

NEWS of the CHURCHES

Gainer Bryan, Jr.,
Delivers Sermons
In Baptist Church

Gainer Bryan, Jr., NEWS-TIMES reporter, spoke at the morning and evening worship services of the Beaufort Baptist church Sunday in the absence of the pastor, the Rev. Winfrey Davis.

Faith was the general theme of both messages delivered by Mr. Bryan. He spoke in the morning on Faith at Work in the Building of a Church and in the evening on Faith for Daily Living.

In his morning message, Mr. Bryan challenged the congregation of the Beaufort Baptist church to launch out on faith and build a church building and a church program which will be adequate to advance the Christian faith in the Beaufort community.

Alluding to the story in the gospel of Matthew, in which Jesus commanded Peter to launch out into the deep and let down his nets, Mr. Bryan called upon the Baptists to provide adequate educational and recreational facilities and a youth-centered church program. He said the church should be a community center for week-around activities offering something to every age group.

In his evening message, Mr. Bryan stated that people are in need of the confidence which Christian faith provides for daily living. He pointed to the daily news of mental breakdowns, suicides, breakup of homes and to the simple fears, worries and anxieties of everyday life and declared that faith is the need of this age and every age.

The Christian faith is a discipline, he said. It requires the surrender of self, but the reward is self-discovery.

Mr. Bryan is from Forsyth, Ga. He is a graduate of Mercer university and was a special student in religious journalism at the Southern Baptist Theological seminary last year.

HIGHWAY

(Continued From Page One)

Parties interested in building this highway have been busily and privately engaged for several months in completing plans announced on the weekend. Last spring a group of representatives from North Carolina, Virginia and other states met at The Carolinian Hotel here and discussed the proposal to build a highway between Virginia Beach and this resort connecting existing highways.

Captain Garrison of the Virginia Ferry Corporation estimated he could funnel an average of 200,000 automobiles bound north and south each year.

SUSPENSION

(Continued From Page One)

licenses revoked in North Carolina every month.

Character witnesses from Swansboro attested to Mr. Weathering's good reputation, and a woman gave testimony that she was one of six persons who have been riding from Swansboro to work with Mr. Weathering daily. She said there was no other means of transportation available.

Mr. Weathering admitted in his testimony that he was convicted of speeding in excess of 75 MPH and that a state patrol officer gave chase for 15 miles before catching him in Swansboro about 1 a.m., Sept. 21.

PTA

(Continued From Page One)

vice-director, and Mrs. Herbert Jones, secretary.

"We feel the conference speakers will have messages of utmost importance and will be most inspirational for all school-minded people," commented Mrs. Eudy. She said that all Carteret county PTA members are most cordially invited to stay for the luncheon but that they need not attend the whole day's session.

Members of the conference committees are as follows: Mrs. Eudy, general chairman; Mrs. George Eastman, registration; Mrs. F. R. Bell, hospitality; Mrs. Robert Saffit, Jr., and Mrs. James H. Potter, luncheon.

Mrs. George Brooks, Mrs. Harvey Smith, and Mrs. James Noe, decorating; Mrs. Blythe Noe, publicity; Mrs. Charles Hassell, music; Mrs. W. L. Woodard and Mrs. Blythe Noe, exhibits; Margaret Ann Windley and Mary Fond Mac, pages; and Helen Paul, Neva Dail, Elizabeth Bell, and Shirley Lipman, ushers.

Counties comprising PTA district 10 are Carteret, Beaufort, Craven, Hyde, Jones, Lenoir, Onslow, Pamlico, and Pitt.

Ocracoke Serves On Cruiser

Dallas K. Williams, boatswain's mate, third class, USN, son of Mr. and Mrs. Z. S. Williams of Ocracoke, recently arrived in the Mediterranean Sea aboard the heavy cruiser USS Columbus.

CAMP GLENN

Oct. 22 — Miss Sarah Nichols teaching at Freemont, N. C., spent the week end with her mother, Mrs. Mattie Nichols.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Clark and daughter Judy, also Mrs. Beacham motored to Washington where they spent the week end with relatives.

