

To Guardians of the Soil . . .

May 6-12 has been designated as Soil Stewardship Week. Sunday is Soil Stewardship Sunday. It has been thus named to help bring forcefully to man's attention that he is the steward, or guardian, of the soil.

The soil beneath our feet is assumed by many to be merely something to walk on. The average person believes it will always be there, simply because it's been there ever since he can remember.

The future of the entire human race is supported by less than a foot of topsoil. The topsoil — good, rich land which is the only source of food for the earth's millions — is a pitifully thin strip of icing over a rocky, rugged planet known as earth.

Like little boys, man has greedily been licking that icing off then running on, unconcerned that mending the damage he has caused will take hundreds of thousands of years.

Most folks know how they are wasting the soil. They know that forest fires scorch the earth and expose it to the washing of rains and blowing of winds. They know that uncontrolled streams carry away the valuable soil and that fields left without plant protection are soon swept barren.

But few conscientiously work at their job as "guardians" of the soil. Jeremiah declared, "Many shepherds have destroyed my vineyard, they have trodden underfoot. They have made my pleas-

ant portion a desolate wilderness. They have made it a desolation, it mourneth unto me, being desolate; the whole land is made desolate, because no man layeth it to heart."

The beginning of the earth's fruitful civilization was in lands of middle eastern Europe, lands which are now desolate because the people who live there, generation after generation, never believed that the life as they knew it would ever change.

Moses said to the people, "You are to go and possess a good land, a land of wheat and barley and vines and fig trees and pomegranates, a land of olive oil and honey, a land wherein they shall cut bread without scarceness."

But man failed to accept the responsibility God gave him, that of caring for the land. And now even the most advanced methods of restoring a barren area are meeting with only partial success.

America is a young land and can be saved from the desolation which has descended on other lands where the stewards were reckless and irresponsible. If everyone realizes that his future and that of his children depends on that thin icing of topsoil on this old earth, Americans for generations to come can sing, in truth,

"O beautiful for spacious skies, for amber waves of grain;

For purple mountain majesties above the fruited plain . . ."

Some Are to be Pitied

Ignorance is a terrible thing.

We first heard that truism, in those words, from Mayor George Dill of Morehead City who was quoting a person who undoubtedly had some influence on his life.

Time and again those words re-echo as we see how utterly and completely people foul themselves up, especially in public affairs, simply because they don't know.

If ignorance is a terrible thing, knowledge, conversely, is a wonderful thing. We're not talking about the knowledge that comes out of books, particularly. If folks in public office, in business, or in civic affairs were KNOWINGLY aware of what's going on about them, much repetitious activity, duplication of effort, and just plain going around in circles would cease.

A few people seem to be aware of events that they see with their own eyes, but a day later they aren't quite sure what they saw or what significance there was to it, if any.

This county has expanded in stature during the past decade. The day is gone when you could find out all there was to know by standing on a street corner exchanging gossip.

Uninformed people say, "What are the churches doing to make things better for us?"

"What good is the chamber of commerce; I haven't seen the results of anything it has done."

"Our schools are in terrible condition. Nobody's doing anything to make them what they should be."

Now these folks may be classified as chronic complainers. Actually, nine-tenths of their complaint is due to the fact that they have not exerted any effort to keep themselves informed, from a reliable source, on what is going on about them. If they did, they wouldn't make blanket condemnations.

Suppose a man comes rushing into town, horrified and gasping, crying, "There's a tremendous monster out in the woods. It weighs two tons, has a horrible nose, makes a roar like a hurricane and will soon invade the town!"

The men of the town rapidly arm themselves and follow the terrified man to the woods. There they stealthily creep up on this monster, ready to shoot and kill before it kills them. And what do they see? An elephant, calmly pulling leaves off a tree with his trunk.

The terrified man becomes the laughing stock of the town. Why anybody would have known the thing was an elephant! But the man who first saw the elephant didn't know, therefore as far as he was concerned, he had just discovered a terrible monster. Other people who knew better laughed at him. Ignorance is a terrible thing.

