

Time is Running Out

More than two years have passed since Beaufort extended its town limits eastward to include a portion of Ann and Front Streets. To protect the residents there and entitle them to the privileges accorded other town citizens, the zoning regulations should have been extended automatically.

To date, nothing has been done except that the planning board is "working on it."

Unfortunately, the planning board did not function for about six months and only within the past several weeks has it reorganized and started operations again. Working on zoning in the Ann and Front Street areas, at least the "thinking about it" has begun only recently. Unless things are speeded up, there is going to be a big to-do when some enterprising individual decides to build a gas station or put a boatworks in the vicinity of the cemetery or along the water.

Then it's too late. The man who wants to put up the business has already invested in the property or in plans. Homeowners in the area can file protests but when attitudes reach that point, ill-will has built up and things reach a headstage for everyone involved, especially town officials.

It is assumed that the general zoning laws concerning establishment of property lines would prevail in the annexed areas, but assumption is of little value

when a controversy starts. What has to be formally established is the fact that the area is residential IF such is the case.

It is fortunate that in the past two years of "do nothingness" in regard to zoning no issue has arisen to force action. There's still time to consider the zoning regulations in a peaceful, level-headed calm but some day this time is bound to run out. It could be tomorrow.

Now It's Really Over

It's difficult for us Americans to believe, but Great Britain just went off meat rationing Saturday night.

It has taken the majestic isle and the hardy Britons' 14 1/2 years to recover from the devastating effects of the recent world war. We wonder if Americans would have endured, as well, the hardship. We are a vigorous, sacrificing lot when tragedy stares us in the face. But in the aura of a "peaceful world" we quickly call for all the things that go with peace. The lush living . . . all the gas we want, all the sugar we want, all the meat we want.

We don't see eye-to-eye with Great Britain at the moment on the handling of international affairs, but we can pay tribute to the British people for enduring those many near-meatless years.

We join in their cheers that accompanied the burning of ration books.

Where is the Victory?

Now that the smoke has cleared in the Army-McCarthy hearing, it's worthwhile to look back and see what it all "accomplished." Perhaps the best evaluation is to take a look at what the American people THINK has been accomplished. They read about it in newspapers, they heard about it on the radio and thousands saw it on television. Actually, they are the jury.

What do the American people think about the Army-McCarthy squabble? Dr. George Gallup asked five questions and the answers given him from all sections of the land show that the people think McCarthy and his side-kick, Cohn, used "improper" means to get preferred treatment for Pvt. David G. Schine but some also think that Secretary of the Army Stevens and Adams used improper means to stop McCarthy from investigating the Army.

In spite of that latter fact, a higher majority of persons say they are more inclined to agree with Secretary Stevens than with McCarthy. More people believe that the Secretary of the Army came out on top in the hassle. BUT, a significant thing to note is that one person in every four who had followed the hearings was UNDECIDED about the outcome or expressed NO OPINION.

Maybe they were confused. For that we can't blame them. Maybe they just couldn't decide who was lying. That, no one will be able to determine for quite a few years, if then. But we believe that this large a number, who have no decision on the situation, is an indication of what the "official" evaluation of the hearing will be. No clear-cut decision on anything! For this, the American taxpayers have paid \$59,000 (cost of the hearings).

The Senate subcommittee, which conducted the investigation, is preparing its report and "decision." There is one thing that they will not touch upon, for it does not deal directly with the case: the hearing proves that a willy-nilly, charge and counter-charge "investigation" is a poor way to arrive at the truth.

