

They Want... To Buy Prosperity with Blood

Kidd Brewer had an item in his "Raleigh Roundup" on this page Friday — it's an item similar to many others that are going to hang the Democratic party.

The item follows: "Bringing them Home... Yes, said the Old Democrat, President Ike said he would bring home my boy from Korea. Last week we got back our two boys from Detroit."

Those are the words as they stand in the column, with no comment from the columnist. He probably knows they're shot through with dynamite but to the casual reader they might bring a smile and generate repetition over a cup of coffee — which is what an unthinking Democrat would want.

The "Old Democrat" is really saying, "The President said he'd settle things in Korea so our boys could come home, but business has fallen off so much that my two sons working in plants in Detroit have been fired." The statement implies bitterness and chagrin on the part of the "Old Democrat."

Anyone repeating Mr. Brewer's item is leaving himself open to a retort like this, "So you want to buy prosperity with blood!"

Back in Roosevelt's days, to brighten the economic picture in the thirties, pigs were slaughtered. These days we've graduated from that stage. Prosperity in this country has been generated during the past decade by slaughtering men.

True, it probably hasn't been by design but the end result is the same. Pigs were killed and milk dumped in the gutters in the thirties. Why? To keep prices up. When an item is "scarce" or is just sufficient to meet demand, prices are higher than when there is a glut on the market.

In wartime, the "economy of scarcity" needn't be caused by administration manipulating. Goods are produced but they're destroyed in battle. The materials that go into turning out guns, bombs, tanks and airplanes are those that formerly went into producing washing machines and refrigerators. Therefore there is scarcity of such items on the home market. When war ends, if a country's factories are still intact, as they were in this country at the close of the second world war and at the close of the Korean war, those factories can start turning out the washing machines and refrigerators again.

Until all the people who want those things are satisfied, the country is humming. The "prosperity" that is a corollary to war exists.

Now that there is peace of sorts, the country is attempting to adjust itself to a peace economy, something that we haven't known in this country since Dec. 7, 1941, TWELVE YEARS AGO.

After 12 years of everybody having jobs and a lot of money to spend, no one can even remember what PEACE ECONOMY is. All they can see is the money in their pocket. And even though there is MORE money there than in 1941, it isn't as much as they have been having during the war years, therefore they are in the proper frame of mind to believe predictions that we're heading for depression.

They used to say that all's fair in love and war. We believe that ought to be revised to "All's fair in love, war and politics," for the Democrats are hitting some mighty low blows in trying to unhorse the Republican administration with their depression talk. Likewise the Republicans are doing their best to smear the Democratic party with their Communist hunt.

But that doesn't alter the fact that Democrats' tales like the one set forth by Brewer, say in essence, "The heck with peace. Find an excuse to have a

war, so that we can get more orders and keep on making lots of money here at home. Your son is just another guy in uniform. Let him go somewhere and fight. WE GOTTA HAVE PROSPERITY. Keep the boys in the plants in Detroit. The heck with bringing 'em home from Korea."

Maybe some of you remember or can recall from your history books that World War I was claimed to be "a war fought just to make the capitalists rich—" not only American capitalists but German ones too. Communists like to point out that our god is the dollar. And if there is much more talk such as that which the Democrats are spreading, we fear that those accusations may not be far from wrong!

If we MUST go to war, we must. But when there is war, people clamor for peace and when there is peace — as now — there are cries of "depression" and suggestion that when another political party (Democrats) was in office there was prosperity. Yes, friends, and there was war too.

A government can always prove to its people that it's "necessary" to go to war. Should we participate in the war in Indo-China? Most of us would, without hesitation, shout "No!" But who knows what we might think six months hence, fed the proper kind and amount of propagandizing?

If we want to get out of a so-called recession the "easy" way, just go to war again. Ignore the fact that dollars are easier come by than men.

Adjustment to a peace economy is not simple. The problems confronting the Republican administration now are the same that would be confronting the administration if the Democrats were in office and IF the fighting in Korea had stopped.

For those reasons, we say the Democrats are slitting their own throats when they make statements like Brewer made. Buying prosperity with blood doesn't make sense to the average American. The Democrats would do better to hit at things like the dictator tactics of McCarthy if they want to get back in office.

Help Build a Fence

Another Junior Woman's Club project that is most worthwhile is the building of a fence along the east side of the Beaufort School. The fence should have been thought of and built a long time ago.

Between the school yard and highway 70 is a murky, dangerous ditch. The highway is another hazard. Just the other day a couple youngsters were seen jumping the ditch and dashing across the road. The fence won't guarantee that some still won't run out on the highway, but it will serve as a most discouraging obstacle, especially to the younger children.

