

# Carter's Column

By—W. Horace Carter



## SHE BARELY MADE IT

Bill Hooks, one of the really hard workers on the organizational committee of the proposed Southeastern North Carolina Development association, is one of the most interesting conversationalists we have ever had the opportunity of meeting.

Bill is a bank president, successful farmer, businessman, ASC official, active church and civic worker, etc., who makes his home beyond Whiteville on the Clarkton highway.

At any rate, Bill and I were riding to Wilmington together last week for another committee meeting, and we were talking about the way things have changed over the years in Columbus county. Bill told the story of how he survived a nerve-wrecking experience some 25 or 30 years ago.

It seems that a young couple he knew was expecting an addition to the family and when the hour arrived for the blessed event, the prospective mother went to the local doctor for the delivery. Strangely enough, the doctor decided at that last minute that the mother could not give natural birth to a child and that an operation would be necessary.

At that time, there was no doctor or hospital facilities in the county for delivery of a child by cesarean methods.

The frantic expectant father had no car and he asked Bill if he would carry the now suffering mother to Wilmington and the hospital for the operation. Bill, of course, agreed to do so.

The local doctor then called Wilmington to make the arrangements. He found that the Wilmington doctor was in Dunn attending a party, and he had called him there. Finally locating the surgeon, it was agreed that Bill would leave at once for Wilmington from Whiteville and that the surgeon would leave from Dunn for Wilmington.

The Whiteville doctor and everyone else was aware that the expectant mother was suffering and that something would have to tide her over for the then slow and rough ride to Wilmington.

"I'll give her a shot that will keep her doped up until you get there. About how long will it take you to make the trip?" the doctor asked Bill.

Now it was only 48 miles but Bill wanted to play it safe so he said he guessed it would be about an hour and half trip. Thus the doctor doped up the mother for the trip in a manner to keep her comfortable for that length of time.

The trip was begun. But all the luck was running bad that night. Hardly had they left Whiteville before a heavy fog drifted in that was so thick you could hardly see the radiator of the car, much less the highway. Bill had to drive with his head out the window at a snail's pace.

One hour and a half later, when he expected to be in Wilmington, he was easing along through Lake Waccamaw and the mother was beginning to come out from under the dope. The rest of the way was a nightmare for the mother, Bill and the expectant father. "We knew the baby couldn't be born, yet the mother was suffering so that we could see us trying to take care of a new born child in that automobile on a foggy highway," Bill said.

They kept moving along slowly and three and a half hours after they left Whiteville they arrived at the hospital with the frantic, moaning mother.

The surgeon who was driving in from Dunn had encountered the same fog trouble and he still hadn't arrived. However, hurrying for all he was worth.

The surgeon took one look at the mother and knew that about five minutes after Bill's arrival, in came the doctor there was no time to be lost.

He was still wearing his tuxedo from the party, but he didn't bother to change clothes. He simply yanked off the long tailed coat and began to operate. Not many minutes later the mother was aware of a crying infant in the room, a live healthy bouncing boy delivered in the middle of the night after a hazardous trip over poor roads and with the doctor wearing a tux.

But mother and child got along fine thereafter. The mother never had another child. The baby born that night is now in the Navy and doing well. Bill, exhausted from the experience, spent the night at a hotel in Wilmington and didn't return home until the following day.

Things have sure changed and Bill for one is happy for the modern era.

Golfers in front of you are the slowest people in the world, and those behind you the fastest.

Some families can trace their ancestry back 1,000 years, but can't tell you where their children were last night.

The shallowest stream usually makes the most noise.

It's easy to love your neighbor as yourself if she's beautiful.

This summer has been a good one for dieting. What weight the heat didn't take off, laughing at the political conventions did.

The Chamber of Commerce in Los Angeles, reportedly wrote to the City of Austin Texas asking for a small map of their State to be displayed in the lobby of the C of C building. "Please forward at your convenience a small map of Texas," was the way the message read.

