

Twenty Years Ago...

The series of editorials, Twenty Years Ago, continues today with an editorial published in The Beaufort News May 11, 1939. It was written by the editor, Aycock Brown.

Chamber of Commerce For Carteret County

Under its present editorship (which began nearly five years ago), The Beaufort News has frequently advocated the organizing of a Chamber of Commerce, not merely for one or two of our towns, but for the county at large.

It should be called the Carteret County Chamber of Commerce, and it should be supported financially and in a big way by not only public spirited citizens and successfully operated firms within our border, but by the treasury of Carteret County, by the treasuries of our principal towns, Beaufort and Morehead City, and by our smaller towns, Newport, Atlantic Beach, and by the citizenship of each community in the county.

The Beaufort News is pleased to see a growing interest in this proposal to have a county-wide Chamber of Commerce, not only by prominent citizens and officials who can make it possible, but also by other newspapers.

Several weeks ago when there was a proposal or suggestion to establish a senior chamber of commerce in More-

head City to supplement the fine work that is being done by the Junior Chamber of Commerce of that city, the Beaufort editor suggested to a well-known citizen (who later became head of the city government of Morehead) that he try and get interest created in the organization of a county-wide commerce body, to be supported by Carteret and the individual towns.

It was suggested that if this could be brought about, that enough funds to carry on a consistent campaign of advertising for new industries and new citizens would be possible, plus the employment of a trained secretary to operate the organization.

We chamber of commerce officials who are trying our best to do things on the coast today are more or less amateurs. Three to five thousand dollar-a-year type secretaries should be employed. Consistent and well placed advertising and publicity would soon start new industries, new amusements, new citizens and new money rolling to our coastland.

With several unfinanced, but hard working organizations now in our county, it is impossible to do the things that one central organization would do — and do in a hurry.

(Today, twenty years later: While cooperation on a county scale is growing, and a county-wide chamber of commerce is spoken of frequently, such an organization has never materialized. It would be of tremendous value if such an organization could come into being.)



Aycock Brown

In the Day of the Cameleers

Probably one of the funnier side-lights of American history was the attempt to introduce the camel as a beast of burden in America. It was hoped that this animal, whose native home is similar to America's southwest, would prove to be a faster and surer means of traversing the desert region.

Jefferson Davis, as secretary of war in 1851, started the wheels turning toward getting a Congressional appropriation of \$30,000 to buy and import camels. Finally, in 1855, the bill was passed, and on May 13, 1856, after 88 days at sea, 34 camels landed at Powder Horn, Tex.

They were driven to their corral inland and into an enclosure fenced with prickly pear cactus, the usual fencing for horses and mules. The camels showed their approval by hastily devouring the fence.

The animals were accompanied by Arabian "cameleers" who were supposed to show how beneficial the camel could be in America, but soldiers at the Army posts weren't easy to convince. They found the camels hard to handle, smelly and the cause of many run-away mule teams.

The camels were used in survey of a wagon road route along the 35th parallel from Fort Defiance, N. M., to the Colorado River. The camels went twice as far as the wagons in a day, dined happily on greasewood and other useless shrubs along the way, and swam the Colorado River (two horses and ten mules drowned).

From the Colorado River the camels were taken into California. Quartered for a time in the High Sierras, they withstood snow and cold and at one time rescued a provision wagon when neither horses nor mules could move it out of deep snow.

It was proved that camels could be used in all kinds of climate, over all kinds of terrain — but something new

was puffing over the horizon, the railroad. The twin rails soon bound East to West, the camel experiment was obscured by the Civil War and finally the order came down from the war department to get rid of the camels.

They say that the last of the imported camels died in a Los Angeles zoo in 1934.

Just think what might have happened if the camel had "caught on" in America. The thrilling westerns would be pictured with the posses composed of camels. TV viewers would be ogling "camel operas" instead of horse operas and maybe if the switch were complete, one of America's major cigarette brands would be "Horse."

Aura of Adventure

(Weimar Jones in Franklin Press)

In this space some weeks ago, I mentioned that we are not getting our mail delivered at home, because I like to go to the postoffice for it. There's an aura of adventure about watching your mail box as the mail is being put up; at any instant, a letter may be put in the box. And that letter may contain anything.

Besides, and this is probably an even more compelling reason, from the time I was a boy in Franklin, the postoffice lobby has been a social gathering place, a sort of thoroughly democratic club, open to anybody.

Well, it seems I am not alone in that feeling. Since that piece appeared, many persons have remarked that they, too, look forward to a trip to the postoffice. It was put most emphatically, though, the other day by Mrs. Frank L. Henry.

