

More Than Just a Road

There's more involved in building 10.6 miles of highway on Ocracoke Island than just building a road.

On this road, which Governor Hodges assures will be built regardless of cost, hinges the fate, perhaps, of the All-Seashore Highway.

If this 10-mile stretch holds up under pounding of wind and wave, the coast will have a strong argument in favor of a highway all along the coast. If this 10-mile stretch is subject to continual washouts, the All-Seashore Highway may continue to be just a dream.

Although no word has been mentioned about the Ocracoke Road being a "test stretch," factors point to that fact.

Four hundred sixty thousand dollars is a lot of money to put into 10 miles of highway on a sandspit between two large bodies of water, and it is imperative that the best engineering brains and the best road-building skill and materials be invested.

No mountain was too high nor too rugged to stop the Blue Ridge Parkway. But the mountain was there to be measured. Man could look at it and

say, "Here it is. This is what is stopping us," and he was fired with ambition to conquer the mountain.

Can an engineer be inspired equally by something that he can't see — a tide that comes and goes and varies with the seasons, sands that shift from month to month, and winds that are more capricious than a flirting woman?

That is the challenge on the outer banks. No ordinary engineer will be able to meet that challenge. No money must be skimmed in laying a highway that can be the "open sesame" to coastal Carolina.

It is important that the All-Seashore Highway Association and others interested in coastal welfare watch carefully the "10-mile test stretch." So-called economizing and short-cuts in getting the road laid have no place there. Because of its remoteness, such short-cuts may be attempted, in spite of Governor Hodges' firm support of the highway.

The Ocracoke Road could well be the telling factor between a stifled coast or a breathing, living land.

104 Overburdened

Ever see a donkey carrying an elephant on its back? Well that's what is happening in the Beaufort Rural Fire Association. One hundred four people who have paid membership dues are carrying the burden of 156 who have not.

These 104 little fellows have put up their \$5 so that 156 people can get fire service "free." To provide better protection within a 12-mile radius of Beaufort, the Rural Fire Association has recently invested in new equipment for its truck.

The bills for that equipment can't be paid with a shrug of the shoulders any easier than a fire can be fought with a teaspoon of water.

The Beaufort Rural Fire Association came into being because people in the area east and north of Beaufort needed fire protection. For a long time the town of Beaufort was the little donkey carrying the elephant.

Finally, the town gave up in desperation. Its pocketbook could no longer stand the cost. After a while the Rural Fire Association came into being to help the rural people and shoulder some of the burden that had been the town's.

In Defense of Sambo

(Greensboro Daily News)

By way of the Milwaukee Journal we learn that Little Black Sambo, that delightful classic of childhood, has been banned by the Toronto public schools. The reason: Protests by Negro groups who say it causes them anguish and holds them up to ridicule.

Now what is the ultimate end of such censorship?

The end, we think, would be elimination of about 80 or 90 per cent of our literature, child and adult. Fagin, in Charles Dickens' Oliver Twist, is an obnoxious character, but shall we also ban him because he brings anguish to Jews? Shall we abolish the Prussian general from the pages of books because he pains Germans? What about Tamburlaine, The Great, does he mock some of the Oriental peoples whose favor we now curry? What of Willie Loman in Arthur Miller's Death of a Salesman — will he be banished from the boards because his play says uncomplimentary things about businessmen?

A classic is a classic. It endures because it says something profoundly true

and touches the hearts and minds of men. Little Black Sambo is a joyful tale, first spun in India, about a warm-hearted little boy who saved himself from the tiger by his wits. He is a lovable character.

Won't somebody stand up in his defense?

Dues for the rural association may be paid to John Miller, treasurer, to Mrs. W. J. Ipock, secretary, or to Leslie Springle, president of the association.

It's unfortunate that people have opportunities and ignore them. The Beaufort Rural Fire Association is an opportunity presented to rural residents, an opportunity that may die if they don't take advantage of it.

A donkey can carry an elephant only so long, and then it stumbles and falls, unable to rise any more.

Record Speaks

Ten years after the end of World War II the American Red Cross still is devoting over 40 per cent of its budgeted funds for the service it provides to members of the Armed Forces and to veterans.

