

Shall We Invest in Past or Future?

The State Board of Conservation and Development says it doesn't have money to maintain a classroom building at Camp Glenn which means thousands of dollars' income to this area during the summer. Yet it appears to have money to rebuild old broken-down homes of "historical interest."

On a visit to Edenton a couple weeks ago Ben E. Douglas, director of the C&D Board, and several other board members decided they would recommend to the full C&D Board when it meets here in July that \$10,000 be included in the budget to restore the Iredell Home at Edenton.

The Iredell Home is the old residence of James Iredell, associate justice of the United States Supreme Court from 1790-99. It's a "state historical site" into which North Carolina has already dumped \$15,000.

It's too bad Otway Burns or Robert E. Lee didn't sleep in that classroom building at the section base which is used each summer for State College extension courses. If either had, the state would probably jump up and down with eagerness to keep it in good repair. The only trouble is, the building wasn't standing in the days of Burns or Lee.

The state recognizes that the buildings are in a state of disrepair. And we appreciate the fact that the Board of Conservation and Development, which has jurisdiction over them doesn't want to keep spending money, "needlessly" as they say, for maintenance.

But what value is a total investment of \$25,000 tax money in an historical site? Lovers of history and dwellers in the past can come up fighting in answer to that question. They can undoubtedly list close to a hundred reasons (what they call GOOD reasons) for maintaining historical shrines.

We are not averse to keeping in good repair some buildings of outstanding historical interest but it seems as though there is no end these days to what people want to restore.

The amount of revenue Edenton (or

North Carolina) would receive through ANOTHER historical point at Edenton is an intangible factor that can't even be reckoned with reasonable accuracy.

But let's look at the section base building. Five hundred students, by the end of this summer, will have taken courses in those buildings. These students are adults, men in industry, who come here to be brought up-to-date in the latest developments in their vocation.

Many of them combine work with pleasure by bringing their families for a seaside vacation. Assuming that 85 per cent of them bring their wives and children (the director of the extension division says 90 per cent do so) and that during their several days to two weeks stay here, each family spends at least \$100, that's a MINIMUM income of \$42,500 to this area over a three-month period.

Cost of maintenance of the classroom building during the past three years has been \$1,300, according to figures from the director of the extension courses. Assuming that this is cost of minimum maintenance, a couple thousand dollars more would be needed, probably, to put the building in first class condition.

Yet this investment shows definite promise of bettering the economic status and cultural standing of the state whereas investment in a home of a former justice of the Supreme Court promises little.

We believe that the present and future of this country is as equally important as our past. And we believe that many, afraid of the things the future holds, turn unwisely to fanatic worship of things that are over and done with.

We respect Judge Iredell and the part he played in our history. But we believe that education of our people NOW is important and that the state would do well to recognize economic needs and education needs and not invest thousands of dollars in maintaining an expensive antique for sentimental (historical!) reasons.

Justice Goes a'Begging

Caryl Chessman, 32, has waited nearly six years on Death Row in San Quentin prison. Sentenced to die for kidnap-assaults on young girls and women, a stay of execution has been granted several times. A Philadelphia penologist believes he should not be put to death.

Chessman, rated a genius by psychological standards, has even written a book about his life as a criminal. It's a best-seller, "Cell 2455 Death Row."

One of Chessman's victims, a young girl, has been in a mental institution since the attack for which Chessman was convicted. Her mother urges his

execution as an aid to restoring the girl's sanity.

Both the governor of California and the judge of the Chessman trial say Chessman's execution is justified.

But a noted penologist, Dr. Negley K. Teeters of Philadelphia says Chessman is a criminal psychopath who should not be put to death but who should "serve as a guinea pig."

It seems to us that Dr. Teeters and other psychologists had ample time during the past six years to learn anything they wanted to know about Chessman and that it's high time the court's sentence is carried out.

His Day

(From the Greensboro Daily News)

No document we have seen lately dramatizes so well the burdens of the presidency as the neat listing of President Eisenhower's appointments for a typical day . . . Tuesday, June 1, 1954.

Consider, if you will, what energy and enthusiasm it drained out of Ike to endure the following:

At 9:30 the President saw Senators Ferguson and Potter and Representatives Knox and Bennett, Michigan Republicans, and a delegation from the Michigan legislature who presented him a resolution urging him to spend his 1956 Summer vacation in Michigan.

At 10 a.m. the President received the winner of the American Trucking Industry's "Driver of the Year" award.