J. Wesley McWilliams, Philadelphia,

Challenge for Investment (From Ocean County Leader)

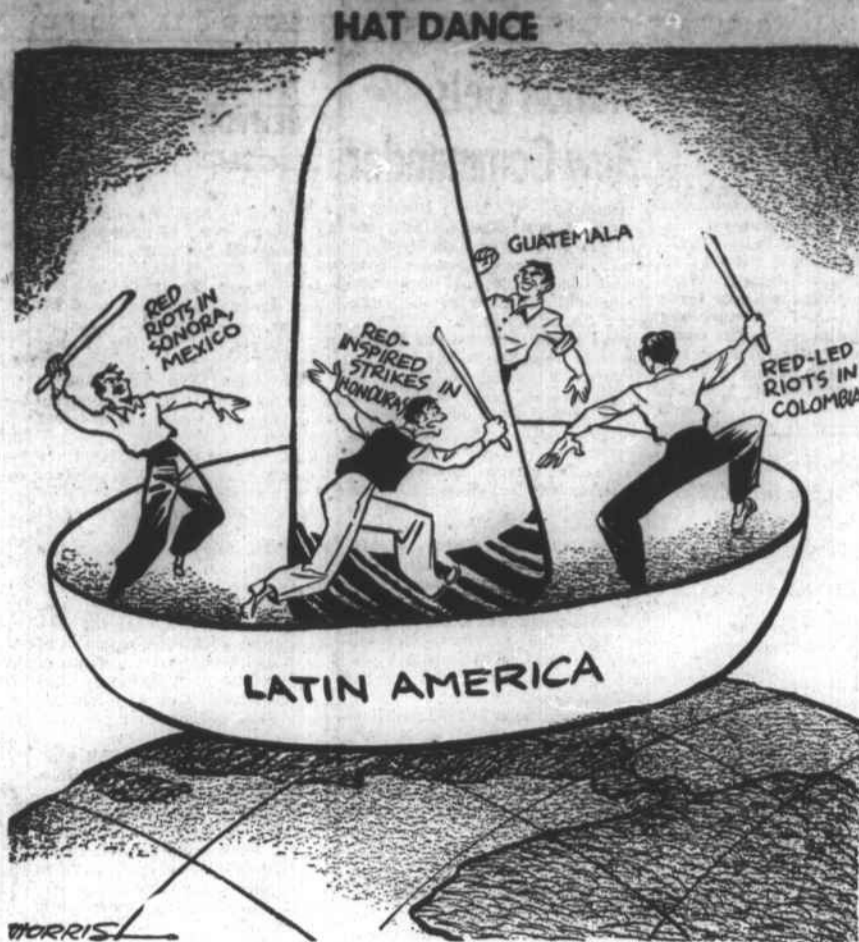
This country continues to grow at a record rate. Births are so far in excess of deaths that the population increases 7,000 every 24 hours.

Their needs are great, beginning with layettes and cribs; they will grow up to even greater needs. Our expanding business and industry happily will supply these needs right up to the ultimate need of employment.

The labor force, now about 66 million, may total 88 million by 1975. It takes a private business investment of \$12,000 for each job in manufacturing—22 million jobs mean business and industry must find some \$264 billion in the 21 years ahead.

This is a challenge to America to "invest in America" and to Congress to foster the kind of economical, efficient government that will make it possible.

If you don't think the dollar's worth anything today, just try to collect some that are owed you.



Ruth Peeling

Red Reflector Tape, Boon To A-Age and Teen-Age

A great day dawned with the invention of red reflector tape. The safety factor involved has become secondary. This new marvel of the A-Age (A standing for atom and automobile) is serving as a release valve for the frustrated motorist. No longer is he inhibited by driving an "ordinary" car. Reflector tape has given him the opportunity to mold that mass of steel on wheels to his own personality.

The shy, retiring young man, who refrains from wolf-whistling out the window gets by famously with red reflector letters on his rear bumper: "Hello, Baby!"

But the undaunted Romeo who can handle all situations, whether they involve a female, a flat tire (or both—hot dog!), letters on his rear bumper "No Help Wanted." Just give 'em room.

And in case anyone doubts the identity of the wagon ahead of him, signs shining red in your headlights flash back "The Hush Honey Lovers" (now you know) or "Green Hornet."

A real hospitable driver in a pick-up truck, has lettered on his rear bumper, "You All Come." That's a broad invitation, boy.

And then there's the sign that could mean anything "Yes—No." The normal male would decide that the driver is a woman, simply couldn't make up her mind.

