

Carteret County News-Times

"Carteret County's Newspaper"

EDITORIAL PAGE FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1952

A Step Forward

The recent planning for a county-wide police radio system is a big step forward for law enforcement in Carteret county.

The value of police radio has been demonstrated in every locality where it is in use.

With a radio system in use, police officers can be dispatched to the scene of any emergency in a matter of minutes.

At the present time, the only radio system in use in the county is that of the Morehead City police force.

The plans drawn up at the recent meeting will make it possible to have immediate contact between all enforcement agencies in the county.

The plans call for direct radio contact between the Morehead City and Beaufort police departments and between Beaufort and the county cars.

The new low-frequency system proposed for the sheriff's department will allow communication between the county cars over a range of 15 miles.

At first glance, these figures seem to represent a great deal of money for a radio system.

They are happy to note, along with the Greensboro Daily News, that the "Mullet Line" is free of debt.

They Lead the Way

Here's what the Daily News says on the subject: While the dream of a major East-West railroad network or North Carolina never achieved reality,

The "Mullet Line" or the old Atlantic and North Carolina railroad between Goldsboro and Morehead City has paid off its last installment in bonded indebtedness

Its rails had barely been pounded into place before the war between the states struck North Carolina

Other segments of the famed North Carolina railroad have long since been swallowed up by major North-South railroad companies,

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THE LOWER THE CANDLE BURNS—



Raleigh Roundup

BY JAMES POU BAILEY

BIG LOAD . . . It's like this, folks: That fellow Adlai Stevenson is one of the smartest cookies to roll down the pike in some little while, but he just had too much to carry.

Corruption, communism, Korea and Truman — all were piled on his shoulders. And all that time pertner Harry was going with a baseball bat after the nearest thing we Americans have had for a hero since the days of old Black Jack Pershing or Lucky Lindy (who flew all alone in a little plane all his own). Like a man that had been called out sliding in home or something, that's the way Harry Truman was tearing about. It just didn't set well.

And then there were the women. They had the axe to Tom Dewey two times in a row. They didn't like his mustache — and if you don't like the spelling, you need more phonics — and said he looked like the little black-suited guy you sometimes see on birthday cakes. The women love Ike like Acheson loves South Koreans.

"I was atotin' this load of light-ood up the hill when a dead limb knocked me flat of my face," begins an old cracker barrel tale. Adlai had more than he could get along with — bit off more than he could chew, if you prefer the plug version.

MAYBE LATER . . . Nothing against Adlai, mind you. If everything moves along as planned right after the knockout, don't be surprised if Adlai Stevenson is the man the Democrats will offer up again in 1956. Of course, you immediately harken back to that old spellbinder, William Jennings Bryan, who could lay it on in his day as Adlai has in his'n.

You say well he was nominated, enominated, and renominated, all to no account, and do we want to get on that kind of road again? Could be? Yes, could be. With all due respect, Bryan was no Adlai. Just a lot of Bryan's speeches were of the listenin' variety. They heard well, but the next day you wondered what in thunder he said that was so good. It wasn't what he said but the way that he said it. Adlai's speeches read, if anything, just a little better than they listen. A place of permanence is his in Bartlett's Familiar Quotations.

Now as for money, William Jennings Bryan probably netted a larger amount touring with chaquetauas during the last 20 years of his life than did Teddy or Taft in their years as President.

Adlai Stevenson could very well be the man in 1956, after the sugar coating has worn off like and he has given some fireside chats on the economic frosts expected to begin about a year from now.

BANQUET CIRCUIT . . . Meantime, Stevenson could get on the banquet circuit. He could announce tomorrow he was giving up his job in Springfield and, without half trying, he could spend the next 12 months speaking, for money. The old July Fourth picnics and the chaquetauas are dead as a dodo. But we still have our full supply of corn in 10,000 conventions clamoring for comedy or the cliched cluttered challenge. They offer real cold cash to anybody who can compete with the deep mental sleep created by 100 proof cocktails, English peas and KC steaks as big as your foot. This would be Adlai's meat.

Stevenson would have no fire-eating subjects like evolution, prohibition, and the cross of gold. But he would do all right. If Ellis

Arnall could pull down \$1,000 per appearance after a term as Georgia's governor, Adlai could addle 'em with ease.

As for being defeated, we heard the other day about this feller who was walked all over when he tried to become vice president of a certain concern. He didn't give up though and later was elected president of the company four times hand running. You may remember him. Never can tell about those things, as the old saying goes.

"TIDE US OVER" . . . You know, of course, how Adlai Stevenson went down swinging with verbal haymakers last Wednesday morning around two o'clock. But the test of an after-dinner speaker is not his brains or background, but how he tells a story. The magazines report how Stevenson, during the campaign, got up before 1,000 guests who had just eaten and were sitting back with that easy, bet-you-can't-keep-me-awake look.

