

Mosquito Commission Goes to Work

One commission set up by the recent state legislature is working. That's the Salt Marsh Mosquito Commission. The legislature gave the group \$15,000 to make a survey of the North Carolina coastal mosquito problem, but funds to actually fight the pest will have to come from the state's emergency fund if any money is to be spent at all during the next two years.

The commission has already requested \$50,000 to do something right now about the mosquitoes along this coast. The Governor, in whose hands the granting of this fund partially rests, wisely suggested that the commission learn first how much the counties and towns along the coast are willing to contribute to help in the battle.

Some of the poorer towns and counties may be able to do little. But it's a poor policy from several angles for the state to step in and finance the whole project.

First, nobody appreciates anything given to them outright, especially where government is involved. People frequently take the belligerent attitude that "they" (meaning some unidentifiable group at Raleigh) came in and simply took over. Second, if some phases of the program don't meet with approval, the state gets all the blame. Third, several towns have already started their own mosquito control projects and those will have to be considered in light of a coastwide program.

Things May Have Been Different, If

A young Marine, Clarence Ayres, was struck down and killed by an automobile near Atlantic Beach Sunday night. A coroner's jury Monday night ruled the accident unavoidable.

One can't help but wonder — given the same circumstances — if the victim had been the 20-year-old son of life-long residents of this county whether the verdict would have been the same. Somehow we doubt it.

Unfortunately, there was no weeping mother at the inquest, no one on the jury who had "known Ayres' daddy" all his life. The deceased was evidently considered "just a Marine." "Just a Marine" who can go to all ends of the earth to be shot down to protect us folks sitting comfortably here at home but please kill him somewhere else where we don't have to get homefolks involved in the unsavory mess.

Certainly some of the Marines give our law enforcement officers trouble. And some of us wish that a few of them would stop being so darned smart or acting as though they're the salt of the earth. But is vengeance to be wrought over the coffin of the dead?

Why You Don't Shoot Dogs

(From the Sanford Herald)

"Should a property owner have the right to kill a dog caught in the process of killing his chickens?"

The Greensboro Daily News asks that. It is not pleased that in Greensboro Municipal-Court last week a citizen was given a three-months suspended sentence and fined \$20 because he shot a neighbor's dog under those circumstances.

"We think a man has a right to protect his own property," continues the Daily News. "If he caught a chicken thief stealing chickens in his hen house, he certainly would have every right to restrain him. Why wouldn't the same legal rights protect him when a dog invaded his property and destroyed his chickens?"

Well, we'll tell you. The question isn't so much one of rights as one of custom.

Some folks mistakenly believe that the \$15,000 granted the commission was for study of what to do to get rid of the mosquito. That is true to a slight extent, but for the most part experts in pest control know what to do already.

They know what other Atlantic coast states are doing. They know how much the mosquito fight is costing. And North Carolina's problem is quite similar to Virginia's and Florida's.

If other factors didn't have to be considered and if the money were available right now, spraying, drainage and ditching could proceed immediately. But the commission has to find out whether they are going to be able to get enough funds to carry out the program effectively not only this summer but next and the next. They have to consult with experts in agriculture and wildlife to see whether the spraying will have undesirable effect on other living things besides mosquitoes.

Carteret's legislator, D. G. Bell, who helped to put through the bill creating the marsh mosquito commission, rightfully contends that the mosquito must go if tourists are to be happy here and the farmer and fisherman can work without being eaten alive.

If the commission can work out a satisfactory financial arrangement with the state and counties and also obtain the moral support of the people in those counties, it will have gone a long way toward solving the coast's mosquito problem.

Tuesday about noon on Evans Street a little girl about 5 years old was almost struck by an automobile. It was a close call. Driving the automobile was a woman who for some time has been a resident of this county. Fortunately she was able to stop in time. We can't help but wonder whether this woman, who hadn't had several drinks that morning, would have gotten an "accident unavoidable" verdict from a coroner's jury had the little girl been killed.

It is true that the victim of Sunday night's accident was on the wrong side of the highway for a pedestrian to be. Maybe if he had been walking facing the traffic, things would have been different. Maybe if he'd been born and bred within the confines of our county things would have been different Monday night.

