

Happy Birthday!

Friends of Ma Taylor tomorrow will pay tribute to her on her hundredth birthday. As far as we can determine, she is not only the oldest resident of Beaufort, but of the county.

There are quite a few residents in their nineties and we have attempted to obtain pictures of all of them. Undoubtedly, some have been missed. Our information came from the county steering committee for the aging, which made exhaustive efforts several months ago to obtain the names of our oldest senior citizens. If there are residents in their nineties whose names do not appear in the section honoring them, we would like to hear from them or members of their families.

Senior citizens are becoming a very important part of our life. They always have been, but today there are more of them because medical science is keeping folks healthier longer. The social pattern is changing, too. Ma, like most elderly folks of long ago, lives with her family. But today, many old folks are not welcome in the homes of their children. Illnesses may require that they have round-the-clock nursing care and they must seek that care in

special homes.

Families of other old folks simply may not be able to care for them in the home; families of others may be dead, thus we find growing up in many communities homes for elderly people.

Today there are numerous publications geared especially to the interests of senior citizens. They deal with hobbies, health, place of the senior citizen in the church and community, and some offer health programs that are beneficial physically and financially to older folks.

Miss Grace Wilson, Beaufort, who is vitally interested in problems of the aging, is well-informed on the subject and has been most gracious in supplying information to any who request it.

Our sincere wishes for more happy birthdays go to Ma Taylor — and to all our senior citizens, especially those who have reached the autumn years of 90 and older. They are an inspiration to younger generations. They make those in the 60's feel like kids; they fill an important place in our changing American scene and we are remiss in our duty to humanity if we don't let them know it.

Stalwarts Step Down

Dr. S. W. Hatcher, after three years, has stepped down as head of the Morehead City Recreation commission. He is the second of two stalwarts who have left important positions in the municipal recreation program in recent months. Fred Lewis, director for many years, resigned several months ago.

Under Dr. Hatcher, the recreation commission operated efficiently, more activities for youngsters were established, definite tasks assigned to certain commissioners, and much-needed improvements made to the recreation building itself.

Perhaps that is because the recreation commission finally started to get the tax money due it — yet Dr. Hatcher and the commission saw that the money was well spent.

Municipal recreation is not an easy program to administer. It must meet the needs of all ages and all races because it is a tax-supported program. Unless tact is used, there can be conflict among groups who want to use the same facilities of the building at the same time. And because youth of the community are the ones who come in contact with it for the most part, the older citizens are prone to take little interest in it.

Like any government program where there are jobs to be had with pay from tax funds, there are persons who want

those jobs, believe they deserve them, and are miffed if they don't get them. In addition to the directorship, the secretary-treasurer of the commission is paid. Positions on the commission carry no salary.

Just before Dr. Hatcher left office, he saw that a set of rules for the recreation commission was drawn up. Ever since the commission's creation in 1950, it has rolled along with nothing in writing to steer it. Members played it by ear. It's a credit to those on the first recreation boards that things went as well as they did. Not only were they handicapped by insufficient funds, but they were charting new paths in Morehead City.

Dr. Hatcher merits a vote of thanks from the citizens. He's still on the commission and his influence will not be lost. Mr. Lewis, long-time recreation director, spent many, many hours on the job. Finding his replacement will not be easy. (James Shine succeeded Mr. Lewis but recently accepted a position in New Bern).

Our best wishes for a happy administration and successful operation of the program go to E. L. Smithwick, the new director, and his commissioners. A recreation program can fill a need or it can be just another drain of tax funds. It depends on how the commission handles the job.

A Visit to the Depot

(New York Herald Tribune)

