

## Heroes in War — And Peace

Last year about a hundred young men left this county to serve their country in the armed forces.

Some were drafted, but most enlisted. In peacetime, servicemen are unheralded, unsung. Only their families feel their absence from home. How different this is from wartime when everybody cheers, and many weep, as the boys go off to training camps!

And today when the man in service comes home to resume civilian life, the change makes not a ripple in the stream of public affairs. If he's lucky he finds a job he likes and quietly rejoices in the fact that he's home again.

Return of a serviceman from battle

does cause a ripple though. There are bands to greet him and cheering crowds. His reception committee is everyone, not just his wife, mother and dad.

It cannot be said today that any one thing stands between us and war. But one of the most effective things is a force of fighting men. That force is no less important in peacetime than it is in war.

Once in a while it is well to stop, consider the job being done by our men in the armed forces, and pay tribute to them. Unless the guns are booming, we are prone to forget that there are men defending our country every day.

## How to Make Enemies

Congressmen, newsmen and individual citizens who are against visits to this country from persons like King Saud and President Tito of Yugoslavia are displaying a frightening shortsightedness.

They are exhibiting an attitude of isolationism. That attitude was a direct factor in contributing to the collapse of the League of Nations after the first world war. It is an attitude that has no place in the one-world climate sought today.

To be able to meet and talk with persons who may live by different principles is not an indication that you approve of their principles. Only by getting to know them can you begin to understand WHY they think and act as they do. When reasons for action — by a person or a nation — are known, it is much easier to deal with them.

It is a gesture of friendliness to invite heads of other countries to the United States. If a visit is made and it turns out to be a pleasant one for the guest, he probably will have a very friendly attitude toward the host country. And in the atmosphere of doubt which now separates the world into two camps, friendliness is a requisite for negotiation.

While Yugoslavia's president does not go down the line with Moscow doctrine, neither has his country been a champion of democracy and United

States policy. There is no harm in attempting to lure Tito farther from the Moscow camp.

King Saud was not given a hearty welcome in New York City because that city's Mayor Wagner said his people did not approve of Saud's policies toward Jews, his religion and some of his other principles. If New York didn't want to bedeck the king with ticker-tape, such was snub enough. The mayor didn't have to tell King Saud that he was snubbed and then tell him several times that he'd "been told."

Such does not develop international friendship.

Francisco Franco, Spain's chief of state, is in line for an invitation to this country. It is important to U. S. foreign policy that Spain be cordially inclined toward United States. Is Franco to be pilloried by people here because they don't like his religion or his blood-spattered Fascist past? No matter what we may personally think of the man, he is head of a nation and that nation is important in the international scene.

Because of the attitude in this country, Tito has already "postponed" his visit.

If we have enemies, it is of psychological value to know them — not through cabled dispatches and diplomatic notes — but by personal contact.

The United States as a whole would do well to put into practice the hospitality for which its Southland is noted.

## Planes Come Tumbling Down

The world has been plagued the past several weeks by planes dropping out of the sky — some of them crashing into populated areas and bringing sudden death to persons trapped beneath them.

As the traffic overhead becomes thicker, as it assuredly is doing, more of these accidents must be expected. Man can do all in his power to develop perfect machines, reduce human error at the aircraft control panel, and re-route planes over sparsely-populated areas — there still will be accidents which will involve people on the ground as well as in the plane.

There is no power which gives machines in the air an accident-immunity denied machines on the ground.

Plane accidents always seem much more spectacular than a crash of automobiles or trains. Dropping to death out of the air, for some reason, seems more horrible than cars crashing together on a highway, or a train being derailed.

There are usually investigations of plane crashes and out of them come

new safety rules and air regulations. These are welcome and valuable.

Highway safety officials point out that more cars on the highway mean more accidents. Likewise, more planes in the sky mean more are likely to fall. It's part of the price man pays for progress.

## Never Too Old

When Ed Reynolds, 81, sold the variety store he had operated for 56 years in Bluffton, Ind., friends thought he planned to retire. But they had another thought coming. The next day they read his ad in the local newspaper:

"I want a job. I mean work. I'm old, pretty blind, partly deaf. Can do anything—sweep out, dust, wash and dress windows, write advertisements, order, unpack, mark, inspect, display and sell merchandise, collect bills, keep books, write letters, make out tax reports, open or close up, and put the cat out. "Fifty-six years' experience. Pretty expensive, but will consider offer."

