

Newport Decides Today

Newport residents must make a decision today. At least those who have a sense of civic responsibility will make a decision. Those who are too lazy to decide what, in their opinion, is the best for Newport, won't go to the polls.

Shall the town borrow a hundred thousand dollars to put in a water system? Water — getting it in the right place at the right time — has been a major problem in the town for a number of years.

Most people would like to have a water system but they don't want to pay for it. That's natural. But progress has a price.

The man who has a well and his own pumping system says, "I'm getting along all right. I have money invested in my own water system and I'm not going to give that up to hook into any town system!"

That point of view is understandable. But no town has been built, no great deed accomplished without the cooperation of many people. Selfish motives must be submerged if a greater good is to be enjoyed by a greater number.

A town-wide water system would make water available for fire-fighting. Folks planning to build in Newport would be able to deduct from their building costs the price of a well and a pump. They will probably benefit by a lower fire insurance rate. Industry, small or large, makes a close check on availability of water.

People might scoff and say, "Huh, industry doesn't want to locate in Newport!" But let's see — there's a railroad through the town. There are good highways. There is evidence that there is a progressive town administration. Land is available. That sounds as though certain firms might be quite in-

terested in Newport. A water system would make the town more attractive to such business.

One hundred thousand dollars is a lot of money. It's enough to make a little town back off and say, "Now wait a minute, let's look at this thing!" And folks are wise to look closely. Borrowing this money means that town administrations over the next 30 years must function efficiently.

When a debt has to be paid off, there's no room for dilly-dallying with a budget. If Newport votes in favor of the water system, it will be voting in favor of bringing a "new business" to town, to be operated by town officials for the citizens. It will be a big business. The water system will require servicing, monthly bills will have to be sent out and money collected.

In any business, there is risk involved. But government and financial experts believe Newport can handle the paying off of a water system debt. Whether the Newport folks have that much faith in themselves we'll know after today.

How to be Informed

Two meetings on the Pearsall Plan have been scheduled for the remainder of this week. There will be one at 7:30 tomorrow night at Newport School and another at 7:30 Friday night at Beaufort School.

Too many folks, we fear, are going to say, "I don't know what's the best thing to do, so I'm just not going to vote at all." The issue on the public schools and integration is too momentous for just a handful of people to decide.

The good citizen will go to one of the meetings mentioned above, make a decision and go to the polls Saturday.

Humans Bury Their Dead . . .

Funerals are an interesting custom. Rites practiced through the ages by humans burying their dead have been the subject of study by anthropologists, sociologists, archaeologists and probably many other . . . gists."

In this country alone, in this modern day, funeral customs vary. In some places there is no music at a funeral service. In other sections the funeral service, instead of being quiet and simple, turns into a full-fledged church service. And occasionally, if organizations other than the church participate, the service borders on turning into a three-act show.

A Sanford Herald columnist comments that he was quite surprised at a recent funeral in Raleigh when the family of the deceased felt obligated to provide lunch for all out-of-towners attending. "Our folks hereabouts would think this a terrible hardship but the Raleigh folks accept this as the way it should be done," he said.

The custom of providing a meal, or two or three, for the family of the deceased and any other folks who may call at the home, is practiced here. Friends, neighbors and relatives send in the food and the table is never more heavily laden, even at Thanksgiving!

In rural areas in years past, when folks traveled by horse or on foot to funerals, it was necessary that they be fed somewhere. There were no cafes "around the corner." Thus, this custom was established and it will probably be a long time dying out even in this age of automobiles and restaurants.

Recently we have noticed in obituaries that as many as four and five ministers have officiated at a funeral! The family undoubtedly has valid reason for requesting the presence of so many clergymen, but to the outsider, it seems somewhat "unusual."

A few folks have said, "Evidently they're afraid he won't get to heaven as a (denomination named) and so they call in a few preachers from other churches to make sure!" Still others claim it's an effort to "out-do" somebody else who was buried with only two or three preachers officiating.

Thus custom continues and grows. We raise an eyebrow at the burial rites observed by many primitive peoples and the ancients. And there's no reason to doubt that people of centuries to come will be raising an eyebrow at us.