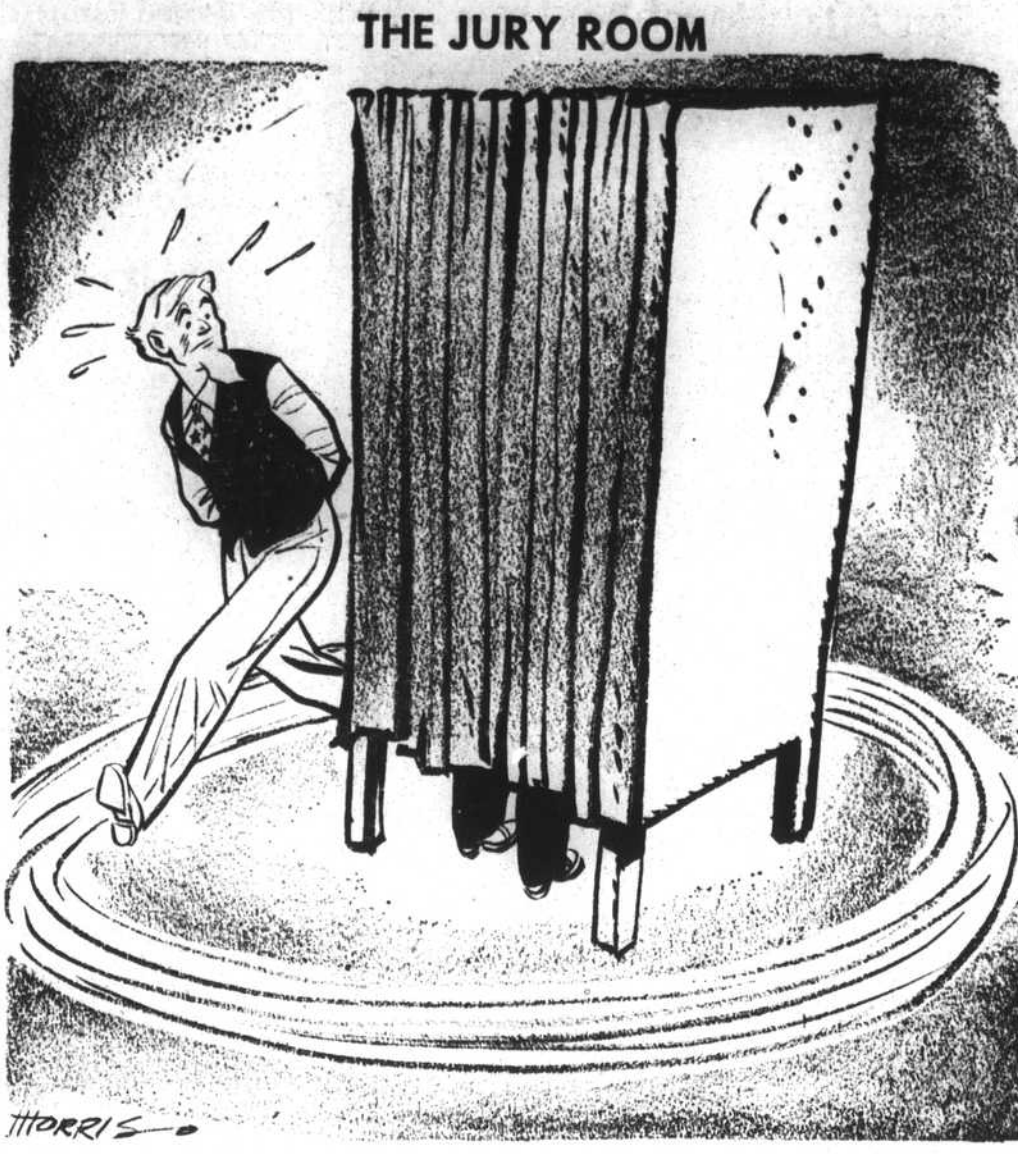
The old station stood in a hush near the highway, almost on top of the underpass it had, in the last years of its life, ironically demanded. Weathered, or abandoned, to a bright mustard brown, it remained only as a blind landmark to the trains that roared through, shivering its windows. Being right on the main line made it the more forgotten.

Toothy gingerbread ran along the edge of the shed roof. Above it, the building itself was covered with board and batten, warped and peeling. Along the asphalt platform, now sprung with fifteen years of weeds, one of the thin, down-curved lamps was twisted rakishly out of line. A huge, rickety overpass, brown too, spanned the tracks like the forelegs of a dinosaur, although the wire fence between the rails, which had made people climb up

and down, was half beaten to the earth. Through a cracked pane everything looked neat, and the stove and radiators freshly painted. Here was a faithful copy of every country railroad station, of neither more nor less interest than any other.

On the other side of the platform rusty tracks circled off to the old steamboat landing four miles away which passengers fifty years ago had used most conveniently to cross the bay. Here indeed was a vintage ghost.

As the melancholy inspection ended, a car drew up and a man jumped out. "What time does the next train go from here?" he asked in a Southern accent. "I have to get home to Florida in a hurry." He had noticed the station from the road. His question was natural. He stopped time for a moment, if not a train.



Ruth Peeling

Wanted: New Kind of Human

Somebody ought to invent a human being who doesn't make a mess of things.

In my house there are no kids, no dogs, no cats—just one parakeet—and I can get that house in a bigger mess in shorter time than anyone can imagine.

Take my outside utility closet for example. Every time I turn around, it seems, it could be cleaned again and stuff thrown out. I guess I have a squirrel instinct. Always saving things like boxes, aluminum foil pie plates, old lamps, vases, half-packages of seed I'll never plant, paper bags, newspapers, magazines, old kitchen utensils. The clutter makes me sick just to think about it, yet I can't force myself to throw it all away.

But aside from closets. Look at the mess left when all you do is put a meal in front of your family. Look at the chaos of the bedrooms after they all get up and get off to school. The mess left in front of the tv from the snacks eaten there the night before. The clutter in the room where you were sewing.

