

Editorials

Carter's Column

By—W. Horace Carter



COUNTY COMMISSIONERS: Last Friday night for the first time in my life I met before the Columbus County Commissioners with a request for money. As a member of the Columbus County Library board of trustees, it was a pinch-hit appearance for Lloyd Collier, chairman of the trustees, who could not get to the meeting.

The request was for \$1500 from the commissioners with which to match that amount of federal funds available toward the purchase of a new bookmobile for the county. The old machine now being used has about sung its swan song. If the funds are not matched, then they must be sent back to the State and turned over to some other library.

But what made this request rough for the library trustees was the fact that the commissioners had already bent over backwards to really help the library this year. They have built a fine little building that is now complete and made it available for the county library. They have built the shelving in the building and have now authorized the heating to be installed. All this represents an investment a little greater than \$7000 and it is the first time in many a year that any consequential financial outlay has been made toward permanent library improvements. The commissioners are due a healthy commendation for what they have already done.

The bookmobile proposal is another \$7000 investment but one that is a must if the 16,400 books in the library are to continue to be carried about the county for rural folks to read. The old machine won't hold out much longer. And of this amount, the library board needs \$1500 to put with federal and other funds to make the important purchase.

The commissioners made no final decision Friday night in that their budget is like that of everyone else's it first has to have the money before it can dole it out. And we learned long ago that every public board is constantly in need of more funds and one of the big headaches of public offices is where to spend the money. There are always more places to put the money than there is money to put.

But the commissioners do hope to find a way to match these funds and will let the library board know at the next meeting. What we really want to say is, the commissioners have been most generous with the library whether they can find the bookmobile matching fund or not. But, of course, we hope they can find this too.

And in working toward an expanded library, the commissioner have been of great service to the county as a whole. This is a county service that you don't hear much about but one that is designed to bring greater culture right to the heart of even the most remote community.

CASTOR BEANS: My good friend Spencer Murphy, editor of the Salisbury Post, Salisbury, N. C., has dropped me a note in the mail. It concerns something that we discussed months ago when I spoke to a civic group in Salisbury and he introduced me. The letter says:

"Dear Horace: Every time I get into my own backyard and notice the handsome growth of a few volunteer castor-bean trees I am reminded of our conversation the evening you spoke here.

I can't get away from the idea that the castor bean would make a profitable crop for East Carolina. I have no more detailed knowledge of its possibilities there than I had when I suggested it to you: just a hunch.

Best wishes,
Spencer Murphy

For those uninformed persons who wonder what a castor bean is, and that was the question I asked Murphy when he brought up the subject the first time, it is the bean used in making castor oil. Now the way I despised taking that oil for medicinal purposes when I was growing up, it is surprising that even the mention of it isn't repulsive today.

But it appears that this castor bean growing could be an economic asset to our area. Castor oil is not only used as medicine, it is in great demand as the very best motor oil and other uses are known.

We would sure like to see some one investigate the possibilities of this crop as a sideline in Columbus and Brunswick counties. It might be something really worth the effort.

Some wildcat oil prospectors are investigating the possibilities of discovering oil in the ground in Columbus, Bladen and Pender counties. But with castor bean possibilities, maybe some oil can be found growing on trees.

We hope some county agent, assistants or agricultural teachers in the area will look into this situation and see whether it has merit or not.

A man is showing his age when he goes to the football game and looks at the players instead of the drum majorettes.

All we understood about the recent medical society convention is that a doctor with no practice has lost patients.

Experience is a business man's greatest need, say economists. To get it these days would bankrupt a millionaire.

Although many authors seek immortality, our modern ones apparently are satisfied to miss it by the first t.

Not all kids are homeless, but some are home less than others.

The Bible was prophetic about automobiles. The Book of Nahum, fourth chapter, says: "The chariots shall rage in the street; they shall jostle one against the other in the broadways; they shall seem like torches; they shall run like lightnings."

About 30 years ago a Columbia University professor set out to arrange the different odors into a musical scale so we could smell as well as hear a tune. But the composers beat him to it.

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FESTIVAL COMING

Despite an unusually late start, the 10th annual Carolinas Yam Festival is destined to take place next week. Beginning on Thursday, the three day event again promises to provide some wholesome entertainment and education. Let's hope it meets with the approval of the visitors.

Almost every year, the festival is a last minute affair. This year there wasn't even a committee named to promote the event until a few months ago. But some of the more important committees have been busy doing an excellent job for the past 30 days or more.

A few new twists may attract even more visitors this year than in some of the past. With the tremendous interest shown in television shows depicting the old west — like Wyatt Earp and Mat Dillon's Gun Smoke — the shooting exhibition with a 44 calibre revolver by Ralph Dayton Smith may carry much interest. Smith is a native of the Mollie section and said to be about as good with a fast draw and accurate fire as anyone in the business today. He hopes to gain recognition and thus perhaps develop his talent to the point he can use it professionally on the screen, television or in the movies.