An indignant reply was received from Austin a few days later. It said, "Suhs, there are no small maps o' Texas."

Big shots are little shots who kept shooting.

Adolescence will always be the age of added lessons.

Sometimes when a bookkeeper at a bank falls for the legerdemain of a gold digger, he plays havoc with de main legger.

The right way to kill time is to work it to death.

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# COUNTRYSIDE

BY PHILLIPS HARRELSON

An elderly colored preacher who was well known for his leaning toward total prohibition was well into his favorite subject one Sunday morning when he shouted—"I wish I had all the whiskey in the world piled on the bank of a deep river! I'd call all you good people to help me throw it in!"—Soon afterward when he had finished his sermon he turned to the choir leader with the query—"What song shall we close with, Brother John?"—Brother John rifled through his hymnal and answered—"number two hundred and nineteen, Shall We Gather At The River."

Well last week I came upon a Pepsi Cola truck from Conway that had broken through a bridge spanning a small creek, over in Horry County. Pepsi Colas were spilled into the water and a gentleman had a rake going while all the neighborhood children lined the banks expectantly. A man parked his car up the road and sauntered up with the remark—"That's one load of Pepsi Colas that sure hit the spot!"

Folks are still grading and tying the golden leaf for market. Every body (that is nearly everyone) reports a fair average price so far this year. One grower said he couldn't understand the high price for green tobacco this season. And that he had always been taught to do his best but this year he was being paid more for his mistakes in harvesting and curing than he was for his best efforts. Well, it could be that values are shifting. I suppose it might be that nothing is worth more than the value we place on it. Dog teeth are more valuable than gold, where dog teeth are used for money.

During the civil war a confederate general was noted for saying—"To win one must get there 'fustest with the 'mostest.'" Well it seems lately that as far as items for reporting go I have been getting there "latest with leastest." Lately it has turned out that when I arrive the sick have all recovered, accident victims have improved, and in fact nothing happens to me any more. One prayer—when things do happen may they be pleasant happenings to one and all.

It is reported by various game wardens that several fishing places which were due to open about September first had an abundance of campers waiting. Wonder how many big ones got away the first day.

During the hot days of last week many people reported an increase in mosquitoes and other bugs that bite and annoy human beings. One young fellow says he woke up to find a mosquito using a corkscrew to open his vein. While at the same meeting of wit another said he answered a knock at his door one midnight to find a giant mosquito standing on the porch with a gallon jug in one hand and a siphon hose in the other. No one has yet offered to vouch for the veracity of either story. I am merely passing them on.

With this issue we welcome as new subscribers — Mrs. Maude Phipps, E. D. Grainger, Allen Rice, Robert Williams, J. O. Harrelson, R. G. Grainger, H. L. Edwards, Ben Brown, R. A. Buffkin, Charlie Grainger, Byron F. Cox, and Jimmy Lanier. Thank you a lot folks and may your stay with the Tribune be long and pleasant!

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# Editorials . . .

## sbbb! THE KLAN'S AT WORK

On rare occasions The Horry Herald, Conway's weekly newspaper, comes up with a gem. Last week's editorial "Too Much Free Advertising For the KKK" wasn't one of them.

The Herald, while claiming to have been always outspoken against the Klu Klux Klan, seems to desire less clamor and more whispering.

"We do not want the general public to get the impression that the Herald is the only paper in the world that the Klan is against" said the Herald editorially. During a recent KKK meet, the FIELD newspaper in Conway was attacked for its articles against the Klan. The Herald was not mentioned.

"We have said before and we will say again that glaring headlines advertising the Klan organization with a 'Conway' dateline is no good for Conway," the Herald stated.

It seems from this corner that the Herald wants to admit the KKK has a burning desire for rebirth in Horry County. Yet, it wants to keep it a family affair and not let the rest of the world know what is transpiring.

