

New Highway Means New Opportunity

Many of the people in Newport are probably not happy about the state's final word on the highway going around the town. And it's unfortunate that things don't work out in this world to suit everybody. However, we can't help but feel that Newport will not lose, but gain through the move.

The biggest complaint, as far as we can determine, is that the new highway will lure business away from the present business section. That seems to be a short-sighted view of the situation. The Newport trading area is tremendous. Centered in a rich farming area and near Cherry Point as Newport is, a new highway will serve as a key to open the door to MORE business for the Newport section.

It isn't as though the proposed new route will lie miles away from Newport. It's almost a stone's throw from the present highway. A service station or beer-selling place will probably be built along it, but the Newport business section as it is now will remain the heart of the town.

Folks who want to buy groceries or gas will still go there. The better highway won't lure them away from Newport any more than the present highway 70 does.

It's ironic that larger towns are PLEADING for by-passes and little towns cry out against by-passes. It's all a case of evolution and the gears of time not meshing.

We recently made a trip upstate and were most put out when the main highway route directed us through the MIDDLE of town instead of on an uncluttered side route. People living in small towns located on a through route may have some reason for thinking that tourists or travelers are going to stop on their way through and spend 10, 20 or even \$100 but we have yet to hear what the reason is.

A traveler going from Beaufort to Durham sets out for Durham. His sole thought is to get to his destination. Unless he has hours to dilly-dally away, he's not going to stop in Smithfield, for

Why the Fast Exit?

Most of our folks need training in audience etiquette. Whether it's a movie or stage play, their most unforgivable sin is jumping up and running off before the last scene ends.

The few people who want to see a show to the bitter (or pleasant) end usually have to stand or else have their view obscured by people popping up and tearing out of the theatre as though the Old Nick himself were after them.

For folks who usually take things calmly and seldom move fast for anything (except maybe to get out of the rain) we are stumped when it comes to trying to explain this phenomena of a fast exit.

Maybe the men don't care for the traditional man-gets-girl clinch in the final scene. Maybe both men and women don't want to see Jeff and Rita ride off into the sunset. We don't know. We do know that their rushing out is most irksome to folks who want to squeeze every penny's-worth out of their admission price. Furthermore, it's downright discourteous to leave a theatre or auditorium when a play still has a few minutes to run. Even if the play is no good, the cast deserves at least one curtain call.

We don't recommend putting glue on the seats. But we do suggest that people be a bit more considerate of other folks around them, and, in the case of a stage play, indicate their appreciation by staying AT THE VERY LEAST until the curtain closes.

example, and wander around spending money. Nor is he going to stop in Morehead City or Newport. He's going to Durham and that's that.

We believe that people in a small town like to have a main highway running through the middle because it makes them think they're a busy place. They look at all the cars whizzing by and feel important. Psychologically, it's probably a wonderful thing. From the cash register viewpoint, the cars whizzing by don't mean a thing.

We would be interested in seeing a survey made of a small town, about the size of Newport and located on a main highway. If accurate facts could be obtained, they would show that the major part of the business comes from people living within 15 and 20 miles of the town and NOT from the people passing through.

Right now the traffic problem on highway 70 through Newport is far from ideal. People wanting to go into stores along highway 70 have to be doubly cautious in parking and pulling out; the school is located right by the highway and everyone lives in dread of the day when some youngster, in spite of all precautions, may get struck by a car; the trees along the highway are terrible hazards—one caused the death of a state highway patrolman not many years ago (we don't blame some folks for not wanting the trees removed, they're a fence to keep automobiles from climbing up on front porches). All things considered, we believe Newport residents should be thankful that they're getting a by-pass.

It means an EXPANSION of the business section. Wouldn't Beaufort be happy if another block could be opened up to the south of it so that business places could be located there? Beaufort is bottled up on Front street. Newport doesn't have waterways in its "expansion" potential — it can spread out in almost any direction.

We're willing to bet that in just a few years Newport, growing as it is, would be clamoring for a by-pass. The State Highway Commission, experienced in this sort of thing, happens to be able to see a little more clearly into the future.

We believe that the new highway will benefit the town and hope that the Newport folks will view it, before long, in a more kindly light.

Farewell, Dobbin

This is the shed-a-tear-for-a-passing-era department:

After 65 years at the same hitching post, the Saddlery Manufacturers Association has given up and disbanded. Its membership had dwindled to 17 firms, but even more important, annual business of its members had shrunk from \$50 million in 1910 to \$3 million last year.

