

Here's Why We're Proud

Visitors to the Carteret coast frequently tell us that "We've got something" and we all feel very proud of this recognition but, too often, fail to understand just what it is that we have.

Climate, water, fishing, etc., we take for granted and let it go at that while many of our visitors see things that we completely overlook.

This is emphasized by the frequency with which visitors ask questions for which they can get no satisfactory answer.

Certainly we know that there is much fishing and that foreign ships call at our port. Too, there are some few manufacturing plants in this county, but except for those who are directly connected with one of these activities, how much do the rest of us know about them.

This lack of knowledge is our own fault for local news media are continually bombarding us with information while we pay little attention to any event that does not directly concern us as individuals.

There is where we miss the boat, for all this development concerns all of us vitally.

While it would be highly desirable to have sales people proclaiming the advantages of this area throughout the length and breadth of the land, we are,

unfortunately, unable to do so, but we do have people from everywhere visit us right here "on location" every summer.

If we, every one of us, would take the trouble to keep ourselves informed concerning activities in our area we could all be sales people of the finest sort.

If you think that you already know all about everything, then just try to mentally locate all of the churches in your town. Have you ever seen the new County Health Center just north of the Court House Annex in Beaufort, or didn't you know it was there?

Some of us have never even visited Fort Macon and we have no idea as to what Emerald Isle looks like to say nothing of what might be in those warehouses at the Port Terminal.

What does it matter? Well, visitors want to know and if we are to sell the advantages of this place to others we must know too.

This newspaper has told us about all of these things and will do so many times again so let's pay attention to everything in Carteret County in order that we may, in turn, talk intelligently and enthusiastically about this garden spot that we call home. — George W. Dill, Mayor of Morehead City.

The Empty Lunch Plate

Although school is not in session, any time of the year is a good time to think about welfare of our children. One of the programs which directly affects their well-being is the school lunch program.

Did you know that there are many children who cannot afford to buy those 25-cent lunches? Civic organizations have usually given five or ten dollars a year to the school in their community to provide lunches for the children who otherwise wouldn't get them. Some organizations may give more, but the amount doesn't come anywhere near meeting the cost.

For example, at Beaufort School during the past year between 70 and 75 free lunches were given a day. With 180 days in the school year, that means that free lunches costing nearly \$3,000 are served. During 1956-57 a total of \$280 was given the school to help feed the children who could not afford the hot meals.

That leaves a tremendous deficit, a deficit which is made up by the state and federal government. One's immediate reaction to that information is, "If the government pays the balance, why should we worry?"

Too often we forget the old saw, "You never get something for nothing. We pay, one way or another, for everything the government gives away 'free'. If school lunchroom deficits keep mounting, it could probably be that the day will come when the cost of school lunches will be raised. Then this will increase the number of children who can no longer afford to pay, and more will be placed on the list of those needing free lunches.

The local school districts are requested to support the school lunch program to the best of their ability. We believe Carteret communities could do more than they are. We would like to see the Christmas spirit of giving spread more evenly throughout the year.

Perhaps civic clubs could adopt — in September—a really worthwhile school lunch project as their Christmas charity program. Fifty or a hundred dollars, per club, would go a long way to-

ward keeping youngsters well-fed the year around. Now civic groups give their mere five or ten dollars, and their conscience is clear on the school lunch subject.

The value of a good meal at school was dramatically shown at the W. S. King School last year where a little undernourished lad gained 9 pounds in 14 days after he started eating regularly at the lunchroom. The meals were provided for him free.

September will be here in jig-time. When civic organizations or church groups plan their fall and winter programs, it would be beneficial to many children if they would give more than just a few dollars to the school lunch program.

Comedy and Tragedy (Greensboro Daily News)

The Italian movie-makers at best are hard to beat.

After World War II they produced several eloquent, moving portraits of love, hunger, humor, greed and pathos of people under stress (notably The Bicycle Thief). Since then one of their producers, Vittorio De Sica, has introduced a series of lovely Italian movie queens to American audiences, Gina Lollobrigida, Silvana Mangano and now—Sophia Loren.

