

School Campaign Ends Today

Today is the last day of the March of Dimes school campaign. This campaign represents a departure from previous years when school collections were spread throughout the month of January.

Campaign officials and school principals felt that a concentrated drive during several days could be financially successful and at the same time cause minimum interference with the regular school program.

The March of Dimes chairmen hope that the generosity of Carteret folks will prove this to be true. The month-long campaign this year is being confined to several events and the event that usually nets the largest amount is the school campaign. Whether the entire drive is successful depends largely on the results of the collections made by Carteret's young Americans, the children in our schools.

Their work in bringing in the dimes and dollars has always been deeply appreciated by the Carteret Chapter for Infantile Paralysis. The money has made it possible for polio-stricken children to have the best of care, receive braces and continued treatment through the years.

Use of the Salk vaccine should soon wipe polio, as an epidemic disease, from the United States. Whether this happens soon depends on how soon people go to the family doctor or to the health clinic to get the vaccine.

One case of polio prevented means a healthy life guarded and thousands of dollars saved. Persons who shrug their shoulders and refuse to give their children the vaccine or get an inoculation themselves are placing a potential expense burden on their neighbors. For

if persons are stricken with polio, their neighbors next year will have to give that much more money to the March of Dimes to provide hospital care.

That's why March of Dimes officials in this county are emphasizing this year, "Get your shot." If you can give a cash contribution to the March of Dimes, it will be most welcome — but you can really give much more than that, you can present your arm for an inoculation.

The March of Dimes campaign will end next Thursday, Jan. 31. Less than a week remains to drop your coins or folding money in the coin collectors or get your check in the mail. Let's keep Carteret's per capita giving to the March of Dimes on an even keel with the state record. And don't forget to get that Salk shot too.

New School Welcomed

A new school formally joins the Carteret community this weekend with the dedication Sunday of St. Egbert's Catholic School in Morehead City.

In this day of classroom and teacher shortage it is especially welcome.

The faculty does a major commuting job each day, its members coming here from Havelock and returning at the close of school. The building itself is the last word in modern school design and a credit to the community.

The congregation of St. Egbert's, church officials and others who have labored long to bring the school into being deserve congratulations. Our good wishes are extended to them now and in the future for a successful, continuing church and school program.

Two Heroes, Two Fates

In one nation a hero lives in glory and in another a hero faces death at the end of the rope.

Side by side in newspapers this week were the stories of President Dwight Eisenhower's inauguration in this nation and the impending death of the hero of the Hungarian revolution in Budapest.

Gen. Pal Maleter was commander of the barracks in Budapest which held out against Red Army tanks during the autumn revolt. He went to Soviet headquarters Nov. 4 to negotiate withdrawal of Soviet troops from Hungary, but it was a trap. He was arrested.

Since then he has been reported held in a Red prison. Maleter's death sentence has not yet been confirmed, but rumors are persistent. Death is a most consistent Russian policy.

No matter what the Russians do to Maleter, the man will be a symbol to which freedom-loving Hungarians will cling. Killing a man who stands for a high ideal does not kill the ideal. Killing is the human's pitiful, fruitless way of trying to stamp out something he cannot cope with.

Death or exile — the Reds will choose, but they will not be able to erase Maleter from the minds of those who rebel at Soviet control.

The logical question to ask is, Would we not treat the leader of armed rebellion against the United States in the same manner as the Russians are treating Maleter?

Involved in the answer is the crux of the ideology which is splitting the world. It was what President Eisenhower referred to in his inaugural address when he termed "international communism the divisive force loose in a world which has rarely known such peril as today."

This peril is insidious. It is not a peril

such as troops assaulting our shores. It is a quiet, undermining peril difficult to fight because few know how to cope with its danger and the diabolical power behind it.

Americans believe that their brand of freedom is the zenith in government — it is ideal for all. Suppose someone who believed in a different type of government, as did Maleter in Budapest, revolted against the United States in a "satellite" country such as the Panama Canal zone? Would the United States pat him on the head and say, "Now you be a good boy and don't give us any more trouble?"