At 10:30 members of the Connecticut delegation in the House invited the President to visit their state later this year.

At 11 Senator Aiken and Nathan S. Ancell, board chairman of the Beaver Falls (Vt.) Manufacturing Corp., and Clifton R. Mickelly, managing director of the State of Vermont, presented a piece of colonial maple furniture to the President.

At 11:15 the President squeezed in Deputy Secretary of Defense Anderson.

At 1 the President had lunch at the White House with representatives of four veterans organizations.

At 2:30 the President signed H. R. 7786 honoring American veterans.

Whew!

It must have been nice for most of the parties involved, but were all those trips necessary? Sometimes we wonder when the President of the United States tends to official state business — or when he sits down to think.

HITCH YOUR WAGON-



Lincoln's Secretary of War Was Descendant of Quakers

By F. C. SALISBURY

(This is part two of a two-part story on the early Quakers in Carteret County.)

Friends were very strict regarding their religious rules. Any member marrying "out of unity" or committing any serious act of misconduct were disowned. Such members condemning their conduct could be reinstated. Records show that in 1830 many members were disowned for marrying out of unity.

Those early settlers coming into Carteret county, as well as others who followed, were good judges of farm land, for their former holdings along the Newport River are today considered the most fertile and productive sections of farm land in the county.

Friends, in their plain and simple habits of dress and customs, were not given to the building of elaborate, showy houses such as one finds in many sections of the eastern part of the state. A few of their former homes remain standing, some of which have been remodeled, others are in a dilapidated condition.

Following the old country road a short distance eastward from the Core Creek bridge one comes to the old home of Edward Stanton, built soon after he came into the county in 1721 on the site of his 1,900 acre purchase. The house is two storied, of wood construction, with a one story wing connected by a wide gallery.

Built of heart pine upon sill 20-x20 inches square, the ancient structure has weathered the elements down through the years. It is one of the finest structures of early American architecture, in keeping with the Quaker simplicity, in the county. The property is now owned by J. S. Stanton, a descendant from the Stanton line.

On the outskirts of Beaufort, reached by a road connecting West Beaufort with highway 101, stands a house of ancient structure fre-



Home place of Henry Stanton, leader of the band of Quakers who came into the county over 200 years ago. This staunch old house stands on the original tract of 1900-acre plantation bordering Newport River and Core Creek. It is now owned by J. S. Sabiston.

(Photo by F. C. Salisbury)

quently referred to as the Stanton place.

Built by John Marshall Records show that this old house was built by John Marshall who had been granted a large section of several hundred acres in the early days of Carteret County. It came into the possession of a Stanton, one Benjamin, who married Josephine Marshall about the middle of the 19th century. This Benjamin has often been given credit as being the father of Edwin M. Stanton. Genealogy proves otherwise.

For persons interested in genealogy, that of the Stanton family, especially the line that resulted in the birth of Edwin McCaster Stanton, who became Secretary of War under President Lincoln, is of more than usual interest, covering as it does the lives and activities of three generations of Stantons in Carteret County.

A few years following the coming of the Pilgrims, Robert Stanton, either of English or Scottish birth, came into the early colony at Plymouth where he remained for a short time, later moving to Newport, R. I. It was from that locality that his son Henry, who was to become the great grandfather of Edwin, came into the Granville district, now Carteret county in 1721, along with a number of other Quakers.

Being what was known at that time as a polemical Quaker, (given to argument and controversy), this attitude of the sect in that period proved anything but popular. It is given as one reason for its removal from his northern home.

Join Migration

Attracted by the glowing accounts of new land and the opportunity to better himself, he and his family joined in the migration of a large number of Friends headed for the southland. His first purchase of land in the Granville district consisted of 1,900 acres, located between Beaufort and Core Creek bordering on Newport River. He also purchased property in the port town of Beaufort.

In connection with his large land holdings, he set up the first shipyard in the colony as well as a brickyard and turpentine stills. Orchards and vineyards were set out on his plantation. He was one of the most active and progressive men of his day. He was highly respected, both by his Quaker neighbors as well as those of other denominations. Mary Stanton, his first wife, died after coming to Carteret County. In 1745 Henry married Libby Albertson, the daughter of one of the larger families in the settlement.