Mr. J. C. Pake, of Beaufort, Miss Gloria Lewis of Camp Glenn and her brother, Roy Lewis and family motored to Norfolk.

Mr. and Mrs. Vick have left for Lake Charles, Florida to make their new home. Mrs. Sally Vick did fine work in running our school lunch room last year.

Ronald West having completed his basic Army training at Fort Jackson, S. C., is home on leave. He is to report back to Fort Belvoir, N. J., and assignment to the European Theatre. Best wishes from all your friends Ronny!

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Fulcher, of Leeds Point, N. J., are visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. B. L. West.

Mrs. Rena Merrill returned after a three weeks stay at her daughter's in Leeds Point, N. J.

Mr. Reginald Lewis will leave this week for Washington, D. C. and school.

Friends are informed that Mr. Clifton Brewer is confined because of illness.

The Camp Glenn P.T.A., held its first meeting Tuesday the 19th dispensed with regular business and refreshments were served.

Little Johnnie Parson downed by rheumatoid fever for some six weeks is climbing on ton now. Being able to sit up in bed and taking nourishment heartily. We're rooting for you Johnnie!

Mr. John Swinson and Thompson Moss left Monday for Fort Bragg for induction into the Army.

Mrs. Rufus Clark with her daughter, Edna, and her brother, Albert Dixon, motored from Chowchilla to spend the weekend with their sister and aunt, Mrs. Albin Beacham.

Mr. and Mrs. Dewey Adams of Raleigh spent the weekend with Mr. and Mrs. Jack Powell.

Mr. and Mrs. Leo Consales of New York City spent the week with Mr. and Mrs. Russell Willis also their son and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Gonsalves.

Mr. and Mrs. Fernie Willis spent the weekend with his parents in Newport.

Mrs. Rosa York has been confined in bed since Thursday is gradually improving.

Fur Seals Found
Wearing Collars

The mystery of the rubber "collars" found on the necks of nine Pribilof Island fur seals during the past five summers is solved, according to Frank G. Ashbrook, who is in charge of the Fish and Wildlife Service's wild fur animal investigations.

Since July 16, 1944, when the first three-year-old fur seal was recovered with a ring-like piece of thin sheet rubber around its neck, Service biologists have been baffled trying to explain the collars' origin.

Mr. Ashbrook disclosed today that the Air Force's Air Material Command, Wright Patterson Air Base, Dayton, Ohio, had closely examined the rubber collars and has suggested that they are fragments of rubber bags used by the Japanese during World War II for aerial delivery of food and water to their besieged troops in the Aleutian Islands.

Many of the aerial bags missed their mark when parachuted down. Mr. Ashbrook believes, and were blown out to sea where they floated on the surface of the water. He says that their food attracted the small pup seals who probably plunged through the narrow openings of the rubber bags. Clinging to the pup seals' necks, the bags could not be dislodged and eventually crumbled away. The rubber rings remained on the necks of the fur seals as collars.

The rubber-collared fur seals were recovered during the sealing operations which the Fish and Wildlife Service conducts when the fur seal herd leaves the sea each spring. The herd goes ashore on the bleak, volcanic Pribilof Islands in the Bering Sea, dwells there for about three months to breed, and then turns back to the sea.

The rubber collars fitted snugly around the seals' necks and cut through the fur and skin of the animals. They resembled the roll-top of a woman's stocking.

It was believed by some Service biologists that Japanese or Russian migratory habits had placed the rubber collars on the animals' necks for identification purposes. But the Service was unable to prove this theory.

Army and Navy technicians were unable to recognize the rubber collars as being part of their equipment. Rubber manufacturers reported that the rubber had probably been manufactured in a foreign country.

A red salmon, marked by the U. S. Bureau of Fisheries in Alaskan waters in May, and caught 44 days later in a Siberian stream, was found to have traveled 1,300 miles in that time.

