

Try Some Vinegar

Teachers, in being kind, understanding and long-suffering, have gotten absolutely nowhere in attempting to get higher salaries...

For that reason we believe, along with Sloan Wilson, education editor of the New York Herald Tribune...

Mr. Sloan believes that the public school teaching profession should be stripped of its many layers of foolishness and that teachers should develop more independence.

We were speaking the other night to a principal of a school in this county who is highly incensed about the salaries teachers are receiving.

The Herald Tribune education editor believes that it's time public school teachers learn how to be nasty.

He suggests that they take their cues from the college professor who may not command a high salary, either, but he commands a lot respect.

The public school teachers spend half their time on miserable jobs, policing school halls, lunchrooms, dances, wash rooms, collecting lunch money and doing, quaveringly, everything they're told.

This, Mr. Sloan says, discourages true teachers. He adds, "Some say it is idle to expect public school teachers to revolt, because they would be fired. This is not necessarily so.

In this day of teacher shortage, few will be fired. There may be trouble, at first, if teachers began to revolt against the stupid demands made on their time and patience.

Beginning teachers should be expected to do a few housekeeping chores, but full-fledged teachers, like college professors, "would be treated as respectfully as porcupines if they only learned how to grow quills," Mr. Sloan declares.

"The result," he continues, "could be the end of the teacher shortage, a new haven for intellectuals, and schools in which the chief qualification for a job would be love of learning rather than the ability to tolerate malarky."

Come Join the Parade

Carteret is invited to join the "Fish Parade." The Fish Parade starts Monday and continues through the following Saturday, Nov. 3.

Restaurants throughout the nation will serve new fish dishes, chain stores and other grocers will feature fishery specials and housewives will be invited to try new fish recipes.

The Fish Parade is being sponsored by the nation's fisheries in cooperation with the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service.

Recognizing the important occasion, President Dwight D. Eisenhower says, "To the fishing industry of America, I send greetings. Every part of your industry contributes its share to the national economy and to the nutritional well-being of our citizens."

"The combined work of fishermen, processors and distributors enables this country to enjoy the widest variety of fish and shellfish in the world."

"My congratulations go to you commercial fishermen and to the fishing industry which supplies the nation with more than four and a half billion pounds of seafood every year."

Next week would be an opportune time for civic organizations to schedule programs on fishing and fish products. Carteret is wealthy in its supply of fishery experts and they have proved to be most cooperative in spreading the good word about fish.

Fishermen themselves could present interesting programs. Too few of our folks who make their living ashore know what the commercial fisherman experiences once he leaves dock.

Teachers may find an opportune time next week to discuss the fishing industry with their pupils.

As for diet, fish should find its way into many a school lunchroom next week.

Housewives would help to move the usual heavy fall supply of fish on the market, if they served fresh-caught fish to their families, or if they pick up an extra box or two of frozen fish when they go to their grocery store.

The fisheries are America's oldest industry. Today the total annual catch is worth three and a quarter million dollars to the fisherman.

Harry A. Trimm Jr., chairman of the Fish Parade, hopes that during this special annual promotion the fishing industry can up the annual per capita consumption of fish by one pound, thereby adding 165,000,000 pounds or approximately \$25 million to the fisheries business.

Carteret will directly benefit if that goal is realized.

For the United Nations...

"We the peoples of the United Nations

"Determined to save succeeding generations from the scourge of war..."

These are the opening words of the charter of the United Nations. This week was celebrated throughout the world as United Nations Week.

In Poland and Hungary it was marked, coincidentally perhaps, by revolt against Russian control.

In other nations there was smattering recognition of the week, in this the tenth year of the UN. It has existed longer than any other organization of nations of modern time and though its sessions have frequently been stormy, it has proved to be fulfilling its purpose.

The UN can exist only with the support and confidence of the people of the world. Americans should realize its worth and give unstintingly of their faith, effort and prayer for its continued existence.

ALL DEPENDS ON HOW YOU LOOK AT IT!



Jerry Schumacher

Fireplace on Yacht Lures Trouble

Baxter Still, a friend of some 15 years, hove into Morehead City on the beautiful sailing yacht, the Gulf Stream. Now this is perhaps the only sailboat in the world that has a full size fireplace in the main cabin.



Jerry

Well Baxter and his crew were tied to the dock at City Island, N. Y., and across the dock was a gang of folks on a stinkpot; this, to you landlubbers, is a boat powered with motors alone.

We were discussing words 'tother evening. Now there are some words in this language of ours that sound humorous even tho' they aren't humorous at all, like for instance the word, clavicle.

Just to say it, makes me chuckle, then there are the towns of Keokuk, Kalamazoo, and Kankekee, not to forget Kokomo. Maybe they're funny because they Kickle.

Lady called up and said, Send me over 4 lamb chops.

Sorry lady, I don't have them either.

OK, then send me two steaks. Sorry lady, ain't got them either. Lady: Look this is the butcher shop, ain't it? No lady, this is the florist's. Lady: Well hell send me a dozen lilies then. My husband must be starved to death by now.

