

## Words from the Governor

North Carolina's governor spends much of his time delivering addresses. Two that he has made lately contain comments worth repeating. All of these comments do not directly bear on one subject, but they touch upon points about which North Carolina citizens should be aware.

Relative to industrial development, the governor at an industrial conference luncheon at Charlotte said, "In all your efforts to develop your community and county, planning — whether immediate or long-range — should be made in terms of the individual family . . . Whatever our source of economic productivity, we must always think in terms of human beings and their capabilities, their hopes, their dreams . . . If we do this, we shall not fail in our efforts to raise the per capita income of our people . . ."

"For many years, people in North Carolina have been dreaming about providing trunk-line railroad service East to West in North Carolina. Many people have worked long and hard in trying to make this a reality; yet, failure has seemed to dog every effort in this direction. Since becoming Governor, I have thrown the weight of my administration behind these efforts without any real idea of whether or not our efforts would be successful.

"Last week, it was my unexpected and delightful privilege to announce that the Southern Railroad is buying the A&EC Railroad, which will complete the link needed and give Southern Railroad the opportunity to provide trunk-line railroad service across North Carolina from our Atlantic beaches to the great Smokies.

"I commend the Southern for its courage and leadership in taking this necessary step, which I predict will

bring a new day and a new era to eastern North Carolina."

The governor pointed out that, as a region, the South has shown more than a 50 per cent increase in manufacturing output in the past five years. There is more mineral activity going on in North Carolina than at any time in past history.

The governor added, "We currently are producing about 80 per cent of the strategic sheet mica in the United States, and another development involves the discovery and location of tremendous quantities of phosphate ore in Beaufort County. In a short time, the state will put out its first full-scale geological map since 1875."

So much for industry. On a more philosophical note, referring to people and government in an address before Presbyterian men at Greensboro, Governor Hodges said, "Democracy has fallen sick of a disease." The disease, he explained, has come to mean the multitudes' RIGHTS and not DUTIES, liberty but not companion loyalties, what the individual can get out of a country, but not what he can give to it.

"It would do our children good if they had to go through what earlier generations did," Governor Hodges declared. "Things are too soft for many of us today and as a result we forget there are responsibilities and demands which must be met . . ."

"Either we will achieve freely-given loyalty to justice, fair play, brotherhood, care for the welfare of all, especially for the lowest and the least, or we will get the drill sergeant of the dictatorship," the governor concluded.

There is truth in his words. Most people look only to government for benefits, yet loudly protest that they have to pay taxes that are too high and that they have to contend with government that is nothing but a burden!

## Salute to Women Who Work

The fall and winter procession of "weeks" is under way and it is most fitting that one of the first is National Business Women's Week.

Every year more women enter the business world and produce goods, or services, that help to supply the nation's growing population. The first National Business Women's Week was observed 29 years ago, when there were 10 million women at work. Today there are approximately 22 million.

Observance of National Business Women's Week is being sponsored by the Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs. Founded in 1910, this is the oldest and largest national organization for women in business and the professions. It is the only one which includes all professions and occupations, including the occupation of homemaker.

In every walk of life there are outstanding women. One of those who is known equally well in the "man's world" and "woman's world" is Jacqueline Cochran, flier, the first woman to break the sound barrier. She also founded her own nationwide cosmetic business.

Miss Cochran comments on women in business as follows:

"During my extensive business career, I have found no difference between the efficiency quotient of women and men, and oftentimes I have found that women have many more desirable traits. Among them is a more sensitive, intuitive sense on training and handling personnel, more stick-to-it on detail and

important follow through; many times they are more imaginative, practical and thoughtful.

"The number of wives in our labor market is continuing with an increase of over five million reported in the eleven-year period before January, 1957. In every field of endeavor, you will find gratifying success stories on women.

"It is particularly encouraging to observe the number of women who are going into completely new fields of endeavor, such as aeronautical engineering for training in physics and allied subjects, which heretofore was looked upon exclusively as a man's world.

"Certainly World War II proved there was no difference between the ability of men and women flying every type of airplane in every type of operation except combat."

The National B&PW Club impresses its members with the importance of improving their skills, continuing their education and invites high school and college girl graduates to partake of the pleasures, privileges and responsibilities of women in the business world.

