

## What Good is Another Shrine?

Sometimes we wonder if Americans are becoming, to too large an extent, worshippers of the past. In the newspapers last week were pictures of a "Freedom Shrine," a mammoth monument proposed to be built in Washington, D. C. This shrine (the very name brings to mind Japanese shrines to past rulers and pagan monuments to influential gods) is planned by the Freedom Foundation at Valley Forge. The cost of building the thing, of course, is to come from the "general public." And the cost is no less than three and a half million dollars.

Undoubtedly the shrine would be something for tourists to the nation's capital to visit. Planners say that the basic rights of Americans would be enumerated on its four sides, a "freedom flame" would burn above the busts of Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln and Franklin. Its inner rooms would contain copies of America's freedom documents and a place where visitors could sign their "personal pledge to freedom."

Out in the Dakotas carved high on mountain rock are the busts of four of our famous presidents. On every battlefield of this country are monuments, high marble shafts — things in cold stone that are meant to symbolize the height of emotion, passion, and heroism that has no shrine except in a man's soul.

And now comes the proposal for another monument, in a city already bristling with memorials and monuments. We wonder if this penchant for putting things into rock is an indication of hidden fear that the things we prize most highly are sliding from our grasp. If we need a rock to cling to, is it the

type of rock that can be touched with the hands and scanned with the eye?

Aside from the fact that three and a half million dollars could be used to build badly needed schools, hospitals, libraries, clear slums and otherwise benefit humanity, it seems paradoxical in this day when a hydrogen bomb can blast to bits a whole city that man still persists in wanting to erect finely-fashioned but virtually useless heaps of stone.

It is true that a bomb could destroy a school or hospital, but until that fateful day comes, if it does, would we not derive more benefit from something that would improve our well-being?

No true freedom shrine can ever exist in the capital of this nation, in any city or on any battleground of this nation.

Our freedom shrines are found in a school room where little sing-song voices repeat the pledge of allegiance, at football games where the Star Spangled Banner is sung as Old Glory waves against a backdrop of blue, in a farmer's eyes as he looks with pride at a newly-plowed field, in the ripple of a fisherman's sinews as he hauls in a net, in the voice of a mother as she teaches her three-year-old a bed-time prayer.

We must remember our heritage and revere those who made this country a land of the free. But we seriously doubt if a three and a half million dollar heap of concrete is the way to perpetuate the things our founding fathers held dear.

If Americans themselves are living monuments, if in our hearts we rise to the heights God made possible in each one of us, we need never fear that the flame of freedom will go out.

## What Easter Seals Do

You are probably one of 30 million Americans who has received through the mail a sheet of gaily colored Easter Seals and a letter of appeal asking you to contribute to the 1954 Easter Seal campaign on behalf of crippled children.

Perhaps you have asked yourself, "Why should I help support this drive?" and "If I do contribute, what happens to my money?" Here are just a few pertinent facts which you should know about this worthy cause:

Founded on the belief that crippled children are a normal, ever-present part of society, Easter Seal funds make it possible for these disabled youngsters to make the most of their abilities and eventually take their rightful place in the world.

The annual Easter Seal appeal is a nationwide campaign conducted simultaneously March 18 to Easter Sunday, April 18, by more than 2,000 state and local Easter Seal affiliates throughout the country.

In this county the Society for Crip-

pled Children sponsors the Easter Seal drive with 91.7 per cent of every dollar raised remaining to meet local community needs. The remaining 8.3 per cent of every dollar goes to the National Society for Crippled Children and Adults, the parent organization in Chicago, for a nationwide direct service program, education and research.

Services and facilities financed by Easter Seal contributions include case finding, diagnostic clinics, medical care, physical, occupational and speech therapy, rehabilitation centers, camps, convalescent homes, special schools and classes for those unable to attend regular schools, vocational training, employment placement, appliances and equipment pools, psychological counseling and testing, and many others.

Thus, by contributing to the 1954 annual Easter Seal campaign, you will be directly helping some crippled child to lead a happy, useful life. If you haven't received Easter Seals through the mail, send your contribution to "Crippled Children," in care of your local post office.

## Mr. Sears Quits

Things have brightened in the Army-McCarthy fuss since Samuel Sears, lawyer for the committee investigating the charges, has quit. The Greensboro Daily News ran an editorial, prior to Sears' quitting, which shows why Sears had no business handling the matter. The editorial follows:

Should Samuel P. Sears of Boston act as committee counsel in the Army-McCarthy row?

The issue between McCarthy and the Army is important for the country. The Army charges that McCarthy directly and through his Committee Counsel Roy M. Cohn harassed and threatened the Army for refusing to give preferential treatment to G. David Schine. McCarthy charges that the Army tried to blackmail him into calling off his Army investigation. These are serious charges. The underlying issue is whether Senator McCarthy will exercise a large measure of control over the Army and its secretary by his browbeating tactics.