The foregoing was just a story. But too often incidents with surprising parallel occur about us. A reliable newspaper, which has a sense of responsibility and accurately records local events, keeps people well-informed. People who read a newspaper with intelligent interest have made themselves wealthy both in money and knowledge. And thus they become more valuable citizens.

Amid the Flames (Florida Times-Union)

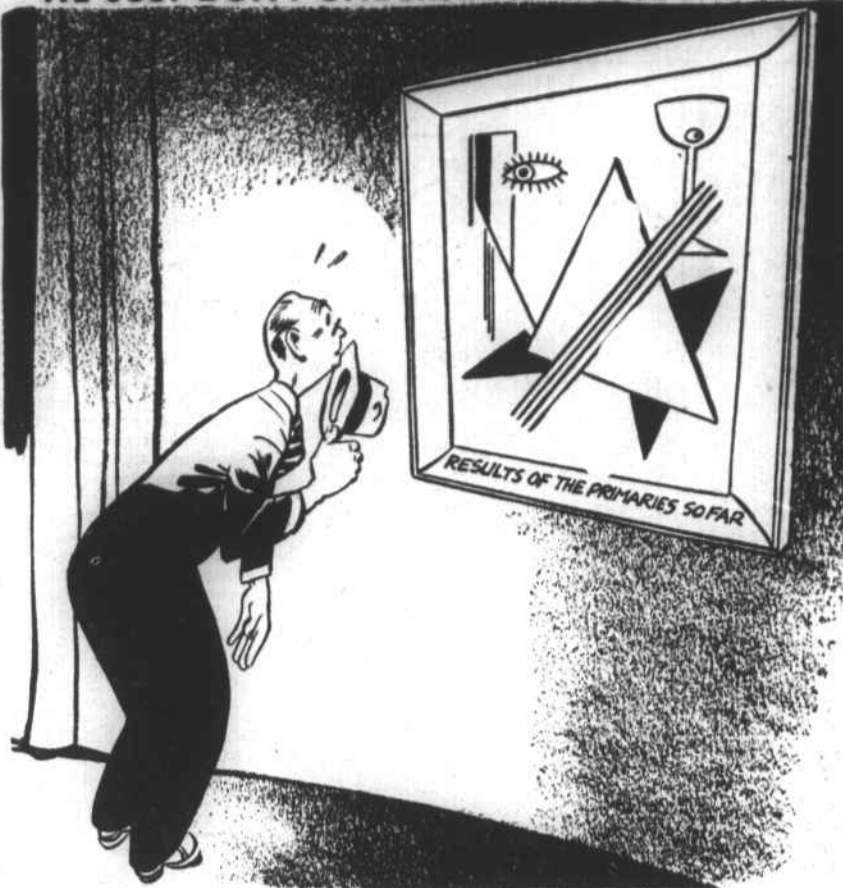
The owner of an Indianapolis haberdashery store should probably receive some kind of prize for his adherence to the principle that the customer is always right.

While a \$75,000 fire blazed in his basement, the haberdasher was confronted by a customer who wanted a hat. He explained about the fire, but the man said it didn't make any difference: his head was cold and he wanted a hat.

The insistent customer got his hat after thus ranking himself among those self-centered people who are the curse of men and nations in times of crisis.

The whole world could be figuratively or literally aflame, and there would still be someone insisting that his head was cold and everything should wait while he found himself a hat.

WE JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND THOSE THINGS



Jerry Schumacher

Diet? It's Easier Not To!

Capt. Bill Ballou and I are dieting like mad, sometimes that is. In other words we will starve ourselves all day and then fall off the wagon and raid the kitchen and eat everything in the house. So yesterday we ate real carefully all day but then at midnight Capt. Bill said, "I'm so hungry I could eat the hinges off the ice box." Well I was too, so we went in the kitchen and finished off about 4000 calories, went home and went to bed and this morning I had gained two more pounds.