"When I go to the postoffice," she told me, "I never buy more than one or two stamps — so I'll have an excuse to go again, next time I have a letter to mail."

IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T SUCCEED—



Ruth Peeling

Roots Reach Deep — To Old Country

What has impressed me so much on this trip through Europe are the ways in which these countries are similar — rather than dissimilar to ours. I am not referring to government or social customs.

The people — the landscape — the architecture — it is readily seen that we in America have deep roots in "the old world".

The people are very friendly. Most with whom we have come in contact, since leaving England, speak English. It makes one feel very inadequate to be able to speak only one language. I have made out all right, so far, with the little French I know, but if I can converse in English, I take the easy way out.

In the large cities, the people dress just as we do. Only in little villages throughout the countryside have we occasionally seen folks in what might be called "native dress". Businessmen wear suits to work, shop clerks look just like they do at home. Housewives wear aprons while sweeping the porch or hanging up the wash. I've noticed that teen-age girls and young women are wearing skirts much shorter than comes just below the knee, and a blouse or sweater.

The color for fall seems to be purple. We have seen beautiful window displays of women's clothes, coats and dress fabrics in the rich purple hue.

Amsterdam is a beautiful city — a city of canals. Seventy of them criss-cross the city. They say that Amsterdam is the Venice of Northern Europe. There is much commercial as well as pleasure boating on the canals. Because of the housing shortage, many families live in houseboats "parked" along the edge of the canals. Rental for the space, per month, is \$1.

Modern apartments, three rooms with all-electric kitchen, rent for \$25 a month. But, you either have to have been married five years or have two children before you can occupy one of the apartments.

Amsterdam is also a city of bicycles. I never saw so many bicycles. Gasoline is 48 to 50 cents a gallon and the income of the average person is not high, so bicycles, you see, are a very economical method of transportation.

Old ladies, old men, mothers with youngsters in wicker baskets lashed to the back fender, fathers with youngsters fore and aft — all move on bicycles.

The girls do not wear shorts. They take to their bikes in Sunday-best and high heels. As a matter

of fact, I have only seen one girl in shorts on the streets of a city — and she was a youngster about 14.

The boys — all ages — wear short shorts. They are so short that I doubt if most American boys would be seen dead in them. The shorts of most German boys are made of leather.

In the cities there is a housing shortage, yet commercial building, as well as building of apartments, is going on everywhere. Apartment houses, very modern with gaily colored balconies and frescoes on the concrete walls, are the answer, apparently, to the need for homes. We have seen no "housing developments" with individual family dwellings such as those that seem to be spreading out from every city in America.

We saw a two-story building going up in a little German town. On the topmost rafter was implanted a branch of a tree. Our German bus driver, Ernst, explained that house builders always put a living branch or flowers at the topmost point of the structure as soon as they have reached it — and then knock off to have a beer in celebration.

Like Carteret, the Dutch town of Scheveningen has as its major industries fishing and tourism. On May 25 the herring season opens. It's open house on all the boats — the captains take everyone out to sea in a parade.

Then they come back and the race is on for the first herring catch. The first boat to take a haul wins a prize — and the first haul brings a good price ashore. All the local people can hardly wait to taste the first herring.

The herring are salted and usually eaten raw. Roadside peddlers sell salted herring just as popcorn is sold in our country.

In the beach resort area (on the North Sea), helicopters are used to rescue swimmers. They fly out and scoop the exhausted swimmer onto a raft they lower from the plane.

The western part of Germany, through which we traveled, is beautiful. It looks so much like sections of Pennsylvania, Virginia and Maryland that I could hardly believe I was in a "foreign land".

The farms are beautiful — the cities are clean and bustling. Only in Cologne were evidences of bombing still scars on the scene. The cathedral of Cologne may be the most magnificent piece of Gothic architecture in Europe, but

I was very disappointed. Judging from the two cathedrals I have visited, they need a Rockefeller or Carnegie to endow them so that there is enough money to keep them clean and in repair.

The plots of grass outside the cathedral of Cologne were littered with pigeon droppings. Lottery tickets (probably for charity) were being sold in front of the cathedral and ice cream vendors were doing a Fourth of July business on the walks. People by the hundreds milled around, completing the carnival atmosphere.

The stained glass windows of the cathedral and its mosaic floors are lovely. The place is mammoth, dank, dark and chilly. Dust stands thick everywhere — on images, altars, grillwork. Red-garbed priests wander constantly throughout its various crypts and chapels, a wooden box strapped to their middles. In the box you are to place money for upkeep of the cathedral. They'll never collect enough.

They love to move things by cable car in Germany and Switzerland. At Cologne, cable cars carry passengers up and over the Rhine River to an amusement park. I wanted to ride one the worst but we didn't stay in town long enough.