Miss Loren, already seen hereabouts in Boy On a Dolphin, is currently on view in The Gold of Naples, and she is something to see. This group of four vignettes is warm with life. At times it is absurdly funny, then full of pathos, then poignant. It deals with the elemental forces of life. Its children are magnificent.

In The Gold of Naples it is easy to see what the great writers of literature and drama have always seen: That the line between tragedy and comedy is thin. We have seen few scenes better illustrative of this than one in which a bereaved husband is being comforted by his friends; it is sad and funny at the same time; and the audience is not exactly sure when to laugh and when to cry.

MAYBE WE COULD MAKE A SUGGESTION--



Ruth Peeling

NCFA Presents Good Case

The testimony presented by the North Carolina Fisheries Association at the Drum Inlet hearing last week was excellent — at least in my estimation. The Army engineers may think differently. But I don't see how they could fail to be impressed with the men from Atlantic and other down east communities — good, solid fishermen who got up and presented their points thoroughly and quickly like "expert testifiers."

All the evidence had to be planned, of course, and fishermen saw Monday morning that the North Carolina Fisheries Association is doing a whale of a job for them.

Any fisherman who is not a member of the association should take a second look. The NCFA is in there fighting battles, as no organization has done for the fishermen of North Carolina ever before.

Charlie Markey was beating his brains out last week (that's his favorite pastime). He was getting ready for the centennial party and fashion show at the Morehead Bilt-

more Friday night. The fashion show presented its problems. Says Charlie: "I never had so much trouble with dresses before in my life!"

By the time you read this I'll probably be somewhere gnawing on a rock in the Grand Canyon, Arizona, that is.

The tour lasts 22 days and started June 15 in Chicago. We, my mother and I, are taking this 22-day jaunt which will put us back in Chicago — barring train wreck and flood — July 6 I hope.

I have serious doubts as to how much of a traveler I am. My idea of a vacation is to go some place, stay put and snooze. There's all the hub-bub of "getting ready" to go some place for any length of time.

On previous trips there was always the planning, getting reservations, the driving, etc., and I needed a vacation more when I got back than when I left. But not this time — no sirree — somebody is going to plan the whole business.

Theoretically, I will have no worries.

If I keep half my wits about me, there will be no wrong buses like there was that one time in New York City when I got on a bus that took me to Newark airport instead of La Guardia. At Newark airport I discovered my mistake (sometimes it takes a long time for the light to dawn) and practically had to throw myself under the wheels of the plane to keep it from taking off for Puerto Rico with my baggage. All I wanted to do was to go to New Bern, N. C.

Getting fouled up there meant a flight later only as far as Norfolk and then a bus into Beaufort. As I said before, I have serious doubts about this business of travelling.

I'm probably biting off more than I can chew, but I'm going to try to do a Salisbury travelogue. In other words, write a play-by-play day-by-day tale of what we're doing and why. First installment of such should appear next Tuesday. But if you don't see it, it will probably be because I REALLY decided to take a VACATION.

Free Wheeling

By BILL CROWELL
Department of Motor Vehicles

TEENICIDE . . . Imaginative teenagers have dreamed up so many ways to turn an automobile into a steel coffin that quite a few dictionaries now carry a word — "teenicide" — to describe such insanity.

All that's needed for the sport is a car, the family car or the youth's own hot rod will do nicely, and no brains at all. In a pinch you can include Tar Heel drag racers, although plain high-speed races on the highways are particularly unexciting compared with, say, "charioteer."

This bit of frolic makes Ben Hur look like an old maid school teacher on a quiet Sunday drive. Let's thank our stars the Highway Patrol has had no reports of "charioteeing" in North Carolina (yet), but state police in Iowa are still mopping their brows over it.

This quaint pastime begins when the teenager ties a rope around the steering wheel, rigging so that the car can be steered from the back seat. A friend lies on the floor to operate the gas pedal, brake and clutch at the charioteer's command. Get the picture?

Many of the new "games" derive from the well-publicized "chicken," in which a car load of youngsters hit the pike at speeds up to 75 miles an hour—and the driver takes his hands off the wheel.

Everybody in the car hovers over the driver and the first one to get frightened and grab the wheel is "chicken."