Think of all the extra time we'd have for other things if we just

didn't have to keep cleaning up. That's why I think it would be nice if someone invented a human who could go through life without making a mess.

Floy Garner said she looked out of her house at Newport the other day and Book Wilson's old hound dog was in front of Republican headquarters howling as though he'd lost his last friend.

Floy said she couldn't figure out whether he was prophesying dark things for his master's party or whether Mr. Book wasn't in Republican headquarters like he was supposed to be and his dog was calling him to his post.

Friday night was the Beaufort-Morehead football game. The wife of a minister who had recently come to town—couldn't understand why the junior choir couldn't sing that night at a revival service.

One of the county's leading citizens said, "She doesn't know yet that there are just some things that aren't in the Bible!"

(In case someone is reading this who has never lived in Beaufort and Morehead City, no young'un in his right mind is ANYWHERE

during a Morehead-Beaufort game except at the game!)

Dick Lockey reports that an elderly lady called Prentiss Garner the other day and said she couldn't get to see him so she could register and could he come to her house and register her? She said she wanted to register as a Republican.

Well, this crushed Prentiss. Being a Democrat, he's much happier registering Democrats. But he went with the registration book to see the lady. When he got there she announced that she wanted to register as a Democrat.

Prentiss was somewhat surprised. He told her he thought she wanted to register as a Republican.

"Well," the lady said, "I heard that if Kennedy got elected, he'd close all the churches, so I wanted to vote for Nixon. Then I heard that if Nixon got elected, he'd cut off my social security, and I came to the conclusion that the check is more important to me than the church!"

Now Mr. Lockey may just have made that up. If he did, it's a good story. It certainly illustrates a lot of misinformation.

Mr. Kennedy, as any fool knows, couldn't close the churches, and as any fool knows, only Congress, not the President, could change anything like the social security program.

In the third place, it doesn't matter how you're registered, you can vote any way you want.

So don't believe everything you hear. As a matter of fact, at this point in the campaign, you'd do better if you don't believe anything you hear!

The Readers Write

Newport, N. C. Nov. 2, 1960

To the Editor:

Now that Halloween is over and the PTA's can once again breathe a sigh of relief that their budgets will balance for the present, let us reflect on the price we paid for the endeavor.

Since when is it up to the children and teachers to forfeit a month of the school year with exhausting money-making schemes just to keep the PTA in the black? No wonder teachers leave their professions for ones less taxing (physically) and more pay. No wonder the American students are falling down scholastically behind students of other countries when they must spend school hours and hours after school, which should be more profitably spent in home study, when they must sell, sell, sell to outdo another class.

Do they in their own rooms benefit from these financial drives? Perhaps indirectly, but the crying needs within each room are still there and they (the parents) have no say-so what the PTA spends the money for.

The day comes soon enough for our children to get out and earn for a living but it is not their responsibility to finance all these organizations. (I wouldn't be a bit surprised if the students didn't get asked to stage a carnival to help finance the proposed hospital.)

So let's face it—it's the parents and taxpayers who should squarely face these problems. Granted many mothers spend endless hours toward these carnivals, but which one of these isn't making her family neglected during October? But mind you, the students are still selling—they too must raise funds for band equipment, so the students try Christmas cards (just let the poor teacher handle the money—she has so much spare time.)

Our schools must teach democracy. They must help directly to create a democratic society. Therefore, we can say that it is through education that the door of democracy is unlocked.

Our civilization must keep moving toward progress. The way to do this is through education. The old frontiers of free land are gone, but new frontiers of opportunity are open to us. It is through education that man

Louise Spivey

Words of Inspiration

THE LAD WHO WENT AWAY

I set his room in order on that bright September day,  
And I handled all his treasures in a helpless sort of way;  
Books and pictures, scattered letters someone wrote in girlish glee,  
And a diary far too precious for a mother's eyes to see;  
Cast off shoes and belts and collars, all I put aside to stay;  
For I set his room in order when my laddie went away.

I set his life in order when my laddie was a child;  
Crooked ways I straightened for him, wounded feelings I beguiled.  
May the hand that in his childhood lay so trustingly in mine,  
Reach out upward through the darkness to a guidance divine!  
Keep him safe, O Heavenly Father, keep him strong and true today;  
And grant eternal victory to the lad who went away!

— Author Unknown

SOMETHING MORE

"Just do what you can. It's not merely enough to exist. It's not enough to say, 'I'm earning enough to live and to support my family. I do my work well. I'm a good father. I'm a good husband.'"

"That's all very well. But you must do something more. Seek always to do some good, somewhere. Every man has to seek in his own way to make his own self more noble and to realize his own true worth."