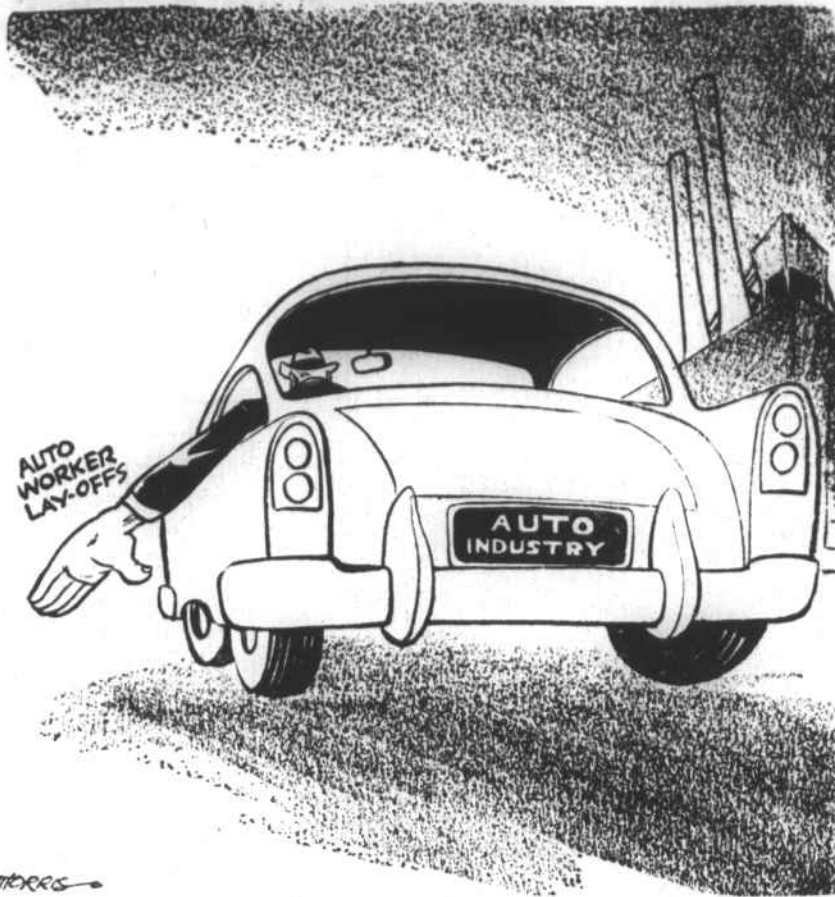
In the 1954-55 fiscal year the financial report shows its 3,717 chapters expended a total of \$87,539,503 in providing a wide variety of services to the American people, and for humanitarian work overseas.

The Red Cross drive is now underway throughout the nation. Carteret County's goal is \$4,480. Checks should be mailed to Mrs. G. T. Spivey, Beaufort, or Charles Willis, Morehead City.

There was where I first met these two wonderful people several years ago while taking pictures of the group. Boots just finished the Philco TV water show here in Miami Beach.

While we were there two husky lads were working out in the pool under Wally's guidance. They had a swimming meet coming up in a few days, and Boots was working

GO-SLOW SIGNAL



Jerry Schumacher

We Visit Wally and Boots Spence

West Hollywood—Penny and me spent the day with Wally and Boots Spence yesterday. First let me tell you about Wally. He's a handsome man, built like a wedge with the biggest chest and shoulders I have ever seen on a man.

Wally is one of four brothers and four sisters who were born and brought up in the jungles of South America. Their home was way up the Demerara River in British Guiana.

Wally's father was a fellow that believed in physical fitness, so the kids grew up to be perfect specimens. Mr. Spence Sr. was the most famous Jaguar hunter in South America and a whole book could be written on this subject alone. Well anyway, the boys all turned out to be champion swimmers and as a team have held over 400 records, 20 were National and 8 were International, Olympic, New York AC and many others too many to mention.

Now their only place to swim was the Demerara River which is infested with the deadly Piranha fish that can and has devoured a whole cow in minutes. All four of the Spence brothers and two of the sisters have been badly bitten and have the scars to prove it to this day. Nevertheless, they practiced every day and became the greatest brother swimming team in the history of sports.

Wally placed second in the annual Guiana race against 24 men when he was only 8 years old.

After traveling all over the world, their swimming career as a team was ended by a plane crash that took the life of the youngest member, Harold. Finally Wally settled in Miami Beach as an instructor. There he met and married a beautiful and curvaceous lass named Boots who taught and organized beautiful water ballet, 16 girls who worked in perfect precision.