No telling what you'll see on the backs of moving vehicles these days. A massive truck had painted on its rear doors the following: "Pass to the left, be the leader, pass to the right, meet St. Peter."

A service station, this side of Richmond, Va., has this sign over

Stamp News

By SYD KRONISH

THE U. S. 3-CENT commemorative for the 100th anniversary of the birth of George Eastman will be placed on first day sale at Rochester, N. Y., July 12. Although born at Waterville, N. Y., Eastman went to Rochester at an early age and gained fame there as an inventor and a philanthropist.

A portrait of Eastman is the central design. His name is at the left.

Stamp collectors desiring first day cancellations of this stamp may send addressed envelopes to the Postmaster at Rochester, N. Y., with money order remittance to cover the cost of the stamps to be affixed. An enclosure of medium weight should be placed in each envelope. The outside envelope to the Postmaster should be endorsed "First Day Covers."

BRAZIL has issued a 1.50 cruzeiros red stamp for the recent visit of Camille Chamoun, president of Lebanon. The stamp bears a portrait of the statesman, reports Stamps magazine.

THE VATICAN has issued a series of three stamps to commemorate the canonization of Pope Pius X. The stamps, bearing pictures of the Pontiff, are 10 lire, 25 lire and 35 lire.

Columnist Vacations

Cap'n Henry, popular columnist whose paragraphs appear on this page each Tuesday, is vacationing. His column will be resumed when he returns from his visit to Long Island, N. Y.

The Readers Write

June 29, 1954

To the Editor:

Have just finished reading your editorial on the Section Base versus the \$10,000 Edenton restoration by the C&D Board.

I believe that this is one of the best editorials I have read in any newspaper as it concisely and precisely states the facts of the case. Common sense dictates the course indicated by your editorial, however, the ways of some of our government agencies often seem strange to us.

This Chamber is going all out to hold the line on the Camp Glenn buildings, and the committee is headed by Mr. H. S. Gibbs Jr., who is also on the board of directors for the Morehead City Chamber of Commerce.

With the support of Coastal Carolina's finest newspaper, and the people of Carteret County I hope we will prevent the destruction of one of our greater assets.

Sincerely Ted Davis

From the Bookshelf

HACKENFELLER'S APE, Brigid Brophy. Random House.

Percy and Edwina, Clem and Gloria, Figaro, Susanna and the Countess are the heroes and heroines of this entertaining story, and the villains are Kendrick and Tom. Tom's contribution occurs too near the climax to be revealed, but here are the others:

Percy, in the title role, is a guest, client or whatever of the zoo in London, and while Edwina, his mate, is willing, he can't manage to get interested.

No one has ever seen the courtship, love dance et cetera of Hackenfeller's apes, and professor Clem Darrelhedy would like to be the first to observe. His investigation may provide only a biological footnote, but it should be a spicy one, and a romantic one, too, for he is no unfeeling scientist. He wonders whether Percy, too, is romantic; perhaps the fact that he has not been allowed a choice, that Edwina alone of all apes is thrust on him, explains his refusal to make love. Edwina isn't the only girl in the world, to Percy; she's merely the only girl available; and there's a difference.

But a villain of a scientist stalks upon the scene: Kendrick, who would sacrifice Percy to a rocket experiment. Miss Brophy tells of Clem's efforts, with assists from Gloria, to foil Kendrick, and of the unexpected rebuffs he meets, as from his sister who exclaims, "What, try to save a monkey when people, human beings, are starving in India!" In the background is heard constantly Mozart's grand music for "The Marriage of Figaro," another love story that serves to point up this modern fantasy.

The book is full of fun, and not just empty fun, either. This is all a great monkeyshine by a wise and witty author.

THE TIME OF THE FIRE, Marc Brandel. Random House.

First, the town barber finds a pair of comely but grisly legs belonging, it develops, to Clara. Then the town drunk, spotting something in a refuse can that looks like a foot, is responsible for the discovery of a second mangled corpse. Any doubts about the presence of a maniac are set to rest when a third butchered body is found.

