

What About 'Port Day'?

Has further thought been given to a North Carolina Port Day?

A day earmarked to recognize and promote the state ports was recommended here last May. It was suggested then that a North Carolina port day coincide with National Maritime Day, May 22. Maritime Day commemorates the sailing on May 22, 1819 of the American ship, Savannah, the first steam-propelled vessel to cross the Atlantic.

What would be the value of a North Carolina Port Day?

1. It could show the "home folks" what the port is and how it operates.
2. School children, especially, could be invited. Perhaps in this way the port could clear all its "tour" duties in one day rather than having little groups visiting throughout the year.
3. The major value would be the publicity — newspaper, radio and tv — that could attend a well-planned port day observance at both Morehead City and Wilmington.

Such a day would tend to show the public that both Morehead City and Wilmington are interested in operating ports for the good of the state as a whole. Each city would, of course, be responsible for its own observance and planning required for it.

North Carolina Leads! Hurrah?

The most crushing indictment of North Carolina's efforts to be a "dry state" are found in 1957 statistics.

North Carolina leads the nation in the number of stills destroyed, 3,350, or 28 1/2 per cent of the nation's total. It has long been said that North Carolina is the wettest of the dry states. Alcoholic beverages are outlawed in most of the state. Only a few counties have state-controlled liquor stores.

Most North Carolinians, with their on-the-surface die-hard attitude toward legal liquor, are not preventing the consumption of alcoholic beverages, they are encouraging it — as well as illegal manufacture.

Man rebels when he is not permitted to indulge in natural outlets, such as eating what he wishes and drinking what he wishes. When a law defines what a man may put in his stomach, whether it be salt or wine, man will take steps to satisfy those desires — and the law can go hang.

That is what is happening in North Carolina. How do the "drys" explain North Carolina's position at the top of the list in the manufacture of illegal liquor and in the number of liquor law violations in 1957?

Do they say that the people of North Carolina are morally weak? If they do, they are then indicting the churches, for surely the churches have little influence if so many citizens are morally weak.

The truth of the matter is that most North Carolinians give lip-service to prohibition and in their daily lives sanction and condone the consumption of liquor. It might even be called two-faced. On Sunday they swear to leave liquor alone and fight for prohibition. In courts during the week they halfheartedly prosecute the bootlegger, get a big kick out of tales about white lightning, get a bigger kick out of taking a sip or two, and shake their heads piously over statistics revealing how much bootleg whisky is manufactured in the Tar Heel state.

In states where liquor is available through legal outlets, there is little il-

If however, Wilmington may not care to observe a port day, Morehead City could do so. An observance by both cities, however, would be of more significance.

In our estimation, this is a project that falls within the province of the port development committee of the Chamber of Commerce.

On numerous occasions improvements and progress have been made in certain areas and then long-standing committees that have never lifted a finger, pounce on the improvement and claim it as due solely to their hard work.

It would be refreshing to see a project initiated within a local committee and carried to conclusion largely through the efforts of that committee. Not that this has not been done in the past — but the instances wherein projects were unjustly claimed by either Finer Carolina or chamber committees — outnumber the projects rightfully claimed.

A North Carolina Port Day could be coordinated with Armed Forces Day. Wherever or however such a day comes into being, it would show — with fanfare — that the port cities are interested in bearing their share of ports promotion and not always running to the state with pleas of "Do this" or "Do that!" for the ports.

licit manufacture; there is practically no danger of poisoning from bad liquor; there is no lure of the fat profits to be gained by running booze into dry counties.

We do not condone, encourage or sanction the consumption of alcoholic beverages. We do think it is every adult individual's right and privilege to decide whether or not he will consume none, a little or a lot. We believe the church, the school and the home should do all in their power to mold well-adjusted individuals who do not want to turn to tobacco or liquor.

But we do believe that a tremendous error is being made (and in the long run more persons are encouraged to drink liquor to show how "smart" they are) when liquor is put beyond their reach by law. They then break two laws, a moral law and a legal law, to possess it.