Dobbin also got a rude jolt from another front. In Lansing, Michigan, the State Agricultural Commission announced its intention to quit putting up prize money for county fair horse-pulling contests.

These popular exhibitions, which pit team against straining team to see which can pull the most the farthest, are "nothing but entertainment now," the commissioners said. "Our prize money must go to further the interests of agriculture, and it doesn't look like horse-pulling contests do that any more."

Meanwhile, one of the nation's oldest glove makers closed in Milwaukee with the comment, "Making gloves is a horse-and-buggy business."

THE CHINAMAN'S CHANCE



Today's Birthday

DESI ARNAZ, born March 2, 1917 as Desiderio Alberto Arnaz y de Acha, 3rd, in Santiago, Cuba, son of the city's mayor. Musician, actor and TV producer, he teams with wife Lucille Ball in television's popular "I Love Lucy." One-time featured vocalist with Xavier Cugat's band, he later formed own orchestra. Desi and Lucille first started their domestic comedy series in October 1951 and are co-producers of the filmed show.



Ruth Peeling

National Guard Unit May Be in Town's Future

I was surprised to note in the report of the Conservation Board meeting at Raleigh in January that the "National Guard unit in Morehead City" had asked the commercial fisheries committee for a lease on one of the buildings at the section base for use as an armory.

It's logical that one of the buildings could be used for an armory but what amazed me was that the story inferred there was a National Guard unit in Morehead City.

I checked with two of the men who had been members of the guard unit here a couple years ago, Lonnie Dill and Ben Alford, and Ben said that evidently the request must have come from the higher-ups in the Guard, with a view perhaps to re-establishing a National Guard unit here. One unit is functioning in Beaufort now.

Regardless who requested the lease, Ben Douglas, director of the C&D board, was told to go ahead and issue it.

Final decision on whether to sell off all of the section base buildings except two is expected to be made at the C&D board meeting March 22-27 at Wilmington.

I'm all in favor of a school for the fellows who are given a red flag to wave on construction jobs along highways.

A motorist sees a man ahead of him with a red flag. His reaction

of course is to slow down. Then comes the problem of deciding whether the fellow is trying to stop traffic or wave it on.

The gestures used by flagmen range all the way from a desultory waving of the flag to the flapping of it as though it were a banner.

Some will wave it back and forth when they want you to stop and others wave it back and forth when they want you to go on. Regardless what they want, I inevitably do the opposite.

I've read quite a few highway rules as to what different shaped signs mean, what you should do when about to make a turn, but I have yet to see flag-waving signals defined.

Judging the various ways men wave the red flags, their methods defy defining. That's why I'm in favor of a set of rules on flag waving and a relay of the meaning of flag signals to the motorist.

It never ceases to amaze me what some of our oldsters come up with once in a while. It makes us remember that many of them were once young and their memories aren't as dim as we may think.

This came from a grand "young woman" who is 80 years old: "When a Chinaman first saw a trolley car not pulled by horses, he declared, 'No pushee, no pullee, goes like hellee all samee.'"

From the Bookshelf

By W. G. ROGERS
THE HORSEMAN ON THE ROOF, by Jean Giono, translated from French by Jonathan Griffin (Knopf).

All across the Midi, in Orange, Aix, Avignon, Nimes, cholera morbus strikes vilely. Just at this time of the great plague of 1838, Angelo, hero of this novel, sets out to cross Provence to his native Italy. He would like to help free his land from Australia, but on this grisly trip he will have no leisure to think of that. He travels through a Provence turned into a pest-house. Bodies rot in highways, attract swarms of birds worse than harpies, pollute air and water. You constantly fear for Angelo as he runs all the risks yet keeps on evading the expected penalty. His experiences become so real you step as warily as he through a horribly stricken countryside. You understand superstitious peasants who hear of a dog that talks, a shower of toads, a snake which, pulled from a child's ear and cut up with a meat chopper, cries "Ave Maria."

This is a different kind of novel — and in this day when almost everything has been tried, difference is a distinction. Giono takes a sort of very perfidit gentle knight and confronts him with the deadliest enemy, the spirillum cholerae, the cholera bug. Against this terrifying foe, pistol, sword and bravery avail nothing, though Angelo is armed with all three.

There are stark emotions, a variety of fantastic characters and a stink of pestilence. Of it all, and yet above it, we see Angelo, bearing a charmed life, his innocence and goodness set off dramatically against the grim and hideous ravages of the plague. The jacket correctly notes a Stendhalian quality about this book by an author whom we best remember perhaps for his "The Baker's Wife."

