



# The NEW BERN MIRROR

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Jack Horton (once honored as North Carolina's bus driver of the year) has driven millions of miles for New Bern's Seashore Transportation Company.

Counting a short period at the outset when he operated his own bus, his career behind the wheel dates back 37 years. For Seashore, he has always followed the same route, from Washington (the original) to Wilmington.

It has been our good fortune to claim him as a friend for a third of a century. A loquacious extrovert, with a disposition that reminds you of Santa Claus, he is famed for going out of his way to do folks a favor.

On one occasion, back in the early Thirties, this inclination to be a man of good will under all circumstances led to an unusual occurrence. As was anticipated by a group he befriended, Jack took the unexpected in stride.

Cruising along toward Wilmington, from New Bern, he halted his bus at a cluster of myrtle bushes to pick up several passengers who flagged him down. They were going up the road for a country mile or so, and Horton punched cashed fares amounting to a quarter apiece.

The last passenger who climbed on the bus said, "There's one more of us, can he go too?" Jack replied in the affirmative, of course, and all of the passengers got off and went back of the myrtle bushes.

They returned in a couple of minutes with a coffin. Having given his word that he would carry the additional passenger, the bus driver wasn't going to break his promise.

He helped load the casket upon the old-style, flat-top vehicle. The mourners boarded the bus once more, and rode to a little church nestling in the wildwood. They got off, removed the coffin from the top of the bus, and walked with becoming dignity to the church cemetery where graveside rites were held for the deceased.

Jack's brother Vance (who retired quite a number of years ago, and now lives in South Carolina) used to drive for Seashore too. He was good natured like Jack, and just as accommodating.

Nobody ever found fault with Vance. That is, nobody did until an obviously upset lady who had traveled with him from Wilmington to New Bern complained to his boss, Charles (Shoot) Hall, at the home office here.

"I hate to report this," she told Hall, "but the driver I had this morning is out of his mind. We would be riding along, and all of a sudden he would start flapping his elbows against his sides like something crazy. He did it several times, and it's got me so nervous I don't know what to do."

Vance, admittedly light hearted, had never been known to cut monkey shines behind a steering wheel, but the distressed lady sounded mighty convincing. When he came through on his next run, Shoot hauled him on the carpet.

"I wasn't cutting up," drawled Vance in his typical Charlie Weaver style. "You know them eggs I buy and bring up here for the other drivers and you all in the office. Well, if I want some

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## FIRST-CITIZENS BANK & TRUST COMPANY

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**BETTER GET GOING**—Marilyn Ann Jones (daughter of Juanita and Elmo) of 1310 Benfield Avenue reminds us all that a week of the New Year has already passed into history. What about those solemn resolutions you made to work more and loaf less during 1965? Have you kept that promise to yourself to give

up drinking, smoking, desserts, or creamed potatoes with gravy? In short, how are you coming along with that list of good intentions? Don't lose heart, if you've stumbled. Pick up the pieces and make a fresh start. It's never too late to mend your ways.—Photo by Wray Studio.