Students Greet Lecturer



Miss Carolyn Taylor, extreme right, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Taylor of 2113 Evans street, and senior at Salem College, is shown with several school mates greeting Lecturer Edward Weeks, widely known author and editor of the Atlantic Monthly, upon his arrival in Winston-Salem. Mr. Weeks was the first speaker in the college lecture series for the current school year.



Planned to fit a modest budget, this four-and-a-half room house has an expansive attic where two rooms and bath can be added. Designed by McMurray & Chigottis, 968 Studevant Avenue, Union, N. J., as the Anita 108, the house covers 957 square feet exclusive of garage and porch. A complete basement is suggested with oil or gas-fired air-conditioned heat.

Constance Bennett Looks Pretty
Anyway, Even With Hair In Curlers

By Gene Handshaker
HOLLYWOOD—Constance Bennett's friend came into the living room where I was waiting and said: "Connie's hair is up on pin-curlers. She says she'll come in for the interview right now."

Connie looked lovely anyway. There, green slacks and sweater on her slim figure, green snood over her pinned-up golden hair, gold rings in her ears.

Our brisk 40-minute interview covered almost every possible subject of interest regarding Connie Bennett. She washes and puts up her own hair—has done so for nine years. "Beauty parlors think they must curl it too tight," she says. "A boa constrictor but doesn't go over 100 pounds. 'A metabolism test showed I have terrific excess energy and burn food up as quickly as I consume it.' I can believe that."

Square-jawed Connie is a fighter. You get the feeling that she'd land on her feet and recover quickly from almost any setback. In an interview the give and take is free and easy. Ask anything—maybe you won't get a direct answer but Connie comes up laughing with at least an evasion. If the question hurts, she doesn't let on.

Age? "I'm going to remain between 35 and 40 the rest of my life." (A movie almanac gives her nearly 43 years, but Connie has a healthy glow on her glamorous looks. How long will she stay in pictures? "I'd like to be a producer of good standing. I'll use myself in the pictures when I fit the stories." Her latest venture is as a star on Mutual's "Leave It to the Girls.")

Isn't it true that she's more aggressive, less easily offended person than, say, her sister Joan? Connie was beautiful. "I don't think she's as interested in getting to the bottom of something as I am. She's a very balanced person. I'm more explosive. I'm bombastic. She's more reserved." They're

Chapter 21

IT WAS early afternoon when Gay rode out of a concealing cluster of sun-bleached boulders and halted atop a sharp rise. She was tired now; she had ridden for hours without stopping. She had started off in an easterly direction, but now she discovered that she was riding steadily southward instead. Somewhere below her was the shack . . . her eyes ranged over the open country but it seemed to have disappeared, lost in that great vastness. She winced inwardly when she thought of it, even tried to put the mental picture she had of it out of her mind, but it was wasted effort; there was something magnetic about the shack and despite her efforts to withstand it, she knew that eventually she would head directly for it. There was something else that disturbed her. Once, when she had looked back, she had the feeling that she had caught a fleeting glimpse of a rider some distance behind her. She had looked back a dozen times afterward, but even though she had seen nothing to confirm her suspicions, the feeling that she was being followed persisted.

She nudged her horse and he started downhill. Finally they reached level ground again. With a snort of mingled satisfaction and triumph, Gay's horse loped away. Then she spied the shack, standing so completely alone on the range. She slowed her horse to a walk, halted him a dozen feet from it.

It looked so drab and uninviting in the broad daylight, yet so much had happened within the limited confines of its walls. She shook her head. Bits of events, and flashes of familiar faces darted in and out of her thoughts. She was jolted back to reality when a slender figure suddenly came around the shack. It was Nettie Martin. Gay stared hard at her. Nettie stopped in front of her, looked up at her.

"I had a feeling that you'd come out here," Nettie said.

"I didn't come here intentionally," Gay flared up. "I've been riding around for hours, as you

know, and it was just a coincidence that I happened to ride this way. But thank goodness this will be the last time. I'm leaving the Circle-A."

Nettie studied her for a moment, eying her critically and appraisingly.

"So you're running away," she mused finally. "Yes, that would be what you'd do. But it won't help you any, Gay. You can't run away from the things you've done and expect to be able to forget them just by changing the scenery and substituting other men for the ones you've left behind you, even the dead one. Your conscience won't let you."