There was where I first met these two wonderful people several years ago while taking pictures of the group. Boots just finished the Philco TV water show here in Miami Beach.

While we were there two husky lads were working out in the pool under Wally's guidance. They had a swimming meet coming up in a few days, and Boots was working

with her girls for another TV Spectacular. So the Shore Club pool and Cabanas is the headquarters for the young hopefuls who would like to make swimming a career and Boots and Wally Spence are the ones that can teach and advise because they have been through the mill in the swimming business.

After all, swimming is first their business, second their hobby, in fact it is their whole life. I was commenting on Boots' spectacular figure, so she put it this way, "When I no longer look good in a bathing suit, my career as a swimmer is ended, so naturally I work hard to keep my figure. I

try to do a mile in the pool every day."

Now Wally would have it made if he could just live in a pair of swimming shorts, but sooner or later he has to put on a suit of clothes and then the trouble starts. They never made a jacket that would fit those mammoth shoulders and barrel chest, so everything has to be tailor made.

So we left these two wonderful characters with all their gear, sun tan lotions, swimming fins, Aqua lungs and other assorted paraphernalia and drove back home with our minds whirling with thoughts as restless as the waters in which Boots and Wally revel.

Ruth Peeling

Literature—What Do Drinkers Read?

A car turned over in front of Willie Gray's junk yard, Morehead City, about 10 days ago. The thing was a wreck. The driver, charged with being drunk and several other counts, staggered away unscratched.

While checking the contents of the car later, a highway patrolman found in it a booklet, "12 Reasons (Excuses) for Getting Drunk."

People wanting the road through the Croatan Forest, between Havelock and Pollocksville believe that a suggestion to widen another road, between Bogue and Pollocksville, represents the interests of another coastal group.

They contend that the road from Bogue would be more advantageous to the Emerald Isle development, for if a bridge over spans Bogue Sound between Cedar Point and Emerald Isle, the improved route from Bogue westward would fall in line with Emerald Isle development plans.

The forest road group says that the Bogue-Pollocksville set-up would not benefit the Morehead City-Beaufort area lying to the north of Emerald Isle. They believe that traffic should be channeled, as at present, from Havelock through Carteret County by way of Newport. The subject, of course, is debatable—and debated it undoubtedly will be!

The Morehead City High School band recently gave its winter concert. The music produced showed excellent training. Some folks seem to think that the requirements set for school band members are too rigid—that they don't per-

mit band students to participate in sports as well.

Maybe so. But sometimes it's best to be able to do one thing well rather than a lot of things sloppily.

The wife of a workman at the Morehead City Shipbuilding Corp. had a baby aboard a boat last week. The baby was born on the boat on which the family made their home. The birthing was unexpected evidently, for the only thing that brought help was the

Louise Spivey

Words of Inspiration

MEMORIES

Do you ever stand alone, discouraged,  
On Treasure Island's far-away shore?  
Do waves of homesickness pass o'er you?  
Then open your heart's door.

And see how all the worthwhile things  
In your life will blend  
Like memories of your growing-up years  
Home, school, church, friends.

Home — what do you think of?  
What pictures fill your mind?  
Parents oftentimes may say "No."  
It's their way of being kind.

You'll understand our vetoing some of yours plans  
When you're a little older  
And look back at these 19 formative years  
Over an officer's shoulder.

My days are as full as when you left  
As busy as can be —  
Nights, meetings at church, club or school,  
Or I iron and watch TV.

I'm sending you some pictures  
Of your life back home,  
Look at them slowly and caressingly when  
You're homesick or alone.

First—the quiet loveliness of a Carteret sunset,  
God's gift to us all —  
Shrimp boats coming round the bend  
With a full day's haul.

Shad boats heading seaward,  
Laborers resting on deck,  
Bright red apples sold at school  
By the girls in Home Ec.

Farmers laboring in their fields,  
Plowing up the sod,  
Church bells ringing, sweet and clear  
Calling us to God.

Football yells at Beaufort High,  
Autumn's starry skies,  
Your school band marching in green and white,  
Your Mom's cherry pies.

Memories enclosed in your little red Ford,  
Your last high school dance,  
Hayrides, picnics at the beach,  
Your first tender romance.

These pictures will help when you're lonely  
And discouragement will surely cease,  
If you'll keep your heart warm and tender  
And your soul at peace.

With love,  
MOM

Captain Henry

Sou'easter

Have you seen the ducks hereabouts? Now that they know a hunter no longer has his sights on them, they're flocking close inshore to welcome the spring.

