

Beach Puts Brakes on Beer

If the Atlantic Beach town board and the law enforcement officers there carry through on their restrictions regarding sale of beer, they will have gone a long way toward making the beach a place that families enjoy.

While the business section of the beach has attractions, rides for youngsters and things the small fry enjoy, many parents have been known in the past to seek the quieter strands east and west of Atlantic Beach where they wouldn't have to kick beer cans out of the way or protect the kids from adults who, intent on having a good time, aren't quite as considerate as they should be of the other folks who come to enjoy the beach.

The mayor and the town board, if they mean what they say and are going to stick to their guns, are intent on keeping the beach from becoming known as one grand beer joint. As the mayor said, people who go to the beach like to know beer is available if they want it. The businessmen there feel that they must sell it, but the beach officials are aware that it can and should be sold under certain restrictions.

Aside from the state restrictions, no sale to teen-agers, no sales after 11:30 and no sales to drunks, beach rules require that the beer may not be taken out on the beach, nor can people walk around the boardwalk tipping a bottle. They must stay and drink it where it is bought. (Grocery stores, of course, sell beer which the customer may carry with him, unopened, to his home or to a private party).

The beach also requires that places which do not have restrooms may not sell beer. At the Saturday board meeting the chief of police asked that he be given authority to have places adequately lighted where beer selling and dancing goes on.

The mayor suggested that to keep the beach from being littered with disposable beer cans that places selling beer on the premises be required to sell it only in returnable bottles. Because the bottles have value, the seller will be interested in keeping them in his place, but the disposable containers,

cans and plastic, end up in gutters and along roads all over the place.

Because the beach board believes businessmen should be interested in keeping the beach clean, the businessmen will be asked at their forthcoming meeting if they would object to selling beer only in returnable bottles.

We believe that they will object. While people believe in certain things in principle, the principle usually goes out the window when they THINK their pocketbook will be affected. If the businessmen agree to sell beer, on premises, in bottles only, we'll chalk it up as one of the biggest surprises of the year.

The fact remains that beach officials have shown they are interested in maintaining a clean, attractive beach. Perhaps this is the glow of pre-opening exhibiting itself. Ideas set when a beach season is a-borning sometimes get tarnished as the summer progresses. We hope 1954 will be different.

We'd like to show folks that, as Mayor Cooper says, the beach is getting better and better.

We'd Love That Extra Hour!

Well, here it is again. Time for the Marine bases to go on daylight saving time. And the lucky dogs that work at Cherry Point and Camp Lejeune will have at least four hours of daylight after they leave work.

You can bet your bottom dollar, too, that they won't rush home to Morehead City or Beaufort stores. They'll go to the beach, go swimming, blue fishing, lol in the sun in their backyards with a tall glass of milk in their hands, or play golf.

We know the farmers don't like daylight saving time. We know that a few fuzzy-heads think that the Marine folks are going to spend their free hours shopping, shopping, shopping in local stores.

However, we'll say it as long as we have breath, it would be mighty nice to have that extra hour of daylight in the summer time.

Newsboys Are Not Expendable

Newsboys are a hardy lot. But just because they look as though you could drop them out a second story window and they'd come up grinning is no reason to see how much they can take, without flinching, week after week.

Sometimes, it seems, one or two people try to see how much guff they can hand a newsboy. Recently, in one of the towns in the county, a newsboy knocked on the door to collect. He waited. And waited. And waited some more. Then he knocked again. From inside, came an angry voice, "All right, all right, you don't have to knock the door down!"

Some boys, if they have a mature sense of humor, might inwardly smile at the response, but others might be scared to death. The result is that they decide they don't want to carry papers any more. It may be several weeks before another boy is found to take the route. Nine times out of 10 the people who delight in wiping their feet on the newsboy are the first ones to scream, "Where's my paper? Haven't gotten one in weeks!"

Others never have the right change when the boy tries to collect. They make a habit of coming to the door week after week with a ten dollar bill. Seldom does the newsboy carry that much change with him and the customer knows it. It's a well-known ruse used to get out of paying the bill. Our newsboys are instructed to let a bill run only two weeks. If, after that time, the customer does not pay, they are to

stop delivering and THE NEWS-TIMES stands the loss.