So long as the KKK organizational meetings are aired through the press, it's doubtful if Conway's reputation as a clean, refreshing and progressive community will be damaged. Newspapers that suppress news, whether it regards the KKK or the preacher's daughter, do more to damage a town's growth than any other one thing we can think of at the moment.

## AN EXPLOSIVE SUBJECT

Labor Day is gone and the explosive powder as to whether or not mer-

chants should stay open or close has been stored away for another holiday.

Ben L. Nesmith, president of the Merchants Association, echoed our sentiments when he stated "the Merchants Association has no right to dictate when stores should stay open or close."

It was a statement that should take care of all future holidays but we doubt that it will.

The only possible way, and it isn't a cinch, to ease the pain of pitting one merchant against the other, is for the group to decide at their annual meeting which holidays should be observed during the year.

There isn't a merchant in the Association who wouldn't go along with an orderly program if it were handled at the annual meeting.

It's fine to observe holidays. It provides a treat for the employees and employer.

Yet, we must remember the economy of our section of the state. The greatest portion of revenue in Columbus County rears its head at this time of the year. Thus the problem of a merchant doing as much business as possible during tobacco season must not be ignored. This is the line of thought followed by those who disapprove of last minute efforts to close their stores and observe a holiday at the peak of tobacco season.

The other school of thought contends the Labor Day holiday is generally observed and customers are too scarce to make it profitable for a merchant to remain open.

As we see it, the best solution would be to seek cooperation from Loris and Whiteville and set up a program for observing holidays. That way none of the towns would lose business and all concerned would be happy.

# BARNEY'S BLARNEY

By Barney Glazer  
 The real reason why Democrats think that Adlai Stevenson has a good chance; he doesn't have holes in his shoes anymore . . . Overheard at the recent Republican convention: "I just don't like him. He's one of the dese, dese and Democrat guys" . . . Bob Vincent tells about the pet owner who left her cat at the veterinarian hospital overnight but she looked so unhappy about the idea the doctor suggested: "Would you like one of our loan kittens?"  
 A woman loves to live a full life and Walter Mendenhall contends that the best 10 years of any woman's life are between 35 and 36 . . . He was dressed immaculately and I couldn't help asking him: "Does your wife help select your clothes?" "Heck no," he protested, "she never picks my suits, just my pockets."  
 My uncle has been bragging about his old car. "It's a 1940 model," he beams, "a solid black Cadillac" . . . Maury Rodine, the furniture man admires ladies who wear treads-or-pants. That is, he admires how they're ever able to get into the pants . . . The customer was bargaining over the price of the living room chair. "It isn't the principal," she insisted, "it's the money."  
 Reader of this gallery swears he was walking past a house when a lady popped her head out of the door and shouted at her 5-year-old: "Jeffrey, you come into the house this very minute or you won't get your second cup of coffee" . . . Isn't it wonderful how you no longer see all those disgusting drunks staggering down our sidewalks. They're all driving cars now.  
 Eve Edwards, the classy classified gal, says there isn't anything unusual in what you hear. It's what you overhear that's fun, chuckles Eve . . . Choice dialogue from Universal's new movie, "The Unguarded Moment," when George Nader reminisces: "The only things I remember about my school teachers are that one smelled of snuff and the other had red hair on her knuckles."  
 Bob Vincent can't figure it out either. How come we're always broke after buying so many things that "pay for itself" . . . A young housewife took her first golf lesson from a club professional and returned the next day with a lady friend. "Ready for your second lesson," smiled the professional. "I'm going to teach my friend today," snapped the lady. "I learned yesterday."  
 Advice to Readers Dept. . . . One reader writes me: "My wife carried two heavy shipping bags from the market while I remained in my car. One of her friends says I'm nasty. Am I?" Answer: You certainly are, mister. Next time insist that she carries only one bag at a time . . . Another reader asks: "I'm a 35-year-old stenographer and I've been waiting for 18 years for a man who is rich, handsome and considerate. I haven't found him yet but I'm determined I will. Meanwhile, I want to select my clothes and be prepared. What shall I have, for example, in my trousseau?" Answer: Five dozen mothballs.  
 No matter how much money my wife spends, I always have the satisfaction that I still have a few thousand dollars left—in my adding machine . . . Brassy conversation at a re- (Continued on Page 3)

