

We Hope That the ICC Sees . . .

The fight has just begun. Southern's interest in acquiring the Atlantic and East Carolina lease and the connecting railroads, Camp Lejeune and a 36-mile line linking Jacksonville with Havelock, is equal to our interest in seeing the deal go through.

The proposition has now been laid before the Interstate Commerce Commission, the federal agency which deals with all matters involving transportation of goods across state boundaries. While the immediate problem involves railroad lines located within North Carolina, the railroad company seeking to operate those lines transports products throughout many states. For that reason the ICC's approval of the proposed transaction must be obtained.

There's going to be a fight because other railroads competing with Southern, such as the Atlantic Coast Line which handles the railroad business at Wilmington and other southeast coastal points, do not want to see a rival road better its position.

Southern, with its connections to the middle west, would be giving Morehead City (terminus of the A&EC) that vital, long dreamed of tie-up with the central and western part of North Carolina and points west. The furniture and textile manufacturers in our state would no longer have to import or export materials over the round-about route through Norfolk or Charleston. Southern's operation into Morehead City would be the "open sesame" to new wealth for all North Carolina.

Yet some short-sighted neighbors to the south of us are speaking out against Southern's proposal. Fearing that Southern's operation into Morehead City would cut into their economic melon, Wilmington is backing the At-

lantic Coast Line in its attempts to block Southern's program.

Actually, we fail to see how the ICC can deny Southern the privilege of carrying through its plan when all the facts are laid before the commission. Other railroads have not been giving up-and-coming North Carolina, at its eastern and western extremities, the service its growing economy demands. North Carolina, going through a fabulous transformation, NEEDS two deep water ports, both served by progressive, strong railroads.

Under the able management of J. D. Holt, Morehead City—behind the eight-ball because of its lack of service from a widespread rail system—has proved that it can pay its way and make a profit. That is more than Wilmington has been doing.

It is true that Morehead City is benefiting from Navy use of the port, BUT the potential here from the commercial standpoint, is not a question mark. It's a proven fact. Morehead City, with its inland waterway connection, its ocean lane connection and better rail facilities is the best bet to make North Carolina a leader in commercial shipping.

Wilmington will not suffer, nor will the rail lines which serve it. This is not 1900. This is 1954. There are more people, there is more buying, there is more business. We must open channels to let that business flow unhampered. To block those channels is to deny future generations of North Carolinians their birthright.

Southern's proposals should be okayed by the ICC. And if all North Carolina cannot see that, Morehead City, with the help of a few other far-sighted individuals and firms, will carry on—alone—the fight for a better future.

When Goblins are Abroad . . .

Since this is the Halloween season, a goblin story is in keeping.

Once upon a time in a big black forest, the council of animals who ruled all the creatures therein appointed a Guard of the Forest. This Guard came from another forest many miles away. Now the Forest council, Mr. Owl, who was the ruler, and his three councilmen, Mr. Groundhog, Mr. Muskrat and Mr. Wolf, did not know that the new Guard of their forest, who had the form of a fox, was really a goblin in disguise.

Mr. Fox brought with him from the other forest his wife, Mrs. Fox. But they did not take up a permanent home in the forest. For a hundred ears of corn a year they rented an old cave from Mr. Bear. Mr. Fox knew that by doing that he would not have to pay the yearly forest assessment of 12 ears of corn, which every animal, who made his own house, paid to the council.

The Guard of the Forest, to keep some of the not-so-good animals in line, sometimes had to lock them in a hollow log until they agreed to behave themselves. But sometimes, too, if the naughty animal wanted to get out of the log in a hurry, Mr. Fox would take him to Mrs. Fox who acted as a representative of a big corn warehouse. That warehouse lent ears of corn to people who needed it. She would arrange to give the corn to the animal who wanted it, and he in turn would hand it over to the council. Then he could run around loose until the council decided whether or not he was bad enough to be locked in the log permanently.

But meanwhile, Mrs. Fox, for finding a borrowing customer for the warehouse would get a commission of a couple ears of corn. This made it very nice for the Foxes because Mr. Fox was always bringing his wife customers.

Back in the other forest where Mr. Fox came from he at one time borrowed a thousand ears of corn from Mr.

Squirrel. But he didn't want to pay Mr. Squirrel back so he moved to the forest ruled by Mr. Owl.

Now it wasn't long after Mr. Fox came to the forest that wise Mr. Owl realized that things were not as they should be. He was very unhappy about the situation and tried to show his council, Mr. Groundhog, Mr. Muskrat and Mr. Wolf, that it would be better for the whole forest and its creatures if Mr. Fox would go. But the council could not see it that way . . .

Ignorance is a terrible thing. And on Halloween night goblins, ghosts and evil things evolving from ignorance are abroad in the land, so go to your room, jump into bed, pull up the covers and duck under your head!