—Sunshine Magazine

## A HELP, BUT IT'S ONLY A SURFACE SHOWER



## Should Teachers Seek a Living Wage?

By JOE JONES  
Chapel Hill Weekly

I think school teachers and other public school personnel are being silly when they say it would be unprofessional of them to speak up and ask for a living wage.

They remind me of the girl in "The Ambassador's Daughter" who was too proud to seek a reconciliation with the man she

loved and wanted to marry. An older woman said to her, "Pride won't keep you warm on a cold winter night."

Teaching should be one of the most important and highly paid professions. As it is, our teachers give much and receive little, and they should not be ashamed to make an effort to get their share of the swag, even as you and I.

The life of a teacher isn't easy. She must be mother, father, doctor, nurse, friend, and adviser, in addition to being a teacher. She must be patient, understanding, loving, kind, and forever alert. Her day is long and tiring. It begins at eight and lasts till four or later, depending on the length of teachers' meetings. It is without a coffee break or even a lunch hour, since she must supervise her pupils while she and they eat. She is forced to ignore her personal needs and desires, since there is no opportunity for her to leave her pupils during the school day. She rarely has enough privacy to comb her hair.

Teachers are plagued by an excessive number of meetings. Superintendents require them to meet as a unit. Supervisors call group meetings for professional study and discussions.

Principals call building meetings at least once a week. Periodical meetings are called by presidents of the NCEA and the CTA. The PTA meets every month.

After the school day and the meetings there are home work, phone calls to and from parents, record keeping, and planning for the next day. All these are necessary if the school is to function as expected.

What time is left for the teacher to rest, play, read, or go to the movies? The stress of such a job should be eased by a salary big enough to at least relieve the teacher of some of her financial worries. That might help her to relax in the little time she has off. The truth is that she is ridiculously underpaid.

Teachers are required to attend teachers' meetings before the fall opening of school, without pay. Their Thanksgiving, Christmas, and Easter vacations are without pay. Their attendance at local and state teachers' meetings is without pay.

For every hour of every day a teacher is absent from her classroom, whether because of illness or something else, she must pay a substitute teacher.

A teacher has Saturday off, you say. How else could she possibly keep going? Most people who work have a chance to go on a personal errand during lunch hour, or to take "petty leave." A teacher can do neither. She must save her errands and petty leaves till Saturday.

Teachers have time after school, you say. After such a strenuous

See TEACHERS, Page 4, Section 2

## Know Your Government

### Who County Officers Are, And What They Do

By BOB SEYMOUR

The relationship between our county government and its citizens has a marked resemblance to that of the fabled elephant to the three blind men. The blind man who felt the elephant's tail said it was like a rope; the one who felt its side compared it to a wall; and the one who felt its leg said it was like a tree.

Citizens whose only dealing with the county government is routine, may think it is a money collecting agency, while those who run afoul of the law might swear that all the offices in the county were filled with lawyers, judges, and deputy sheriffs.

#### An Overall Picture

Few persons have the opportunity or time to study the organization and function of the county government. It is the purpose of this series of articles to give our readers an overall picture of county government.

When the tide washes a hole in the road—"See the county commissioners," someone says. The county accountant can tell you where your tax dollar, collected by the office of the tax collector, is being spent.

The sheriff's office, in cooperation with other law enforcement agencies, maintains order in the county. When you buy or sell real estate, the register of deeds is the man to see.

The clerk of superior court refers to himself as the "last resort." He can direct you to the person that can answer any given problem. Veterans should learn the location and facilities of the veterans' service office.

The duties of these agencies, naturally, are more complex than

the illustrations above. The county commissioners, for instance:

#### The County Board

The five county commissioners are elected by popular vote for four-year terms. While in office they are responsible for the smooth functioning of all branches of the county government. The commissioners meet at the courthouse the first Monday of every month, at which time they attend to all routine business affairs.