"You must give some time to your fellowman. Even if it's a little thing, do something for those who have need of help, something for which you get no pay but the privilege of doing it. For remember, you don't live in a world all your own. Your brothers are here, too."

— Dr. Albert Schweitzer

QUOTES

The best thing to give to your enemy is forgiveness; to an opponent, tolerance; to a friend, your heart; to your child, a good example; to a father, deference; to a mother, conduct that will make her proud of you; to yourself, respect; to all men, charity.

Lack of something to feel important about is almost the greatest tragedy a man can have.

If we had no faults of our own, we would not take so much pleasure in noting those of others.

When you get into a tight place and everything goes against you till it seems as though you could not hold on another minute longer, never give up then, for that is just the place and time that the tide will turn.

—Harriet Beecher Stowe

Emergencies have always been necessary to progress. It was darkness which produced the lamp. It was fog that produced the compass. It was hunger that drove us to exploration. And it took depression to teach us the real value of a job.

One ship sails east, another west,  
With the selfsame breezes blow;  
'Tis the set of the sail and not the gale  
Determines the way they go.

Like the ways of the waves are the winds of fate  
As we travel along through life;  
'Tis the set of the soul determines the goal  
And not the winds or the strife.

Under 21

Is Getting Too Serious Boy Fears Girlfriend

By DAN HALLIGAN

Dear Dan: I really have a problem. I've been going steady with this girl for about two months and I'm afraid we're altogether too serious. I'm an athlete and have a curfew and she's been keeping me out too many nights beyond the curfew. I would appreciate your help and soon.—A Worried Man.

Dear Man: If your coach ever finds out you're not keeping your curfew, you won't have to worry about sports anymore. Besides that, you can't expect the other boys on the team to play fair and square and not you.

I'm not saying you'll have to choose between the girl and your sports but I am saying you know your obligation to your team and your buddies and it has to come before the girl. If she doesn't or won't understand, then you two had better break up. If she does understand, you can still see each other but yet get home on time. A heart to heart talk with her will solve your problem, one way or another.

Dear Dan: I just turned 17 and would like to know how many nights a week a girl of my age should be allowed out on dates and the time she should be home. Thank you.—T. P.

Dear T. P.: The big factors in any dating situation these days are that school and your studies must take priority over any boy, sad as those words sound. I think a girl of 17 should be allowed at least

one and possibly two dates a week but not on school nights. Friday and Saturday nights are good dates nights. Your time coming in should be the time your parents tell you to check in the house.

The five other nights should be devoted to your parents, your girl friends, your school work and keeping your wardrobe and your room in order.

I make my spending money by baby-sitting and unless you can give me a solution to my problem, will have to keep being "nice" to my brother. Please help.—Worried.

Dear Worried: I don't know what your brother "has" on you but I'm sure it isn't that bad that you have to bow down to him. My advice is to tell your mother and hope she'll understand. Maybe you should be ashamed of yourself for whatever you did but so should your brother.

LETTERS from readers appear on page 2 section 2, as well as on this page.

the good old days

THIRTY YEARS AGO

Democratic candidates were successful in their bid for local offices.

The Beaufort Fire department used water to extinguish a fire for the first time in 18 months. All previous fires, which had been small, had been put out by the use of chemicals.

Mr. Ivey Mason, former manager of the D. Pender store in Beaufort, was now managing the Home Service store on Front street, Beaufort.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

The State Highway and Public Works commission was planning a bridge from the mainland near Atlantic to Cedar Island, to replace the ferry that was now in use.

The Atlantic Baptist association voted to hold its next annual meeting at Marshallberg.

The Rural Resettlement administration had leased a sweet potato curing house which would be available for RR farmers.

TEN YEARS AGO

The State Highway department announced that the new beach bridge would enter Morehead City at 24th street.

Three persons were saved after nearly drowning when their boat capsized at the Atlantic Beach bridge. The tide and current carried them to 7th street before they could be rescued.

FIVE YEARS AGO

Beaufort town commissioner Gerald Hill asked about the house numbering and street marking project which was a part of the Finer Carolina project. We would still like to know what about it!

Morehead City received notice of approval of \$50,956 in federal funds to meet cost of temporary repair of damage caused to town property in the hurricanes.

Four residents of Atlantic, Cecil Morris, Clayton Fulcher, Ira Morris and Milton Willis, told the county commissioners that Core Banks, especially from Drum Inlet to Ocracoke Inlet, must be restored.

**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. 1936)  
 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, \$8.00 one year, \$6.25 nine months, \$4.50 six months, \$3.00 three months, \$1.50 one month; elsewhere \$9.50 one year, \$7.25 nine months, \$5.25 six months, \$4.00 three months, \$1.50 one month.  
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 Weekly Major Markets, Inc.  
 10 East 40th Street, New York 16, 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