

But It Was Too Late . . .

It was the morning of Saturday, Nov. 20, 1954. From the rural sections of Carteret County farmers and their families were going to town in their pickup trucks and automobiles; a few fishermen from outlying sections were riding into Beaufort and Morehead City in their trawlers.

Storekeepers were taking their last gulp of coffee and glancing at their watches to make sure they got downtown to open the store on time. It would be a big weekend, the last one before the Thanksgiving holiday.

It was a clear, cold November day. Rain had fallen during the night, but now the sun was out and only a few puddles remained in the gutters. If one listened sharply, he could hear high overhead, beyond range of human sight, the high-pitched swoosh of jets as they left Cherry Point.

Then suddenly, BO-OM! People in the streets staggered or threw their arms over their eyes as a blinding flash hit from nowhere. BO-OM! Along the main street of Morehead City buildings shook, plate glass windows shattered, and all of a sudden the front walls crumbled forward, bricks were hurled high, screams mingled with crashing of glass and gaging clouds of dust.

The planes overhead were not from Cherry Point.

From his lookout tower at Fort Macon, the Coast Guardsman on watch, who was knocked momentarily to the floor by the first blast, had picked himself up and trained his binoculars on the movie-like scene across the inlet.

Flames were shooting up from the main street of Beaufort. The Duncan building, at Turner and Front, if it was there, was obscured by smoke, evil, black, angry smoke. The railroad draw across Gallant's channel hung in two parts, like a broken toothpick. The highway bridge? It had vanished.

To the west, rising in the sky was a tremendous cloud, soaring higher and higher and blossoming out at the top like a flower. Farther to the north was a similar cloud. BO-OM! Another blast. The Coast Guardsman in the tower was no more. That one exploded almost directly above the port at Morehead City.

A blinding flash shot out in all directions as another cloud mushroomed to the sky. Oil storage tanks were seas of fire. And the fire ran with the churning tides of Newport River, the oil burning fiercely as the waters carried the flames against marshes, docks and along the waterfront of Morehead City.

The highway bridge across the river was pushed by some giant force outward, part of its span lying near the splintered dock that until that morning was used by Aviation Fuel Terminals.

The water storage tower, the tall silver landmark just west of 5th Street in Morehead City, crumpled under blast pressure and tons of water inundated that section of the town, picking up everything in its path and bobbing it along like corks.

In five minutes it was over. Anyone not burned, gravely injured, panicked — or dead — might have heard even then the sound of planes high overhead. They might even have seen one plane, a mammoth torch, spiraling downward into the ocean off Salter Path. But none of the earth-bound sufferers knew that some of the planes at Cherry Point, not destroyed on the ground, were now driving off the attacker. It was some days later that survivors in the Beaufort-Morehead City area learned that the enemy jets had swept in for a surprise attack from a base in Central America.

Not one part of the county went without feeling the devastating effect of the blasts. As a matter of fact, radio-activity was evident within a radius of a hundred miles of the stricken area.

For the first five days after the attack, those who could move were wearily digging in the rubble of the streets. Yes, there were bodies. Of men who a few days before were laughing over cups of coffee in the drug store. Of women who a few nights ago were playing bridge at the Recreation Center.

There was a horrible pall of disbelief over those who remained. Things like that just couldn't happen to them! They didn't know if food was safe to eat. Water? Some folks attempted to purify sea water. They didn't realize that it, too, was radio-active.

Federal aid finally came. But it was late in getting to the out-of-the-way Beaufort and Morehead City section. Other cities along the eastern seaboard, hit in the same surprise attack had to be taken care of first, cities where the populations ran into the hundreds of thousands.

How did it happen? Why wasn't there warning? Was radar useless? Who was caught napping the morning the bombs dropped? There was much talk, much explanation. There was war.

People died in Carteret County those first few weeks after the Nov. 20 attack. People who would have been saved if they could have been evacuated by boat. People who would have had the needed food, water and medical care if some preparation had been made to meet an emergency.

Other towns were bombed and they fared better because in the days of peace they had taken steps to help themselves should disaster strike.

But the people of Carteret County did not.

In spite of peace-time warnings, they had scoffed at civil defense.

Tobacco Holds Its Own

The cancer-cigarette scare of past months seems to have little effect on the market prices. Reports from the Carolinas Border Belt area this week indicated a general increase in price over the first tobacco marketed last year.

General averages ranged from \$48 to \$52 a hundred pounds, and top quality at \$70, but the Federal-State Marketing Service which grades the leaf, on the warehouse floors, also said the general quality of the tobacco this year was below last. This was due to the drought which hit farmers in both North and South Carolina.

The downward trend in cigarette output reversed in May. The slump started last November when there was an outpouring of statements that there may be some connection between ill health and smoking.