### 'Game of Hazards'

Even the best of men get knocked down many times in a lifetime. Occasional knocks aren't anything to be feared. In fact, they make the game of life more interesting.

They are the hazards and the bunkers and the sandtraps that force us to keep our mind on the game and play it best.

— Sunshine Magazine

## SMALL OPPORTUNITY



Ruth Peeling

## Advice-Giving Manuals Arrive

Now available at THE NEWS-TIMES office are two manuals dealing with humane treatment of animals. One describes the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and the other manual, published by the American Humane Association, gives procedures on organizing a humane society.

Readers have expressed interest in such organizations. Anyone who wishes to borrow this material may pick it up at the newspaper office.

Mayor Clifford Lewis, Beaufort, recently suffered a serious wound from a sting ray. He's back on his feet again, we're happy to report. Not to be outdone, however, Mayor George Dill of Morehead City decided last week that he would run into a "cherry tree" in his yard. He cut a lovely gash right across the top of his head.

ABC Officer Marshall Ayscue seriously doubts that the obstacle with which the mayor tangled was a cherry tree. "I never heard of

a cherry tree around here," Marshall says, shaking his head dubiously.

"No," Mayor Dill decided, "it's a caterpillar tree."

Last week was the week for the Dill family to run into things. Mrs. Dill ran into a stop sign. Not with the car. Just alone, all by herself. She rushed to get hold of her son, George Leigh, who — she thought — had not seen a car approaching, but she collided with a stop sign and received a big bruise on her arm.

All right, Mrs. Lewis, if you're next, make it something trivial.

The recent array of bugs has been a revelation. I now know why they say that anybody who is crazy is "buggy". The bugs are enough to drive anybody crazy. I've gotten so that I sweat at anything in mid-air. I was cleaning house Saturday and was killing things left and right—all of it fuzz floating in the sunlight.

A praying mantis was on my step ladder and I had to pick him

up and move him to a bush. When I did, he flailed his front arms and turned his head and looked at me just as mad as could be. It was either that or step on him. Bugs don't appreciate humans the way they should.

Mr. Thomas H. Carrow writes from Philadelphia that he enjoyed the story on Darden Eure Jr.'s jamboree adventures. The story ran in last Tuesday's paper.

Mr. Carrow says, "The article was beautifully written. In fact, it was so graphic that I felt as if I were again visiting some of the sights enumerated . . . The article also gave me a good idea of what the Boy Scouts are doing to influence youngsters to lead a clean life. I was particularly glad to notice that Carteret County had a goodly number of Scouts, which will show good effect in the coming generation."

Scout leaders and supporters of Scouting, take a bow.

And thank you, Mr. Carrow, for your kind words.

## 'You've Got to Sit Up Straight'

(Editor's Note: The following article appeared in the Sept. 13, 1957 issue of the Cameron Parish Pilot, Cameron, La. Jerry Wise, editor of the Pilot, calls it "one of the most moving stories to come out of the hurricane" [Audrey]. It was written by the Pilot's colored correspondent from Grand Chenier, Mrs. Lee J. Harrison, who is now living at Lake Charles, La.)

Frank Reed stood 6 feet 2, weighed 210 pounds, had a shock of white hair and was fond of saying of his nine sons, "I have my own baseball team."

He was born in Grand Chenier, in 1881, when it was all farming and fishing—none of this latter-day offshore oil business.

When he was 21, he married Jeanette Jones, who was only 14. Besides their boys, they had three girls. After a while the children moved away to places as far away as California. But Frank liked to have a houseful of his own grandchildren with him for the summer.

Five of those grandchildren were with him in the roomy old house on his 80 fertile acres on June 27. Two had arrived the day before from San Francisco.

Today Frank Reed lay in a coffin clasping the body of 4-year-old Frank Reed III. The other grandchildren were dead, too, and so was their grandmother. From Galveston and Lake Charles, and from

the far west coast, the Reed children came to mourn.

This was a day for funerals, individual and collective. The community sought to provide burial for the unidentified while keeping a record of clues—such as fingerprints—that might lead to identification later, and private re-burial.

Two group services were scheduled. There was still no firm figure on the unidentified dead.

But as the hastily built coffins were lowered into trenches, it was easy to forget that each individual had an history, and family ties, more or less like Frank Reed's.

Actually, his long life had touched the lives of most of the others. So if you knew something about Frank Reed you knew something about most of those who lived and died in the remote marshland rimming the Gulf of Mexico.

