farmer paid for government help. That help was sought only when near-starvation faced the nation's farmers. It could be that the lamented decline in the fishing industry may some day bring about a similar situation among fishermen.

The federal government has by no means ignored the fisherman when it comes to handing out funds. Millions of dollars have been appropriated for marine research. Universities and colleges have established marine institutes and schools. But it is extremely difficult to convince people that such projects bear fruit.

In agriculture a man can see that a corn field with the proper cultivation, fertilizer, etc., produces a high yield and an excellent grade of corn.

It's practically impossible to prove as conclusively that because shrimp were not taken at such-and-such a time last year, the catches this year are better. It's very easy to keep track of a corn field, it's impossible to keep tabs on a school of fish.

We simply have to admit that because we are creatures that breathe air, it is much easier to cultivate things that grow in air. If we were creatures that breathe under water, we could take a hoe in a flipper and walk along the ocean bottom in about six fathoms of water and "farm" as much as we pleased.

Because we can't see with our own eyes what goes on under the sea, marine research is difficult. Results of marine research are not easily interpreted to the layman and for that reason many fishermen scoff at "all these here scientists!" But those scientists are attempting to do in their laboratories exactly what agriculturists do at farm experiment stations.

A fisherman knows a good catch of oysters when he sees it just as well as a farmer knows a good field of corn when he sees it. Almost any farmer, these days, can explain how and why he has a good stand of corn. But can an oysterman explain why he has a good catch of oysters this season or why he had a poor catch last season?

The day may come when the oysterman can do that. But that day will arrive only when there is a complete evolution in the thinking of individual fishermen. Once the fisherman has been shown and acknowledges that science can help him, seafood agents will be accepted. When the fisherman is willing to listen to such an agent, the government will offer help to the producer of seafood, just as it has helped the producer of landfood.

WE ALWAYS GET SOMETHING OUT OF THEM



Raleigh Roundup

BY JAMES POU BAILEY

JUST FERTILIZER . . . Consideration last week of a bill which would require motorists convicted of speeding to have governors placed on their cars and thus keep the speed to a maximum of 50 miles an hour brought up the yarn about the colored gentleman who was on his way from Lumberton to Whiteville.

He was clipping along in his pickup truck at around 65 miles an hour when he heard what he described later as the "sireen of the gray goose." It was the patrolman—or petroleum, as some people refer to him—and he pulled beside the truck and asked the driver if he knew how much speed he was making. No, boss, he didn't. "Have you got a governor on your truck?"

"No siree, boss, that's just a load of fertilizer."

TOSSING IT AROUND . . . This story was tossed around last week as if it was new and they were having a big time with it. As a matter of fact, the yarn was getting plenty of laughs several years ago when Senator Clyde R. Hoey was Governor. In fact, he seemed to get a big kick out of telling it on himself.

TAKING IT EASY . . . A legislative measure which would change the senatorial representation in the State does not seem to be making too much headway. This General Assembly has matters of more importance to consider, thus the bill may be delayed out of existence. However, sooner or later a reapportionment may be effected. The Mecklenburg Senator represents 196,000 people; the Guilford Senator, 190,000; and the Forsyth Senator, 150,000. Senators from the more populous counties represent 100,000 people or more.

In the eastern and far western counties, the senators represent around 50,000 people each. It is proposed that there be a redistricting, with three or four of the big counties having two senators each, and enlarging some of the senatorial districts in the less populous areas.

This looks good on paper. However, the less populous counties are in the majority and their senators happen to be among the most able in the Legislature. That's why you are not likely soon to see any drastic rearrangement of senatorial districts.

REPORT . . . The sub-committee named to make recommendations to the Joint Appropriations Committee should be prepared to make its report by the latter part of next week. The Joint Finance Committee has lopped off the head of each attempt to raise any taxes. Its work may be completed within the next day or two.

As day follows day, it becomes more apparent that there will be no new taxes and no alteration in our present tax schedule. Estimated State income will probably be increased from \$146,000,000 to \$156,000,000. This \$10,000,000 increase — \$20,000,000 for the biennium—should prove sufficient to help the teachers, the State employees including the Highway employees (who need assistance just as much or more than the teachers), and to give assistance to our more pressing social needs.

GOLF CURSES . . . Charles Parker is doing a good job for the State News Bureau, but one of his writers has no doubt had some trouble

with sand traps and other hazards and handicaps of golfing. In one of the recent beautiful booklets on "Variety Vacationland," reference is made to the many beautiful golf courses in the Southern Pines-Pinehurst areas. In fact, the bulletin reports that probably no other area of that size in the United States has so many golf CURSES.