Are You Courting Polio?

One of the most effective ways to fight polio is to be immunized with the Salk vaccine. Even with vaccine being administered free, through the health department, figures show that only about a third of the county population has received one shot.

The county health department still has a small supply of the vaccine on hand but this vaccine will soon be out of date. It should be administered prior to the expiration date.

Children and adults who have not yet had their Salk shots are urged to get them without delay. They may see their family doctor or go to the health department clinics (see calendar of events for hour and date).

This month the March of Dimes is in progress. County March of Dimes funds have made the vaccine available free to persons 20 to 40 years of age. The funds have helped finance polio vaccine clinics.

A good motto to follow this month is "Give to the March of Dimes and get a polio shot NOW."

ULCERS, ANYONE ?



Security for You... Stamp News

By RAY HENRY

This is a true story of one man's struggle with retirement. It only has a beginning and a moral.

The struggle began about a year ago. Here's how the man tells it: "One day the boss called me into his office. He said I'd just about reached 65 and that it was company policy to retire its people at that age.

"I told him I wasn't in shape financially to stop working. I had planned to work one more year as I had gone to the expense of fixing up an apartment in the basement to rent. I knew I couldn't live very well on my pension and Social Security alone.

"He put the pressure on me. I had no choice. So, I retired.

"Then, I discovered that my pension wouldn't be as large as I figured. As soon as I got over this shock, I started looking for a light job to help pay for the groceries. I still haven't found one.

"I've advertised the apartment, but nobody seems to want it.

"I tell you this not because I'm feeling sorry for myself. I've had a lot of time to think about my mistakes in planning. I'm telling you in the hope that you might, through my experience, help other people prepare themselves better for retirement and escape the shocks I've had."

Maybe his story will help some people. It certainly does illustrate the wrong way to go into retirement and how important planning retirement can be.

The amazing thing, perhaps, about the man's story is that his problems seem to be quite common among people retiring these days. At least my letters show that they are.

Yet, in almost every case just a little planning years earlier

would have made retirement so much easier for them. Take the man's case as an example:

First, he should have found out what the company policy was on retirement age much sooner. Almost every company has one. The bulk of the companies fix a retirement age between 65 and 70 and rigidly enforce it.

Second, he should have found out much earlier about how much the company pension plan would pay him at 65. Then, if he felt it wasn't going to be enough, he could have started saving for retirement.

Third, before he started spending money on an apartment in his basement, he should have talked to a real estate dealer or someone else about the chances of renting it. He probably would have found out that he'd have trouble, saved his money and, perhaps, decided to get a smaller house which wouldn't have cost him so much money to keep up.

Of course, he can still sell his present house and probably find one which meets his needs better. But, chances are he'll never recover the money he put out in building the basement apartment.

Fourth, if he figured he'd need a light job to make enough to live on after retirement he should have started looking for one long before he retired. Since he'd made the mistake of not finding out when he'd have to retire, he foreclosed this possibility. But, it's still the best advice for people who want to work some after they retire.

(Editor's Note: You may contact the social security representative at the courthouse annex, Beaufort, from 9:30 a.m. to 12:30 p.m. Wednesdays. He will help you with your own particular problem.)

F. C. Salisbury

Here and There

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

FRIDAY, JAN. 17, 1919
John D. Webb of Farmville spent Sunday in the city with relatives. J. E. Jenkins has moved to Beaufort where he is serving as one of the two policemen of the town. Mrs. Gladding of St. Louis, Mo.,

Author of the Week



Wright Morris, author of "The Field of Vision," is author also of a notable list of books in which he sometimes has combined his talent for photography with his talent for prose — a photo of a bullfight used on the jacket of this novel was taken by Morris in Mexico.

Native of Central City, Neb., he is married and lives in Wayne, Pa. He has had three Guggenheim Fellowships, in 1942, '46 and '54, and has traveled a lot abroad.

is in the city visiting her sister, Mrs. W. J. Moore.

Miss Lillian Paul returned home Tuesday from Washington where she visited relatives.