Besides the barber, there are a doctor, a scientist, a real estate man, a manufacturer, a mission worker and, for women, a librarian and a couple of girls badly in need of a man. Before their grim ex-

periences are over, the town succumbs to hysteria.

A couple of other Brandel novels have been favorites of mine, and still are. At least, this one does not replace them. The dozen or two arms, hands, feet and other choice cuts strewn through these pages are a messy kind of murder, and also a messy kind of mystery.

DEAD AND NOT BURIED, H. F. M. Prescott. Macmillan.

Written before the war, this mystery is printed again partly as an example, I suppose, of excellence in this field, and partly because the author has since become so handsomely known for her historical novel "The Man on the Donkey" that we may be trusted to read anything of hers we can get our hands on. It was the second partly that inveigled me into reading this, and I'm sorry it did. A drunken farmer is murdered by his wife and her lover in chapter 1, and we spend the rest of the time wondering mildly who is the lover. Only ingenious touch is the disposal of the corpse; you may guess at it early, thanks to the title and a couple of other hints, but it's still an intriguing idea.

Author of the Week



Robert Blackwood Robertson, author of "Of Whales and Men," happened to be born in Cairo, Egypt, but he's Scottish clear through, in family, in his boyhood in Dundee, in his studies at St. Andrews.

In the Good Old Days

THIRTY-TWO YEARS AGO Charles L. Abernathy of New Bern won the Democratic congressional primary held last week. He defeated Matt H. Allen.

The County Board of Education told Sea Level residents they would have to send their children to the Atlantic school since there were no funds for a school in their community.

Beaufort town commissioners were asked to pass a law requiring all cars to use mufflers.

Beaufort town commissioners had let a contract to remodel the town hall.

James Midgett of Morehead City saved a Naval officer from drowning when a seaplane sank in waters of Morehead City harbor, trapping the pilot in the wreckage.

TEN YEARS AGO Forest fires on the outskirts of Beaufort were threatening the town and Charlie Britton's house and Mrs. John Morrison's garage on Ann Street extended caught fire from flying sparks.

Mrs. Rebecca Gillikin Hooper of Marshallberg and Mrs. Lillian Mason Fulcher of Stacy had purchased the Morehead Beauty Salon from Mrs. Walter Freeman.

The question of title of the Bogue Community Hall was to be settled in Superior Court.

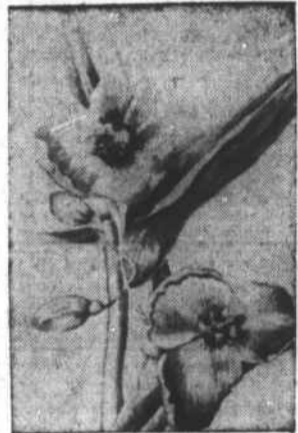
FIVE YEARS AGO Thomas C. McGinnis had accepted the position of superintendent of Carteret County public welfare.

The pleasure boat Helene, which had been tied up at Morehead City, burned off Pivers Island. The two men aboard her escaped without injury.

Fort Macon State Park had been closed to the public, no more picnicking, swimming, or fishing.

Wildlife Federation Helps Protect Fragile Spiderwort

The National Wildlife Federation is dedicated to the "intelligent management of the life-sustaining resources of the earth—its productive soil, its essential water resources, its protective forests and plantlife, and its dependent wildlife—and to promote and encourage the knowledge and appreciation of these resources, their inter-relationship and wise use, without which there can be little hope for a continuing abundant life"



Spiderwort

Into this picture we can fit well a consideration of the spiderwort, the spider, spittle insect, the spilogale and possibly something as ephemeral as the spume on a wind-blown breaker. The spume is here for an instant, the scent of the spilogale (a skunk) is here today and gone tomorrow (maybe), the spittle insect lives for a few weeks, the spider for a few months.

The spiderwort may occupy for many years a roadside embankment, a damp waste spot or even a garden. It's close relative, the wandering jew, may live almost indefinitely through cuttings that may or may not bear flowers.