Get Off That Line!

(Greensboro Daily News)

Macy's may not have told Gimbel's yet, but the truth is sure to come out.

At 4 o'clock one recent summer afternoon there was a loud blast from a telephone booth by an escalator in the center of the main floor at Macy's Department Store in New York.

Investigating police found a small home-made bomb consisting of a galvanized iron pipe two and a half inches long filled with gunpowder. The bomb was set off by a small, cheap watch attached to a battery.

New York police may not be able to explain the explosion. They may start a search for a disgruntled employee or an irritated customer. They may even harbor suspicions against the rival Gimbel's.

But it's perfectly clear to us what happened. Somebody got tired of waiting outside that telephone booth while the lady customer inside called up a dozen friends to boast about what a good bargain she had found at Macy's.

Somebody went home and concocted the bomb, then returned to Macy's to set it off. Our only hope is that the same lady was still inside the booth.

HOW MUCH MIRACLE DRUG DOES IT TAKE?



Jerry Schumacher

White Lightning a La Mode

We were talking about white lightning. Now for my money I can't stand the stuff and believe me I have tried it every way they ever thought of, like with coke, 7-Up, ginger ale, lemon juice, orange juice, even had some that had what looked like fruit salad in it, and all of it tasted bad to me.

Now we have a friend from up state that came up with this one. "Did you ever try it with pickled peaches in it?" So I said, "No sir, that's a new one on me. How does it taste?" Well he said, "I don't know but the pickled peaches taste real wonderful."

Fellow went into Capt. Bill's and said to the waitress, "Miss, do you have frog legs?" Waitress said, "No sir, I have arthritis, that's the reason I walk this way."

Walter Edwards of Fry Roofing set me back a bit. And this is how it came about. After the explosion that you all know about by now I had to take more pictures and while doing this I said, "Walter, it would seem to me that Fry Roofing should have some fire fighting equipment of their own because this is really a potential danger spot."

Well instead of getting angry at my careless remark, Walter took me around and gave me a cook's tour of the plant. Now this outfit has firefighting equipment galore. You are never more than 15 feet from some kind of an extinguisher. They have 4 big sheds that house thousands of feet of hose. Every man is trained to a station.

When their own siren blows, all hands run from their particular job and suddenly become trained fire fighters. Now that kind of organization plus our wonderful fire department, why shucks, no self respectin' fire has a Chinaman's chance. Mighty comfortin' to know all this, being as this studio is just a Mickey Mantle home run away from there.

Some writers tickle me, they all start off writing for the common man, that's because they are at that time common themselves, and it is then that I like to read their stuff. Then as they get educated,

you learn to spell long words and such, their stuff loses its appeal. Like they will be writing about a clam digger who says, "I'm going out in my rowin' skiff at hoy toyd and see if I can catch me a boat load of Mugil Cephalus." Mullet, to us common folks. Now you see what I mean. Then they will sprinkle their column or stories with things like this, "Had lunch with the President and 6 members of his cabinet today." All this trying to impress us readers with their importance, when if the truth were known they had a hot dog at Sam's beany and read about the President in the morning paper.

You know if you get too smart in this world, you don't have near as much fun as us stupid people. Just think, if I were smart I would have never bought this miserable boat, then no one would have anything to rib me about. I wouldn't have anything to write about, also wouldn't have anything to worry about or talk about. Now all these wonderful interesting things happen to me just cause I'm stupid.

Sure hope I never get smart where everything goes along so smooth that life will become so boring it won't even be worthwhile.

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"He takes the prospect out to lunch and we munch a cold sandwich. Then he takes the prospect out for an afternoon of golf. We feel the world couldn't go on without us workers. We are the ones who fill the hives with honey."

"This little poem might express how we feel:
Consider the little busy bee
As down the dusty road he beats it
Gathering honey all the day
While some lazy loafer eats it.
"But then comes the day when things go wrong. The file on the big case gets lost. The customer raises sand. That's when we wash our hands and the poor boss's shoulders have to be broad. He bears the burden of loss. He takes the problems home at night. He keeps the budget balanced. He has to meet the payroll.
"So let's join in a wholehearted toast to the boss:
It may rain
It may hail
But our bosses never fail.
It may snow, it may sleet.
But our bosses can't be beat."