Nettie paused now. She looked tired and worn and her face was streaked and old. She drew a deep breath.

"I had planned to kill you, Gay," she said presently. "I brought a gun with me for that purpose. It wasn't just for the sake of revenge. I wanted to make sure you'd never be able to do to other women what you've done to me. But now I realize how foolish it was of me even to think of killing you any longer. . . . I don't feel up to it."

Gay raised her head. She eyed Nettie strangely as though she didn't fully understand.

"Go!" Nettie screamed. She swung her right hand wildly, whacked an animal on the rump. He snorted angrily and bolted away.

Minutes later, when the thundering echo of the horse's hoofs had died out, Nettie turned. Alone, with each new day's determination vanished and left her a broken and bowed woman.

Chapter 22

TED CORBIN smiled the smile of a man who is pleased with things. It was an expansive smile and a stranger eying him for the first time would doubtless have been deceived by the Corbin smile and attributed to him all the virtues that began with tolerance and patience and Ted Corbin was neither tolerant nor patient. Ever since he could remember, the Corbin credo had been one of taking what a Corbin wanted and when a Corbin wanted it.

This night Ted Corbin was particularly pleased with things even though he had had no part in creating this pleasant situation. He was gloating over the fact that George Akers was languishing behind bars in the back room of the Sheriff's office. He had never forgotten the beating he had received at the youth's hands, and now the knowledge that George was in serious trouble gave him a tremendous sense of satisfaction. But the fact that he had had no hand in creating the trouble irked him . . . despite his smile he was annoyed and the longer he reflected, the more annoyed he became. What he asked himself, could he do to increase the depth of Akers' difficulties?

There was still another reason for the smile on Corbin's face. This was a purely personal reason and every now and then Corbin turned his head and looked inside, eyed Gay behind the cash counter, and the smile on his face deepened. Women had always occupied positions of importance in the lives of the Corbin men-folk and Ted was no exception. He was certain of one thing and that was that no Corbin had ever had as pretty a woman as Gay in his grasp. He had coveted Gay from the very first time he had seen her . . . now, without any effort on his part, she was his. Life, indeed, he mused, could be wonderful . . . and for the moment it was. A

man stopped in front of him, looked at him and waited for Ted to become aware of his presence. Corbin settled himself against the framework of the door, found the man standing in front of him.

"O-h," Corbin said. "Didn't see you come along, Dan." "Wondered when you were gonna notice me," he replied. "Don't know that I ever saw you lookin' so doggone pleased with yerself, Ted."

Corbin grinned broadly. "Know who they got locked up down at the Sheriff's place?" he asked.

"Yeah, sure," Dan said quickly. "Tex Akers' boy."

Corbin nodded grimly. "He ain't been a boy for a long time," he said curtly. "He's a no-good killer, that's what he is."

"Understand Buck Loomis got 'im dead 't rights, that right?" Dan asked.

"There was nothing to it," Corbin asserted. "Akers needed dough and he needed it pronto. When Snediker made 'm 'n offer for some o' his cattle, Akers turned it down. Why? Only because he had another way o' gettin' Snediker's dough and without havin' to give up a single head o' his cattle. He made out like Snediker wasn't offerin' him enough, then when Snediker left, this young polecat hustled away, circled around John, way-laid him and killed him. That's all there was to it. It was an open-and-shut case if ever I heard o' one, and Buck snapped it shut right smack in Akers' face."

"I didn't have the hull story," "You have it now," Corbin said grimly. "Like I said before, Akers is low-down, like a snake. And I know I don't hafta tell you what I do with a snake, Dan."

"Kill 'm right off."

"Right."

"Wa-al, he law'll fix 'im."

"Yeah, sure, but that costs money, your money and mine. It costs real dough 't put on a trial and taxes are doggone high as they are without addin' to 'em."

HIGH POCKETS

into thoughtful silence. But now that Phil was buried, things quickly returned to normalcy.