The youngsters are not credit agencies. They are in the business of selling newspapers. They buy the papers and sell them to the customer at a slight profit. Their earnings are not sufficient to allow them to operate on a credit plan. Therefore, it's quite important that they get their 20 cents weekly from each customer.

We know, of course, that the customers occasionally have legitimate complaints. Sometimes the paper may be tossed in wet bushes on a rainy day. Once in a while a newsboy eats too much pop corn and hot dogs and can't get out of bed the next morning because his iron-clad stomach has finally revolted. So the papers may not get delivered that day until the afternoon when our circulation manager gets the job done.

Sometimes customers complain that they'd like to pay every week but the newsboy doesn't show up. Few stop to think that maybe he did show up but they were away or didn't hear his knock.

We're proud of our newspaper carriers. We're proud of our customers too. They, of course, are the best-informed folks in the county.

Courtesy to and consideration of the newsboy are important. Likewise, courtesy to and consideration of the customer is important. If those qualities are shown, newsboys will be kept happier in their job and the customer will profit.



Kidd Brewer

Raleigh Roundup

**WET AND DRY** . . . Although very little is being said about it right now, evidence is reaching Raleigh of a vicious battle shaping up for a year hence between the dry forces and those favoring legalized liquor.

The dries feel better about the situation for three or four reasons. First, they see a sign—though maybe no larger than a man's hand—that the tide may be turning against liquor. They couple this with the decision of several legislators known to be strong for the legal sale of alcohol not to become candidates for re-election. Along with these reasons for feeling brighter is one connected with money. That is, they seem to be getting more of it from somewhere.

Main obstacle the dries will have to overcome is need of revenue. Liquor is a big tax-gatherer. Bringing in the sheaves is one of its principal occupations. Consequently, those who favor getting rid of it must preach greater economy in government—at city, county, state, and federal levels—or show where funds can be raised to offset the loss in revenue which would result from taking whiskey off Alcoholic Beverage Control shelves.

**DULL-EREST** . . . Dull-duller-dullest. And so it is—this Scott-Lennon thing, that is. There seems to be no steam, no interest, and nothing either candidate has been able to do seems to have attracted very much attention or excitement. But don't be misled. There is plenty of fire being built by each side. Look out for May.

**OPEN** . . . Offices may close, the mailman may be home working his garden, school may be out, with sheep in the meadow and cows down the lane, but there is one place around here that apparently stops for nothing.

That's the State Museum, a division of the N. C. Dept. of Agriculture. Take Easter Monday, for example. Everything else around Raleigh was shut tight—almost like Christmas. But an announcement came out in the papers last Friday as follows: "The State Museum will be open on Easter Monday, from 9 a.m. until 5 p.m." It's that way every holiday—weekends, too. And so we want to pay our manners to Curator Harry Davis, Miss Mary Knight, his secretary, and to his assistant, Frank Meacham. Note to Agriculture Commissioner L. Y. Ballentine: Stag, can't you make these folks take a little rest now and then? They make us normal people feel lazy.

**COMMENDATION** . . . Several weeks ago, incidentally, upon the occasion of the dedication of the new Weights and Measures Testing Station here, Gov. William B. Umstead commended publicly the fine service of Agriculture Commissioner Ballentine. He praised Ballentine for the cooperation his department had given the Governor's administration.

The sharp compliments led to the comment that Stag Ballentine might be the man who can consolidate and bring together again the various elements of the Democratic Party in North Carolina.

**WATCH IT** . . . Keep an eye on this FHA scandal now brewing in Washington, for our private information is that it will make pickers of the RFC rackets and the U. S. Agriculture Dept.'s grain mess.

The investigation will cut squarely across party lines, will reach out into virtually every state in the nation, and mayhaps—right down into your own home town.

That's the way we heard it.