Note to towns contemplating celebration of centennials, and such: Men, if you want to get out of growing beards, and ladies, if you want to avoid a battle with your husband about it, put a barber on the centennial planning committee.

Morehead City is expecting to sell captain's caps to the gentlemen.

If anybody's feelings are hurt because he wanted to grow a beard, maybe there will be a moustache and beard concession somewhere and you can acquire face foliage at a small price and put it on with a gum band.

Mr. B. C.'s Jacksonville partner said, "I do declare, I think somebody was selling me a bill of goods!"

It was 11 years ago Sunday that Japan finally gave up and surrendered to us on the battleship Missouri . . . seems like only yesterday I tried to convince the Coast

Guard Magazine

Smile a While

"What is the tactful way for a girl's father to let her boyfriend know it's time to leave?"
"He may casually pass through the room with a box of breakfast food."
—Coast Guard Magazine

Louise Spivy

Words of Inspiration

A LETTER FROM FATHER TO DAUGHTER

My dear Louise,
In a few more years, if the right man comes along, you will be married. And, if he is a swell guy and you are a wonderful wife, your fifth anniversary gift from him may include a note something like this:
"Darling and best of wives, I thank you for making these five years the happiest I have ever known."
"I thank you for appearing at breakfast every morning with your hair combed, wearing fresh clothes and a smile."
"I thank you for considering my taste in food and serving things I like, instead of suiting your own palate and requiring me to eat things I abominate — or do without."
"I thank you for understanding that food tastes better if nicely served, and for having some kind of flower on the table at every meal."
"I thank you for allowing me to use your best china and linen, and silver, instead of saving it for more important people or hoarding it for your heirs."
"I thank you for understanding that we two are one, and for the unfailing loyalty that makes you take my part in any controversy — whether I am right or not."
"I thank you for always telling me your real troubles and letting me help if I can, yet never complaining about little things that nobody can help."
"I thank you for realizing how completely my heart is yours, and for trusting me as I trust you, and never being jealous or suspecting me of disloyalty."
"I thank you for watching me leave the house many a time and never once saying: 'Where are you going?'"
"I thank you for being tactful and considerate and never talking about my ornery relatives and never saying anything unkind about the nice ones."
"I thank you for remembering that I have an interest in things, and for not saying 'my car' and 'my house' when you mention our car or our house to your friends."
"I thank you for being a good sport and never crowing when you win, or rubbing it in when I am wrong, or saying 'I told you so.'"
"And most of all, I thank you for enduring my faults and not telling me about them."
When and if you get such a note, it will be like graduating with a grade of 100 per cent.

Love,
Dad
— Robert Quillen

GOD'S GIFT

We are not here to play, to dream, to drift;
We have hard work to do, and loads to lift;
Shun not the struggle — face it, 'tis God's gift.
— Shaftesbury

SPEAK SOFTLY

When we answer back in anger oftentimes to one we dearly love,
Many more angry words are spoken, making angels shudder in heaven above.
Had we spoken, a soft, kind answer, wrath would quickly disappear,
No broken heart from grievous words spoken to hurt the ones we love dear.
Speak gently, kindly of each other, let love be your guiding star;
Let no harsh words in anger spoken, your happiness forever mar.
— Mary Langham