The walking contest is scheduled again. It is not a new event but one in which a great deal of interest has been expressed in the past. Mack Gore, a local man, is the two-year champion and favored to hang on to

his title. A band of some kind or another has provided the music for the Queen's Ball each year but usually they have been local or near-local organizations. This year the dance committee headed by Edwin Wright and the Junior Chamber of Commerce investigated the possibilities of securing a nationally-prominent band leader. The Yam Festival overall committee approved the choice of Johnny Long and his orchestra and thus for the first time in a long time a big name band will be on hand to provide the music.

At the public relations dinner, Congressman Alton Lennon is due to make a short talk on diversified farming in this area.

The exhibit hall will be virtually the same as in the past with the exception of the State College booths. A totally new arrangement has been made here that will stress more profitable marketing of the Tabor City yams. This we, believe, will be the best yet in the way of educational booths.

The time draws near for the opening day. Like in past events, you wonder if the crowd will be here. You wonder if it will lose money, break even or make a few bucks. Who knows? At any rate, the curtain is set to go up next week and the biggest annual promotion of the year for Tabor City will be available for the public to see and upon which they can pass judgement.

Arthur Says

BY BILLY ARTHUR

Darkness is coming on. Dad has cleaned up the barn yard, mom is putting away the dishes, and there's nothing to do but read the paper, the magazine, or the catalog till the hands of the clock move to the usual bedtime hour.

Nothing to do? Yes, there is; take a chair and look at television, listen to radio. The nation has just been treated — well, that's what the networks said — to the fall series of new shows.

Not from where we sit. All we get are the same old cereals, razor blades and beer, and the same old faces needing more Love Pat to cover up the wrinkles and more Arrid to banish the — well!

And the same old dramas. We were told lately in the press that some of the authors dream the plots and the workings thereof in order that their days may be applied to straight writing without having to stop and invent any plots and characters.

As we understand it, when one of the writers has a script that must be completed in three days, he stimulates his mind with midnight lobster and mince pie and is therefore able to work 24 hours a day and still get in his eight hours sleep.

The press reported that one writer went to bed and slept for two days. He must be working on one of those hour and a half spectacles.

The counseling programs are identical to last spring. We wouldn't give a cent for a fellow who didn't give advice and that's just about the worth of the advice given.

Next comes Ed Murrow, taking you into living rooms, dining rooms and dens of famous people and promising that next week you'll see Polly Bergen's structure.

That is preceded by a 10-round program on the art of self defense in which two punch drunk young men, whose fathers are preachers and mothers are charmaids and whose hobbies are classical music and surrealist art, slam the daylight out of each other, jump with childish glee and hold their arms over their heads when pronounced the winners.

Between and between that mayhem we are sold razor blades guaranteed not to scratch or cut. If they do, return them to the manufacturer and he laughs in your bloody face.

Mickey Mouse is OK, you say. Probably so, but we have had to add an extra cabinet in the kitchen for the cereal. Six kinds we've got on the shelf. They range from breakfast food of champions to midnight snacks for chumps. But we've got to buy them. The kids demand them — not for the vitamins and vitamins but for the cut-out doll clothes on the carton, the plastic jet plane inside, or for the ooz top which with just \$1 you can get a genuine 75c camera. Just think of it: we used to get the same things and a box of cracker jack for a nickel.

Then, there is make-up that stays on and keeps you fresh and clean all day long. Since when did soap and water go out of style?

New stuff, they say, and follow it with a singing commercial. That dates back to 1887 when the Henderson Gold Leaf reported in February that "Mr. Davis was greatly surprised to hear singing when he opened his store. It came from the remaining stock of overcoats, singing. 'How can I leave thee?'"

"Till show you," he said, marking them down one-third. "Now he's singing, I see my ulsters go round the bend. Goodbye, my ulsters, goodbye. They're all filled up with satisfied men. Goodbye, my ulsters, goodbye."

It used to be that we would sit in the evenings and talk with our wives and family. Nowadays, if you've got something to say or you want to hold hands with your wife, she demands, "Hurry up, because 'Twenty-One' comes on in two minutes."

Sure enough there is an image and sound, and you are told how some poor woman or man has been snatched from the very jaws of death by taking four bottles of stuff for that depressed feeling. You are invited to imagine that you, too, are a target for death and that you must have a few kegs of the remedy before you die. If after taking a barrel and pain persists, then, so you're told, better see your doctor. Tell him that nothing can save you, and he'll write you a prescription — so the commercials say — that contain the same ingredients as the medicine the announcer holds in his hand.

By the time he completes his spiel, you're got the tired blood (Continued on Page 5)

PLAIN TALK

BY AL HARRISON



A Federal agent gazed at the narrow fairways of the new golf course between Tabor City and Loris. "Asking an A.T.U. man to play this game is like asking the city mail carrier to take a walk," said the government branch walker.

And there are some who feel that I was my own sick friend when I stopped at the little red dot store in Loris the day the federal men made their raid.