**FOLKS AND EASTER** . . . Kerr Scott observed his 98th birthday over the weekend at his Haw River

OUR ONLY DAVID

Jane Eads

Washington

Washington—The little cabinet—the undersecretaries, deputy secretaries, assistant secretaries and assistants to the assistant—had a big party, a get-together to get acquainted affair. A cocktail talk-fest followed by an informal buffet, it was the first little cabinet party ever held and vied right down the line with the shindigs enjoyed by the big Cabinet—the secretaries and administrators of the various government departments and agencies. It started with the setting up of a special hospitality committee made up of the wives of 10 officials.

Checking in the guests and pinning identity cards to them were Mrs. Orme Lewis, wife of an Interior Department assistant secretary, and Mrs. True D. Morse, wife of the under secretary of agriculture. It was the first time many of the guests had met, but it wasn't long before everything was on a first name basis. Some were even calling each other by their nicknames, spelled out on the identity cards.

Deputy Attorney General William P. Rogers was called "Bill." Assistant Secretary of Defense Wilfred J. McNeil was tagged "Mac." Even some of the ladies answered to their favorite monikers. Mrs. Charles R. Hook Jr., wife of the deputy postmaster general introduced herself as "Louie."

The cards told where the folks came from. Only a few were from the District of Columbia. Among these was Mrs. Wilton B. Persons, wife of Maj. Gen. Persons, deputy assistant to the President. The majority seemed to hail from the Middle West. Little cabinet wives are so pleased with the success of the get-together they're planning another party. This will

Nut Holding Steering Wheel Causes Accidents



"The nut that holds the steering wheel," said a wag back in the gay 20's, "is the part of a car that causes most accidents."

Seriously, it's almost a criminal offense these days to neglect the care a car needs to keep it in safe operating condition. That care is a long step toward your safety.

This is clear and obvious when you think about it.

Think back to yesterday when the driver ahead of you stopped on a dime, and you had to thank your stars your brakes were working perfectly. And last night, when

Here and There

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

**FRIDAY, APRIL 23, 1914**  
Mrs. Bettie Lindsey of Beaufort has been visiting her sister Mrs. W. L. Arendell.

Dr. J. T. Nicholson who has been visiting his daughter, Mrs. John D. Webb, returned to his home in Bath Wednesday.

Mrs. Wesley Willis and son, Ray Peletier, spent Monday in Beaufort.

The Atlantic Hotel will be under the management of R. P. Foster this season, opening June 1.

Gov. and Mrs. Jarvis are expected to arrive here next week.

The Rev. Edwin R. Harris conducted the Men's Meeting in the Palace Theatre last Sunday afternoon.

J. W. Glover left Monday for New York on his yacht "Southland."

The front of the R. T. Willis building occupied by Klein Brothers and J. C. Helms has been torn down for the purpose of placing a steel girder in the wall.

Dr. and Mrs. W. E. Headen left Tuesday for Chapel Hill to attend the inauguration of the president of the University, E. K. Graham. M. S. Lee, representing the Morehead City Sea Food Co., is traveling in the central part of the state.

Messrs. J. C. Helms, John F. Nelson and R. E. Lee left Thursday for Raleigh to attend the State Convention of the Baraca and Philaetha classes of North Carolina.

Miss Lina Wade who has been teaching school at Magnolia has returned home.

W. L. Kennedy and wife of Fall-

ing Creek have arrived in the city to spend the summer.

Captain Robert Loder died here Tuesday morning at the home of his daughter, Mrs. A. T. Piner, on Bridges St., at the ripe age of 78. Burial took place at Berkley, Va.

On Wednesday night of this week the store of J. C. Helms was entered by a thief who ransacked the cash register, broke into the safe and besides taking with him all the cash he found, stole quite a lot of merchandise.

Mott Bell, son of Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Bell, while playing ball near the school grounds last Friday, had the misfortune to fall and break his left leg between the knee and foot.

A devil fish measuring 18 feet in width and 14 feet in length and weighing 5,000 pounds was captured at Punta Gorda, Fla., last week by C. W. Willis of this city and Russell J. Cole of New York. The monstrous fish was not killed until it had been lanced 24 times.

Lively scenes at the City Hall last Friday night resulted in the nominating of the following ticket for the coming city election: for mayor, Dr. K. P. B. Bonner; for commissioners, A. H. Webb Jr., George W. Dill, Richard Fodrie, J. T. Davenport, Gilbert Willis.