Any citizen of the county has the privilege of presenting a protest or recommendation to the board at one of these meetings. The board approves the county budget as prepared by the accountant's office. Its supervisory control extends over all county offices, and it is the board's duty to see that each one operates as effectively as possible.

They appoint all non-elected county officials such as the tax collector and the county accountant. The clerk of court has the authority to name new commissioners to fill vacancies on the board should vacancies occur between elections. Three of the present commissioners were appointed by Clerk A. H. James.

Only Chairman Moses Howard, Newport, and Walter Yeomans, Harkers Island, were elected in 1954, the last election. Skinner Chalk, Morehead City, was named to complete the term of former Chairman K. P. B. Bonner. Harrell Taylor, Sea Level, is completing the term of his brother, Alvah. Odell Merrill, Beaufort, was appointed to complete the term of the late E. H. Potter, also of Beaufort.

(Next: County Tax Office)

Louise Spivey

## Words of Inspiration

MY REPRIEVE

Have you ever wondered how a man condemned to death must feel when he suddenly gets a reprieve? I have wondered, now I know.

All of us know that cancer cannot be definitely diagnosed until a part of the growth has been sent to a pathological laboratory and the cells examined with the microscope. However, there are many factors that make a surgeon "almost know" when he has discovered one.

When suspected cancer is found in the operating room, a strange quietness fills the room. It is as though you are in a dark room with someone who is calling for help, yet your own hands are tied and you cannot reach them.

Long before those two hours had passed while I was on the operating table, I felt that this time I was the one in that room calling for help.

The following week was perhaps the darkest week of my life. I was listless, either in a constant state of apathy, or crying buckets of tears. I am sure the week was just as difficult for my beloved husband, as he took care of all the household chores, but failed in bringing me hope because he didn't have it to bring.

The following Sunday, nine days after the removal of the growth from my right hand I really struck bottom. There is just one good thing about striking bottom, there is only one way to go and that way is up. I felt sure the doctors had heard from the tissue sent to the pathological laboratories and just hated to tell me the findings. My friends who came seemed to try too hard to act as though nothing were wrong; those who didn't come I felt just didn't know what to say.

As I thought about my past life I could see that I had had so very much more than so many are blessed with. I had a wonderful family, a good home, work that I love, and many wonderful friends. I remembered when the children were small that I had always prayed that I might live until they were old enough to take care of themselves.

This prayer and many others had been granted. I remembered too that in this column many times I had more suggested that we live just one day at a time, so I began trying to make a plan that I would follow. I could see suddenly how very hard I was making life for my family, my doctors and my friends. I knew the only way that I could possibly help them was to help myself first.

I decided that the first thing that I had to do was to get back to work, get in the thick of things, and try to get as much done as I possibly could each day that I would be able to work. That night I slept undisturbed, just because I had found the way and peace was restored to my heart.

Monday morning came, the skies were dark, and I was afraid. I knew my plan the night before was the only thing possible for me to do. I was so very thankful for my jobs and for those who worked with me. As I rode to work that morning I knew that this would be my most difficult day.

Just before I reached Sea Level, the tears that I thought had all been shed began flowing again as I wondered if I would be able to work much longer.

Suddenly I looked up and there was a small area of the sky that had changed from gray to a beautiful blue, and behind those blue clouds the sun shined through. Then, I felt that God would help me through the day, and my tears suddenly stopped.

It was about 11 o'clock I believe when Dr. Baker called Dr. Peacock to tell him that the growth examined in the Duke Pathological Laboratory was NOT malignant. Dr. Peacock brought this message to me as quickly as possible. When the mail came in, the other report from another laboratory came with the same diagnosis.

On my way home I noticed the entire sky had changed to blue and the whole world looked warm and bright in the winter sunshine. My heart was warm with love and appreciation as I thought of those who had stood by me during those nine long days, who shared my grief as they prepared my meals, cleaned my room — every hospital aide, technician, doctor, nurse. They had seemed almost as happy as I when the news came that the growth was not malignant.

During my first few days I had a great deal of pain. I will always remember the wonderful care that I received around the clock.

You see I do know how a condemned man feels who is granted a reprieve. I've had one.