The family of Henry Stanton consisted of seven children, Henry Jr., John, Joseph, Benjamin, Hannah, Mary and Sarah. It was from the son Benjamin that Edwin descended. Biographers say little

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The Readers Write

June 22, 1954

To the Editor: Last weekend was the first time I had ever visited your friendly city and I can't resist the temptation to write a "letter to the editor" and in this way, let your people know how one visitor was impressed with Morehead City.

Not only do you have great natural advantages which few, if any cities along the Atlantic Coast have, but your people supply the remaining essentials to make a person enjoy a stay in your city. To the people of the First Baptist Church, I am particularly indebted for such a cordial reception, but it was also my pleasure to meet a number of people from the other churches. A visitor is impressed by the fine spirit which seems to exist between the various denominations in Morehead City.

May I compliment you on your attractive, well-edited paper. The story on John Tillery as "Father of the Year" was particularly well-done and we are taking the liberty of using information from it in a feature on John in our next issue.

If and when you or any other Morehead City residents are in this section of the state, you have a standing invitation to visit the Mills Home branch of the Baptist Orphanage of North Carolina. We will be happy to show you around our grounds and buildings.

Sincerely, J. Marse Grant, Editor Charity and Children Baptist Orphanage Thomasville, N. C.

In the Good Old Days

THIRTY-TWO YEARS AGO N. L. Carrow and Samuel Thomas had returned home from Richmond where they attended the Confederate reunion.

Bids for the construction of a school house at Atlantic were entertained by the County Board of Education. None were accepted as they were considered too high.

Dr. and Mrs. George Lay announced the coming marriage of their daughter, Elizabeth, to Paul Elliott Green on July 6.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO The Sea Breeze Theatre in Beaufort was offering talking pictures to its patrons.

The new Roman Catholic Church in Morehead City was dedicated.

County Recorder's Court was in session for two and a half days this week because of a crowded calendar.

TEN YEARS AGO Charles Hassell was elected president of the Beaufort Jaycees.

Workers bound for Cherry Point from Beaufort were unable to get there because of heavy forest fires in the Newport area.

Traffic lights had been installed in Newport.

FIVE YEARS AGO Charlie Krouse, Morehead City constable, captured an escaped convict from Raleigh who had been at large for two years.

The county health officer announced that Taylors Creek water in Beaufort contained typhoid germs.

The United States Fisheries Biological laboratory on Pivers Island, which had been operated on limited status for the past year, would be reactivated to full status.

Ruth Peeling

Sam Bundy Keeps Listeners Laughing with Joke Barrage

Sam Bundy, Farmville, is one of those speakers who tells funny stories in a steady stream. The audience is given respite from laughter only on rare occasions when he shifts into another gear and lets loose with a new barrage of jokes.

Mr. Bundy, who looks like a pocket-size edition of Marshall Ayseue, spoke at the luncheon meeting of the wine control association Saturday a week ago at the Rex Restaurant.

He started the audience rolling with a tale about being stopped by a highway patrolman. Just after he crossed the Carteret-Craven line, he was "easing down on the accelerator" and before he'd gone very far, he heard that siren. He pulled to the side and the highway patrolman talked to him a while.

The patrolman, after listening to Mr. Bundy, said he understood why he was hurrying to make the luncheon date, but when Bundy passed the car the patrolman was chasing, that was too much!

Telling his audience that we frequently have to make the best of things, Mr. Bundy said a farmer had a cat who had kittens. The mother died and left three little motherless waifs. But out in his chicken house, a mother hen was sitting on a batch of eggs so the farmer decided he would use the hen as an incubator.

He took the tiny kittens and put them under the hen among the eggs. Later that day, when a neighbor's 6-year-old son came home from school, the farmer called to him, "Danny, come here, I want to show you something."

Danny followed the farmer out to the hen house. The farmer picked up the hen, pointed to the nest where the three tiny kittens lay and said, "What do you think of that?"

Danny's eyes bulged. He said nothing. The farmer persisted, "What do you say to that Danny boy?" Finally the little fellow blurted, "I know one thing, I've eaten my last egg!"

Then Mr. Bundy recalled his days at Duke. During operation hazing, they got hold of one of the freshmen, took him several miles out the road toward Chapel Hill one night, dressed him up in a blue devil's suit complete with horns, pronged tail and pitchfork. The blue devil, you know, is Duke University's "insignia."

Then they left him to walk back to Durham. About 9 o'clock it started to rain and the boy sought refuge in a little colored church off a dirt road. It seemed that a revival was in process. As the boy walked in the side door, the preacher, choir, and congregation took one look and headed for the front door.