At a manufacturing plant, cable cars would carry raw materials from a mountain on one side of a road up and over a road and river, to the plant. And in Switzerland of course, "chair lifts" are an absolute necessity in the ski country.

Our bus ride through the Alps reminded us of our trip around the mountain peaks of our own West in 1957. On the trip, the bus drivers told us they lost no more than one bus a week! It's a wonder they don't lose a bus a day here. The paved roads are only half as wide as those in the states and in the most precarious places they were making road repairs.

I felt as though I was in a fun house at state fair — only there wasn't a lot to chuckle about. Sheer drops on one side, high cliffs on the other. Half the time, the sky seemed below instead of above us.

Unlike our West, the Alps have verdant, lush valleys between the peaks. At this time of year, the folks are swinging syths, cutting the hay, raking it with wooden rakes (this seems to be mainly the women's job), then piling the hay on racks, using supports similar to those used to dry out peanut vines. In some places they hang the hay over fences to dry, as is done in Scandinavian countries.

The farms are "family size". No more acreage than a family can look after. We have seen some tractors (mainly in Holland and Germany), but the farms are not large enough, apparently, to make mechanization economically possible for just one farmer.

Of course, in Holland and Germany, farming consists mainly of dairying. I thought for a moment, while we were driving through a Swiss village, that we had suddenly been transplanted to the Land of the Sacred Cow, India. Down the road came six beautiful brown cows, guided by a little boy, and between the horns of each cow were flowers in gorgeous colors, in a peaked arrangement, like a Christmas tree.

These, we were told, were the cows being brought down from the mountains where they had spent the summer. The cows which produced the most milk over the summer merit decoration — so as they are led through town everybody can see which cows did the best job.

In the spring, the cows, with mammoth bells hanging on wide leather collars around their necks, are led up to the mountains again. There they are milked daily, the

Louise Spivoy

Words of Inspiration

THE STUDY COURSE

Miss Ruth Durham, the young Christian teacher was telling the story of Susannah Wesley, the mother of John and Charles Wesley and seven-teen other children.

It was said that this wise mother gave to each of her children one hour's instruction in religion each day, teaching them their duties to God, to themselves, to others. This was probably done at times set aside for family devotion.

John and Charles Wesley became famous religious educators and John Wesley wrote more than 6,000 hymns. Many are printed in the hymnals and sung in our churches today.

As we read our newspapers and see juvenile delinquency become worse each year we will all agree something should be done.

If we will look into our own homes and hearts it is easy to see where most of the responsibility lies.

How many parents today give to each child one hour's instructions? I am afraid that most of us have failed our responsibilities along this line. Yet it is the responsibility that God has placed upon each one.

John Wesley made it a habit to go to bed by 10 and to arise at 4 a.m. He was probably following his mother's schedule. Perhaps this accounts for much of his success.

I have heard so many Christian men and women attribute to the fact that their parents held family devotion each day and this had been the leading influence in their life's successful pattern.

Miss Durham told of her own family devotion, how as a child she was anxious many times for them to end so she could go out with the neighborhood children and join in a game of tag or hide and go seek.

Yet, her heart held bright memories of those few minutes each day when she had heard the Bible read and interpreted, heard her parents pray, asking God to use her life, to keep her in His care, to guide her.

We know that the family who prays together stays together. And whether there be one child or nineteen God's command to parents will always be the same. He says, "Bring up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it." He was speaking directly to parents.

If I could give to my children one blessing it would be the realization of the importance of daily devotion in their lives.

If family worship is to be established in homes it is important that this be done in the beginning of marriage, for it is a very difficult pattern to establish if we wait until we see the children following in the footsteps of the delinquent. Then it is almost impossible.

Children learn best by example. If we as parents do not love or respect either God or man how can we expect our little ones to be different?

I have never seen disaster crush them quite Those families, who rear their altars Under small sheltering roofs, and year by year Trust God, seeking His advice and walking in His ways. Though there be grief and hardship they must meet I have never seen disaster crush them quite.

I have never known divorce to break a home Where a man and woman pray, Kneeling by their fireside at the close of day. Or reading in the early morning there God's word to help them through The hours ahead. I've never known divorce To break such homes, have you?

A man, a woman, and their children side by side Heeding God's word are truly fortified.

— Grace Noll Crowell

From the Pulpit

Douglas Dobie was one of the famous lay preachers of Scotland who preached for over 60 years. He made his living as a salesman. One day while riding on a train he began talking with the passenger in the compartment with him.