Laws are fine. They're meant to be a standard which should guide man in his decisions. But no law has yet been made which can assure justice in a "hometown" courtroom where there is love, hate, sorrow — or where those emotions are absent.

MORE NEGOTIATIONS AT THE SUMMIT



Jerry Schumacher

Get Aboard! And He Really Tried

Elizabeth Howland tells about a friend named Herman Schulties who spent some time vacationing here in Morehead City. Being a Yankee from Washington, D. C., naturally he didn't know about boats, so the gang was going fishing in a skiff and they hollered to him, "Get aboard!" After a long time he appeared and said, "Can't find no board."

My gorgeous tomato is a wonderful person in so many ways. Hilma, Penny's beauty operator, gave her a permanent in the ends of her hair the other day and mentioned that all Penny's new hair is coming in grey. I asked, "What do you intend to do? dye it?" Penny said, "Sure would like to dye it all grey."



Jerry

This sounds good to me as I have always sort of gone for beautiful grey hair, especially on a younger woman. Remember one time years ago in Chicago, we were at a party and in walks a gal about 30ish with beautiful grey hair. Boy! I went for her like a ton of bricks, having been fortified with several martinis. Well, we got in a corner and were putting out the old conversation, but good, when after so long a time we got missed, by both Penny and this gal's husband, so that ended my beautiful grey hair romance.

Carteret Waterways

Two Rivers Rise in Open Grounds

By F. C. SALISBURY

Out of that vast expanse of wasteland, located in the northeast part of Carteret County, which has been known for years as the "open grounds," rise two of the principal rivers in the eastern part of the county—North and South Rivers.

Under this pocusin of peat and muck, a submarine source doubtless supplies the headwaters of each river, the lower section being influenced by the tides of the waters into which they flow.

The South flows northward emptying into the Neuse River, the North flows southward joining the waters of the Straits, that body of water separating the mainland from Harkers Island. Each river is about equal in length—12 miles. The North is the wider from its mouth for several miles upstream.

The waters of these two rivers were within the "hunting quarter" of the tribes of Indians inhabiting the eastern part of the county in early days. Pelts of mink and muskrats came from the banks of the streams to add to those of deer and other fur-bearing animals.

Trappers Visit

Encroaching white trappers and hunters coming down from the Albatraz county before the settlement of the county, found in the river and surrounding territory almost an unlimited source of game and fur-bearing creatures. Opposition on the part of the Indians, who claimed full rights to the "hunting quarter," frequently resulted in hostilities between the whites and the various tribes.

Until recent years the expanse of the "open grounds" that supplies the water for these two rivers as well as several small streams, could rightly have been called "no man's land," covering some fifty thousand acres.

Early writers describing this barren waste, said: "It was one vast ocean of peat, the first spede spit of this soil is lighter than

vanity, the second spade is as black as can be; without a particle of grit or silex in it." It remained for Miss Georgina Yeatman, present owner of this vast acreage, to supply the scientific principles for cultivation and treatment of this barren ground, bringing large sections into fine grazing grounds for cattle and sheep.

Like so many of the early settlements that came into existence along the waterways populated by fishermen, farmers and boatbuilders from the upper counties, the South River settlement was one of the early established ones.

Located along the Neuse River, near some of the best fishing, shrimping and crabbing waters, with the South River a protecting harbor, the community soon became one of the principal fishing centers in the county. Living needs were produced from the small farms, while the surrounding forests furnished the finest timbers for boat building. Until the building of roads into the section, transportation in and out was entirely by water.

Passing of time brought about three settlements in what is known today as the Merrimon township, two of which—Merrimon and South River on the west side of the river, embody most of the township's population of 400. Lukens is just a memory, listed as a ghost town.

One of the oldest residents of the township, Mrs. Nannie Jane Pittman, now living at South River tells many interesting stories of the life of the people living at Lukens which was on the east side of the river, and of the early struggles of maintaining a home in the new settlement.

The town received its name from a large land owner of early days. An attempt to create a settlement along Brown Creek a few miles to the east of Lukens did not meet with success. Lukens grew in population until it was given a post-

office, as well as a one-room school house. A church society was organized, served by the circuit pastor of the township.