So all in all, the worrying tobacco people were doing seems to have been for naught.

When a Light Is Not a Light

The stop lights in Morehead City have been up since the first of July and they're still not working. We were told several times that there are some electrical adjustments to be made, so along with all the other motorists, we just waited.

Maybe by today they will be working. If not, we believe signs should be placed under them to the effect that they are NOT in operation. Several near-accidents have occurred because strangers going along the street suddenly see the light and slam on their brakes to try to figure out whether it's red or green.

Should the signals go into operation, it will take local motorists at least a week to get used to the fact that the lights, finally, are acting as signal lights should.

THE ARMY OF UNEMPLOYED



The Readers Write

Washington, D. C. July 30, 1954

To The Editor:

Several weeks ago my wife and I visited Harkers Island. With us were our son, Paul, and his girl friend, Mary Peterson, of this city. We were visiting Captain Yeomans and his wife, also Capt. Stacy Davis.

Our meals were mostly seafood featuring clams.

We were over to the Outer Banks with a party and had an oyster roast on the natural rocks where they grew. We also raked some clams, and then walked over to the beach and found lots of beautiful seashells. Some of our party went swimming in the surf.

There were about 15 in our party and we all had a good time without spending a lot of money. Capt. Plymouth Guthrie was our boatman.

I noticed that some very small clams were being taken by rakes. It should not be allowed as it would be more profitable to wait until they grow larger. In years to come, we will see this mistake.

I also saw many small fish drifting in the sound, and when I asked why, I was told they were sorted

out of the larger fish and were thrown overboard. It seems to me this should be looked after.

We all enjoyed our visit to the island and were sorry when the time came to leave. We spent a week there last summer and took a trip to Cedar Island. There was pretty much going on there, but many years ago it was almost unknown.

There is no place on the Atlantic coast from Revere Beach, Mass., to Key West, Fla., where one can rest and completely relax and enjoy life as one can from Bogue Sound to Cape Hatteras, N. C.

Harkers Island is coming to the front. I remember when the only transportation from Harkers Island was by skiff. At times it was a beautiful sail, and at others, when the wind was ahead, it was very slow and uncomfortable.

It is quite different now. You go over the bridge by automobile and you're in Beaufort in a few minutes.

I noticed in your fishing edition of Nov. 13, 1951 a story about Bert S. Davis of Harkers Island having 52 grandchildren and 12 great-grandchildren. Hats off to you Bert. That's something to be proud of.

Allen C. Davis

Did You Know?

By F. C. SALISBURY

That: While the eight-sided or octagon house of J. S. Jones at Cedar Point is not as old as some in the county, yet it is the most unique. This house was built in 1855 when houses of this type were being erected throughout the nation.

The most famous of all polygonal houses in America was built by the phrenologist, Orson S. Fowler at Fishkill on the Hudson in 1848. He wrote a book on the Octagon Mode of building which prompted the building of octagon houses from Cape Cod to California. The author proved that more cubage could be obtained in an octagon than in the rectangular house having an equal area of enclosing walls. Although the idea was basically sound, the buildings were ridiculed because they looked strange.

That: For more than a half century, R. T. Willis Sr., of Morehead City has continuously been an active businessman, conducting a retail general store and for a short time engaged in the wholesale grocery business. This length of service entitles Mr. Willis to the honor of being the oldest merchant in years of continuous service in the city. Had D. M. Webb continued in active business to the present time, he would have beat Mr. Willis out by a few months. "Webbs Since 1884."

That: Bridges Arendell Jr., the first mayor of Morehead City, appointed by the Secretary of State when the city was incorporated in 1861, and his brother, Thomas, were members of the regiment stationed at Fort Macon during the battle which took place April 25, 1862. It is said that their mother, Sarah Arendell kept to her bedroom all day of the battle praying for the safety of her sons and other soldiers engaged in the conflict.

That: The first brick house built in the county was on the plantation of Robert Williams which is now part of Carteret Lodge on the Mill Creek Road. As he was ship owner he brought the brick from England for the building of the house. Williams is credited with being the first person to try out the method of making salt from sea water in this section.

That: Beaufort had a newspaper 71 years ago, 1883, published under the name of the Carteret County Telephone, L. A. Potter and R. W. Chadwick, editors and publishers. From the issue of Friday, Jan. 19, 1883 the following information is obtained: city directory, L. A. Potter, mayor; R. W. Chadwick, clerk; W. Robinson, treasurer; Richard Rice, constable.

The Davis House was being operated by Miss Sarah A. Davis. R. W. Chadwick was principal of the Beaufort Male and Female Academy. Churches and pastors: St. Paul's, E. M. Forbes; Ann Street M. E., N. M. Jarney; Baptist, Wm. Miles Dudley; Christ's Church Congregation, Elder Michael Jerkins; Pervis, A. B. Smyer.