ALL MAKE 'EM . . . We all make our errors. When Senator Hoey was Governor, he decided to raise a window at the Mansion. The windows at the Governor's Mansion are about three times the size of that one right over there and the would-be lifter had a hard time with it. So hard, as a matter of fact, that the next morning the Raleigh News and Observer had a writeup to the effect that "Governor Hoey suffers hernia lifting widow at Mansion."

CONVICTS . . . Raleigh Radio Station WNAO is providing some of the more talented occupants at State Prison here with an opportunity to obtain some special music therapy. In other words, each Friday night the musically inclined prisoners have a program on that station. Appropriately named "Stars and Bars," the program is corny but good.

One of their favorite request numbers these days is "Ranzino Rag," which if you didn't know honors Sam Ranzino, the hot Wolf-pack basketball star who last week was named to several All-American teams, including those of United Press and Associated Press.

PROMOTION . . . Watch the rumor machines and other publicity being long in the interest of carrying on the Kerr Scott regime. First promotion work is expected to hinge around Capus Wayneck for Governor. If this trial balloon fails, then Harry Caldwell of Greensboro will be the next man up to bat. If this does not jell with the public, they may have to resort to Thad Eure, who is not up their alley, but might have to prove acceptable.

Meantime, it is accepted as fact around here that Kerr Scott, if he lives and keeps his health, will oppose Willis Smith four years hence. He is apparently convinced that he is still extremely popular with the people. Bill Umstead is virtually sure to run, also there is still speculation about Brandon Hodges, the able State Treasurer, and Sam Ervin, competent Justice of the Supreme Court, no one of the three is acceptable to the Scott forces.

AWAY BEHIND . . . Although most retail merchants have only a few more days in which to prepare their pricing charts, Government organization to handle this problem is far behind schedule. Ben Douglas in Charlotte and John Clark in Raleigh admit they are wrapped in red tape, bureaucratic entanglement, with civil service moving bodily into Office of Price Stabilization. Tom Watkins of Charlotte, who handled publicity for Charles Johnson's campaign in 1948, is one of the information officials, and for a few weeks will be in the Raleigh office.

Defined for Fun

John Garland Pollard, former governor of Virginia, compiled the following definitions:

Fishing rod: A pole with a fool at one end and a worm at the other.

Classical Music: Music you can't whistle.

Wind: Air in a hurry.

Repartee: Any reply so clever it makes the listener wish he had said it himself.

Jumping at Conclusions: The only mental exercise some people take.

Words To Remember

Do not distress yourself with dark imaginings. Many fears are born of fatigue and loneliness. Beyond a wholesome discipline, be gentle with yourself. You are a child of the universe no less than the trees and stars; you have a right to be here. And whether or not it is clear to you, no doubt the universe is unfolding as it should.

—Max Ehrman

Smile Awhile

A girl from Chicago was spending her vacation on a Michigan farm. The farmer's son took her out walking one evening and they observed a cow and a calf affectionately rubbing noses.

"Hum," said the lad, "I'd like to do that."

"Suit yourself," said the girl, "which do you prefer, the cow or the calf?"

The two boys, both ex-G.I.'s, met at the American Institute of Foreign Trade in Phoenix, Ariz., in 1948. They took a trip down into Central America and studied the possibilities of lumber in Honduras and cattle in El Salvador, finally settling on cotton in Nicaragua. According to Time Magazine, they leased a 237-acre tract near Managua, got a \$7,000 bank loan, bought a tractor on credit, and set to work. Neither of them had ever operated a tractor. Both of them were from the city, knew nothing about cotton. They learned fast; and were soon running the tractor at night and using modern methods of attacking the boll weevil and other pests.

On the 237-acre tract they grew 170 bales of cotton, sold it for a net profit of nearly \$40,000. If so they got a whole of a price for a mediocre crop.

Recently on vacation, the "Yanquis" are laying plans for a 700-acre crop this year. They have returned to Nicaragua taking George Mordecai, Frank's brother, with them.

FOR CONGRESS? . . . The State-wide prominence which has come upon Junius Powell of Whiteville through the success of his bill which will mean so much to municipalities in the construction and upkeep of streets has people of the Seventh Congressional District saying he may run for Congress against Eriel Carlyle next year. Senator Powell is a strong man and will be a big threat if he runs.

NO . . . South Carolina Governor James Byrnes has turned down an invitation to speak to a joint session of the House and Senate here this week. He will be in town speaking to the N. C. Citizens Association.