Probably not. The man would be captured (if such were possible) and then the principles of democracy put into play. He would be given a trial. And the entire procedure would be covered by news media. Unlike the Reds, the United States does not work in secret, because the United States, sincerely believing in its democratic philosophy, has no need to fear the judgment of humanity.

The only way the Russians can keep Maleter from becoming a rallying point, dead or alive, is to give him a fair trial, putting into practice some of the principles for which he fought. No matter which way they choose they lose: a fair trial means surrender of fascist principles; death for Maleter means creation of a martyr for whom other freedom-loving Hungarians will be willing to die.

If a man can make a better mouse trap than his neighbor, though he build his house in the deep, deep woods, the other mouse trap makers will beat a path to his door — and try to steal it.

THE END OF THEIR RAINBOW



Jerry Schumacher

And So Here Comes Some Fan Mail

Self preservation is the first law of nature. Got some fan mail yesterday. Him and me don't see eye to eye on one little matter but then he smooths it over with a few nice compliments. I used to have a boss who told me whenever you have to raise hell with someone, always finish off with a compliment. Guess he had something there.

Jan. 9, 1957

Mr. Schumacher: When I get the paper to read, it is second and sometimes third hand. Still I read it from cover to cover with your page first. Only one suggestion: How about running over to see Mr. Joslyn. I'm sure he could explain to you when and why to use the pronoun I. You seem to be a bit confused with "me and I." Please



Jerry

don't be offended. My wife and me (should be I) through your pen keep close to 'down east.' You keep us posted as to our kin-folk better than the postoffice.

F. M. Owen

That Marshallberg must be a wonderful place to live. John Valentine came in this studio the other evening and then took my Gorgeous Tomato and eye (is that right, Mr. F. M. Owen?) back home with him where John's charming wife cooked us up a meal fitten for a king while John told us all about the fine and unusual people who live there.

Now of course to me there isn't another place in the whole wide world as wonderful as Morehead City, but then there has to be some place that is almost as good. John didn't see eye to eye with me on this but then I always like to see a man who will stick up for his own.

Was over at Pete and Laura Wallace's the other eve and Ana-

bel Phillips was there playing the Hammond organ. 'Twas one of the most enjoyable evenings we have ever spent here in Morehead. My goodness that little gal can play the living daylight on them ivories. Incidentally Ana bel is giving a concert this Sunday at the Episcopal Church, 4 o'clock. Would be well worth your time to hear this.

Had my picture took the day I flew a jet at Cherry Point, figured I would look real romantic with that helmet and gear on, but don't you know it, I look just like an ant-eater. As Penny says, "You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear."

Heard tell they are having a bad season in Florida, no wonder, who wants to go to Florida when you can play golf in your shirt sleeves here?

You know I was a sneaking hunch there's something wrong with me, my favorite program on TV is Capt. Kangaroo.

The Readers Write

Morehead City, N. C. Jan. 22, 1957

To the Editor:

There have been three different — and memorable occasions in my life for me to be grateful to the nurses and nurses' aides at the Morehead City Hospital.

The first time was when my mother was in this hospital for one week — dying. Everyone in this hospital was so kind to my brothers, Papa and me.

Everything was done by these nurses to make Mama comfortable, and to prolong her life. I thank all of you.

The next time was when my husband was the victim of a horrible automobile wreck. If it had not been for the emergency room at this same hospital, the quick

action and efficiency of the nurses and the three doctors who worked on him for over two hours, without pausing, he would have died.

During this whole trying time I, too, was treated with consideration and kindness. I thank all of you.

The next time was when I had a most serious operation. This was my first operation — and to say I was scared and sick is an understatement. I was in this hospital for thirteen days. Every day I received excellent care. I received love and understanding from all the nurses — from all the nurses' aides.

For your tender loving care I am most thankful.