The other day I saw a flock of at least 35 on Taylor's Creek, swimming along in V-shape just as they do when in flight. One fellow in the lead and all the others paddling happily behind. Their formation reminded me of a wartime convoy. Their prey? Anything that would fill their round bellies. If every boat had no more draft than a duck, the dredging companies would go out of business.

Last cabbage season Mr. Golden of Bettie told one of his neighbors to go into the Golden cabbage patch and get himself a head of cabbage. The neighbor's wife had told her husband to get her a head of cabbage in town "about the size of your head."

Well before he got to town the neighbor met up with Mr. Golden. Later, one of Mr. Golden's friends asked him, "What kind of idiot did you have down there where they were cutting cabbage? When I rode by, he was trying his hat on one head of cabbage after another."

Ma Taylor on her way home from Greenville last Thursday stopped at the Blue Ribbon for supper. With her were two of her six children—Nanny Hinnant and George Taylor and of course, George's wife, Eileen.

Al Dewey happened also to be there. Ma is very fond of Al's piano playing and Al is an obliging person. So Al played for Ma and it was delightful to see the way her face lit up as he played her repertoire of favorite tunes.

Ma knows her music. But son George wanted to prove that he knew the title of at least one of the melodies flowing beneath Al's fingers.

"Ma, do you know that tune Al's playing?" he asked.

"Certainly!" Ma tersely and exasperatedly said. "I've had six of them!"

The tune was Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life.

This story comes to me second-hand, but I believe it. Jerry Mayo met David Beveridge during the years of the second world war. Jerry, making with the conversation as usual, asked this handsome fellow to whom she was introduced, "Have you been across?"

David, who had not yet enlisted in the Coast Guard looked at her a moment, and then answered, "Yeah, I've been across—across Core Count."

If you can't be thankful for what you receive, be thankful for what you escape.

The Readers Write

Smyrna, N. C.  
Feb. 29, 1956

To the Editor:  
Life is getting pretty grim when men are deciding how long their children shall live.

I just wonder if Sgt. James Housman was ever a small baby of four weeks and cried sometime.

Smile a While

Sam got a dollar too much in his pay envelope one week, but did not say anything. The next week the paymaster discovered the error and deducted a dollar.

"Say," Sam said, "I'm a dollar short."

"Well," said the paymaster, "you didn't complain last week when you were a dollar over."

"Yes, but a guy can overlook one mistake. When it happens a second time, it's time to complain."

Surely his mother didn't want to kill her infant son. You know we are shocked to hear of these things happening in other places, but it is hard to imagine them happening in our beloved Carteret County.

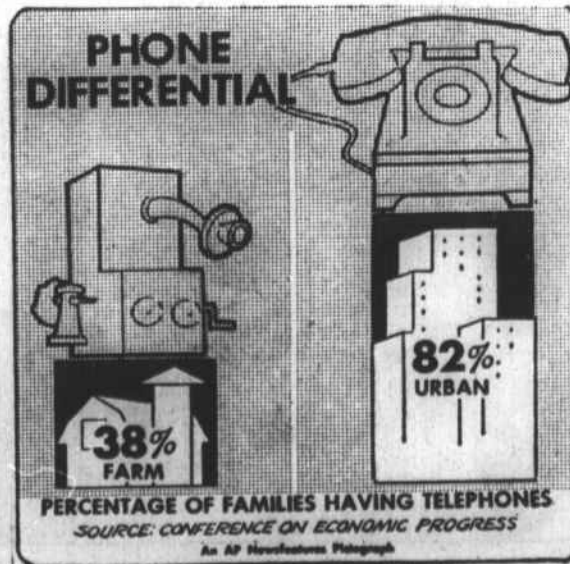
You seldom pick up a paper that there isn't a wreck, robbery or fight with Marines involved. What do they have up there, a man-sized reformatory?

True, there are some fine gentlemen at Cherry Point, but Sgt. James Housman isn't a very fine example to put before our boys and girls.

I think there should be an all-woman jury to decide his fate, which wouldn't be very good if I were selected.

I am very sorry for his wife, for she will be better off without him, as her life is in danger. May God have mercy on him.

Lorena Smiths



**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. PEELING — 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 — N. C. Press Association  
National Editorial Association — Audit Bureau of Circulations  
National Advertising Representative  
Moran & Fischer, Inc.  
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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.