Photographed the Atlantic High School Junior-Senior prom at the Sea Level Inn Friday night and this I have to say, the down east gals are some kind of pretty. Never have I seen so many glamour gals in one place in my life.



Jerry

A farmer friend knowing that I just came from the golf course said, "How many rows did you play?"

If everything goes right, Pete Wallace, one of the greatest men I have ever known, will be home here in Morehead City this weekend. Illness strikes us all at one time or another and many times we come out of it a better and a wiser person, some of us especially.

Pete and me go too hard considering the wear and tear we have subjected our carcasses to, so nature has a way of telling us, "Boy, slow down a little bit, you ain't as young as you used to be."

This past weekend was a sight to behold, weather was perfect, the waterfront was teeming with tourists, a few charter boats sailed with paying parties and the restaurants were full up with hungry customers.

Everywhere you look someone is either fixing up, painting up, or building a boat for the summer season.

Oh Lord, please give up some fine weather on weekends so we all can make a decent living this summer.

A fellow that I know who is the outdoor type, big handsome clumsy, you know, graceful like a cow. Well anyway he and his beautiful wife blossom out on the dance floor and all of a sudden they are making like professional dancers. Looked extra good. So I asked,

America by 1975

America by 1975 will be a land in which there will be many new products, undreamed of today, resulting from greater scientific research.

The National Association of Manufacturers cites a 1955 article in Fortune magazine by David Sarnoff, Chairman of the Radio Corporation of America, which concerns this expected development.

Gen. Sarnoff said, in part: ". . . Other sources of energy—the sun, the tides, and the winds—are certain to be developed beyond present expectations. New materials by the score—metals, fabrics, woods, glass—will be added to hundreds of synthetics and plastics already available through our capacity to rearrange the structure of matter."

When the pretty co-ed was asked what could be worse than a man without a country, she replied, "A country without a man."

Harry and Mildred Gillikin, where did you two learn to dance like that?" "Shucks, 'twere nothing to it," said Harry.

"We've been taking lessons." Now that's for me, I have always been as awkward and clumsy as a cow trying to do the ballet and if dancing lessons can do that for people, then dancing school, here I come.

Needed to get in touch with Patrolman Sykes of the highway patrol. Nothing urgent. Well anyway, I called the first Sykes in the phone book. Wrong Sykes. Called the right Sykes, no answer.

Louise Spivey

Words of Inspiration

MOTHER LOVE

Long long ago, so I have been told, Two angels once met on the streets paved with gold. "By the stars in your crown," said the one to the other I see that on earth, you too, were a mother.

"And by the blue-tinted halo you wear You, too, have known sorrow and deepest despair." "Ah, yes," she replied, "I once had a son, A sweet little lad, full of laughter and fun.

"But tell of your child," — "Oh, I knew I was blest From the moment I first held him close to my breast, And my heart almost burst with the joy of that day." "Ah, yes," said the other. "I felt the same way."

The former continued, "The first steps he took So eager and breathless — the sweet startled look Which came over his face — he trusted me so." "Ah, yes," sighed the other, "How well do I know!"

"But soon he had grown to a tall handsome boy So stalwart and kind — and it gave me such joy To have him just walk down the street by my side." "Ah, yes," said the other, "I felt the same pride."

"How often I shielded and spared Him from pain. And when He for others was so cruelly slain, When they crucified Him — and they spat in His face, How gladly would I have hung there in His place."

A moment of silence — "Oh, then you are she — The mother of Christ," and she fell on one knee; But the Blessed One raised her up, drawing her near, And kissed from the cheek of the woman, a tear.

"Tell me the name of the son you loved so. That I may share with you your grief and your woe." She lifted her eyes, looking straight at the other, "He was Judas Iscariot, I am his mother."