F. C. Salisbury

## Here and There

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

FRIDAY, FEB. 8, 1918

O. B. Willis, a member of the County Board of Commissioners spent Monday in Beaufort attending a meeting of the Board.

W. B. Blades Jr. passed through the city Monday enroute to Beaufort from a weekend visit to New Bern.

Frank Colenda returned to the city Sunday from Norfolk where he spent several days.

Mott Bell returned home Monday night from Miami, Fla., where he spent several weeks.

E. Stamey Davis spent Tuesday in Kinston attending a district meeting of Odd Fellows.

Miss Sadie Rivers Wade who has been visiting her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. M. G. Nelson, has returned to her home in Washington.

Miss Clarky Wade left Tuesday afternoon for New Bern to visit her sisters, Mrs. Albert Willis and Mrs. James Harker.

Mrs. E. B. Moore of Bogue passed through the city this week enroute to Jasper where she will reside.

Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Willis left Friday to visit their sons at Avoca. Charles Abernethy has an-

nounced his candidacy for Congress and will oppose George E. Hood who seeks re-election for the honors from the Third District.

At least a hundred cases of measles have developed since last week and threatens to spread unless the authorities of the town have the earnest cooperation of our citizens.

The Rev. J. B. Hurley, presiding elder, will preach Sunday evening at the Methodist Church and will hold the quarterly conference.

Ensign George H. Webb, U. S. Navy, arrived in the city Wednesday with his bride, the marriage taking place in Greensboro Tuesday at the home of the bride, Miss Ruth Phoenix.

Capt. Matt G. Nelson, of the oldest citizens of the city, died suddenly Friday morning while at work in the boat building establishment of Bell-Wallace Co.

Graded school honor roll for the month ending Jan. 22: Grade 1: Dolly Willis, Gaston Headen.

Grade 2: LeRoy Guthrie, Bruce Willis, Grade 3: Polly Wade, Rosebell Piner, Iva Willis, Gibbie Sanderson, Edward Petway.

Grade 4-B: Violet Brock, Rudolph Lewis, Hubert Smith, Edna Earl Willis. Grade 5-A: Madie Willis, Ola Bell Headen, Irma Willis, Lottie Moore, Louise Guthrie.

Grade 5-B: John Davis, John Dixon, Clyde Jones, Vernon Guthrie, Mary Guthrie, Feta Glen Willis, Christine Nichols, Harold Webb. Grade 6-A: Lena Ballou, LeRoy Guthrie, Sam Newberry, Verona Roberts, Hattie Wade, Paul Wade, Zylphia Webb, Ralph Willis. Grade 8: Mary McIntosh, Gertrude Jones. Grade 10: Lucy Moore.

## The Loon

By CLYDE E. COLEBURN SR.  
Morehead City

Trailing the last gleam,  
After the ocean drops from the light,  
A mocking and sinister laughter  
Shatters the peace of the night.  
Its shivery burden races  
Out of purple space and over the  
foam-whitened reef  
To the sand dunes . . . with piteous grief.

With vivid abruptness cleaving  
Through the swish of breaking waves  
It peals in a mournful grieving  
Over the unmarked graves.  
From the dim blue yonder arising  
It sends forth its agonizing complaint  
Shrilling to the stars on high  
Beginning to sprinkle the sky.

We who have been seafaring  
Until the ebb of our years  
Seek the beach — bearing  
Our cargoes of hopes and fears.  
And from the crest of a dune  
Await the wild scream of the loon;  
Ah! Cry our despair and delight,  
Voice of the ocean night.



Photo by Bob Seymour

County government affairs are handled by these men: Walter Yeomans, Harkers Island; Skinner Chalk, Morehead City; Harrell Taylor, Sea Level; Odell Merrill, Beaufort, and Moses Howard, Newport, at the right, chairman of the board. (See Know Your Government feature above).

## Life Begins at 60

An analysis of the achievements of 400 famous men throughout history, including statesmen, painters, soldiers, poets and writers and a few other categories, comes up with some rather surprising information as to the age at which great people have achieved their greatness.

According to this study, 35 per cent of the group's greatest achievements came when those concerned were between the ages of 60 and 70; 23 per cent came between the ages of 70 and 80, and 8 per cent at an age greater than 80. Putting it another way, 96 per cent of the world's greatest work by individuals was done by men past 60 in age! — Shreveport Times

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