Stevenson said he had no prepared manuscript and was thus reminded of a judge in the southern part of Illinois who was visited one Saturday afternoon by a soldier and his girl friends. They wanted the judge to marry them, but admitted they had no license.

The young private explained that he had only a 48-hour pass, and that he was to be shipped overseas. He and his sweetheart retired to a corner of the room and held a consultation. Directly he came back to the judge with a pleading smile.

"Judge," he said, "we realize you can't marry us. But couldn't you just say a few words to tide us over the weekend?"

The merchant explained that he had been through one depression and wasn't going through another one.

"I can't stand a Republican in the White House. They ruined me in 1930, '31, and '32. I know about their two chickens in every pot and three or four cars in every garage. I'm selling out while the getting is good," said the merchant.

This went on for several minutes. Finally, downcast, disappointed, and depressed to see the effect of Eisenhower's election, the salesman picked up his brief case and headed for the door.

The merchant, sweating, growled at him as he started out: "Come on back in here, boy, I'm just getting ready to paint my store."

SOUTHERN LABOR . . . Although the federal government and this state's favorable position in it have been responsible for a large measure of our prosperity during the past 20 years, much of the credit must be given to the people who make up the South. The fact that we will soon be faced with a Republican administration should not halt the Southward flow of industry. Said Francis White, president of American Woolen company, in a recent speech in Lawrence, Mass.:

"In the superior productivity of its labor, you and I may never see the equality of the North and the South. . . . The present differential in wages is important, but much more important is the amount of work that employees give for that wage."

White said that New England workers and their organizations must realize they are in "deadly competition with workers who are willing to work harder."

SELLING OUT . . . A young salesman from a Raleigh wholesale house stopped at a general merchandise store in the rural section of eastern North Carolina last Wednesday morning as the last election returns poured in.

He was very much surprised to find the merchant busily unloading his shelves. Buckets of lard and bags of flour were piled in the

Here and There

BY F. C. SALISBURY

THE COASTER

S. S. ARTHUR, Publisher November 14, 1952 R. T. WADE, Editor

Charles S. Wallace returned Tuesday from New York City. Mrs. John D. Davis of Beaufort is visiting Mrs. Ida Eaton and Lucy McLean.

G. D. Canfield and daughter Velma left Thursday for Pennsylvania and Washington.

Rev. Euclid McWhorter left Monday for Richlands where he will assist in a series of meetings this week.

E. A. Council, cashier of the Marine bank who has been visiting friends at Hamilton, returned home Tuesday.

All the school children have recently been vaccinated and yellow ribbon arm bands are now much in evidence.

Stacey W. Wade of Raleigh spent Sunday and Monday here this week visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Wade.

Rev. E. R. Harris has returned from Falling Creek where he attended the meeting of the Neuse-Atlantic association this week.

Mrs. S. B. Lee has purchased the Swain residence on Arendell street between 9th and 10th streets and will move into her home this week.

Rev. J. L. Dennis left Tuesday for Walkertown near Winston to attend the Methodist Episcopal church conference.

The "Everglade," a house boat of immense proportions, arrived in

middle of the floor with the horse collars and singletrees. The salesman cleared his throat, but the old merchant barely glanced up from his work. "Come on in," he said, "but I don't need a thing."

"What's the matter?" asked the salesman. The merchant explained that he had been through one depression and wasn't going through another one.

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TODAY'S BIRTHDAY



BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE, born Nov. 14, 1948 in Buckingham palace, first child of Princess Elizabeth, now Queen of England. Christened Charles Philip Arthur George, this heir apparent to the British throne will be the 21st Prince of Wales since 1301 when formally proclaimed.

At the funeral of his grandfather, George VI, he returned a sentry's salute, but since has stuck his tongue out at crowds.

Smile a While

The fussy old man turned to his chance traveling companion, and asked bluntly, "Have you any children?"

"Yes, sir; one son." "Ah, indeed! Does he smoke?" "No, sir; he has never so much as touched tobacco."

"So much the better, sir; the use of tobacco is a nasty and pernicious habit. Does he frequent night clubs?"

"He has never so much as put his foot in one." "Allow me to congratulate you. Does he never come home late?"

"Never. He goes to bed directly after dinner." "A model young man, sir; a model young man. How old is he, may I ask?" "Just six months."

CAMERA NEWS

BY IRVING DESFOR

IF IT'S PICTURES you want to look at, you'll get more for your money in "YEAR, 1952 Edition." This annual picture history of world events from Sept. 1951 to Sept. 1952, is published by Year, Inc., of Los Angeles, Calif. (\$6.95).

The same publishers have also come out with a picture history of religion called "Pictorial History of the Bible and Christianity" (\$7.95). Both represent a monumental job of research, a job of finding pictures to tell a story. When the statistics were tallied, one item revealed that it took over 1,000 pictures apiece to complete their separate undertakings.