THE FINAL HOURS, Jose Suarez Carreno, translated from Spanish by Anthony Kerrigan. (Knopf).

The sun is down, and lights are

Poetic Musings

(It has always been a rule of THE NEWS-TIMES not to publish poetry. This rule was put into effect because everyone at some time during his life believes he is a poet. Rather than hurt folks' feelings by rejecting their works, we felt it better to publish no poetry at all.)

However, we are going to relax the ban. We will consider for publication poems submitted to us, but reserve the right to reject any or all.—The Editor.)

THE WILD SEA
By Linda Kay Salter, Beaufort
Age 12
High in the air
Went the salt spray
High in the air
I watched it today
Up on the shore
Softly it ran
Up on the shore
Across the white sand
Now swiftly now swiftly
It hits the gray rocks
Laughingly, cunningly,
Loudly it mocks
Oh, how I wonder
That it could be
That man ever thought
He could tame the wild sea.

Author of the Week



Louis Kronenberger is the author of another book, "Company Manners: A Cultural Inquiry Into American Life." Most of the observations in it arise from the fields, with which the author has long been identified.

He has been Time magazine drama critic since 1938; he teaches the theater arts at Brandeis University and English at the College of the City of New York. He has just adapted Jean Anouilh's "Columbe" for Broadway.

He has edited and written several other books, mostly on the subject of the theater, two chapters from the new work appeared originally in The American Scholar magazine. A husband and a father Kronenberger lives in New York.

In the Good Old Days

THIRTY-TWO YEARS AGO
The State Highway Commission had decided to build two roads into Carteret County. One leading to Beaufort and the other to Morehead City.

Mr. F. R. Seeley was presented a loving cup by the members of his Sunday School class and the Young Men's Christian Club.

Beaufort was now receiving electric current in the daytime so the Sea Breeze theatre would give matinee performances every Saturday afternoon.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO
W. C. Matthews and O. G. Edwards of Spring Hope had purchased the Morehead City Drug Store. The store would be under the management of Mr. Matthews.

S. W. Davis and Brothers, wholesale fish dealers, had moved into the Charles Hancock building on Front street, Beaufort.

Mr. R. A. Cherry of Morehead City had purchased the Charles Hotel in that city for \$12,500.

TEN YEARS AGO
The Red Cross Roll Call started March 1 and was to continue through the month.

Beaufort Boy Scouts had a father-son banquet in the Ann Street Methodist Church Sunday School rooms.

Beaufort Jaycees honored their president, Walter Morris, who was leaving to join the army.

FIVE YEARS AGO
Lipman's Department Store in Beaufort was seriously damaged by fire. Fire departments from Morehead City, Cherry Point and New Bern assisted Beaufort firemen in confining the blaze to that building.

The Little Theatre presented Joan of Lorraine in the auditorium of the Morehead City Recreation Center.

D. E. Taylor, son of Mr. and Mrs. Maltby Taylor of Sea Level, had purchased the 537-room Palm Beach Biltmore for about \$2 million.

Long-Eared Owl Gets Rid Of Ravenous Rats, Mice

It is unfortunate that this 16-inch owl with a 42-inch wingspread resembles superficially its close relative, the great-horned owl, that has a length of 23 inches and a wingspread of 52 inches. In spite of the fact that the great-horned owl may feed heavily on rabbits and on rats and mice that feed on agricultural crops, hunters generally kill the bird because it does take game birds and mammals now and then and sometimes domestic

time the last egg hatches the young owl must compete for food with a brother or sister who is two weeks older.

This probably means starvation for the youngster unless food is so abundant that the older brothers and sisters just cannot eat all brought to them. It may be seen from this that the more mice and rats an area may have, the more of these owls are likely to be produced and the greater is the need for these birds. This story is one of the most interesting things we find in nature illustrating how numbers take care of themselves if man will only give nature a chance. Fortunately, these owls are protected in most parts of the country.

The National Wildlife Federation recognizes as one of its obligations the development of an informed public that will be rational in its relations with wildlife. There are those who seek the protection of this owl for sentimental reasons, but this kind of support should not be necessary to any sensible person who recognizes the destructive capacity of rats and mice.

—E. Laurence Palmer



Long-Eared Owl

poultry. The food record of the long-eared owl is such that there is little excuse for its being killed. The food of the long-eared owl is overwhelmingly mice and rats and similar harmful, small mammals.

The long-eared owl is about the same size as the short-eared owl and each is slightly shorter than the 21-inch crow. While the short-eared owl commonly seeks its food of mice during the daytime, the long-eared owl commonly feeds at night. Both are friends of the farmer and for that matter of all of us.