To assure a fair investigation of the matter the committee should have a counsel who is not strongly pro-McCarthy or pro-Army. Is Sears such a lawyer?

He was chosen from a panel which was submitted to McCarthy but not to the Army. McCarthy found it satisfactory to him. Why was it not submitted to the Army? Chairman Mundt said

that that was the committee's business.

Mr. Sears has criticized his alma mater, Harvard, and praised Senator McCarthy. He made himself "available" for the post of committee counsel.

Is Mr. Sears impartial, or does he hold some predilection for McCarthy? When asked whether or not he was pro-McCarthy, Mr. Sears said that he had taken no stand either publicly or privately. But the record shows that he said that "McCarthy has done a great job," that he felt that attempts to defeat McCarthy in Wisconsin were "ill-advised," and that when he heard of an anti-McCarthy fund drive in the election of 1952, he "chased the senator all over Wisconsin trying to start a fund drive" to help his re-election.

Could not a less partial lawyer be found somewhere in the United States? One who had not tried to get up a campaign fund for McCarthy? Could Mr. Sears have forgotten that he did try?

Like many things connected with McCarthy, this thing smells fishy.

All sensible people agree on the necessity of keeping Communists out of government. That is not the issue. The question is how to get a committee counsel who will be impartial as between the Army and McCarthy.

We cannot escape the suspicion that the Army is getting less than a square deal.

## SETTING-THE-MOOD MUSIC



F. C. Salisbury

## Here and There

The following information is taken from the files of the Morehead City Coaster:

April 9, 1915

Miss Loraine Arendell left Monday afternoon for New Bern to spend a few days.

Mrs. R. G. Moore and little daughter left Monday morning for New York where they will join Captain Moore.

Miss Elodie Webb is spending some time with friends in Raleigh. Verne and Rupert Caviness, students at Trinity College spent Easter with their parents, Rev. and Mrs. D. N. Caviness.

Miss Geraldine Willis returned to New Bern Tuesday after spending several days here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Willis. M. L. Reed of Lambert, N. J., was in the city Saturday.

George W. Thompson and wife of Raleigh were registered at the Charles Hotel Sunday.

Thomas J. Royal of Boston, Mass., was in the city Monday.

Mrs. Herbert Willis returned home Tuesday morning after spending some time with relatives in Raleigh and Goldsboro.

Mart T. Royal of Marshallberg was here Tuesday.

The Rev. W. W. Lewis of Beaufort passed through the city Tuesday returning home from New Bern.

Mayor E. H. Gorham returned home Tuesday morning from New Bern where he has been visiting relatives.

The many friends of Captain S. E. Wade will be glad to learn that he is rapidly improving from an attack of acute indigestion from which he has suffered intense pain since last Tuesday.

Robert Taylor and Miss Helen Canfield left Tuesday for Goldsboro as delegates to the Missionary Conference of the M. E. Church.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Boomer and daughter Alice of Suffolk, Va., arrived in the city Monday to make their home here.

Mrs. R. H. Dowdy and children left yesterday to spend the weekend in New Bern.

Mrs. Mary Nelson returned to her home in Beaufort Thursday after spending two weeks here with her daughter, Mrs. Mason Nelson.

Friends of Miss Elizabeth Webb will learn with pleasure that she is improving.

Mrs. Willie Herbert and daughter, Miss Katherine, have returned home from Kinston where they visited friends last week.

The engine for the government boat "Neuse" which is now under construction, arrived Wednesday and on Thursday was taken to the boat building establishment of Jno. F. Bell Company, ship builders, where it will be placed in the boat.

Mrs. Byrd Wade spent Thursday in Beaufort with friends.

Miss Alma Davis of Marshallberg arrived in the city this week, having accepted a position with Attorney E. H. Gorham.

Little Priscilla Baker, the young-

est daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. I. Baker, who has been ill for several days is much better and hopes to soon greet her many friends.

Mrs. Betty Lindsey of Beaufort returned home Wednesday after spending a few days here with her sister, Mrs. W. L. Arendell.

The Ocean Cafe was the scene of a very pretty social gathering Wednesday night when the Baraca Class of the Baptist Sunday School met for their monthly session and business meeting. The class had as their invited guests the Junior and Senior Philathea classes of the Baptist Church and the Baraca and Wesleyan classes of the Methodist Sunday School.

With the service held Sunday afternoon in the Palace Theatre one can not help but believe that the organization of a YMCA for Morehead City is just now about to cast its mission in the town. A committee on devotional work was appointed to make arrangements for all future services.