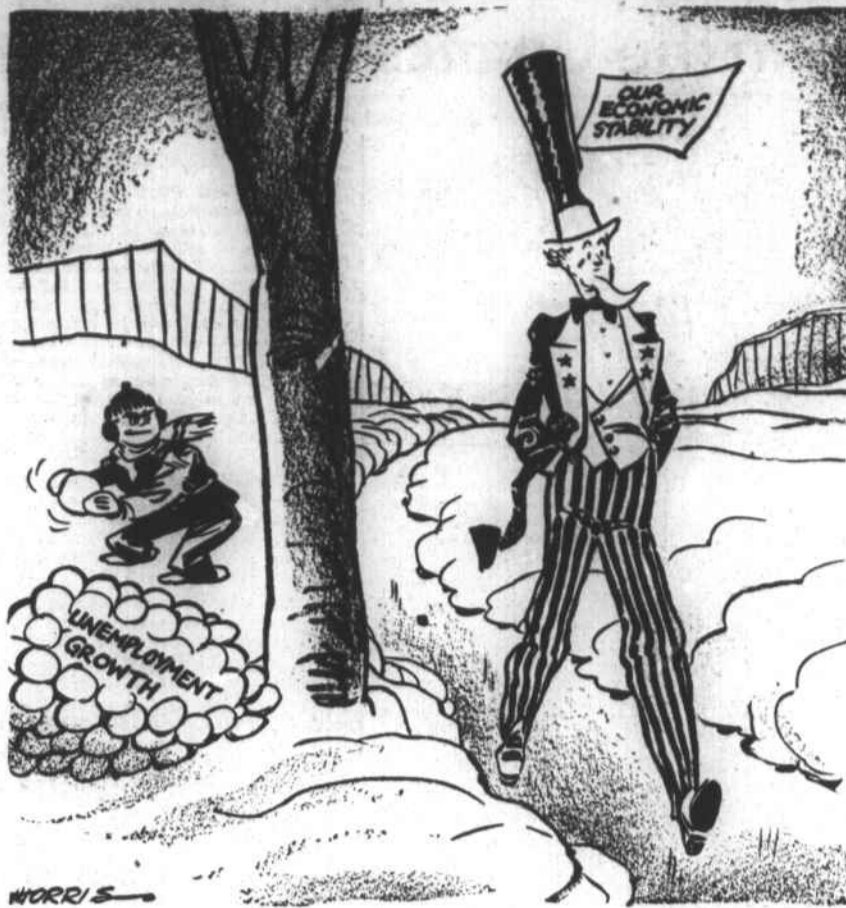
If every family with a child starting to school next fall or a youngster in the primary grades would send a dollar to Mrs. C. E. Paden, chairman of the project, the \$200 needed would be raised in no time.

Mrs. Paden's address is Box 151, Beaufort. How about it?

Let's Lend a Hand

Every day there is distress or need somewhere in the world. Sometimes it is close at home and we can personally lend a hand, but if a tornado strikes in Texas, a flood in the Mississippi Valley or a hurricane to the south of us, we can do nothing — unless we lend a hand through the American Red Cross.

Join the Red Cross in Carteret County and help yourself by helping others.



Ruth Peeling

University Minister Talks About Typical Americans

Not long ago I heard an address by Dr. James T. Cleland. It was an excellent talk but I take issue with one of the statements made by this doughty Scotsman who is preacher at Duke University.

He was listing the three characteristics of the typical American. The second was the "general neighborliness" of Americans. The first was their surface, blustery self-assurance and the third their underlying uneasiness of mind as to exactly where they are going.

In describing the second trait, general neighborliness, Dr. Cleland said that he will never be able to understand why Americans like to belong to so many organizations. "They seem to think that out of collective ignorance there will arise brilliance," he said.

His audience chuckled happily, enjoying as usual a joke that was made at the expense of each of them.

Yet I believe that out of every gathering of people — where there is an exchange of information (call it gossip if you will), where there is talk of projects and ideas — brilliance does arise. The important thing is this: is there someone there who is intelligent enough to recognize it?

J. W. York, Raleigh builder and developer of Cameron Village, has been announced as the co-builder of a four and a half million dollar

shopping center at Gary, Ind. Mr. York, who has a home at 2005 Shepard St., Morehead City, has business interests in this county and has been instrumental in the construction of several of the county's newer buildings.

Mr. York is reported as saying that his interest in the "Tri-City Shopping Plaza" at Gary is a "small one." But the shopping center is certainly not small. Fifty to sixty stores are planned. The overall size will be 500,000 square feet on a 55-acre plot of ground. All buildings will be air-conditioned, single story and plans call for a department store of 100,000 square feet and a medical clinic.

If we were living back in Roman times, this would be the ninth day of the first month of the New Year! Refer to your almanac for the inside story on what to plant and when. Many of the farmers have already set out cabbage. The little plants look so fragile it's hard to believe that before long (if it doesn't get TOO cold) they'll be big fat cabbage heads. The plants, this is, not the farmers.