Thank You

A sincere thank you from the people of the county, for help during and after the storm, goes to the Beaufort National Guard unit, Red Cross personnel, town officials of Beaufort and Morehead City, division two State Highway Department personnel, county officials, the county health department, welfare department, State Highway Patrolmen, policemen of Atlantic Beach, women who volunteered to clean out the flooded Morehead City Hospital, and town street crews and firemen.

We know that there are many others who should be listed above, among whom should be Lt. J. E. Stone, USMC, who lives at Newport (Lieutenant, a ham radio operator, volunteered his services to the Red Cross), but there is not space here to include names of all individuals who pitched in and helped, even if we knew them.

Instead, we believe we express the sentiment of all countians with a general thanks "to everyone who lent a hand."

FIFTY MILLION FRENCHMEN CAN BE WRONGED!



MORRIS

F. C. Salisbury

Here and There

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

FRIDAY, OCT. 29, 1915

John T. Willis returned home Tuesday after spending a few days in Durham.

E. W. Guthrie Jr. left Monday morning for Washington.

Attorney J. H. Davis of Beaufort passed through the city Monday on a short business trip to New Bern.

Thomas S. Meekins of Manteo was in the city Saturday attending to business matters.

G. C. Proctor, who for the past few months has been employed in the office of the Norfolk Southern Railroad Co., left Tuesday for New Bern where he has accepted a position in the ticket office of that city.

The government sand-sucker, "Cape Fear," arrived in port Thursday afternoon prior to beginning work on the bar off Beaufort inlet.

A wedding of interest took place at 4:30 o'clock Wednesday afternoon when Miss Annie Bernice Stancil became the bride of Jacob R. Chadwick. Miss Stancil is the youngest daughter of the Rev. and Mrs. George W. Stancil of this city. Mr. Chadwick is one of New Bern's prominent business men.

Miss Archa Ormond was maid of honor and the best man Willie Chadwick. The ushers were Floyd Chadwick and Wardie Gaskins of New Bern and T. Cliff Willis and John T. Willis of this city. The wedding march was skillfully rendered on the pipe organ by Theodore R. Webb.

Covering the Waterfront

Hazel Brought to Mind Other Violent Storms

By AYCOCK BROWN

Hatteras, N. C. — Speaking of hurricanes, and who hasn't during the past several days, it might be news to some people to know that Hazel was not the first one to cause havoc on the interior of North Carolina.

The greatest flood ever known in the southern Appalachians were caused by a hurricane in 1916. In less than one 24 hour day 22.22 inches of rain fell at Altopass. That was the one which carried the waters of the Yadkin and Catawba to new record heights — and the destruction was terrific.

Hazel's path had been trod by another hurricane which history has long forgotten. It was a September storm 202 years ago (1752) that destroyed Johnston, once the capital of Onslow County. Johnston was located in the general vicinity of the present administration building of Camp Lejeune on the east bank of New River, hardly more than a skip and jump from Topsail Beach where so much havoc was wrought Oct. 15.

Martin's History of North Carolina gave an account of that "most terrific hurricane" of the middle 18th Century. All dwellings, the courthouse and clerk's office and the records were destroyed, and the town was abandoned. That is why the Onslow County seat of government today is located at Jacksonville, several miles northward on the river known as New.

In 1749, according to Williamson's history, Beason Island near Ocracoke Inlet was destroyed by a furious storm. This island was rebuilt by Nature and her tides and tempests, because later it was the site of Ocracoke's first light-

house. Nearby Portsmouth has never completely recovered from the twentieth century gales and hurricanes which have swept across this low-lying village near the northern tip of Core Banks, resulting in de-populating the village, almost to ghost-town proportions.

The greatest exodus was probably after the 1933 hurricane which cut out inlets overnight. It would have taken months for man-operated dredges to do the same job. Some of those inlets, such as Drum, became navigable and are still open. Others like The Swash, Whalebone and High Hills became drains that usually were refilled with sand most of the time, until Hazel came by.

Our West Indian hurricanes usually originate in the ocean's doldrums well east of the Windward and Leeward Islands. Some of the humdingers are spawned in the general area of Cape Verde Islands. Since they usually travel westward through the Spanish-speaking region of the West Indies the islanders often name hurricanes after the particular saint's day on which they pass.

Tannehill's book "Hurricanes" lists seven such hurricanes because of their violence: "Santa Ana, July 1825; Los Angeles, August 1851; Santa Narciso, October 1867; San Felipe (the first) September 1876; San Ciriaco, August 1899 and San Felipe (the second) September 1928."

Our hurricane spotters in recent years have adopted pleasant sounding feminine names to identify the storms. Where scores of persons lost their lives in path of Hurricane Hazel, most of these historic

See HURRICANES, Page 4, Sec. 2

Jane Eads

Washington

The Capital's own who's who in society—the "Social List for 1955"—is out with some 5,500 names of persons it would be perfectly safe to have on the guest list for your snootiest party.