Delightful, huh?
Another variation uncovered by

incredible police is called "jousting." After casually checking traffic, two drivers line their cars up several hundred feet apart and heading toward each other. At a signal they hit the gas and aim for each other's grill picking up as much speed as possible. The driver who first swerves aside to avoid a crash is the loser in the contest — according to the rules. But it's hard to get details because there usually aren't any survivors.

Wanta play?
The ultimate stamp of idiocy was demonstrated a couple of months ago when police discovered two teenage lads sitting back to back on the centerline of a heavily traveled turnpike. With cars zooming by on each side of them, they admitted no other explanation for such madness than "seeing who had the most guts."

SUDDEN THAWT . . . Some motorists you see are in such a hurry to get into the next county that they go right on into the next world.

NO FABLE . . . Safety was worth writing about 650 years before the birth of Christ. These words in Aesop's Fables have a familiar ring:

Look before you leap.
Fear makes caution.
Danger awaits on haste.
Happy is the man who learns from the misfortunes of others.

An optimist is one who, instead of feeling sorry he cannot pay his bills, is glad he is not one of his creditors.

Author of the Week



Walter Lord, author of "Day of Infamy," was born in Baltimore, Md., 40 years ago, and has been writing for 10 years. He hit best-sellerdom with "A Night to Remember," published in 1955, and his new book is a Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

Lord has degrees from Princeton and Yale, he has traveled in Europe, the Caribbean and Hawaii, where he researched for "Day of Infamy," and he has written one popular song, "The Third Man Theme."

In the Good Old Days

THIRTY YEARS AGO
Beaufort school trustees decided to add a domestic science department to the school curriculum.

The Joseph House drug store in Beaufort was being remodelled.
William Garner of Beaufort rescued Mrs. J. W. Harrell Jr. of Rocky Mount from drowning.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO
A new beauty shop owned and operated by Miss Irene Smith was opening in the Taylor building, Beaufort.

Newport organized a chamber of commerce with R. S. Tilden, chairman; and W. W. Adams, secretary. William H. Bell and J. H. Shull were members of the board of directors.

Beaufort school had 19 teachers allotted to it; six were high school teachers and 13 were elementary teachers.

Louise Spivey

Words of Inspiration

FRIENDSHIP

Friendship and understanding in the family depends on personal sacrifice and special attention just as they do everywhere else.

Some make the mistake of confining their exertions only to persons thought worth cultivating. Some are interested only in people, not for people's sake, but for their own sake. Some are not concerned with what they can do for others, but what they can do for themselves.

These, instead of pouring out happiness generally, sprinkle only drops at carefully chosen points and wonder why these seeds do not bear fruit. These seeds develop and do bear fruit bountifully. But the fruit is not recognized by the owner who thought that he sowed seed of altruism and love when he selfishly attempted to better himself by favoring those who in turn could help him.

Whether our acts of consideration for others be large or small the principle is the same. If we made the conscious and frequent effort of treating others with consideration, the effect on ourselves individually and on society as a whole would be amazing. Not only would our own personalities rise to a much higher level, the "personality" of the nation would improve.

Here is the homely road, the human road, and probably the only road by which we can achieve that which we all desire.

Experience is not simply what happens to you, but what that something which happens to you does to you. — Dr. J. D. Riley

It's the little things of everyday life that mean so much — remembering an anniversary, a birthday, and other important dates. A word of cheer now and then, often changes one's whole outlook.

FRIENDSHIP IS LIKE WEATHER

Friendship, my friend, is like the weather;
Sometimes for days and days together
There's not a cloud — the sun will shine,
For I'm your friend, and you are mine.
So let's cheer up, forget and smile;
It can't be sunny all the while
Look up and laugh through tears and rain,
Forgive, and let's be friends again.

— Unknown

KEEP FRIENDS WITH YOURSELF

The late Sir Henri Deterding, Dutch-born British magnate of far-flung enterprises of colossal dimensions surely must have known something about "worry" if anyone did. Once he said this about it:

"It's worry that chisels the lines in a man's face. And there is, in most cases, only one cause for worry. We do not worry so much about the different problems we have. The thing that makes us worry is the feeling that we have not done all that we should have done to meet a situation.