Frank Reed went through another big blow in 1918. He bought his property the following year. He grew cotton and corn, raised

cattle. Later he opened a little store not far from the house. He sold cigarettes and beer and put in a juke box.

His day started at 5 a. m. He fed the pigs and the cattle, before breakfast. He was a mighty eater. His wife knew his favorite dish: it was "Jemaline," blended of shrimp and crayfish.

He loved to teach his children and later his grandchildren to ride. He was a great believer in sitting up straight, in chair or saddle.

"You all act already down," he would say, to one who had slumped. "You've got to sit up straight if you're really alive." But more often than not, he would talk French—the Cajun French of the bayou country.

As the years passed, he discovered television. He watched baseball games televised every Saturday night. If the game was exciting, it was no use trying to get him to serve a customer at the store. He never smoked. Once in a while, he would play a harmonica.

He took no interest in politics. He was a Roman Catholic but not a regular church-goer. He offered guests steaming hot coffee the minute they dropped in; he liked to have 20 guests for supper. He was no traveler; Cameron parish was all the world he needed.

So the children kept sending the grandchildren back to see him. The week before the disaster, Jeanette Reed, 6, and little Frank came down from Lake Charles to visit. Ten-year old Bobby Simms was already in Grand Chenier.

On Wednesday morning Mrs. Reed returned from a trip west with Rebecca and Geraldine Guidry, the California grandchildren. Frank Reed had promised to have them riding horseback in a few days.

Next morning the water overwhelmed the house. Today Mrs. Reed is missing. Rebecca and Geraldine and Jeanette are missing, too.

Only little Frank is accounted for. His body was found in old Frank Reed's arms. The two were buried the way they were found.

Louise Spivey

## Words of Inspiration

RELAXATION AND RECREATION

The most relaxing recreating forces are a healthy religion, sleep, music and laughter.

Have faith in God — learn to sleep well, love good music, see the funny side of life, and health and happiness will be yours. — Unknown  
The Lord may forgive our sins, but the nervous system never does.

Half the worry in the world is caused by people trying to make decisions before they have sufficient knowledge on which to base a decision. — Dean Hawkes

No one but myself can be blamed for my fall. I have been my own greatest enemy — the cause of my own disastrous fate. — Napoleon

Anyone can carry his burden, however hard, until tiffnfall. Anyone can do his work however hard, for one day. Anyone can live sweetly, patiently, lovingly, purely, till the sun goes down. And this is all that life really means. — Robert Louis Stevenson

Every day is a new life to a wise man.

Happy the man, and happy he alone,  
He, who can call today his own;  
He who, secure within, can say:  
"Tomorrow, do thy worst, for I have liv'd today."  
— Horace

The main thing is to have something in view and then do your level best to see it through. The fun, interest and companionship come from building and dreaming and hoping together, from sharing triumphs and disappointments, successes and failures. — Samuel and Esther Kling

CONSEQUENCES

A traveler on a dusty road strewed acorns on the lea;  
And one took root and sprouted up, and grew into a tree.  
Love sought its shade at evening time, to breathe his early vows,  
And age was pleased, in heats of noon to bask beneath its boughs;  
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs, the birds sweet music bore;  
It stood a glory in its place a blessing evermore.

A little spring had lost its way amid the grass and fern;  
A passing stranger scooped a well where weary men might turn.  
He walled it in and hung with care a ladle at the brink;  
He thought not of the deed he did, but judged that all might drink.  
He paused again, and lo! the well, by summer never dried,  
He cooled ten thousand parching tongues and saved a life beside.

A dreamer dropped a random thought: 'twas old, and yet 'twas new;  
A simple fancy of the brain, but strong in being true.  
It shone upon a genial mind, and lo! its light became  
A lamp of life, a beacon ray, a monitory flame.  
The thought was small, its issue great; a watchfire on the hill;  
It shed its radiance far adown, and cheers the valley still.

A nameless man, amid a crowd that thronged the daily mart,  
Let fall a word of Hope and Love, unstudied from the heart;  
A whisper on the tumult thrown, a transitory breath —  
It raised a brother from the dust, it saved a soul from death.  
O germ! O fount! O word of love! O thought at random cast!  
Ye were but little at the first, but mighty at the last.