— Richard Maxwell

There are poems enough for most mothers and the red and white flowers worn on Mother's Day are a lovely symbol of mother love. There is no love that can excel it. Most of the children on this great day, I see wearing a bright red rose or carnation, yet there are some who recently wear a white one with only a lovely memory to help them through the day.

As we read our newspapers each day, we find many, both mothers and children who are not so fortunate. We read where small children have been left in homes alone and were lost in a fire while their mothers visited a nearby tavern.

We see wonderful women who would have made good mothers, going through life, giving their time and attention to a puppy or kitten. We see children who do not seem to have one spark of love in their hearts for their mothers, and mothers who seem to have no love at all for their children.

If you are as old as I am, you too have probably seen two boys in the same school room with the same home environment, and one of these boys might be a minister, the other a murderer. Washington Irving expresses it this way, "Yes, Mother's Day is a happy day for the fortunate ones, but to others it is a sad and difficult day."

I believe every woman who has ever given birth to a child, no matter how sinful that mother might be, in her heart wants and hopes that her child will have the best that life has to offer.

Washington Irving believes it is this way with all mothers: "A father may turn his back on his child; brothers and sisters may become inveterate enemies; husbands may desert their wives, and wives their husbands. But a mother's love endures through all; in good repute; in bad repute, in the face of the world's condemnation, a mother still loves on, and still hopes that her child may turn from his evil ways, and repent; still she remembers the infant smiles that once filled her bosom with rapture, the merry laugh, the joyful shout of his childhood, the opening promise of his youth; and she can never be brought to think him all unworthy. — Washington Irving

The Readers Write

Route 5 Havelock

To the Editor:

I read with great interest the story in the April 20 NEWS-TIMES of Miss Bettie Harker, a retired school teacher, and it is my hope that some day I will meet her personally.

Since our teachers are at this time more or less in the limelight, I would like very much to dedicate this to them.

A little boy said to his teacher (this the closing day of school), "I hate to leave you, and I do wish you knew enough to teach the second grade."

Can't you just picture two bright eyes gazing up into the kind face of his first grade teacher? He so wanted her to know that he loved her, and bless his little heart, that was his way of telling her. I think we all like to reminisce, and our own school days bring back fond memories.

I attended school in New Bern, it being my home town, and I cannot remember one teacher I did not love.

My first was Miss Mollie Heath, she was a dear sweet little person, with a twinkle in her eye, and a heart of real gold. We were babies and she loved us as her very own.

She had a natural love for children which they instantly knew, and her patience was beyond understanding.

She not only taught my generation but the generation before, as she was also my mother's teacher. Miss Mollie had a teaching record in New Bern of over 50 years.

There was another teacher that had taught mother, Miss Annie Chadwick who was my 5th grade teacher. I would like to say something nice and mention all of them, but I'm afraid space will not permit.

I noticed with interest the small pension of \$57.45 paid to Miss Harker, and this we are not proud of. It is a shame to our state. The teaching profession is one of the greatest, and I think the most abused.

If we have any high salaried people it should be our teacher, for it is into their hands we place our most precious possessions, our children.

It is the Christian teacher that molds them into patterns, and are interested in their achievements. If a child has the Christian environment in the home, then when they enter school the teacher has a better product to work with.

It is a sad day when a mother sees her child off to school for the first day, and I can well remember sending my two.

I did not cry before them, but I did, on both occasions retire to my bedroom and have a good cry.

There is something about turning our children over to teachers that mother's can't take very well, but as time goes by we realize what a baby we were, for after all they do have to grow up. We cannot keep them small. They must

grow in wisdom as well as stature. There is a great scarcity of teachers and this is due to the very small salary paid them.

A teacher's life isn't easy, and her day isn't finished when she leaves the school room. Her evenings are as full as her days, for there are papers to be graded and plans for the following day considered. These things are first in her life, pleasure and recreation must come later.

There are teacher's meetings every so often, then there is also summer school. They have to save out of their small salary for this in order to become a better prepared teacher and often begin the year on a shoe string, so to speak.