## Today's Birthday

ROBERT HELPMANN, born April 9, 1909 in Mount Gambier, Australia. The noted dancer, actor and choreographer has received world-wide acclaim for his performances in Sadler's Wells Ballet. American movie audiences have seen him as an actor in "Henry V" and a dancer in "The Red Shoes." He joined Sadler's Wells in 1933 and has designed much of the choreography for the ballet company. His favorite partner has been Margot Fonteyn.



## Thought for Today

There isn't much chance of your dreams coming true unless you stay wide awake.

Happiness consists in activity. It is a running stream, not a stagnant pool. —John Mason Good.

## Drivers Should Think Of Defenseless Walker



When you drive, think of the pedestrian—when you're a pedestrian yourself, think like a driver.

In downtown city traffic, that simple rule can save a lot of grief. Traffic, these days, like matrimony, is a matter of give and take—especially for the pedestrian, who is somewhat more fragile than an automobile.

Most people have better manners than to push and shove, bawl at the tops of their voices to clear the way, otherwise make boors of themselves. But, strangely enough, many people forget those manners when they're driving—and the result is not good for the defenseless pedestrian.

Maybe you forget, too, that when you step out from behind that

steering wheel, you're a pedestrian yourself. It may make a difference if you remember that.

For drivers: Don't depend on the pedestrian to do the right thing in a tight moment. Go out of your way to avoid trouble. A hospital bill or a manslaughter charge can give you little satisfaction, even if you're in the right. Always stop for pedestrians in crosswalks—lights or no lights.

For pedestrians: Be alert—and think about your walking. Don't jaywalk or cross against the traffic signals. On the open road, walk on the left, facing traffic.

When you're driving, remember always to give a pedestrian the breaks — and the brakes.

Kidd Brewer

## Raleigh Roundup

ROCKING... A lot of people have been asking what became of Horace Hendrickson, latest in a long line of State College gridiron coaches suddenly to reach the end of the trail.

Coach Hendrickson is still very active. He's really wound up in the rocks. Horace landed a job with the Superior Stone Co. of Raleigh. Need we point out that the sand-and-gravel business is very lucrative? Trent Ragland's Superior Stone outfit is one of the largest and best.

Congratulations, Horace. You may not be successful on all of the big highway contract lettings—but this fact will not make headlines in the paper the next morning and thus keep your family from enjoying breakfast.

FISHER CALLING... Capt. L. R. Fisher, safety director of the State Highway Department, recently got a telephone call from his brother Roy in Greensboro.

When the long distance operator said she had Mr. Fisher waiting on 34208, Roy said of course he was waiting on 34208 and had been waiting for a few moments.

"We have Mr. Fisher for you on 34208," sang the operator in that nonchalant long distance tone. Roy Fisher was fuming.

"You ain't kidding," he said. "You sure do have him — and he's on 34208. I know that. But how about the Raleigh number?"

About this time Capt. Fisher in Raleigh, hearing the conversation, got into the act: "Yes. Yes. You have Fisher at 34208. Fisher in Greensboro calling? Let me speak to him."

Well, now came the little operator's turn. She was practically in tears. There she was with a Fisher on each end of the line — and each of them giving her a hard time.

The whole thing was settled when it was finally learned by all parties concerned that the telephone number of Capt. L. R. Fisher in Raleigh is 34208, while that of his brother in Greensboro is 34208. Strange as it seems and believe it or not.

IN SECOND PLACE... I suppose every person of the some 250,000 persons who swarmed over Wilmington watching the beautiful Azalea Festival or portions of same had some unusual experience.

This one might be entitled: "Why Mark Clark Came in Third."

My little daughter, Linney, and I went to Wilmington: General Motors had loaned one of their new all-plastic-body, streamlined Corvette sport cars to be used by Conservation and Development Director Ben Douglas in the parade. His daughter, Jean, and Linney were going to ride with him.

When Linney and I arrived on the scene — after fighting (and I do mean fighting) traffic all the way in from Wrightsville Beach — the parade line had already formed

Jane Eads

## Washington

Washington — Pat Nixon got a cake and the guests at the birthday party given for her by the American Newspaperwomen's Club got two big surprises — a good look-see at the fabulous souvenirs of her recent trip to the Far East and a personal introduction to her husband, the vice president.

A few of us had seen some of the souvenirs — gifts from people of all sorts — when Mrs. Nixon invited us to her home after returning from her 2½ month air journey to 22 Asian countries with her husband, but the bulk of them were still unpacked.

The thing we most remembered was the rather startling tiger's skull fitted up with cigarette container, lighter and ash trays. Pat told us she thought it would make a good conversation piece for her husband's office.

I envied her the yards of fabric — hand-woven, brocaded, embroidered or threaded with gold or silver — from far-away lands, which she hopes to have made into dresses. I also coveted the white sapphire ring from Ceylon, the mirror-cut diamond brooch from Thailand, the handsome jade necklace from Korea, the hand-embroidered bag from the Philippines and the gold beaded bag from Pakistan.