Eventually the conversation got around to whether or not the man was a Christian. The man replied that he was. When queried further, he said that he was not a member of any denomination. He continued by saying that the thief on the cross wasn't asked by Jesus what denomination he belonged to and that Christ had said, "Today, shalt thou be with me in paradise."

This nonplussed Dobie for a moment, then he said, "If you don't belong to any Christian denomination I expect you support the work financially." Again the answer was that the thief on the cross wasn't asked for any money. "Well, well," replied Dobie, "I've only one answer to that; I just want to tell you, my friend, that the thief on the cross was a dying thief, you are a living one."

Money is either a pitfall or a blessing. To a great number it isn't a blessing. Jesus knew this and His teachings dealt with this more than any other subject. Still, we have people in the church today who think the preacher should preach the whole gospel and leave money out of it. We all acknowl-

edge that we aren't going to take any of it with us, but so many church members fail to remember that Jesus taught that unless you use what you have according to His teachings, you aren't going to heaven anyway.

First of all a Christian recognizes that God is the owner of all things. You may possess but you really never own. Then the Bible teaches us that in order for us to have a happy, full life, we live as His stewards and know that in time we will have to give an accounting to God.

A life that fails to acknowledge this fundamental principle becomes an empty shell. And what is the acknowledgement? A title. The giving of a tenth is a confession of faith. It is more than paying a debt. It is an act of worship. It is putting into practice your faith. A person never fully and wholly trusts God until his "pocketbook is converted too". Too many church members have only gone part way with God. Is your conscience clear on this all important matter?

"Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse — and prove me — I will open up the windows of heaven and pour you out a blessing — that there shall not be room enough to receive it." Malachi 3:10.

Rev. B. L. Davidson, Pastor First Methodist Church Morehead City, N. C.

Are You Safe at Home?

Editor's Note: This is the last in a series of articles on home safety.

"One death a year in a discarded icebox or refrigerator is one too many!"

With that thought in mind, the National Safety Council warns against discarding cabinets — preservers of food when in the kitchen, but so often destroyers of young lives when put on the back porch, in the back yard or on junk heaps.

"The suffocation of children in discarded refrigerators and iceboxes, though declining because of the public's increased awareness of the problem, is an especially needless form of accidental death," the council said.

Death in discarded cabinets came 18 times in 1955, 11 the following year and 14 in 1957, latest year for which figures are available.

Nearly 50 million refrigerators, iceboxes, freezers and other air-tight cabinets are in use today, ac-

ording to the council. And they're being carted to junk piles — or, worse yet, kept in the basement as an extra cabinet, or left in the back yard — at a rate of about a million a year.

Critical period is May through September. That's when most victims lose their lives in discarded cabinets.

Typical of the tragedies was the recent suffocation of two Indiana brothers 5 and 3 years of age. They crawled into a refrigerator and pulled the door shut, locking themselves inside. The cabinet's insulation probably muffled the boys' cries for help, authorities said.

How can such mishaps be avoided?

• Teach children to stay away from discarded cabinets.

• Remove the door if you discard a cabinet.

• Remove latch stops so the doors can't lock. This can be done, usually, by removing a few screws.

• Drill holes in the cabinet and remove the rubber gasket around the door.

"Better yet," the council said, "destroy the cabinet."

Most states have legislation prohibiting abandoning, discarding or storing the death-dealing devices where they can become coffins for children, the council pointed out.

IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS

THIRTY YEARS AGO
A cancer clinic would be held in Beaufort and Morehead City the second week of October.

Judge Walter Hill had been appointed captain in the US Reserve Infantry Corps.

Beaufort and Morehead City football teams were meeting in the first game of the season this weekend.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO
Surveyors were at work on the old New Bern road between the North River road and Core Creek.

Miss Clyde Duncan was writing a weekly column in the Beaufort News about the books in the Town Library.

Roses Store in Morehead City had signed a long term lease for the store space formerly occupied by the Paragon Department Store.

TEN YEARS AGO
The County Board of Education had let the contract for the new

Atlantic School which would cost \$234,565.

Morehead City town commissioners were opposing the proposed stopping of Atlantic and North Carolina Railroad passenger service from Goldsboro to Morehead City.

The Morehead City colored school was to be sold for cash to the highest bidder in October, because the new W. S. King school would be in a different location.

FIVE YEARS AGO
Pat Webb, Walt Hamilton, Dorothy Freeman and Lynn Stoller had the lead parts in the play, The Nightmare, being produced by the Community Theatre group.

Morehead City commissioners voted to permit parking on 10th Street between Evans and Arendell Streets on the west side only.

The South Atlantic and Caribbean Ports Association went on record opposing the shipment of scrap iron to foreign countries.

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