Sincerely,
Ruth Howland Deyo

What's Ridiculous?

Not too long ago we heard a woman laughing heartily over some photographs of African natives wearing rings or bones in their noses.

She was also gleeful over pictures of women wearing metal rings around their necks. She finally asked: "Did you ever see anything so ridiculous in all your life?"

It was well to know when to speak and when to keep silent and so we did not mention the fact that the lady at the time was wearing, clipped to her ears, devices about the size of a table tennis ball.

These gadgets were made of mother of pearl, or so we guessed from their glitter, and were embellished with metal curls. The question of what's ridiculous, we suppose, depends almost entirely on where you are. — Reprinted

Bill Whitley

Washington Report

(Editor's Note: This column is written by a member of Sen. Kerr Scott's Washington staff.)

GAS AND OIL. Sen. W. Kerr Scott is planning to introduce a resolution in the Senate this week that would start a thorough investigation of the recent price increases in gasoline and fuel oil.

Scott called for the probe after the major oil companies put into effect a one-cent per gallon price increase throughout the Nation on gasoline and heating fuels.

The Tar Heel Senator is hoping that a special committee of the Senate will be named to handle the study.

COMPLICATED. "It's a very complicated field to get into," Scott said, "but these most recent price increases definitely look like more than just coincidence."

Scott said he felt the oil companies "should pay the consequences" if it is found that they boosted prices to take advantage of the war scare in the Middle East.

He said it "is more than strange" that the increases came at a time when inventories of the oil companies are abnormally high.

"On the face of it," he said, "it just doesn't look regular, and I think Congress has an obligation to let the public know what's going on."

Criticism is the disapproval of people, not for having faults, but for having faults different from ours.

Louise Spivy

Words of Inspiration

I believe that God has given to each of us a very special gift: friends. Without this precious gift, life would be awfully hard for many of us at times. To many of these friends He has given the power of healing our physical needs.

We call these friends our "family doctors," and count them among the greatest gifts that God has given to man. Our friend, our family doctor, occupies a very special place in each of our lives and hearts. The doctor is always there, like a "Guardian Angel," to help us when we need him.

If there is a place on earth that God could place a cynic and give him the opportunity to count his own blessings, it is the Crippled Children's Clinic held on Saturday morning following the second Friday of each month in the Morehead City Hospital annex.

Saturday, Jan. 12, 1957 was an especially good day at the clinic for counting blessings. Mr. Bert Titus who is in charge of the Duke Brace Shop came with Dr. Lenox D. Baker, our orthopedist. Many patients came who had been wearing braces, artificial limbs, etc., for a check-up or adjustments; others were fitted for this service.

Sometimes I feel that God must feel awfully disappointed with His children. It is so easy for us to help others, and our whole heart really does go out to them.

On this special day as I worked in this clinic, the tumor that had been growing on the back of my right hand and wrist for the past few months, clouded my vision and God's Guardian Angels, and my own life's blessings became a little difficult for me to see for a while.

I was having quite a time with myself until I heard a young girl's mother ask Dr. Baker, if it were possible to make the girl's foot in which she had had polio, as long and as perfect as her other foot. You see, she had had several operations, and could walk unaided without a crutch or brace, but the affected foot was both smaller and shorter than her good foot.

As I heard this question and saw the real concern in the young girl's face, I wondered why she couldn't take just one look around and be very thankful for her own good fortune. As I told her the story about the "man who cried because he had no shoes, until he saw a man who had no feet," I found that I was speaking much more to myself than to her.

When illness or misfortune comes into our lives, our families are our first concern. This is especially true with parents. It doesn't matter what any of us ever have to face, if we can just know that our families care, that they are standing by with a prayer in their hearts and hope and love shining from their faces, we can face almost anything.