Two guys discussing golf. One says to the other one, "If I don't give up golf, my wife says she is gonna leave me." The other guy says, "What are you gonna do?" "Well gee, I'll sure miss her."

The needle said to the thread as they were going into the nudist colony, "Sew what?"

Well, Mom and Pop's is gone.

It's too bad. Many folks have had lots of pleasure fishing, eating oysters and good seafood at this fine place. All I can say is that I for one hope that these wonderful folks can build back a bigger place. Come to think of it, we have had too many really big fires around here the last two years.

Wonder what's happening down Atlantic way, haven't heard from Iris and Clayton Fulcher, or Monroe and Luther Gaskill for quite some time now. How about a posty card folks, just to let us know everything is all right?

Big deal at the Blue Ribbon Thursday night. 'Twas Al Dewey's birthday. And to put it mildly, a good time was had by all, especially Al. The Blue Ribbon rocked and rolled and almost busted at the seams.

F. C. Salisbury

Here and There

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

FRIDAY, OCT. 26, 1917

Miss Carita Wallace of New Bern returned home Monday after a short visit here with relatives.

Mrs. L. L. Leary and mother, Mrs. Harriet Willis, are visiting friends in Danville, Va.

R. E. Barrington, who for several weeks has been employed as carpenter in Norfolk, returned home Tuesday night.

J. N. Canfield and family left Wednesday for Pennsylvania where they will make their future home.

Mrs. Mary Royal returned home from Norfolk where she spent a few days visiting her brother, Fred Franklin.

Mrs. J. E. Willis left last week for her home in Brooklyn, N. Y., after spending several weeks here visiting friends and relatives.

Miss Peacock of Washington arrived in the city Saturday night, coming here to teach the 6th grade of the school, succeeding

Miss Bertha Morton, resigned.

Horace Mizelle, who has been holding a position in the bank at Whitakers, arrived in the city this week to spend a few days after which he will go to Winston-Salem, having accepted a position in a bank in that city.

An interesting program is being prepared by Miss Hattie Brinson and Mrs. E. P. Mendhall for the occasion on Friday, Nov. 2, when the Woman's Club will plant a "Liberty Oak" on the school grounds.

News was received here this week that Ira T. Long, of this city, who left a few days ago to resume his studies at the University of Virginia, has enlisted in the Medical Reserve Corps, and probably will see service in France soon.

More than 20 tons of tomatoes have been gathered from a 12-acre patch belonging to W. P. Davis. Unless an early frost comes more than 40 tons will be gathered from the 12 acres. The tomatoes were sold to the J. H. Riggan Co. for canning.

Captain Henry

Sou'easter

A younger brother was crawling all over his older brother's back while Big Brother was reading the funnies.

Finally Big Brother shouted, "Oh, you're a nuisance!" to the little one.

Their mother asked, "How do you know what a nuisance is?"

Big Brother replied, "It's something you'd like to slap down but your mother won't let ya."

Heard that you could have scooped the mullet up with your hands near the Morehead City Shipbuilding yard Monday. They said the mullets, big ones, were swarming in deep water thick as bees.

One fellow said, "I have nay time for any job when they schoolin' up like that."

Some parents have a rough time of it. Claud Wheatly (Big Joker) says he barely got through third grade last year and now he has serious doubts about fourth.

A Morehead City attorney was talking to a Morehead City judge. The attorney had made a request and the young judge, with fatherly aplomb, replied, "Yes, Harvey, son, I think it can be arranged."

Son quietly blew his stack.

One of the young fellows I know was in the hospital recently. I was calling on him and the nurse came in and stuck a thermometer in his mouth. "What are they doing that for?" I asked.

He replied, "Oh, I don't know. I take it out when it gets up to 98."

Louise Spivey

Words of Inspiration

You cannot buy contentment. When a horse balks, the difficulty is not in his legs but in his head. When a human being is paralyzed by discontent, the trouble is not with the circumstance, but with his reaction to that circumstance.

One poor boy becomes a millionaire, and another stays right where he is, so unhappy over his "bad luck" that he does not make the necessary efforts to go forward.

One woman keeps so cheerful and jolly when the family income goes down that she is invited everywhere, while another mourns until her friends make her unwelcome because she has lost joy.

The discontented person thinks he wants to get away from where he is to leave his poverty, his unsatisfactory position, his tiresome relatives and friends and go somewhere else, where he is confident that he will find success, riches and admiring companions. But his intense dislike of his circumstances fills his thoughts to the exclusion of qualities which make for progress, activity, adaptability and interest outside of one's self.

All the time he blames his surroundings, but it is his own mental attitude which chains him.

Emerson states the case remarkably well. "Discontent," he says, "is the want of self reliance; it is infirmity of will." With confidence and the will to go forward, no adversity, no obstacle can continue to obstruct progress. Every trial of strength only adds to confidence, increases determination, prepares for victory.