JIMMY MADURES

Meet Your News-Times Carrier Boy

CAMERA NEWS

BY IRVING DESFOR

A SINCERE TRIBUTE to the country's teen-age photographers accompanies the announcement of the winners of the 1950 Graflex Photo Contest. The judges find a greater number of younger entrants and a fresher outlook in their photo observations.

In the professional class, a Canadian newspaper photographer took top honors with a special press award as well as first prize in the action group. The double winner is Harry Befus of the Calgary Herald.

In general, entries from other adults — both professionals and non-professionals — were disappointing in the opinion of the judges. There was little ingenuity and imagination and far too many trite subjects.

THIS DOESN'T apply, however, to Mr. Befus' top prize winner which shows a policeman staring at a pair of rubber overshoes left lying on the street after their owner had been lifted out of them and killed by a speeding truck. This might have been just a hackneyed accident picture with crumpled body. But an unusual approach, a different viewpoint, a new angle on a familiar topic paid off.

Some other facts are noted with the contest results. Only four awards went to women photographers out of the sixty-two prizes. Last year the women accounted for six awards. This year there was a distinct cleavage between the press photographers and those professionals who are not on newspapers. All the awards in the professional action class went to press men. In the professional feature division, there was an equally clean sweep for the non-press photographers.



"CHIPS" by Ted Rozumalski, 19, Milwaukee, Wis., won a prize in the 1950 Graflex contest for teenagers. It was made with a Speed Graphic at 1/5,000 second, f22, on super XX film.

THE ENCOURAGING note, to the contest judges, was the quantity and quality of the teen-agers' entries. About one-quarter of all the pictures submitted were taken by youngsters from 11 to 19. This is fairly unusual since the contest is limited to those using Graflex equipment, which is not inexpensive. Not only do the youngsters have high grade equipment, but most of them indicate that they do their own dark room work too.

Their subject matter was mainly confined to the life around them but the photos had a freshness that was stimulating. As might be expected, since photography reflects one's interests, sports predominated and family pets scampered right after.

No doubt many of the youngsters maintain their equipment by odd photo jobs around the neighborhood, by working for their high school publications and by applying their family allowances. Many local newspapers encourage them further by buying their more newsworthy efforts and in this way they become school or neighborhood "stringers." But it takes national photo contests, such as this one, to focus country-wide recognition on their attainments.

Hollywood

By GENE HANDSAKER

Hollywood — Data on delightful, de-lovely Doris Day:

She gets the most fan mail of anybody at Warner Brothers — about 1,500 letters a week. The ones that please her most say their writers saw one of her pictures several times. The record is 14 sitting through "Tea for Two" by a fan she knows only as Joe.

Another Day devotee sends her candy. Eight soldiers in Korea mailed her a recording on which they voiced their esteem. Another group of fighters there dispatched \$50 with a request that she send them a crank - type phonograph and all the records, including hers, the money would buy.

The singing actress, born Doris Kappelhoff in Cincinnati, will be 29 this April 3. She has blue eyes, blonde hair, and a bouncy disposition. Success, to her, is "Being happy. Being alive makes me happy."

The hardest movie scene for her is a crying scene because, "I just don't feel like it." But she brags that she can do one, if she has to, without any vapors from a menthol tube to stimulate the tears. She'd just had to weep, the day we lunched, over a bust-up with Gordon MacRae in "On Moonlight Bay."

Doris lives in a two-story house near the studio with her mother and 9-year-old son, Terry. The boy is doing well with his piano lessons, his mother claimed, and practically has to be dragged away from the instrument. Twice divorced, Miss Day is engaged to her business manager, Marty Melcher.

She is "mad" about licorice and bubble gum and blows "tremendous" bubbles. She owns about 15 hats, which she seldom wears, and four \$20 umbrellas which she never carries. She collects antique jewelry. Also paintings of snow scenes because they remind her of the eastern snow she misses. She neither smokes nor drinks. Before a phonograph recording date she avoids milk, ice cream, and chocolate because "they coat the throat". Instead she drinks hot tea with lemon.

She doesn't go to night clubs because she had her fill of them as vocalist with Bob Crosby's, Fred Waring's, and Les Brown's bands. Doris had turned to singing after an auto crash halted her career as a stage dancer. Her right leg was broken so badly she couldn't walk for 14 months.

Good Words

"Good words do more than hard speeches, as the sunbeams without any noise will make the traveler cast off his cloak, which all the blustering winds could not do, but only make him bind it closer to him," declared the eminent Scotsman, Robert Leighton, more than three centuries ago.