The blustery politician was holding forth. "You want to know what my platform is? It's simply this: I'm a self-made man!"

"That," retorted Horace Greeley, famous editor, "relieves the Almighty of a terrible responsibility."

Captain Henry

Sou'easter

Some heads are going to be rolling in the scuppers on the U. S. Coast Guard cutter Agassiz if the boys don't quit muttering "Woof, woof" where the skipper, Lt. Peter S. Branson, can hear them.

Everybody aboard, from seaman apprentice to Lt. Willie "Dubs" Willis, the red-headed import from Puerto Rico, took keen delight in a sentence in THE NEWS-TIMES story of the rescue of the \$138,000 barge load of spuds.

"Navigating with the instinct of a bird dog, Lt. Peter S. Branson found the tug, etc., etc." the sentence read.

Lieutenant Branson, captain of the ship, is an amiable young man with a well-developed sense of humor. But how he's strongly against his men making noises like a bunch of canines.

"Hardcrab" Raymond Davis, who graduated from our mutual alma mater, the glorious U. S. Coast Guard, to become a tugboat tycoon, made one of his social calls, at midnight as usual, on the Gehrman Hollands recently.

The sheriff (I can never think of Gehrman as any other than High Sheriff), was sound asleep but awoke when he heard heavy footsteps on the stairs.

He thought fast but the thinking didn't do him any good. He'd left his pistol downstairs.

But "Hardcrab" quickly identified himself and visited with the Hollands nearly two hours when suddenly he said:

"My gosh, I forgot all about Ernest Davis. I left him out in the car. Said I'd only be a minute."

Dan Taylor, the Sea Level Hospital donor, is going to use Tony Sesmon as a double when things get tough, like for instance being shot up for a good-for-nothing millionaire Gringo by a Puerto Rican nationalist.

Or maybe to take his place on the

Jane Eads

Washington

Washington—Wives of members of Congress just don't plan on getting an honest-to-goodness vacation even when Congress adjourns and they go back home.

"In fact we look forward to returning to Washington to get a rest," one wife remarked at a luncheon meeting of the 78th Congress Club, made up of women whose husbands first came here in 1942. It was the club's first meeting of the year, and members were invited to exchange reminiscences of last summer's "vacation."

"I became a built-in baby sitter to my grandchildren while my daughter and son-in-law looked for a place to live, and father toured with the Agriculture Committee," Mrs. Charles B. Hoeven, wife of the Republican congressman from Iowa, said.

"And I became a built-in secretary," Mrs. Clair Engle, wife of the Democratic congressman from California, put in, "We were on the go constantly, touring our district. Sundays we spent answering mail. It was interesting though, and I love meeting constituents."

Mrs. Walter H. Judd, wife of the Republican congressman from Minnesota, who is a member of the House Government Operations Committee, went with her husband and three teen-age daughters on a tour of the west.

"While he looked at dams, I kept a watch on the young men who wanted to date the teen-agers," Mrs. Judd said. "It was a hectic summer."

Mrs. Antonio M. Fernandez, wife of the Democratic congressman from New Mexico, spent her time redecorating her house in Santa Fe, working in her garden and welcoming a new daughter-in-law. The wife of Chet Hollifield, Democratic congressman from California, was overseeing the construction of a new home at Montebello. "We got finished in time to have 27 to Christmas dinner and a reception for 700 before returning to the capital," she said.

Mrs. James Abernethy, wife of the Democratic congressman from Mississippi, got ready to entertain members of her husband's Agriculture Committee and "show our neighbors some real live Republicans."

"We put our best foot forward, and I don't believe they think we go without shoes any more down in Mississippi," she added. Later both Mrs. Abernethy and Mrs. Hoeven accompanied their husbands to conferences in Cuba. The activities scheduled for them there however, left them so exhausted they were ready to go to bed at 8:30 p.m. most nights.

Today's Birthday

JOSE FACIANO LAUREL, born March 9, 1891 in Tanuan, Batangas, Philippines, son of a peasant farmer.

Philippine senator, political leader and educator, he is regarded as one of the most controversial figures in the independent republic. During Japanese occupation he offered his services and was made president of the puppet regime. He said he acted on orders from Pres. Quezon (who died in 1944). Now aligned with new President Magaysay.

Too much celebrating has kept many a man from becoming celebrated.

In the Good Old Days

THIRTY-TWO YEARS AGO

The Davis House in Beaufort, owned and operated by the late Miss Sarah Davis, had been sold to its present proprietor, Mr. A. J. Cooke.

A new restaurant, the Savoy, had been opened in Beaufort in the Chadwick building next door to the Bank of Beaufort.