There are more than 30 species of Tradescantia, the genus to which the spiderwort belongs. Some are cultivated for their flowers, some for their foliage. The flowers may be small and inconspicuous or large and brilliantly colored. Railroad embankments in the Middle West often in late spring and early summer glow with the blue patches of spiderworts that may be reasonably identified from a speeding train.

The flowers of spiderwort may be deep purple, pale blue to white or rose colored depending in part on the species involved. Almost invariably they do not survive picking and quickly fade when picked for bouquet purposes. However the fine hairs on the stems are frequently sought by biology teachers who have noted the conspicuous streaming of protoplasm which may be seen in them with the help of a microscope. Some schools even keep a supply of Tradescantia living on the windowsill for the purpose of supplying this material for use in classes.

Pollination of Tradescantia in the wild is supposed to be effected primarily by queen bumblebees that seek the pollen for food and in gathering it carry some to the receptive stigmas of the pistils of the flowers. Some botanists have a great interest in studying what happens during the period when the elements of the stamens and pistils come together and in the rather great variation we have in the chromosome number in members of the genus Tradescantia.

While it is the usual thing for the members of a genus to have the chromosome numbers relatively close together, in Tradescantia the number may be 6, 8, 12, 13, 15, or 18, or even 24 with it going on up to 26, 32, 60 or 72 in species not found in North America in a native state. In the house plant wandering jew it may be 60. All this may be of little interest to the casual reader except to suggest that here on your windowsill or in your back yard may be a plant that may seem to be meek, demure and innocuous, yet it packs secrets that challenge the best of us. In view of this, who can say it is just a pretty weed?

—E. Laurence Palmer

Jane Eads Washington

Mrs. Melquiades Gamboa can talk gaily about her life in Washington, her five children and the recipe for her famous frozen avocado dessert, but the memories of World War II years still burn vividly.

The vivacious, attractive brunette is the wife of the counselor of the Philippine Embassy. Her youngest son, Keith Douglas, now 12, was born during the Japanese occupation and is named after Gen. Douglas MacArthur. The family lost everything it possessed during the war except its clothing. Mrs. Gamboa's Danish-American father, who remained in the islands after fighting in the Spanish-American war, died. Her grandmother and two aunts were killed by the Japanese. Her home was burned. Her husband, then a professor of jurisprudence at the University of the Philippines, refused to cooperate with the occupation and gave up his teaching.

Nine years ago in May the family came to Washington, where Gamboa served as legal, political and cultural officer in what was then the Philippine resident commissioner's office.

"Washington is my second home; I love everything about it," Mrs. Gamboa, confided at a party. "It grows on you. I have so many friends. I feel I have a permanent place here."

She told me she's equally fond of England, where she lived for two years while her husband was studying civil law at Oxford University.

Pearl, now Mrs. Quentin Dormal, wife of a Harvard-educated Manila business man, is the Gamboa's eldest child. She has a year-old son, Edwin Frances, 25, who is graduating from George Washington University's foreign service school here, is the second. Melquiades Jr., 27, who now is with the Philippine Air Lines in Manila, is the third. The other sons are Lionel Kenneth Gamboa, 26, a graduate of Maryland University in agriculture and animal husbandry, and young Keith, who is fond of animals and so gentle he doesn't want to see harm done "even to an ant."

Mrs. Gamboa who met her husband at the Methodist Church while she was singing in the choir, loves to sew and knit. "I've always fixed my children's clothes, lengthening the pants as they grew taller, letting out the waists as they grew bigger, she said.

Today's Birthday

DOROTHY KIRSTEN, born July 6, 1917 in Montclair, N. J. The famed opera and concert singer has been a member of the Metropolitan Opera Co. since 1945. A protegee of the late Grace Moore, she studied voice in Rome. Made her concert debut at New York's World Fair in 1940. Has made frequent appearances on radio and television. Her Met debut was as Mimi in La Boheme. She speaks as well as the sings, Italian, French and Spanish.

The Salesman He who works with his hands is a laborer. He who works with his hands and head is a craftsman. He who works with his hands and head and heart is an artist. He who works with his hand and head and heart and feet is a salesman. —Egan Echoes

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