Words are a common heritage, available to all. And often the right word will prove a magic key to success, as the following stories illustrate:

A man driving along the highway one day passed an Army camp soon after soldiers had been granted leave. The roadside seemed alive with boys vigorously thumbing each passing car for a lift to town.

The man had made it a rule never to pick up a stranger on the highway, so he drove past a hundred or more soldiers. Then he saw just ahead a smiling, red-headed little fellow, standing all alone — about fifty feet from any campmates. On his chest hung a placard, on which were lettered two words in bold display. He was doing no thumbing — it wasn't necessary.

The man succumbed. He stopped, and all the way to town he found his passenger generously true to the two little words on the placard: "Good Company!"

A man afflicted with deafness and a serious impediment in his speech insisted on earning his own living and became skillful at making birdhouses. He would go into the woods and convert saplings into unique designs with his pocket-knife. He sent them to the market, but the public was not bird-house-minded, and the man was able to eke out only a mere existence.

One day a friend discovered the man at his work, discouraged and hungry. "What you need," said the friend, "is something to go with your birdhouses — something to attract attention to your fine product, to appeal to the imagination of the public." And this is what the friend wrote on a card — which the man cleverly lettered on each birdhouse: "To Let — For a Song."

Henceforth the woodcarver was unable to supply the demand, and he employed helpers to make birdhouses. The products were no better than before, except for the five little words.

Always a Way Out

Nervous Passenger: Don't drive so fast around the corners. It frightens me.

Taxi Driver: Do what I do — shut your eyes when we come to a corner.



Jimmy Madures, 14, is the son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. McBride, 1600 Shackleford ave., Morehead City.

He attends Morehead City school where he is in Mrs. Grace Walence's eighth grade. He also plays the trombone in the junior band. Jimmy is a member of Boy Scout troop No. 101, Gerald Davis, Scoutmaster.

When asked about hobbies, Jimmy grinned and didn't say anything but his brother, Johnny, who helps him on the route, piped up and said, "He likes to draw."

Jimmy's route extends from 14th to 16th streets, from Bogue Sound to Calico creek. He's a veteran NEWS-TIMES carrier, having been with the paper more than two years.

COVERING THE WATERFRONT

By AYCOCK BROWN

Manteo, N. C. — When the oil rights on 4,800 acres of land in the East Lake section of Dare county's mainland was leased recently by an associate of the oil-famous McCarty interests the transaction as it passed through the Register of Deeds office attracted little attention.

A few days later when it was announced in Norfolk that a total of 238,000 acres of the vast John L. Roper Lumber company holdings in northeastern North Carolina had been leased for oil rights, the news caused somewhat of a flurry in certain real estate circles of this sector.

As a result of the new leases for oil perhaps, some of the larger property holders of coastal lands who would have sold and been glad to have gotten rid of certain property, at prices they are asking, now are stipulating that while the land is for sale in many sectors of this fast developing resort country—the oil and mineral rights are not for sale. That may mean the oil and mineral rights on properties offered for sale have already been leased. Or, it may mean that some of the shrewd real estate dealers believe, that since lands are being leased from time to time to oil exploiters, is an indication that there is a colored gentleman in the woodpile — that somebody knows there is oil beneath the earth of coastal North Carolina.

One of the major oil companies sunk a couple of exploratory wells on the Dare coast shortly after the war. The story that followed was that no indications of oil had been discovered so the big company gave up its leases.

At the same time the major company gave up its leases on Dare coast lands, and officials of an independent company operating farther south along the coast and on the mainland were saying, "New oil lands are almost always discovered first by independent firms," and then it would be explained how this had happened in Texas, Oklahoma, California and Louisiana.

It was not long after the major company stopped drilling in Dare until the independent company stopped drilling in Carteret, Craven and Pamlico counties. Since then some more exploratory drilling has taken place in northeastern North Carolina and also the southeastern sector.

Like the story in the Norfolk newspaper about the Roper deal with Frank W. Phillips, Tulsa, Okla., Inc. of Washington, D. C. (260,000 acres) the beginning of a drilling operation usually makes a few headlines in the state papers. Then gradually the news dies out or drilling stops — or something.

Anything connected with the John L. Roper Lumber company makes a headline. That is because this company for many years was an empire within itself. At their meeting in Norfolk last week a spokesman for the company indicated that this firm which had been known to cut one million feet of timber per day in years gone by was later losing money at the rate of \$42,000 per year. "In 1950, the net profits from the operation amounted to \$49,150," said a spokesman for the firm. . . . The net profits from these lands of the Roper empire would run into multi-millions if some of the wildcat wells that may be drilled soon, should turn out to be gasbers.

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