Contentment is a quality of mind and he who has not learned it will never acquire it by merely getting a million dollars or fame, for there are always fresh causes for discontent appearing to the person who is willing to entertain any of them.

The great Biblical character, Paul, who knew poverty and contempt and prison, chartered the whole road to happiness in one small sentence in his letter to the Philippians, "I have learned in whatever state I am herewith to be content."

LOOK TO YOURSELF

Don't appoint yourself a censor, no matter what you do. This great big world was never made for just a chosen few. There's none of us that's perfect, there's few of us that stay. And never stray or wander from the straight and narrow way. So when you start to hammer some poor soul who's gone astray, 'Twill do no harm to pause and think, you may lose your grip some day. What's the use to kick one who's just about to fall? If you do not care to help him, don't mention him at all. You'll find if you take notice, that what I say is true; While there may be faults in others, there's a flaw or two in you.

Do You Remember?

By RUTH HOWLAND DEYO

(Editor's Note: This continues the series of articles on Morehead City in the first half of the 20th century.)

About the year 1888 Mr. Fred Royal was in business with his father, Mr. Joe Royal. They were in the egret and tern business!

The insatiable demands of the New York millinery trade made this quite a commercial enterprise along about that time.

The egret, both male and female, has forty to fifty long, lovely, recurved-back nuptial plumes that develop to a delicate and ethereal quality during the breeding season. These are the milliners' "Aigrettes."

The tern is a pretty, small bird. (I think it is what we also call a striker around here). Some have a forked tail. They are white with distinctive black, brown and pale gray markings, yellowish-orange and orange-brown bills, and reddish-brown or orange legs.

From May to July father, Mr. Joe, and son, Fred, with four, sometimes five other men, sailed in their wind-jammer, Sharpie, which was 50 feet long, hunting egrets and terns. They went as far away as Florida!

These birds were generally abundant in salt bays, marshes and ponds, which are attractive and favorite feeding grounds.

Keeping bloody wounds to a minimum, a shot gun, firing mustard seed shot, No. 13, was used. If ever a bloody wound occurred, plaster of paris was immediately applied to cover this.

Mr. Joe Royal skinned the terns, and using arsenic, cured these skins as they sailed along.

Sometimes he shipped the whole skin, receiving about 60 cents. By cutting the bird in pieces and shipping backs, breasts, and wings, he made more money.

For the exquisite feathers of

From the Bookshelf

The Blue Dog and other Fables for the French. By Anne Bodart. Translated from French by Alice B. Toklas. Houghton Mifflin.

Francoise Sagan, 18 when she wrote her first novel, "Bonjour Tristesse," will now kindly take a back seat to make room for this Brussels lass who wrote these few "fables" when she was 14 or 15 years old, or so Miss Toklas says and so Miss Toklas believes.

They appeared first, I understand, in a newspaper in the Belgian capital where this pretty prodigy's parents were no doubt more congenial and sympathetic with their daughter's budding talent than Mlle. Sagan's. The father is a poet and his government's cultural attache, and the mother, a teacher and author of novels and plays.

With this background, Anne looked upon the mouse, rat, cat, dog, ant, rabbit, magpie, coffeepot, carafe, cups, chandelier, the white traffic line in the pavement and the man who paints it, and finally the poet.

The jury of rats condemns the ant to death and the mistress executes him, the cat writes back to warn the dog away from the Kingdom of the Dead, the scholar makes the error of bestowing the gift of speech on some dumb creatures, snow turns the blue dog white and happy, and to the rabbit the poet is an assassin.

I read these perhaps a year ago in the original slim volume in French. In spite of a consistency in form and attitude hard to associate with this juvenile, they had a teen-age astuteness and the play of a child's curiosity and imagination, and they benefitted by the simplicity and lucidity of the native language.

They have this now, I even think they have more, thanks to the smooth perfection of Miss Toklas' translation.

-W. G. Rogers

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT YOUR SCHOOLS?

A series of illustrations and text boxes providing statistics about schools. Text includes: 'SCHOOL BUSES CARRY MORE PASSENGERS DAILY THAN ANY OTHER TRANSPORTATION SYSTEM IN THE WORLD. THEY TRAVEL 6 MILLION MILES A DAY - MORE THAN 240 TRUCKS AROUND THE WORLD.' 'WHEN THE CLOCK STRIKES NOON, AMERICA'S SCHOOLBOYS TURN INTO THE NATION'S LARGEST CHAIN OF RESTAURANTS. SCHOOLBOYS DEVOUR 1.5 BILLION LUNCHES LAST YEAR. THE NATIONAL SCHOOL LUNCH PROGRAM ALONE.' 'AMERICAN COMMITTEES, ON THE AVERAGE, SPEND ONLY \$1.95 A DAY TO EDUCATE EACH STUDENT - TO PAY TEACHERS, MAINTAIN AND OPERATE BUILDINGS, PROVIDE SUPPLIES AND PAY ALL OTHER CURRENT COSTS.'

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