Aside from the difference in size between the long-eared and the great-horned owls, the long-eared seems to be streaked lengthwise while the great-horned seems to be barred crosswise. Both may show conspicuous ears at times. The long-eared owl weighs only about 11 ounces while the great-horned owl may weigh to 3 1/2 pounds.

The long-eared owl breeds from central British Columbia to Newfoundland and south to California, Texas and Virginia. It winters from southern Canada to Florida and central Mexico so it may be found at some time of the year anywhere in the United States in suitable country. Given a choice this owl favors evergreen forests but in migration it may be seen almost anywhere.

The nest of this owl is usually found from 1 to 30 feet up in an evergreen tree and frequently is a remodelled nest of a crow or heron. The three to seven eggs are white and smooth. They measure 1 1/4 by 1 1/4 inches and are laid on alternate days. Incubation begins immediately so it is possible by the

El Condensas tells how, surprising his wife with another man, he stabbed her with a kitchen knife. El Gomas spies on a couple making love on a bench and swipes the fellow's hat, which he can sell for a few pennies. There is a scheme to steal supplies from a construction job while the watchman is entertained by a girl. In the end poor Angel, to whom love is a wretchedness and an anguish, gets together with Carmen and Manolo for the settlement of problems they never can settle.

Angel says in one place: "The length of time the human race has lasted weighs on some men;" and Carlos, Carmen's lost love, once told her: "The human race has been on earth too long." It's the point of view of this Spanish writer, or at least of his queer creatures. Carreno turns over the stone, his sorry people crawl out, run here and there; they are not evil, not good perhaps, yet they definitely are expendable. But I'm glad they survived until I read their book.

"Poetry," the magazine of verse founded by Harriet Monroe some 40 years ago, will be printed and distributed henceforth by the University of Chicago Press. This magazine with its illustrious history will continue to appear under the editorship of Karl Shapiro and the Modern Poetry Association, of which Mrs. Ellen Borden Stevenson is president.

They throw themselves, heart and soul, into everything that's going on—football, basketball, fishing, golf.

Not so the folks around here. They throw themselves, heart and soul, into everything that's going on—football, basketball, fishing, golf.

Jane Eads

Washington

Washington—Way back in 1925 wives of new members of the 69th Congress organized a club to keep each other company while their husbands were busy politicking on Capitol Hill.

New clubs have been formed with each new Congress. Organizer for all has been Mrs. Albert E. Carter, whose husband, now practicing law in Washington, served in Congress 20 years.

"We came here from California, and I didn't know a soul," Mrs. Carter explains. "I found other wives in the same boat — some so lonesome they were even talking about going home. We met once a month, shared our problems, we n t sightseeing together and became good friends. It really got to be quite a thing."

Mrs. Fred Vinson, wife of the late chief justice and long-time Democratic member of Congress, from Kentucky, was also one of the organizers. Mrs. Walter George, wife of the Democratic senator from Georgia, now dean of the upper house, was another. With Mrs. Carter's help, they formed the Senior Congress Club.

Mrs. Vinson was the club's first president. She was followed by Mrs. Carter Glass, widow of the Democratic senator from Virginia whom President Roosevelt called "The Unreconstructed Rebel." Mrs. Dolly Curtis Gann, sister of former Vice President Charles Curtis, was president until her death last year, when Mrs. Maurice H. Thatcher took over. Mrs. Thatcher's husband was a member of Congress from Kentucky and later governor of Panama.

Mrs. Carter is the new president. Vice presidents include Mrs. Burton K. Wheeler, wife of the former Democratic senator from Montana, and Mrs. Clarence Cannon (D-Mo.) and Mrs. August H. Andrew (R-Minn.), whose husbands are still members of the House. Other officers include Mrs. Tom Connolly, wife of the former Democratic senator from Texas; Mrs. Charles L. McNary, widow of the Republican senator from Oregon; Mrs. Jesse P. Wolcott, wife of the Republican congressman from Michigan, and Mrs. William E. Hess, wife of the Republican congressman from Ohio.

First meeting of the organization will be a luncheon for honorary members, to which Mrs. Eisenhower, Mrs. Richard Nixon, Mrs. Earl Warren, wife of the chief justice; Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, widow of the former President, and Mrs. Harry Truman, Mrs. Alben Barkley, Mrs. Harlan Fiske Stone, widow of the Supreme Court justice; and Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, widow of the former House speaker, are invited.

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