One of the oldest residents of the community, James Tosto and wife, who were the parents of Mrs. Pittman, both living to be over 90, spent most of their entire lives at Lukens. The father of James came from France as a cabin boy in 1812.

He became sick and the boat on which he was serving put in at Portsmouth. The boy was put ashore where he grew to manhood, married and later with his family moved to Lukens where he became one of the most honored members of the community.

From this early Tosto family has descended several generations living in the county today. Some 25 families at one time made up the community. Many of their descendants are prominent in the township and elsewhere.

Glory Fades

The glory of Lukens began to fade with the coming of improved roads, modern means of transportation and the attractions of varied outside employment offered the younger generation. This coupled with storms which swept the vicinity from time to time caused many families to move across the river to higher ground or into adjoining counties.

The great storm of 1933 rang the death knell for Lukens. Houses and boats were swept away, lives lost and the land inundated by salt water. A number of hardy oldtimers remained for a few years until old age drove them across the river to be cared for or death overcame them.

Visitors going over to the site of this town, fading into past history, find few old buildings still standing, showing the ravages of time. There is no semblance of pier or dock. Undergrowth has taken over the streets, gardens and yards. Sheltered by a massive oak tree is

Do You Know Any Riffraff?

SIMEON STYLITES
in the
Christian Century

The pastor of St. John's-by-the-Gas-Station was in the drugstore having a third cup of coffee and looking as pleased with himself as a cat that has just swallowed a canary.

"What has happened to you?" I asked as I sat down beside him.

"I had a good scrap yesterday, and there is nothing like a slugfest to keep up one's interest in the ministry," he told me.

"Whom—if that is the right grammar—did you slug?" I inquired.

"Some of my church officials. I was just trying to avoid the woe that is promised to fall on you when all men speak well of you. And, boy, did I succeed! You should have heard them! St. John's is on the way to becoming a Christian church. We are running out of Bank Presidents and Chairmen of Boards as new members and have had to take in people. Some of our officials don't like the idea. They said to me, 'If you go on taking in more riffraff and rag, tag and bobtail, St. John's will be losing its character.'"

"It might save its soul," I put in. That didn't help any.

"Yesterday I let 'em have it. I told them the old parable about Jesus and the social undesirables—

the one, you know, by Frank Harris, of all people. I said, 'This is for you, I hope you get the point.' You remember it? It goes like this:

"Every morning St. Peter found in heaven a horde of undesirable aliens, whom he was certain he had never admitted at the regular hours. Some had never been baptized, some were ignorant of the Bible, many were soiled and damaged souls who clearly had no right in the celestial precincts. He decided to discover just how this leakage had occurred. So in the darkness he prowled about the ramparts of heaven. At last he discovered a dark corner where a few stones had been removed from the wall since his last inspection an hour before. A crowd was stealthily creeping in. He rushed at them with indignation, but was amazed to find the Savior there, helping some of the cripples over the wall. 'I'm sorry, Peter,' the Lord said, 'I know it's against the rules. These poor souls are not all they should be. Some were never baptized. Some of them are not quite orthodox in their opinions of me, and all of them are miserable sinners. But they are my special friends and I want them here.'"

"So I think they got the point. Do you know any 'riff-raff' that I might go out after?"

That's what he said.

Bill Whitley

Washington Report

(Editor's Note: The writer of this column is Sen. Kerr Scott's press secretary.)

WATERMELONS. Estimates say it's going to take about 1,000 watermelons to feed the thousands of Democrats who'll be going to Sen. W. Kerr Scott's farm tomorrow for a big YDC rally.

The interesting question is: How can you tell how much watermelon a person can eat. At best it's a guess, and not even a very educated guess.

In past years when the YDC has held rallies on the Scott farm, the crowd has numbered at least 5,000. This year, between seven and eight thousand are expected to turn out, so 1,000 watermelons ought to do the job.

But what happens if the watermelons turn out to be small, it's a hot day, and everybody leaves home without eating lunch?

In that event, Senator Scott says, "We'll finish out with maypops."

COTTON. Those who watch the movements of the U. S. Department of Agriculture have been intrigued for the past 10 days about the cotton situation.

Word leaked down from Secretary Ezra Benson's office last week that plans are in the works to dump all the government's surplus cotton stocks on the market as a means of reducing the staggering warehouse loads.