Beaufort town commissioners had let the sewer and water contract to the J. B. McCrary Engineering Corp. of Atlanta, through their agent, H. G. Loving.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

Herbert Hoover was inaugurated as president of the United States.

Atlantic and North Carolina Railroad directors were considering constructing a deep water pier at Morehead City.

The Waddell Lumber Co. of Highland Park, Beaufort, was incorporated. Sawmills and planing mills were to begin work soon.

TEN YEARS AGO

County commissioners approved the relocation for the road from route 101 to the West Beaufort airport.

Beaufort Girl Scouts presented their leader, Mrs. Jack Neal, with a Scout uniform.

C. L. Beam, former cashier of the First-Citizens Bank and Trust Co., Beaufort, had accepted the position as manager of Eastman's Furniture Store, Morehead City.

FIVE YEARS AGO

Mrs. John G. Jones, Beaufort florist, had invented a plastic orchid tube, and production of her invention was started full scale this week.

State Highway crews were extending Evans street in Morehead City for two blocks toward the State Fisheries offices.

Beaufort Jaycees were presenting a minstrel show this week.

From the Bookshelf

OFF THE BOOK BEAT—A couple of years ago two books came out, one right after the other, about Eleanor of Aquitaine. The first one was the better and more successful; the second, if it could have appeared alone, would have done all right, but thanks largely to coincidence its worthy author got little recognition for long years of study of the subject.

Something of the sort happens all the time, as if to prove that there's nothing new under the sun, or that great minds run in the same channel. Here for instance, among this week's publications, regardless of comparative merits, are some more coincidences:

"Treasure of the Sun," by Adeline Attwood (Houghton Mifflin) is a historical novel about the treasure left by Atahualpa, last of the great Incas, hidden somewhere in the Andes. "The Last Princess," by Charles O. Locke (Norton), is a historical novel about Princess Tacara-mi whose lover was a minister of Atahualpa's.

Then there is always the medical profession. "Know Your Doc-

tor," by Leo Smoller, M.D. (Little, Brown), is nonfiction. With it comes a novel by Humphrey Pilkington. Called "Willoughby Carter" (Norton), it has for hero a boy who wants to become a doctor. His father would prefer to have him enter business; and to interfere still more with his ambition there are some love affairs — in these respects resembling at least superficially "Not as a Stranger," Morton Thompson's story of a doctor published last week.

The authors got their ideas months or years ago, in widely separated places, out of entirely different biographical backgrounds.

THE CIVIL WAR, as told by James Street (Dial)

The publishers say "This is the kind of history you never read in text books." No argument. And that's no criticism of text books. Street has written some pretty good books, but it's doubtful whether he will enhance his reputation with this one. It's too slick, too opinionated.

The basic idea is good — to poke into odd corners of Civil War History, and explore "some of the weirdest myths since King Arthur" that have become Civil War legend.

But his approach was not that of a student. He more resembles a small boy with a pocket full of rocks. He can't resist heaving them at anything in sight.

It's rather obvious that Street enjoyed himself hugely in writing "The Civil War." He writes with gusto and zest. His pace is breathtaking. But someone should tell him that history does not embrace dismissing of controversial points with a "balderdash" or a "hot ziggy." Glib generalities do not substitute for objective analysis.

And, so far as exploding myths is concerned, Street falls for a couple of lively ones. For instance, he mentions Abner Doubleday as the man who "gave us baseball," and he says Mrs. Lincoln was "a shrew" a conclusion that's pretty shaky in the light of recent research.

This one is an animal story from Knopf, this time about a cocker spaniel:

A couple of weeks ago a reader sent in a desperate appeal for help. He had to have, he said, a first edition of Ronald Dahl's "Someone Like You," and it had to be inscribed with certain phrases and no others. The first edition ran to 4,000 copies, but unlike most short-story collections, this one sold fast. However, the obliging publisher managed to find the necessary copy, and the author kindly provided verbatim the inscription.

The man who made the strange request had borrowed a copy from a friend, and his spaniel had chewed up the page bearing the original inscription. He has now returned the book, and it's a deep secret to everybody except the author, the publisher, the readers of empty hundred newspapers, and me.

Author of the Week



Van Wyck (you say Wike, not Wick) Brooks adds to his long and distinguished list of publications "Scenes and Portraits: Memories of Childhood and Youth." Born in Plainfield, N. J., in 1886 and a graduate of Harvard, he was familiar even as a boy with England and the Continent. He always intended to write and did a variety of jobs before settling down to the books for which he would eventually win a Pulitzer; he worked on magazines, did back research for an encyclopedia, was David Starr Jordan's secretary. Before he was established as a writer he had crossed the paths of many leaders in many walks of life: Roosevelt, Hawthorne, Irving, Thoreau, and countless other names. His principle work is the five-volume "Makers and Finders: A History of the Writer in America, 1800-1915."



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