Free Wheeling

By BILL CROWELL
Motor Vehicles Department
CAR SICKNESS . . . Science now knows what causes motion sickness, that a queasy-in-the-stomach feeling you sometimes have on long motor trips. The trouble comes from the type of food eaten, kind of clothing, and boredom.
Children are especially susceptible. Which leads Free Wheeling to advise a simple diet (no pastries, mayonnaise, fish) for youngsters during a trip. Also loose, comfortable clothes, and a favorite toy or coloring book to occupy the small fry's attention.
As a further diversion, when children get restless, the Smithfield Herald suggests some simple game like seeing which one can scream the loudest.
HOT CARS . . . Tom Secrest, assistant head of the Motor Vehicles Department's Auto Theft Bureau, is the car thief's worst occupational hazard. The former highway patrolman, turned sleuth, uses chemistry, clerking and checking to up-plant plans of auto and truck pilferers.
Tom doesn't low-rate the professional auto thief. He relishes matching wits with the pros who, for the most part, are the ones who keep him in business.
"Kids who snatch cars temporarily for joy riding seldom keep them more than a few hours," he says. "And others eventually abandon stolen cars after impulsive, and usually foolish, journeys. It's the professional who displays real cunning at stealing cars and trying to cash in on them."
To try and sell a stolen vehicle in North Carolina is risky business. Despite new paint jobs, seat covers, extra accessories and the like which the professionals employ to disguise a hot car, Tom and his inspectors can spot them with regularity. Grinding off engine numbers is a standard trick. Tom doesn't have X-ray eyes but he can even read such vanished figures. Chemistry does it.
A secret formula dabbed on an obliterated engine number brings it back with Houdini-like mysteriousness. Fake engine numbers, often substituted after grinding, are detected with equal facility by investigators.
RECKLESS ROLLER . . . The man didn't say a word when the highway crew ran over his cat with a steam roller. He just stood there with a long puss.

Captain Henry

Sou'easter

Mabel Gilchrist bought some of the wrought iron work that was on the old Chadwick house. After the story on the house, by Mr. Salisbury, came out a few weeks ago, there was the greatest rush by lovers of antiques for grillwork and other stuff from the house. (The house was torn down, you know).
I heard one woman in New Bern tried to buy what Mrs. Gilchrist had already acquired, and when she was unsuccessful, cried all night.
You can have all the old stuff. Give me a nice new power mower or an outboard motor any day.

They're still telling this story about B. C. Brown. He went up to Jacksonville a couple weeks ago with the golf clubbers. When he was introduced to his Jacksonville partner, his age was mentioned as "72."
Well, B. C. got out there and heked the pants off his host and said host was slightly put out. After carefully riding B. C. around in the cart, being very charitable in deference to Mr. Brown's alleged age, etc., it's not very comfortable to come in on the wrong end of the score.
Mr. B. C.'s Jacksonville partner said, "I do declare, I think somebody was selling me a bill of goods!"

I hear the new Colonial Store will open Wednesday, Sept. 19 . . . also I'd like to say a belated "Howdy and Welcome" to Jim Wheatley. It's a real good feeling to have him home again. Best of luck, son.
I understand that the manager of Morehead City's centennial celebration will probably be paid. This is a good idea, I think. Whoever engineers such a show puts more work on it than the volunteers under him.
But from what I've read about the centennial, evidently a lot of money is going to be passing hands and it might be a good idea to have an auditing committee keep close check on things.
And so our Miss North Carolina is in Atlantic City this week. I believe she has a good chance of reaching the top.
Reformer—Young man, do you realize that drinking will never get you anywhere?
Stewed—Ain't it the truth! I started home from this corner five times already.
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In the Good Old Days

THIRTY YEARS AGO
Miss Georgia Neal won the beauty contest at the Atlantic Hotel.

In a letter to the editor, a Beaufort resident suggested that the town commissioners drain the pools and ditches to keep the mosquitoes from breeding.

Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Snowden had returned to Beaufort from Florida and would make their home here.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO
The Marine Bank of Morehead City had closed. This was the first bank failure in Carteret County in 20 years.

Beaufort would hold a referendum on selling the light and water plant.

The new North River bridge was opened to traffic.

TEN YEARS AGO
The first Beaufort PTA meeting

of the year would be held in the courthouse.

Miss Rachel Brock of Morehead City would represent Morehead City at the Tobacco Festival at Reidsville.

George W. Dill Jr. was asked by Morehead City commissioners to assume the office of mayor to succeed D. B. Willis.

FIVE YEARS AGO
Earl Davis, Clayton Guthrie Jr., David Yeomans, Elihu Lewis and Lynwood Parker were named to the Markers Island school committee.

M. T. Mills, Morehead City, was seriously injured when a wrecked car fell on him at the Sound Chevrolet garage.

The newly-installed elevator at Morehead City Hospital was put into operation.