It was the evening of the third day. George came downstairs, sauntered to the table, swung his chair around and seated himself. Cathy placed a well-filled plate in front of him.

"George," she said and he looked up. "I've heard from Gay."

"That so?"

"Yes," Cathy went on. "She's taken a room in town, at Mrs. Sutton's place, a sort of boarding house."

He wondered if Cathy knew as he did that Gay had gotten herself a job as Corbin's cashier.

"Now I can see her whenever I want to," Cathy continued. "And she can come and visit us."

"Course," he said. He picked up his fork. There was a knock on the door, and they looked at each other. He frowned down the fork, but Cathy was on her feet already . . . she went to the door, opened it. In the open doorway stood a tall figure, Sheriff Buck Loomis. Behind him, and peering in over his shoulder was Pat McCabe. The frown on George's face deepened.

"You back again?" he said curtly.

Loomis pushed into the kitchen. He glanced at Cathy only briefly, and came forward to the table.

"Akers," the Sheriff began with a curious heaviness in his voice. George heard the door close behind McCabe but he did not turn his head. "Pat's just come back from a trip down 't Texas."

"I am," Loomis said. "The ranch ain't been sold yet, so Gay didn't get 'ny dough outta that. The dough in the bank come to seven hundred dollars."

Cathy came around the table. She halted behind her own chair. "Then the five thousand dollars," she said and she stopped abruptly when the full impact of what the Sheriff was leading up to struck her.

Loomis shook his head. "He picked up his money," he said quietly. He looked down at George. "I'm sorry, Akers, but you'll hafta come back 't town with us. You're under arrest for the murder o' John Snediker."

Corbin straightened up so suddenly that Dan jerked back.

"Listen t' me," Corbin said. Dan relaxed. "I went outa my way one day t' try and do that young polecat a good turn. I didn't hafta do it, but I did anyway. I figured he was up against it same as o' Tex was, so I rode out t' the Circle-A and started t' make him an offer for the spread. I know what fraks I got?"

"Nope."

"That young squirt told me t' get off the place and t' stay off 'em. Dan's eyes widened in surprise. "On the level?"

Corbin nodded gravely. "Now, c'n you blame me for feelin' about him the way I do?"

"No!"

Corbin slapped him on the back. "Go on inside, Dan," he said, "and tell Murphy I said to set up a bottle for you."

Dan Caldwell brightened. "Gee, Ted, that's swell o' you. Thanks, feller."

"Forget it."

Corbin watched him stride in, saw him head directly for the bar . . . after a minute he sauntered inside, too. He stopped at the counter. Gay looked up. Corbin smiled down at her.

"Know what time it is, young lady?" he asked.

"Wh-y, no. Is it . . . is it very late?"

"Nearly ten," Corbin answered. "Get your coat. You're going home. Think I want you t' get the wrong impression o' me, specially on your first night?"

Gay laughed softly. "I love it here. It's so exciting."

He nodded understandingly.

(To be continued)

DR. E. F. MENIUS
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LAIRD'S
APPLE BRANDY

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Ten Million Dollars
To Three in Two Years

SHANGHAI — (AP) — Short story. In 1946 two men held ten million of the government's former inflated currency—the "CNC." One was an old man. The other was a young man.

The old man, a retired employee of a big foreign oil company had what he called faith in the Chinese government "to do the right thing by its money." He put it in the bank and lived on the gratifyingly high interest.

The young man came down to Shanghai and bought five hundred American dollars with his ten million. Today the young man still has his stake. The old man? A letter was received from his widow after the changeover at 3 million CNC to one new gold yuan. It said, that all he had to show for his life's work was three dollars.

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TO THE CITIZENS
OF CARTERET COUNTY

Having been appointed to this Office by Resident Judge J. Paul Frizzelle, following the death of the late Honorable D. B. Willis, and having given of my best in service to the people of Carteret County during the past year, I respectfully ask you, the Citizens of Carteret County, for your vote of confidence in this November General Election.

ALFONSO H. JAMES
Democratic Candidate

for
Clerk of Superior Court
Of Carteret County