From the Waterside correspondence:

Here's to The Coaster.  
Long may she wave o'er the land of the free  
And the sands of old Carteret's health giving shore,  
The smoke-house with no lock on the door.

From the Bookshelf

**ISN'T ONE WIFE ENOUGH?** (Kimball Young, Holt)

Here's a book about Mormon polygamy written by a man who knows. Grandson of Brigham Young, the author was brought up by a mother and "aunts," as the extra wives were called. Thus he could begin research, if he planned it that far back, without leaving home—or is it homes?

Young reviews the Gentile attacks on plural wives, considers problems of psychology, inheritance and other matters, but his most interesting pages have to do with polygamy on, as he discreetly puts it, a "day-to-day" basis.

It was the curious situation where the husband could say, and mean it, I love you I love you I love you. Did a man with half a dozen wives kiss them all good-night? Sometimes he did, and all the children, too. If he bought a dress for one, he bought a dress

honor woman appointees to key government posts.

Debutants Pat Priest, pert daughter of Mrs. Ivy Baker Priest, treasurer of the United States as queen of the Azalia Court at Norfolk, Va. Her princesses, representing foreign countries, included Carolyn Makins, a niece of British Ambassador Sir Roger Makins. She has a job at the embassy. She is the daughter of Sir William Makins, high sheriff of Hampshire in England. She just celebrated her 21st birthday, is active in the District of Columbia Red Cross and directs the activities of more than 5,000 local Red Cross volunteers.

for all, and paid all the bills. Every wife might have a separate room, or home; might cook separately for her children and eat separately with them. The husband rotated, a day with every one, or a week. One prospective bride believed it was "just as easy to love a man with a wife as without one." But another, learning her husband had a "revelation" to take a second wife, promptly had a "revelation" of her own that she'd shoot any newcomer. Still another hated to hear her man's boots drop on the floor of somebody else's room.

Young gives this old wives' tale the scholarly treatment, and uncovers a lot of absorbing information. No matter how serious he is, his book persists in being entertaining.

**THE CITY AND THE WAVE;** Jon Godden (Rinehart).

Len Chase, we read in this welcome novel, is an office worker in a great river-city. Technically he is Anglo-Indian, but in spirit and temperament he is neither English nor Indian. In this book it is not a problem of race—except that by his shyness Len is so remote he hardly belongs to any race, hardly even to the human race.

The city below his shabby sixth-floor quarters is an unsightly, smelly warren—Miss Godden shows us the crowded, littered streets, the diseases, the sores. Refusing to look down at it, Len has a telescope that he trains on the cleaner, unattainable stars—Miss Godden shows them, too, hanging brightly in the Indian sky. He should not have to endure the sneers of white superiors; he should have become a priest.

Into this monk-like existence there steals one night pretty 16-year-old Marie, Portuguese-Indian, starved, for she has run away from her aunt's bed and board, and starved, too, for affection, for the aunt was unkind. Len thinks of her as a child, but she has older ways, and she inevitably begins his seduction.

This is no common fictional seduction. Or it is that and immeasurably more. It's the breath of life coming to the recluse who has tried fearfully to renounce it. It's the tremendous magnetic pull of masses working on a man too puny, as man must be, to resist it. Miss Godden tells a moving story and sets it in vivid native scenes. But the hearts of her man and woman would beat the same hurt and happy beats in the capitals of the West as in the mysterious East.

Today's Birthday

**CARL L. NORDEN**, born April 23, 1880, in Semarang, Java, son of a wealthy Dutch planter. In-

ventor and developer of a bombsight that was standard equipment on all multi-engine U. S. bombing planes, Norden earned a large share of credit for Allied victory in World War II. Immigrating to the United States in 1904, he became a mechanical designer and went into business for himself as a consulting engineer. Married, with two grown children, he lives in self-imposed obscurity.

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Thought for Today

Few men during their lifetime came anywhere near exhausting the resources dwelling in them. There are deep wells of strength that are never used. —Richard W. Byrd

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