Only a few die hards were on hand when the vice president arrived to pick up his pretty wife, who was already beginning to put the gifts away in boxes to take back home.

"Isn't that just like a man to wait until all the packing's done?" Pat laughed.

Guests at the tea party included ambassadors of many of the countries visited by the Nixons, and their wives. There was the new Ceylon ambassador and Mrs. Gunewardene; the Afghanistan ambassador Mohammed Kabir Ludin; Mrs. Tran Van Kha, wife of the Viet Nam ambassador; Mrs. Notowidigdo, wife of the Indonesian envoy, and the Korean ambassador and chic little Mrs. Yang. Others included Mrs. Sarasin, wife of the ambassador from Thailand; Mrs. Mehta, wife of the Indian ambassador; Mrs. Koo, wife of the Chinese ambassador, and Mrs. Abello, wife of the ambassador of the Philippines.

and another car was in place with Ben's name and number on it. Those in charge of the parade would not agree to rearrange the line-up in order to include the Corvette.

Instead, they suggested that we take our red "hot rod" — a slicker, boy — and go to the head of the line and lead the parade, along with the five motorcycle cops. Well, we took our place and while waiting to start, I heard someone say to the gentleman handling the parade: "This is your parade and you run it as you see fit, but if it were me, the Governor would lead the parade." In that tone of voice, you know.

Pretty soon the Governor's car came in front of us, making us second. But then the driver of the car bearing Gen. Mark Clark, now of The Citadel, raised the point that they were Number Two in importance and should be next to the Governor. I wasn't in position to argue that particular point, but right there I had a mental picture of this procedure continuing on back through the entire parade until finally we would be following the street sweepers behind the parade.

But I snapped out of it in a second when I heard the director sing: "The Governor first, the red corvette second, and General Clark is third."

This really marked the first time I ever outranked a four-star general — and I wasn't supposed to be in the parade in the first place — but Linney enjoyed it immensely, the Corvette did brighten up the place, and everybody, including General Mark Clark back there just behind us, apparently had a big time.

PHEASANT, ETC... Anyone looking for the unusual in places to eat shouldn't miss the Pheasant Farm on N. C. Highway 27 near Mt. Gilead.

If you are not on the alert, you might go right by the place, for it sets back off the road and looks about like any other farmhouse. There is a little sign there indicating it is an eating place, however. Operated by two old bachelors, E. J. Stinson and Al Burch, and advertised as the Home of Bachelor Cooking, you can eat a broiled guinea hen for \$3 or broiled pheasant for \$3.50.

What's more, you can go out to the pens in the backyard and select the particular type of bird you want.

Really a most unusual place. We hope Bill Sharpe of State Magazine will trudge by there and give me a whang in his publication.

SENIORITY NECESSARY... Former Gov. Kerr Scott's proposition to save money by putting to work some of the Federal funds lying about in New York banks is not meeting with the enthusiasm picked up by a similar thought on state funds in 1948. This is no doubt due to several reasons.

In the first place, the Governor of North Carolina has great power because of appointive positions at his disposal, etc., and his influence is pretty terrific. As a freshman senator, Mr. Scott would be just that — a freshman among 96 senators. Like it or not, it is nevertheless true as gospel that real prestige and power in the U. S. Senate comes only with time served — that is, seniority. In other words, by being there longest — or longer. Mr. Scott is at an age when odds are he wouldn't live long enough to pick up much seniority even if he should be elected. This is not his fault. It's just a situation.

On the other hand, Senator Harry Byrd has seniority and all that goes with it — but he hasn't as yet been able to do anything about the money matter Mr. Scott talks so glibly about. Neither could Kerr Scott.

But it makes good campaign material and this is the campaign season.

SCROLL... Before Gene Simmons, Tarboro tobaccoist, moved out as temporary aide de camp to Ben Douglas, Gov. William B. Umstead had him come by the office for a quiet, intimate little ceremony.

Gene was presented with a scroll extolling his virtues and expressing the Governor's appreciation for the work he had done in setting up speakers bureaus and otherwise assisting in breathing new life into the Dept. of Conservation and Development.

May we add a trite note? It couldn't have happened to a nicer guy. He left a good business to pitch in and help the state for a few months. If there is a North Carolinian with more varied talents, I have yet to meet him.

Our prediction is that the Umstead administration may be calling on Gene Simmons again for assistance in the near future.

"— AND N. C."... The Adlai Stevenson party in Mecklenburg was a great Democratic success. Stevenson in my book was never in finer fettle than last Friday night. He is popular in North Carolina — apparently more popular than ever — and is really considered home folks.

It is interesting to note that, when he called on the Governor at the Mansion, he signed the guest book under the column for residence location: "Illinois and North Carolina."

Quite a fellow, this Adlai.

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