Two rather heavy ladies in the congregation couldn't move quite as fast as the others and they reached the door at the same split instant. They got wedged there and couldn't move one way or the other, front or back.

The boy, being a kindly fellow, started toward them to help them out of their predicament. The two women tried harder and harder to get through that door. Finally, as the visitor got to within three feet of them, one shouted, "Mr. Devil, I've belonged to this church 22 years but I want to tell you one thing, I've been on your side all the time!"

Rumor has it that certain elements, dissatisfied with the race track situation, are contemplating write-in votes for solicitor of County Recorder's Court in the forthcoming November election. In constable races in the county, twice in the past, the write-in candidate has been victorious.

Beauty of Crested Dwarf Iris Rivals Blue Flag

From late April through May and sometimes into June rich woodlands, bluffs and bottomlands of southeastern United States may boast a beautiful iris that may to some rival the blue flag of the wetter marshlands. The range of this attractive flower extends from the District of Columbia west to Indiana and Missouri and south to Oklahoma, Arkansas, Mississippi, Alabama and North Carolina.

While the possibly better-known blue flag may reach a height of 3 feet or more, our subject, the crested dwarf iris, rarely exceeds 6 inches in height. It is therefore most appropriately named as a dwarf iris. The flowers of the crested iris are daintily colored and

some garden iris. Besides it seems a shame to destroy an attractive wild iris to learn a lesson which may be mastered for the most part by using grosser, more abundant flowers to be found in almost any garden in early summer.

As is the case with most irises, the underground part of the crested dwarf iris is a substantial horizontal structure swollen at the end of a year's growth. This portion of the plant of course lives from year to year. It is relatively slender when compared with similar structures of other irises but this may be in keeping with the dwarfed character of the whole plant.

—E. Laurence Palmer



Crested Iris

rather fragile in appearance. The flowers are pale violet. The crested character which appears in the name stems from the nature of the broader outer divisions of the flowers.

The leaves of this splendid plant may be to 9 inches long and about 1/2 inch wide. They are flat, pointed, with unbroken margins and instead of standing erect may spread somewhat, thus reducing the total height of the plant. They may sheath the flowering stems which are themselves only to about 3 inches long and bear 1 or 2 flowers.

The fruit which is formed during early summer is pointed at each end, definitely triangular in cross section, about 1/2 inch thick and to 3/4 of an inch long. It bears many flattened, crowded seeds.

The matter of cross pollination is effected by a rather intricate arrangement whereby the stamens are hidden under the spreading tips of the pistil. Insects probing to the base of the pistil for food find themselves dusted with pollen which they rub off on the pistil as they leave but more likely when they visit another flower and continue their search for a meal.

It should be easier to investigate the pollination story of an iris by using the common blue flag or even

Captain Henry

Sou'easter

Why do business men prefer to hire married men? One of them gave me his reason the other day.

Married men, he said, like to get off to work so they can avoid their wives.

We'd been talking about business in general and my business friend said that business was really pretty good although there was a lot of talk to the contrary. As an example of what he meant he showed me the following clipping from the Cleveland, Ohio, Plain Dealer, a story written by Wes Lawrence. Here it is:

"Ruined. Fellow who has run a motel for years on Route 1 between Portamouth, N. H., and Portland, Me., complained bitterly about the effect on his business when the Maine Turnpike was put through, paralleling Route 1. Finally one of his neighbors tired of hearing about it.

"Look, Cal," said the neighbor, "I see a 'No Vacancy' sign out front of your place every night." "You can't go by that," said Cal. "Before they put the turnpike through I used to turn away 25 to 30 parties a night. Since the turnpike, I don't turn away more'n 10 to 12 a night."

Fisheries Commissioner Gehrman Holland is now Carteret's official host to the U. S. Navy.

The highrass that came ashore Tuesday night learned that Gehrman is now Admiral of the North Carolina navy and accepted him with all the reverence due such an exalted rank. They are even going to send him a cap with the right kind of scrambled eggs gold markings for the visor of his present headgear.

Smile a While

Oliver Wendell Holmes was small in stature. One day he was present at a meeting which happened to be attended by a number of rather tall men, thus making his diminutive size rather conspicuous in contrast. An acquaintance waggishly remarked, "Well, Dr. Holmes, I should think you would feel rather small among these big fellows."

The genial but modest man replied, "I do," but his irresistible wit moved him to add, "I feel like a dime among a lot of pennies." —Wall Street Journal.

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