— Unknown

## From the Bookshelf

The Reformation. By Will Durant. Simon & Schuster.

Dr. Durant's long surveying expedition down the course of civilization, from its headwaters in pre-history, has reached the Reformation. But like four of the preceding five volumes in his sweeping "Story of Civilization," the title of the present work, as he readily acknowledges, does not do justice to his far-reaching inquiry. He covers in surprising detail the political, cultural, social, and even economic history of most of Western Europe and related areas of the East over three centuries.

Approaching the Reformation, Durant goes back beyond his previous history of the Italian Renaissance to the conclusion of "The Age of Faith." He describes the "rehearsal" for the Protestant revolt. Then, after filling in the major facts about the progress and the calamities in the main countries, he advances to the discovery of the New World and the true Reformation: Luther, Calvin, Zwingli, Knox, and that unlikely reformer, King Henry VIII of England.

Naturally he leans heavily on secondary sources. Durant is not striving for startling and hence debatable conclusions. Instead, he tells the story of history, setting down the judgments of the leading authorities in various fields. As always, he makes his characters, even the minor ones, come alive.

The detectable defects are few. One who admires Durant's excitingly readable style can be forgiven for disliking such an anachronism as "it seemed a propitious time to begin the Hundred Years' War." And the translator who made Villon's line read "Where are the snows of yesterday?" was Rossetti, not Ruskin.

—Ronald C. Hood

How the Merrimac Won. By R. W. Daly. Crowell.

The judgment of history has been

that the famous encounter between the Merrimac and Monitor in Hampton Roads in 1862 was a drawn battle, with the long range effects strictly favoring the Union. Now, in this slender volume, Daly endeavors to reverse the judgment. He argues that the strategic victory belonged to the Merrimac and the Confederacy.

Daly is associate professor of naval history at the U.S. Naval Academy. He did not set out with any preconceived notion but reached his conclusions along the path of his meticulous, arduous research.

In the first place, Daly argues, the Merrimac's potential was vastly overrated. Although its initial strike at the Union fleet spread terror along the Atlantic coast from Washington to New York, he demonstrates convincingly that the Merrimac was too ponderous and clumsy to venture into the open sea, and never was intended for anything more than harbor defense.

His main thesis is that the Merrimac destroyed Washington hopes for a short war. It upset George B. McClellan's original plan for a swift strike at Richmond, with transports landing his army just one day's march from the Confederate capital.

Perhaps Daly is too charitable to McClellan in giving the Merrimac sole credit for frustrating him. If the Merrimac had not been available as an excuse, it is this reviewer's opinion that McClellan would have found some other reason for delay.

That personal observation is not meant in any way to detract from the merit of an audacious piece of scholarship. Daly makes a persuasive argument that must be regarded as a fresh and highly enterprising contribution to history.

—Bob Price

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## IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS

**THIRTY YEARS AGO**  
Mr. Julian Brown of Marshallberg had found a number of Indian relics which were on display at the Beaufort Banking and Trust Co.

Beaufort students who left this week for Chapel Hill included Albert Gaskill, James Wheatley, William Potter and Sam Way.

Teachers of the Beaufort graded school and of St. Paul's school were entertained at a reception at Ann Street Methodist Church.

**TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO**  
The Beaufort Graded School opened a cafeteria and served sixty-three 10-cent lunches to the students.

A breakwater was being constructed at the rear of the store occupied by B. L. Jones, F. R. Bell and C. V. Hill.

A Portsmouth resident was brought to court for allowing his cattle and sheep to run loose in Portsmouth Village.

**TEN YEARS AGO**  
County superintendent H. L. Joslyn announced that 4,173 students had enrolled in the county schools.

Beaufort Jaycees announced that their project for the year was to clean up the waterfront and to find the solution of garbage dumping in the water by Front Street stores.

Newport received its first fire fighting equipment, a fully-equipped 1946 Chevrolet fire engine.

**FIVE YEARS AGO**  
Mrs. Glenn Adair was elected president of the Beaufort Junior Woman's Club.

The Carolina Power and Light Co. had erected new lights on Front Street, Beaufort, in the new section of town.

The Honorary Tar Heels, a group of writers and photographers, were in Morehead City this weekend.

## Smile a While

An opportunist is a person who, finding himself in hot water, decides he needs a bath anyway.  
—The Antenna