Miss Henrietta Moore arrived in the city Wednesday from St. Louis, Mo., where she spent several months attending school.

G. W. Stencil and granddaughter, Gladys Lewis, spent a few days in New Bern visiting his daughter, Mrs. Jacob Chadwick.

The Misses Fannie Wade and Alice Edwards and Josh Piver attended the play, Every Woman, in New Bern Thursday night.

Mrs. Walter Freeman and children have returned from Richlands where they spent a few weeks visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Hatch.

The Rev. J. B. Willis, pastor of the First Baptist Church of this city, is in Greensboro this week attending the Baptist State Convention.

J. B. Arendell, formerly connected with the shipyard, has accepted a position with A. H. Webb, local agent of the Norfolk-Southern.

Miss Bessie Lowe, expert milliner for the Paragon Company the past season left this week for New York to spend a few days before returning to Baltimore.

The front of the store being occupied by D. B. Willis & Company is this week being treated to a new coat of paint. Willis says this is not being done because of the "Sanitary Committee from Camp Glenn."

A television entertainer was discussing his humble beginning and recalled that he played one town so small the street lights dimmed when he plugged in his electric razor.

—Journal-World

Louise Spivey

Words of Inspiration

TEACHING BY EXAMPLE

Each Sunday when I go to Sunday School I see so many parents drive up with their children, the children enter the house of God, alone, the parents drive on.

I just wish there were some way I could make these parents realize the happiness they are missing, the example they are failing to set for the little ones that I am sure they love more than life itself.

Our children are taught by our example. Sometimes it takes us a long time to learn this; however, life is a very thorough teacher, and we learn, oftentimes too late and with deep regret.

During the growing up years of my children, I attended Sunday School and church with them, but I was not a teacher. I missed a wonderful opportunity.

My reason . . . I just didn't feel that I was good enough or that my education was sufficient. I wanted for my children a better teacher than I felt that I could possibly be.

Those of you who do not have family altars in your homes are missing a wonderful part of life. It has always been difficult for me to pray in public and to express my thoughts to others. In Sunday School as I have begun these last few years with a new class and started off with sentence prayers by each member, it has become a little less difficult.

If it were possible for me to have a recording machine and I could record the Sunday morning prayers of many of the children, many parents would be quite surprised to hear these little ones express their love and concern for their families, their communities and their world, as they talk to their God.

As I sit in the sanctuary on Sunday night and see and listen to our young people in our church choir, I just wonder how their parents could possibly be absent.

The child whose parents get up on Sunday morning, get ready for worship service, and go together as a family, will never have any trouble getting the children to go. This becomes a part of their lives, as they follow the example set by their parents.

If the parents are teachers or leaders in the church, life somehow selects their children as leaders of tomorrow's world.

Our home life, our church life shows very clearly in the lives of our children, wherever they may be.

The greatest things in the world that we can give them is love, faith, appreciation, hope, security, responsibility, respect, pride, peace, and unity. These things money cannot buy, nor are they taught with words of the world's best teachers. We teach these most important lessons around our own firesides.

To those of you who feel that I'm not quite right about this, let me challenge you to try for just one year. Take your children to church on Sunday and take an active part in the opportunities offered there. Establish a family altar in your home, reading together at least once a day a few verses from the Bible. Give your little ones the opportunity to ask God's blessings upon you and your home.

This will bring to your heart, as a parent, the greatest peace and joy you've ever known, and you will see a great difference in the lives of your family.

It is difficult for a husband or wife to fail each other in any way, if each has heard the other ask for God's blessings and guidance. It will be difficult for a child to fail in school, if that child has prayed at breakfast for God's guidance and help in her work. It would be difficult for a teen-ager to associate with bad company and break the laws of God and man, if he had heard his parents pray with him in the morning, that God be with him and guide him through each hour.

Our own good example is the best gift that we can ever bestow upon them. It will lay the foundation of their lives, the most important part of all they will ever come to know.

Your church needs your family, but I can assure you that your family needs the church much more.