In the operating room at Sea Level, it was easy for me to count my blessings. Could I have selected the surgeons from a list of "The World's Best" to have operated on my hand, I would have asked for Dr. Lenox D. Baker, Dr. Harold Peacock, and Dr. Herbert Webb. If I could have selected the nurses to assist them with this same list, I would have chosen Mrs. Betty Daniels, and Mrs. Eunice Hume.

On this Saturday afternoon, after a hard week, when each of them needed to be taking advantage of this short period of rest and relaxation, they were there with me. Their skilled hands performing a very delicate operation, their kind voices bringing me hope and courage. These friends that God had placed in my life as "Guardian Angels" were working overtime, giving me their best. I hope that each one of them knows how grateful I am for their very special help.

GUARDIAN ANGELS

I thought that Guardian Angels wore wings of snowy white, and hovered over children's beds to keep them safe at night — But now I know it isn't so, but God knows how much they're worth, And He puts them into people, who live right here on earth.

They come when they are needed, to comfort and to bless, And their human hands work overtime, in deeds of kindness. They lend their strength and time and love to help the sick, their neighbor,

Without a single thought at all of payment for their labors. They don't look any different than the people right next door. These guardian angels, strange somehow, I didn't see before. Their extra special goodness, their wealth of wondrous love, That only burns in mortals when it's kindled up above.

It's when your cross gets heaviest, and more than you can bear, That God reveals them to you, and keeps them ready, there, To help you with your burdens, to wipe away your tears, To share your cup of sorrow, and calm your fears.

It's then you see their halos, and feel their wings brush by, And know that heavenly angels, are sometimes earth-size high.

— Betty Stuart

F. C. Salisbury

Here and There

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

FRIDAY, JAN. 25, 1918

Cooper Davis returned to the city Monday from Smyrna where he spent the weekend with his family.

Taylor and John Davenport who attend St. Paul's School in Beaufort, spent the weekend with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Davenport.

Miss Elizabeth Redd of Gloucester passed through the city Saturday enroute to Winston-Salem to

resume her studies at Salem College.

Miss Mary Arendell returned home from Gloucester where she spent several days visiting Miss Fanny Willis.

Mrs. George Nelson and little son, George Royal, spent Wednesday in Beaufort with her sister, Mrs. T. C. Wade.

Mrs. Willie Herbert returned home last week from Greenville, S. C., where she spent several days with her daughter, Miss Leone Herbert.

Mr. and Mrs. Bryan Arthur left Monday afternoon for Durham where they will reside in the future.

Miss Marie Piner returned home Saturday night from Raleigh where she spent several days.

K. N. Bell of Cedar Point was a business visitor here Thursday. The Rev. C. W. Blanchard of New Bern was in the city Wednesday and conducted the funeral services over the remains of the late C. E. Lincoln.

W. J. Moore arrived in the city Wednesday from Camp Jackson to visit his mother, Mrs. Henrietta Moore.

Mrs. Alfred Willis, daughter of Joseph Lewis of Harkers Island, died Thursday night. She leaves a husband and one child.

At a recent meeting of the citizens of Elm City the sum of \$100 was raised to assist the sufferers at Atlantic. Jacksonville people have contributed the sum of \$25.

Lee-Jackson memorial exercises were fittingly observed by the Elm City Chapter of the UDC on Monday at the home of the president, Mrs. D. G. Bell.

The Rev. Willard F. Graham, for the past year pastor of the M. E. Church at Marshallberg, has been transferred by Bishop McDowell to the Baltimore Conference and stationed at Walkersville, Md.

Newton and St. Pauls.

BOOKLET. Interested in getting more information about how Federal laws are made?

Senator Scott says he will be glad to furnish copies of "How Our Laws Are Made" to anyone for the asking. It's a booklet printed just recently by Congress and it has a lot of valuable information on the procedures used in passing all legislation.

Smile a While

A cocky young man had walked long and impatiently for a bus on a hot summer day. When it finally arrived, he wisecracked to the driver, "Well, hullo, Noah, you finally made it. Is the ark full?" "No," replied the driver. "We've got room for one more monkey ... hop in."

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