IN OBSERVANCE OF  
**Religious Holidays**  
 The Following Tabor City Stores  
 Will Be Closed  
**THURSDAY & FRIDAY**  
**SEPTEMBER 6th & 7th**  
 WE COURTEOUSLY REQUEST OUR CUSTOMERS  
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**LEINWAND,S**

# PLAIN TALK

BY AL HARRISON



## WRONG AGAIN

It's not fun to be wrong but often it becomes pleasant depending on who calls your hand.

Mrs. Letha Butler, the friendly young lady who owns and operates the Cricket Gift Shop, sent me word that I was wrong but I didn't worry because she smiled when she asked that the word be passed to me.

Seems that I plain talked about not having a single place in town that stocked books for those who have time to read them. Mrs. Butler, I stand corrected!!

For those of you who are seeking good books, you need not move away from Tabor City — you'll find what you want at the Cricket Shop.

That should straighten out the record but I get an uneasy feeling when I think of the verbal lashing Mrs. Letha, and that's what everyone calls her, could give me if she weren't such a sweet young lady.

## WORDS ABOUT MARRIAGE

Nanette and Marlene Schild, young daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Schild, were wrapped up in a discussion about marriage.

"I'm not ever going to get married because I want to stay young," offered Nanette.

"Well, I'm gonna' get married and get it over with," replied Marlene.

No one bothered to tell them but several were thinking it: women never pass the age of 21 and when you get married you don't ever get it over with.

## STRENGTH OF YOUTH

John Hughes, young son of Mr. and Mrs. Don Hughes, has tinkered for months with a piece of rope around the power mower. He could sometimes get a few sputters from the machine but not until the other day did it actually yield to the tug and start running.

After his many months of labor, the success started John and he ran faster than the motor on the mower.

Proves a point — it's more fun reaching out for success than to have a grasp on it.

## WHO GETS YOUR VOTE?

I thought he was a Democrat until he spoke. I don't know about you folks," he said during the midst of a political battle of words, "but I have made more money under the Eisenhower administration than any other.

No one questioned him. The group silently parted. He smiled and said matter of factly, "I never worked under any under administration."

Those who had labeled him a Republican still remember only his former remarks.

The staunch Democrat left standing retaliated. "I've never before worked so hard, made so little and owed so much."

Like myself, that fellow needed to straighten out his own administration and pay less attention to the party at the helm.

## THE PELVIS DOES IT

Elvis "The Pelvis" Presley recently traded an old 1956 Lincoln (he kept it three weeks) in on a new one. The trade was considered newsworthy by Life magazine. I know a man who trades almost that often magazine. I know a man who trades almost that often Presley. That to me would be much more newsworthy if either at all were to be considered such!

Some say such antics are pure foolishness but wouldn't it be nice to be able to afford such foolishness?

## LESSON IN ARITHMETIC

"Johnny, if you had 12 apples and gave me six, how many would you have left?" asked the young teacher.

"I'd have 12," replied Johnny.

"How do you figure that?"

"In the first place, if I had 12 I wouldn't give you any so I'd still have 12 left," snorted the student.

## TIME MARCHES ON

The 18-year-old girl had the entrance to the cafe blocked and was indulging in idle chatter with one of her friends.

"Excuse me, please," I said softly as she moved out of my way.

"Yes, sir!" she smiled sweetly.

When 18 starts saying "sir" to 28 'tis time to drag out the bedroom shoes and pipe.

I'm sorry I ever stopped at the place. Her remark stole my appetite.

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