Under the law, the Secretary is charged with watching the world

markets and putting surpluses up for sale from time to time.

NEEDLE. For several months, members of the Senate Agriculture Committee have tried to needle Benson into putting cotton and other surplus goods on the market on a gradual basis, but Benson has been most reluctant.

As a result of his reluctance, many countries that need cotton have held off, knowing that the United States would have to turn loose its surpluses sooner or later. Consequently, when word came that Benson was ready to put the entire cotton surplus stocks on the market at world prices, New York cotton prices bobbed.

STEAL. If the entire supply is put on the market, it will mean that many foreign countries will be able to buy our cotton at much cheaper prices than American manufacturers paid for it. With these cheap prices, they will be able to make much cheaper fabrics. The end result could be twofold: American textile markets, both at home and abroad, could be seriously threatened with cheap goods. At the same time, American farmers will be forced to see the domestic market go through a tailspin that could result in much lower cotton prices to the farmer.

All in all, everybody would have been better off—farmers and textile industry alike, if Secretary Benson had seen fit to put cotton on the world market as markets opened up and there was demand for it.

F. C. Salisbury

Here and There

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

Friday, July 29, 1916
Mrs. George W. Dill and son George Dill Jr. left this week for Atlantic City where they will spend several days.

C. M. Wade returned Monday to Farmville after spending the weekend here with his family.

Miss Lucy Bell Jenkins of Charlotte is in the city visiting her uncle, James R. Bell.

Mrs. Hattie Edwards returned last week from Greenville where she has been attending summer school.

Theodore R. Webb returned home Sunday from Goldsboro where he has been working in a millinery store for the past several months.

Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Hardesty who have been spending several days in the city left Thursday for Port Royal, S. C.

B. G. Willis of Avoca spent Wednesday night in the city with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Willis.

On Sunday afternoon Miss Lena Willis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Shep Willis, was married to S. E. Dasher, of the tug Sarah. Justice

a family burial plot, on the tombstones of which are dates of death dating back more than 100 years.

This tree whose moss-hung branches form a canopy over the graves of these early settlers, is said to be one of the largest oak trees in the county, the trunk measuring 18 feet in circumference.

For the past five years the community of South River has been a leading center for thousands of pulpwood logs, coming from the vast forest purchased by a large pulp mill concern. Community betterments have resulted from this activity. New homes are in evidence along with remodeled churches and school buildings. Present day life is a far cry for descendants of hardy forebears who came into the locality over 150 years ago.

of the Peace James R. Bell officiating.

A washout near Havelock has delayed trains for three days. Heavy rains had washed out the brick supports of a trestle. But for the thoughtful act of Wright Lawhorn, a colored man and farmer who resides near Havelock and discovered the weak condition of the trestle, the passengers on the eastbound train for Morehead City Sunday night might have been killed or seriously injured.

An alligator measuring 9 feet was killed here last week by Ceph Salter in the vicinity of Gillikin, formerly Salter Path. He sent the gator by Captain John Hill of Swansboro to Joe Fulcher of this city.

Tuesday afternoon from five to seven, Miss Corinne Bell was hostess to a number of little folks in honor of Miss Julia Robertson who is visiting her.

While attempting to get a large shark out of his fish net, William Nelson of Atlantic was badly injured. His right arm was badly torn but no bones were broken. On the night of July 22 Mr. Nelson and Miss Elva Salter both of Atlantic were united in marriage by Elder L. H. Hardy.

Captain Henry Goodwin of the U. S. Coast Guard on Wednesday afternoon sighted an allied war vessel some 10 miles off shore. It was later learned that the craft was searching for the German submarine Bremen which was reported to be along the coast.

In the horse hose wagon race at the Interstate races held in Raleigh, Morehead City Hose Company No. 1 won first place in both state and interstate races, receiving prize money amounting to \$225. Number 2 company of the city received a prize of \$20.

Smile a While

A sign in front of a shoe repair shop pictured several styles of rubber heels and a beautiful girl who was saying, "I'm in love with America's No. 1 heel."

Underneath, in small feminine handwriting, someone had added, "Too bad, gal—I married him!"

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