The 1952 edition is Year's fifth volume of recording contemporary history in significant pictures. Starting in 1948, and with the addition of a special Mid-Century edition, the books are all companion pieces in bindings, size and format. Their goal is: "Your Lifetime in Pictures" . . . a permanent record of those significant events and personalities which, however briefly, made us sit up and take notice at the time they occurred.

THIS MEANS that other camera fans, as well as myself, no longer need to hoard clippings from our daily newspaper of pictures or stories that aroused our interest. First of all they get frayed, and mislaid, in short order anyway. Secondly, you'll undoubtedly find the picture somewhere in the book, neatly catalogued and put into proper focus with other contemporary happenings whether it's in sports, politics, television or Korea.

It took a staff of 60 writers and researchers six months to prepare this latest issue. There's a lot of text to go with the pictures, and it all had to be evaluated, interpreted and balanced. Just imagine what a

stack the original source material would make! You don't even have to imagine, for on page 18 you'll find a U.N. stenographer contemplating a seven-foot pile of Korean truck tail records at Panmunjon. That'll give you a rough idea.

With the average memory as faulty as it is, we should be grateful to editor Baldwin H. Ward for reminding us visually of the thrilling story of Capt. Carlsen aboard his sinking "Flying Enterprise," of the hectic national conventions, the incredible prison riots both here and on Koje Island and the home-front atomic blast on our TV screens, to mention but a few picture subjects. It's an all-purpose picture album with permanent interest.

In preparing Year's history of religion, the leaders from every important faith contributed. It was intended as a source of information and inspiration for people of all denominations. The foreword was written by Dr. Albert Schweitzer, missionary in Africa and a universally respected Bible scholar.

The story-telling pictures are mostly art reproductions carefully selected from many, many thousands obtained from picture sources here and abroad. Where there was a choice, preference was given to paintings with historical accuracy rather than artistic quality. This accounts for the appearance of works by lesser known artists where we might look for masterpieces by some of the great painters.

AS MIGHT BE expected, photographs appear when modern religion is discussed. From the annals of history, this could be anything in the past 100 years.

If this picture history of the Bible meets the response it deserves, the editors are prepared to produce similar picture histories of sports, science and medicine, world history, etc.

More picture albums and I don't have to do any work except sit back and enjoy them? I'm all for it . . . and I hope you are too.

Time to Think

By G. C. Cooke, M.D.

It is a common old saying that "it takes all kinds of people to make a world," but so far as the doctor is concerned all people fall into one of three classes, that is, as patients.

Class one consists of people who think they have something wrong with them when they haven't. They go to the doctor frequently and take up far too much of the doctor's time. It often takes as much time and diligence to prove one sound as to make a diagnosis of a real malady. To convince this class that they are healthy often requires more time than to treat an illness.

Class two represents people who develop an illness and are too little impressed, or too dilatory, or too scared to go to the doctor until it is too late or their illness progresses until treatment is much more difficult and expensive than should have been necessary. It is especially these who swell the mortality rate for tuberculosis, cancer, and many of the cardiovascular diseases. Lack of judgment is often the cause for both these classes; however, many good level-headed people fall into class two because of economic conditions. Honest people who want to pay their just debts hesitate because

of the expense. This should not be so, because sickness insurance is now within reach of most all classes and for those who have it, it is immediately available in any emergency. For those who cannot afford insurance, they should not be too proud to call for charity where there is in North Carolina just as competent and willing aid awaiting them as the pay cases.

Class three includes those level headed people who get their yearly check-up regularly and when they get something wrong with them, get something done about it immediately.

Words to Remember

Thomas Dreier, inspirational writer and commentator, St. Petersburg, Fla.: "A greater poverty than that caused by lack of money is the poverty of unawareness. Men and women go about the world unaware of the beauty, the goodness, the glories in it. Their souls are poor. It is better to have a poor pocket-book than to suffer from a poor soul."

Frank B. Gilbreth, engineer (1868-1924): "My job is to increase the number of happiness-moments in the lives of all the people with whom I come in contact."

Smokey Says:



Water and trees go together but . . . FIRE and TREES don't mix!

Entered as Second Class Matter at Morehead City, N. C. Under Act of March 3, 1879.

CARTERET COUNTY NEWS-TIMES

Carteret County's Newspaper
A Merger of THE BEAUFORT NEWS (Est. 1912) and THE TWIN CITY TIMES (Est. 1936)
Published Tuesdays and Fridays By THE CARTERET PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC.
Lockwood Phillips — Publishers — Eleanore Dear Phillips
Publishing Office At 504 Arendell St., Morehead City, N. C.
Mail Rates: In Carteret County and adjoining counties, \$6.00 one year, \$3.50 six months, \$1.25 one month; elsewhere, \$7.00 one year, \$4.00 six months, \$1.50 one month.
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