Now we do have some teachers that may have missed their calling, even as we have in other fields of work.

However I do believe that if we made the salary more attractive, we could get the very best, and this is important.

To our teachers who have made teaching their life's profession, I would like to leave with them a little poem, A Teacher's Prayer.

This was written by Mrs. L. L. Trexler, a product of 10 years' teaching experience.

My best regards to you in your work,

Mrs. J. L. Smith

A TEACHER'S PRAYER

May I go forth as any sower goes, dear Lord, To plant his seed, with hope, in fertile fields. And may I take the seeds of wisdom in my humble hands To bring them all the power knowledge yields.

And may I bring them beauty, interspersed With great desire to rid the earth of age-old ills. May I, through thy strong necessary hands Make great their characters with noble wills.

They hold no prejudice, and so I fervently Do ask that I may never teach it uselessness that each day Will find me growing in thy truth, and that through thee I'll teach them to forgive, and how to pray.

And may I teach them love of nature's treasures rare, And gratitude for all that learning brings. Then, God, I ask that frequently each passing day That I shall hear their youthful laughter's ring.

So may I teach them much that does not lie Between the covers of their books. And when the day Shall come that sowing shall be done, O then may I Be witness of great gleaming from my task, I pray.

F. C. Salisbury

Here and There

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

FRIDAY, MAY 4, 1917 A. B. Roberts and family this week moved in the house formerly occupied by Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Kuhn.

Miss Polly Piner of Williston has accepted a position as saleslady with the Paragon Company.

Miss Winona Nelson has resumed her position with the Paragon Company after an illness of several days.

G. W. Thompson left Sunday afternoon for his home in Raleigh

after spending a short time in the city with his parents Mr. and Mrs. George Thompson.

Curtis Willis arrived in the city Sunday morning from Florida where he spent the winter.

Miss Alice Taylor has returned to her home in Harlowe after spending several days in the city with relatives.

The many friends of Mrs. Frank Stator will be glad to learn that she is able to be out again after a few weeks illness.

Mrs. Maggie Mallison left Tuesday for Durham where she will represent the Lanier Book Club of this city at the State Federation of Woman's Clubs.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. N. W. Garner, at their home, a girl. Mrs. Abram Wade of New Bern spent Tuesday in the city with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. G. Nelson.

Mrs. Seth Gibbs and daughter, Miss Gladys, of Beaufort passed through the city Monday enroute to Rocky Mount.

J. M. Arthur left Monday for a business trip through the central part of the state in the interest of the J. H. Riggins Company.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Piner Jr. arrived home last week from Miami, Fla., where they spent the winter.

Miss Agnes Royal of Marshallberg visited relatives in the city this week.

L. T. Yarborough, U.S. postoffice inspector arrived in the city Monday for the purpose of instructing L. B. Davenport, carrier, as to his delivery duties.

Elmer Nichols who was nominated at the primary meeting as a candidate for one of the town commissioners has declined the nomination.

The actual work of building the sea wall on the water front was begun this week.

At a meeting of the school board the following teachers were elected: Misses Margaret and Daisy Ellis, Eva McMillan, Hattie Brinson, and Bettie Harker and Mesdames W. T. Jones, Hattie Edwards and I. G. Farrow. The others of the faculty who did not apply were Professor S. W. Carwile, Misses Kinette, Phelps, Wescott, Jones and Mrs. R. T. Wado.

Author of the Week



Bradford Smith, author of "Yankees in Paradise," or what New Englanders did to Hawaiians, is familiar at first hand with both bands of people.

Of venerable New England descent himself, he first stopped in Hawaii in 1931 on his way to teach English literature in Tokyo.

After research at Harvard, he spent several months in Hawaii year before last hunting material for this book.

This is his 14th published work.

Television certainly has its effect on everyone. The other night a friend of ours turned on his radio by mistake; he thought he'd gone blind.

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