Bible of Washington socialites for the past 24 years, the green suede book tells hostesses who in Capital life is a bigger big-wig than whom, from the President on down to the last accepted citizen in the alphabetical listing. It also tells folks how to get the correct time, how to address a chummy note to the President and on whom to leave calling cards.

Mrs. Carolyn Hagner Shaw, publisher of the "Social List," also gives assistance to subscribers to the book, which has grown from three-quarters of a pound of names to two pounds this year. The book is sold to more than 2,500 subscribers annually for about \$10.

Mrs. Shaw says the 5,500 names do not represent "blue bloods" alone. Supreme Court justices, senators, representatives, government officials down to the level of assistant secretaries and general counsels of departments are listed automatically. General Counsel of the Army John G. Adams, who figured in the McCarthy Army hearings, had his name added this year.

Others include former President Hoover, who lives part of the time in Washington, his son and daughter-in-law, Assistant Secretary of State and Mrs. Hoover Jr., Chief Justice and Mrs. Earl Warren, Mrs. Robert A. Taft, widow of the Ohio senator, and the former movie star, Constance Bennett, and her husband, Col. John Coulter, and Mrs. Hank Fort, better known as Hank Fort, popular song writer. About 600 names were dropped from last year's listing, 800 new ones added.

Mrs. Shaw says a secret board of governors, four women and one man, decides who shall be listed in the volume and who left out. Reasons for exclusion include leaving town, death, failure to send in questionnaires or answer phones, and "unpleasant notoriety."

Today's Birthday

FRANK SEDGMAN, born Oct. 29, 1927 in Mont Albert, Victoria, Australia. The former world's amateur tennis champion is now a touring professional. In 1951 he became the first Australian to win the U. S. National Singles title. Several times he represented his country in Davis Cup competition. His teacher of the game was his father, Arthur Sedgman, who played in district tournaments. At the age of 13 Frank could beat his father.



Deacon Spires had just come home from a convention of his church in the city. His good wife was asking all about it. "I suppose you heard some nice singin' in that big church," she remarked.

"Well, they mostly sang anthems," was the rather uninterested reply.

"Anthems? What in the world is anthems?" she asked.

"Well, I can't tell you right out what they are," said the deacon, hesitatingly, "but it is like this. If I was to say to you, 'The cows are in the corn,' that wouldn't be an anthem. But if I said, 'The cows, the cows, the cows, the brie-cow, the spotted cow, the moolie-cow, the cows, the cows are in the corn, the corn, the corn,' that would be an anthem."

Smile a While

Deacon Spires had just come home from a convention of his church in the city. His good wife was asking all about it. "I suppose you heard some nice singin' in that big church," she remarked.

"Well, they mostly sang anthems," was the rather uninterested reply.

Kidd Brewer

Raleigh Roundup

JONES LEADS? . . . Jones County has probably furnished more Democratic Committee chairmen than any other county in North Carolina. Tom Warren, Furnifold Simmons, and the present head of the State Democratic Executive Committee, John Larkins.

HORN-TOOTERS . . . There is at least one less horn-tooter in Raleigh than there was last week this time.

We have all been bothered at times by someone in the car behind us insisting upon tooting his horn before we could get our car into gear and get going on the green light.

One morning last week I got the treatment for the umpteenth time.

As I had just started to ease off — I heard the blast of the horn in the car just behind me. I pulled up the emergency brake, turned off the ignition key, got out of my car and walked back to the rear and asked the horn-tooter why he was blowing his horn.

He said very definitely that he was blowing his horn for me to go on. With that, I explained that I had already started moving when he sounded his blast and that I thought he was giving me a signal to let me know he wanted to see me about something.

Cars began to line up behind his car and all were — needless to say, probably — blowing their horns. I continued in a rather nonchalant way to engage him in conversation.

Then the first of the fifteen cars started pulling around us, each driver's eyes equipped with special daggers which he tossed in our general direction.

Finally, having established the fact my friend was only telling me to proceed when he sounded his horn, and my having convinced him that was my original intention in the first place — until I heard his horn — we departed on friendly terms, but with his having lost five to ten precious moments when he stood to save 30 seconds, at the most, through my departing from the light at the speed he wanted me to.

PROGRESS . . . It is my general information — and this despite all our talk about our real progress in North Carolina within the past half-century — that there are more Chic Sales than houses with indoor plumbing in this state.

I think the North Carolina Department of Health will also tell you that we have more indoor bathrooms.

Progress is not always measured by the extent of our plumbing fixtures. It is still a fact that North Carolina has progressed more since 1900 than the average state in this nation. I don't think anybody can deny that.