The Ocean View Hotel was being operated by Mrs. Sallie A. King. Captain S. J. Nelson was aboard the lightship Fryling Pan. Wilkins and Harding were suing the Morehead City Hotel Co. for the sum of \$4,456 with interest. A bridge was being built across White Oak River at Barkersville. The Crab Point Lumber mill was being run by A. M. Fales.

That: Purchase was made under date of May 3, 1830 by the U. S. Government of 15 acres of land at Cape Lookout for \$75 for the purpose of erecting thereon a light-house and other buildings. The purchase was made from Elijah Pigott and his wife, Charlotte, and other owners. They received the rights of self and heirs to fish on the shores of the Cape.

There are better ways of getting up in the world than hitting the ceiling.

Kidd Brewer

Raleigh Roundup

BIG JIM . . . Up at Highlands last week I had the pleasure of renewing my acquaintance with Big Jim Folsom, who was Governor of Alabama from 1947 through 1951.

Governors of Alabama cannot succeed themselves in office, so James Folsom—at one time known as Kjasing Jim — laid out four years and came back this year with a bang, downing six opponents in the first primary.

He has a cottage at Highlands and is scheduled to be there through August. Of course, he will have to go through the election in Alabama this fall — but that amounts to less than nothing in that Democratic stronghold.

I hadn't seen Jim since he was in Raleigh at a Democratic rally several years ago. He is still the little man's Governor, all right. He said that the last time he was Governor he had one member of the Legislature on his side. This time he expects to have control of Alabama's lawmaking body, with a solid majority of the legislative votes on his team.

He is keeping a weather eye on Phenix City, the South's Number One trouble spot for more than two years now, and if it isn't cleaned up by the time he takes office, Jim Folsom will be in the middle of a general laundering for that whole section of Alabama.

Folsom isn't called Big Jim for nothing. He is upwards of seven feet tall, wears 16½ shoes, a 17 shirt, with a 37-inch sleeve length. He is the father of six children, four by his charming and beautiful wife who is with him at Highlands, and two by his first wife who died several years ago.

In his campaign, he spoke all the time — it was speech after speech wherever he could get two or three to listen — from street corners, plowed fields, and back alleys.

Big Jim Folsom says Kerr Scott is his kind of man. They are just completing a renovation job on the Governor's Mansion in Alabama and Big Jim says that when he takes over he is going to open the doors to the "plain people" of his state so they can see what a building on which \$250,000 has recently been spent looks like from the inside.

In a round of golf participated in by my brother, Spencer Brewer of Atlanta, Big John Overton of Montgomery, and Big Jim, I found that Folsom uses only two clubs: a No. 5 iron and a putter. The only case worse than this I have seen was Joe Crawford of Boone who used to play the entire game — and a good one — with a putter.

Note: Don't be surprised if Big Jim Folsom uses North Carolina as a model for some wholesale building, renovating, conserving and developing he has in mind for the next four years. Will he make it in November? Well, Alabama has not had a Republican Governor since 1874.

UNDECIDED? . . . Anticipating a ruling definitely banning segregation by the U. S. Supreme Court during the first two weeks of October, Southern attorney generals are trying desperately to put up a solid front for segregation of the races.

But they aren't sure what North Carolina is going to do about it — and North Carolina doesn't seem to be sure at this time.

J. P. Coleman, Mississippi's attorney general, was quoted as saying in Atlanta last week: "North Carolina is still undecided, but

South Carolina is with us. We can count on Louisiana and Alabama in our united front also."

Harry Golden says in his recent issue of the Carolina Israelite, published monthly in Charlotte: "Since no one asked me to keep it a secret, I would like to report that Negro lawyers are preparing two cases to bring North Carolina into court IF no definite plans are formulated before the end of the year to bring about integration, in accordance with the recent Supreme Court decision. The cases will involve several communities in the western part of the State, which Negro attorneys feel will involve less 'heat' and therefore result in perhaps speedier action."

YDC HICKORY RALLY . . . A lot of Democrats got together in Hickory this past weekend. It all reminded me of an auction, where everybody goes expecting to get something for nothing and winds up getting nothing for something.

Main object of most delegates present seemed to be to get a drift on the next Governor's race. They learned that we may have from three to six candidates. Little else did they learn — but nearly everybody was there.

GETTING AROUND . . . Speaking of the next Governor of North Carolina, he has been getting around over the state a lot lately, making public appearances and meeting in private conversations with select groups in order to get their support.

However, it must be admitted that, for the most part, he has been received with a good deal of caution and very few outright commitments.

He, of course, has not yet publicly announced his decision to be a candidate — and is telling close friends it is still too early to do so.

Those who hold political office by gubernatorial appointment, and those who aspire to appointive offices are particularly cautious around him, but yet attempt to be friendly.