From the Bookshelf

Strange Evil. By Jane Gaskell. Dutton. \$3.50.

Add this Jane to that growing list of authors still not full grown — Berthe, Minou, Edwin, Christine, Francoise, Anne and others — so young that we don't say Miss or Mr. but use the first name, so young that we are less inclined to criticize their little opuses than to pat their little heads, chuck their chins and paste gold stars on their report cards.

Jane is a 14-year-old English girl, a juvenile author but by no means author of a juvenile. Her heroine in the first chapter is speeding to a painter's to pose nude for him; and she gets there. Soon after, a second girl, too, "whips off her clothes," though again it is all for art's sake.

It is in truth innocent enough, but there has been a tendency in some of our junior authors to get the clothes off their characters without wasting a minute. Perhaps that is their idea of how book people act, or their idea of how grown-ups act. Or is it wishful thinking?

No matter how old you are, there are not many things to write about: Birth, death, love, hate, fate—what else? If grownups can't

think of other things, why should we expect children to?

But whatever the subject, we should be resigned by now to the fact that children write—unless we should rejoice. Talent has blossomed early in many geniuses as well as in would-be geniuses. Thousands of youngsters every year exhibit their own paintings. Mozart composed two operas before he was 15, and Bizet wrote his Symphony in C at 17.

Now that we have turned from adult novelists to high-school prodigies and grade-school pupils, we have only to drop on back to kindergarten. Of course, writers have almost always written from kindergarten on, making up letters, keeping diaries and so on. But they didn't have such obliging publishers.

A couple out of the dozen who have appeared in the last two years—Berthe Grimault who wrote "Beau Clown" at 14 is one and so unfortunately is our young friend Jane—are not really interesting enough for the average reader or important enough for the busy critic. Jane has her moments. She has a lively way with the pen, and once in a while there is a genuinely poetic passage. She is irresistible when, with her heroine falling in love, she betrays her own juvenility before the great mystery by writing this sentence with its concluding adverb: "It's love all right," she thought grimly.

But Jane runs out of talent, and her story deteriorates into a kind of science fiction, which adults do badly enough anyway without help from their offspring.

That is a reminder of the fundamental fault to be found with all these young people. They merely do as authors what their elders do as authors. They are not experimental writers, they are just experimenting with writing as their teen-age peers experiment with football, sewing, nursing or scouting. They are not covering new ground, they merely cover ground new to them.

But we must not be unfair. Though they copy their elders, they often have a unique youthful verve, and sometimes a charmingly fresh point of view. Francoise Sagan's "Bonjour Tristesse" was the work of a fine, skilled and subtle 18-year-old hand—Miss Sagan by now of course has graduated and is all of 22. Edwin Daly, who began "Some Must Watch" at 16; Ruskin Bond, who began "The Room on the Roof" at 17; Minou Drouet, whose poems at 8 are no less remarkable than Miss Sagan's prose at 18—all these are worthy, deserving, exciting authors, and often more than a match for their seniors.

—W. G. Rogers

Why is it the rainy days for which we save our money usually come during our vacation?

Carteret County News-Times

WINNER OF NATIONAL EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION AND NORTH CAROLINA PRESS ASSOCIATION AWARDS

A Merger of The Beaufort News (Est. 1912) and The Twin City Times (Est. 1896)
Published Tuesdays and Fridays by the Carteret Publishing Company, Inc.
504 Arendell St., Morehead City, N. C.

LOCKWOOD PHILLIPS — PUBLISHER
ELEANORE DEAR PHILLIPS — ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER
RUTH L. PEELING — EDITOR

Mail Rates: In Carteret County and adjoining counties, \$6.00 one year, \$3.50 six months, \$1.25 one month; elsewhere \$7.00 one year, \$4.00 six months, \$1.50 one month.

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300 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

The Associated Press is entitled exclusively to use for republication of local news printed in this newspaper, as well as all AP news dispatches.

Entered as Second Class Matter at Morehead City, N. C., Under Act of March 3, 1879.