Most real, heart-eating worry comes from self-reproach. I try to avoid that. If, during the day, I look squarely at every problem, and do the very best that is in me to meet it, why, at night when I go to bed, I can feel friendly with myself and sleep soundly.

If there is in my mind a feeling that I neglected something, or did not meet some issue squarely, or that I tried to escape it, or did not give the job my best, I feel unfriendly with myself, and I am worried, and my sleep is slow to come. And so I try to keep friends with myself."

PORTRAITS

I thank You, God, for all the friends . . . Who comfort me today . . . And who are helpful to me in . . . Whatever other way . . . If only by their brief hello . . . A handshake on the street . . . Or messages by mail or phone . . . That makes my joy complete.

Especially I thank You for . . . Those friends forever true . . . Whose kindness is above and far . . . Beyond their call to do . . . Whose never deem a sacrifice . . . Too great or small to make . . . As long as it will do some good . . . For someone else's sake . . . Who makes that special effort to . . . Be friendly as can be . . . I thank you, and I ask You, God . . . To bless their souls for me. — James J. Metcalfe

Washington Report

By SENATOR W. KERR SCOTT

Washington — More and more people these days are asking: What's happening to the postal service?

Postmaster General Summerfield contends that Congress has reduced his operating funds too much and service cutbacks are necessary. Furthermore, he says, he will cut service some more if Congress doesn't give him another 149 million dollars to operate the post office system next year.

It is true that the cost of operating the postal service is increasing, but this is a small part of the true facts about our post service today.

Our postal service has been growing steadily worse for some time, and the cause is not a shortage of funds.

The real reason is the fact the Eisenhower Administration has, for all practical purposes, turned our post offices into hotbeds of politics.

As a result of this, morale is very low among the thousands of career post office workers. The low morale of these public servants can be traced directly to the shoddy way the post office department is being directed at the policy level.

When Postmaster Summerfield took over the department in 1953, he quite naturally wanted to put as many Republicans in high places as possible.

Under the law, his hands were tied when it came to the postmas-

ters, because these are lifetime civil service appointments.

But Mr. Summerfield has used a shrewd—and effective—method to get at the postmasters.

Mr. Summerfield used the reorganization of the postal system in 1953 not only as a new way to oversee and supervise the nation's post offices, but as an effective weapon to put the post offices on as near a political organization basis as possible.

Prior to 1953, the entire system was operated out of Washington. But under the reorganization plan, regional and district offices throughout the nation supervise and control local post offices.

The regional and district offices have been loaded to the hilt with political appointees, many of whom make it their business to harass and pester postmasters to the point where they either resign or retire in frustration and disgust.

Of course, each time a postmaster throws in the towel and quits, another political appointment can be made.

In the process, the career postal workers become discouraged and lose faith in the service, which in turn means a serious deterioration in public service in the handling of mail.

In the name of economy, Mr. Summerfield has curtailed window and delivery services at thousands of offices, consolidated rural routes and done any number of other things to "shake up" and cut back service to the public.

Actually, instead of economizing for the good of the public, he has padded the district and regional offices and overloaded the system with administrative jobs for political friends of the administration.

It has been impossible for Congress to find out exactly how much additional money it has cost the taxpayers to operate the regional and district offices. That is a figure that would naturally embarrass Mr. Summerfield in all his talk of economy. However, conservative estimates show that it has cost about 15 million dollars additional each year to operate the regional and district offices.

This is money that should go toward giving better postal service, but in reality it has been administered in such a way as to be a detriment to good service.

I am certain Mr. Summerfield will continue to have his troubles with Congress until he is willing to take some of the politics and sorry management practices out of the postal system.

The Beaufort and Morehead City summer recreation program opened this week.

Don't worry about finding your proper place in life; somebody is sure to tell you where to go.

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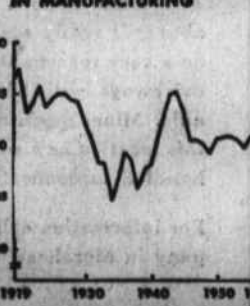
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The More We Work... The More We Will Have