BUMBLE BEES . . . This may not come as a surprise to many people who are farmers, but it is passed along for some of my city friends who may some day stumble upon a bumble bee nest and wish to destroy it — instead of vice versa. The thing to do is to get a jug, fill it about two-thirds with water, and place it near the nest of the bumble bees.

Author of the Week



Arthur Koestler's own story begun in "The Arrow in the Blue," continues even more absorbingly in "The Invisible Writing." The new book, showing the second stage in his career, covers the nine years during which he was a Communist Party member and includes the 12 months he spent in Russia.

He was born in Budapest in 1905. Before he reached 21, he had studied in Vienna, farmed in Palestine, worked with an Arabian architect, and edited a magazine in Cairo. While a newsman in Berlin, he became a Communist, in 1931, and he risked his life in Spain in the Civil War. Now a British citizen, he lives in London.

Faith Pays Off

A Virginia bank, to accommodate its customers who needed change for parking meters, put out a bowl containing five dollars in small coins in the lobby, and invited the people to make their own change.

Far from being "short" at the end of a year, the bowl was 60 cents over — Carl C. Helm.

A brain is no stronger than its weakest link.

Next step is to disturb the bees and then high-tail it to a good, safe distance from said nest. When the bumble bees storm out looking for intruders, the only thing in view is the jug. A bee heads for it, dives in, and then will come the others, one by one, to see what happened to the ones who led the way.

We don't guarantee this remedy for getting rid of the bumble bees. All we know is it worked for us.

TIMBER! . . . It will be recalled that some time ago there was quite a to-do about a portion of the Crabtree Creek Park area — out near the Raleigh-Durham Airport — which was traded to an individual of that section of Wake County known as Sheriff Blake. The trade was made by the state, which in return received — on an even-Stephen basis — a piece of adjoining land to the park area.

It will also be recalled that Blake sold for \$50,000 timber which was on the land he received in his trade with the state. On top of this, he still had the land. It had been estimated at the time that a fair value of the land was \$23,000. The forestry people working for the state maintained there was not \$50,000 worth of timber on the tract.

The Governor had the timber appraised by three disinterested experts. After a thorough study, they sided with the forestry people.

Now — to bring you up to date — what is this we hear about Sheriff Blake's recent sale of an additional \$10,000 worth of timber? We hear that he sold this amount. How red can the faces of state forestry experts get?

THE VISITOR . . . The way we heard this bit of news is that Willie Jones, North Carolina's Commissioner of Banks, was visiting one of the many small banks which dot this state.

Commissioner Jones was concerned about the fact that there was only one employee in the bank. He was, of course, thinking about all the recent bank robberies.

He raised the question as to whether the employee was not afraid of being held up, being by himself in the band that way with no protection.

The employee said no, he wasn't. "Do you see that service station across the street?" he asked Visitor Jones.

Commissioner Jones replied that he saw the station. "Do you see the service station operator sitting there with that rifle in his hand?" asked the bank employee.

Jones replied he saw the operator and the rifle in his hand. "Well," said the banker, "any time a stranger comes in this bank, the service station operator gets his rifle and sits there with it until the stranger leaves. So, when you go out, Mr. Jones, he will put up his rifle and get back to his work."

BUZZARD WARNING . . . We know a farmer in our neighborhood who knew that a storm was on the way hours before Hurricane Hazel actually hit around here. He has no radio. He doesn't take a paper. He says he had ample warning, anyway.

As he tells it, he was in the field plowing. He looked up and saw 40 to 50 buzzards flying low across the woods. They were all flopping their wings just like crows do in flight. They were all heading in the same direction. My farmer friend said he knew something was wrong.

Being experienced in such matters, he went to the house and started taking precautions against the storm. He nailed down here and buttoned up there.

When Hurricane Hazel roared in, he was ready — thanks to the flopping buzzards.

TRAVELS . . . Year before last, in 1952, I traveled with Governor William B. Umstead to all but two of the district rallies held prior to the general election. This year, traveling with Chairman John Larkins, I have attended each of the twelve rallies held in the past three weeks.

I found the general attitude of the people this time quite a bit different from what it was in 1952. They still want a change — but they want a change back to a Democratic Congress.

It is my opinion that there will be a Democratic Congressman representing each North Carolina district — including the Tenth now represented by Congressman C. R. Jones. It now appears that Judge Sedberry of Charlotte will probably win. If he does, it will be due to the hard work and effort put forth by the Women and Young Democrats like Bill Smith and Dick Baxter of Mecklenburg County.

CARAVAN OBSERVATIONS . . . The champion smoke-ring blower on the Democratic trips was State Auditor Henry Bridges, with Labor Commissioner Frank Crane coming in a close second. But Henry Bridges, can bounce them off the floor. At one meeting, he puffed one some dozen feet in front of him. It circled a baldheaded man and then proceeded to settle down about him like a halo. There was general snickering in the audience but the man with the halo suspected nothing.

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