They are as cautious as a June bride in his presence.

Now if everyone knew with certainty his identity, he would be so popular and so swamped with attention that he could neither move nor carry on the necessary routine of a normal life. But, on the other hand, if everybody would pledge their support and efforts in his behalf, he would certainly be nominated a year from next May. Looking at the candidacy business — bandwagon strength, etc. — the whole business seems a little silly, doesn't it? Or, he who has great strength, gets additional ditto.

ATHLETIC NOTE: . . . Last year about this time we mentioned here Bill Bailey, son of the State Prisons director, as one of the up-and-coming young athletes apparently headed for Duke, but sought after by many. If Bill, who stands six feet and weighs 200, does well, then his cousin should do equally well and will bear watching by the colleges. He is Tom Bailey, son of the manager of the Bryan Rock and Sand Co. here. He is 16, is six feet, four inches tall, weighs 225, and has three more years of high school football ahead of him.

Look out! It's August, but football practice is beginning all over the land — and the first games are only a month off.

F. C. Salisbury

Here and There

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

FRIDAY, AUG. 6, 1915

Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Mann and children of Raleigh, who have been spending several days here with Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Boomer, returned home Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Goodwin of Center Hill, Fla., arrived in the city Monday to spend a few days with relatives.

Mrs. Seth Wade returned last week from Southport where she spent several days with relatives.

Stacy W. Wade of Raleigh returned home Monday after spending several days here with relatives.

Fish Commissioner H. L. Gibbs arrived in the city Monday from Oriental where he spent the weekend with his family.

Theodore Willis who holds a position in Rocky Mount is in the city visiting relatives.

Mrs. Ida Willis has returned home from Southport after spending some time with her sister, Mrs. W. B. Wade.

J. B. Arendell, who was injured about six weeks ago when his foot was caught under the wheels of a freight car, was able to leave the hospital last week.

Friends of Rad Purifoy will be glad to know that he is out after several weeks confinement from a broken knee cap sustained from falling from a stage on the Teachers assembly.

Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Arthur who for the past several months have been living with their daughter, Mrs. Edgar F. Allen at Lenoir, returned to the city Wednesday morning.

Owen Cade of South Georgia arrived in the city Monday morning to spend a few days visiting the scenes of his childhood. He resided

here about 14 years ago with his father, Baylus Cade.

In the baseball game here on last Friday against Pamlico the score was 17 to 1 in favor of Morehead City.

"Camp Delight" is the name of the place on the beach now occupied by a party of Morehead City folks with their visiting friends. Word from the camp gives the information that all is well with them and that "Sara and Laura" are serving meals a la del monico. Those in the party are Misses Bernice, Lucie and Ruth Leary, Marie and Alma Jackson, Ruth Sherin of Rocky Mount, Messrs James and Harry Brewer of Danville, Va., and Leslie Jackson. Chaparones, Messdames L. L. Leary and W. H. Jackson.

Governor Locke Craig has announced the appointment of G. D. Canfield of this city as president of the Atlantic and North Carolina Railroad, succeeding Thomas D. Warren.

Morehead City this year will be represented in the firemen's tournament at New Bern with two teams contesting for the several prizes offered. John Webb has consented to act as jumper at the hydrant for No. 1 company, which is double assurance that first prize money is within this company's grasp. His ability as a jumper is one of note and the other members are not concerned over his work on the day of the race.

Fred L. Royal will act as nozzlemaster. For Bayside, the No. 2 team, Edmond Brock will jump off at the hydrant and Eugene Wade will act as nozzlemaster. The headquarters of the Morehead City team will be at the Gem Hotel. The local boys will play a game of baseball against the New Bern team, the battery for Morehead City will be Webb and Cherry.

Carteret County News-Times

WINNER OF NATIONAL EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION AND NORTH CAROLINA PRESS ASSOCIATION AWARDS

A Merger of The Beaufort News (Est. 1912) and The Twin City Times (Est. 1936)

Published Tuesdays and Fridays by the Carteret Publishing Company, Inc. 504 Arendell St., Morehead City, N. C.

LOCKWOOD PHILLIPS — PUBLISHER

ELEANORE DEAR PHILLIPS — ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER

RUTH L. FEELING — EDITOR

Mail Rates: In Carteret County and adjoining counties, \$6.00 one year, \$3.50 six months, \$1.25 one month; elsewhere \$7.00 one year, \$4.00 six months, \$1.50 one month.

Member of Associated Press — Greater Weeklies — N. C. Press Association National Editorial Association — Audit Bureau of Circulations

The Associated Press is entitled exclusively to use for republication of local news printed in this newspaper, as well as all AP news dispatches.

Entered as Second Class Matter at Morehead City, N. C., Under Act of March 3, 1879.