University of North Carolina fans are already saying "Just wait until next year." There's a touch of Brooklyn in their comments.

ARE YOU WORKING TOO HARD?

Burroughs Cox handed me this epistle the other day. He read it in a company publication.

"There aren't as many people working as you thought. At least, not according to a recent survey."

"The population of the country is 160 million, but there are 62 million over 60 years of age, leaving 98 million to do the work. People under 21 total 54 million which leaves 44 million to do the work."

"Then there are 21 million who are employed by the government and that leaves 23 million to do the work. Ten million are in the armed forces, leaving 13 million to do the work. Deduct 12,800,000, the number in state and city offices, and that leaves 200 thousand to do the work. There are 126 thousand in hospitals, insane asylums and so forth and that leaves 74 thousand to do the work."

"But 62 thousand of those are bums or others who will not work so that leaves 12 thousand to do the work."

"Now it may interest you to know that there are 11,998 people in jail, so that leaves just two people to do all the work. And, that is you and me, brother, and I'm getting tired of doing everything myself."

REASON ENOUGH

The inmate wore no clothes except a hat. "Why don't you put on some clothes?" asked the guard.

"Shucks, ain't nobody gonna come to see me," said the inmate.

"Well, why wear the hat?" "Cause you can't ever tell when somebody might come," retorted the man on the inside of the barred door.

GOVERNOR HODGES TAKE NOTE

The man walked in and asked for the boss. I told him Carter was out of the office but would return in a few minutes.

"What I want is for you to give our Governor all the h—— you can," he said.

Seems the man failed to approve of the Pearsall Plan. He aimed his blame at Governor Hodges.

I couldn't agree. For my money, Governor Hodges will go down in N. C. history as one of its greatest governors.

My admiration for Governor Hodges stems from his independence. He seems to lean on no one for his decisions. He gives more consideration to the progress of North Carolina than to his political fences.

They say of a friend of mine that he comes from a family of writers — his sister writes poems nobody will recite, his brother writes songs nobody will sing and he writes checks nobody will cash!

Several hunters were describing a recent trip to the boys who had stayed at home. "And we shot a Moose," said one.

"How did you know it was a Moose?" quizzed one who had stayed home. "By his membership card."

The safecracker hated cops. He even went so far as to learn how to open safes with his feet just to add confusion to the copper's job.

Drunk: Hey, call me a cab.
Man: How dare you, sir! I'm not a doorman. I'm an Admiral!
Drunk: Thash all right. Then call me a boat.

G. GARLAND SAYS:
Eight Steps To
Successful Widowhood

1. Teach (your wife) to handle budget matters, to write checks, and to plan the family spending programs.
2. See that she understands your business and the way you handle it.
3. Make sure she gets to know your Banker, your Lawyer, and your Insurance man.
4. Prepare a will. (The cost is lower than you think!)
5. Have adequate insurance to cover all that you owe.
6. Keep some emergency funds in her own private savings or checking account.
7. Write her a letter instructing her what to do and what not to do (about your business affairs).
8. Have an adequate, well planned insurance program that will take care of your family's needs (mortgage on home, food, clothing, education for children and income for widow for life).

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THE AFRICAN GRASS-HOPPER IS CARNIVOROUS—GROWS 4 INCHES LONG AND CATCHES AND EATS MICE!

A SYLVANIA, OHIO, CAT WAS BORN A DAY BEFORE EASTER WITH A PERFECT CROSS ON ITS BACK!

MANY NATIVES OF THE PHILIPPINES USE HUMAN HAIR TO STRING THEIR UKULELES!

Free Wheeling

BY BILL CROWELL

FINE ART. . . Automobile builders are old hands at the fine art of proving their products.

Since its early beginnings, the industry has been improving automobiles by putting them through the severest trials imaginable.

But, today's methods of automotive testing and research present a sharp contrast to those of the late thirties.

In 1927, regular testing was already a part of the automotive scene, but much of it was on a "cut-and try" basis. Now a highly trained corps of industrial scientists, with years of experience and high sums to back them, guide the research activities of the industry. They combine common sense with the tools of engineering, chemistry and physics and even psychology to "meet emergencies before they happen."

Brakes were tested in '27 by driving a car at predetermined speeds and measuring the distance it took to stop. That method still is used, but now every element of the braking system is checked by precise laboratory methods even before road tests are begun.

Complex laboratory machines carefully note such factors as the wear on linings and drums, the amount of heat generated and the stopping time. Hydraulic brake lines are tested on a "whip" device. With one end of a line held rigid, the other is spun at high speeds while overload pressures of as much as 250 pounds per square inch are maintained. Later, complete brake systems are tested by "starting and stopping" a test car on a laboratory "highway."

Finally, new braking systems must pass arduous road tests on proving grounds and on public highways. Only if a

system passes all these trials is it approved for production.

Automobile bodies and frames must be rigid—but not too rigid—to absorb the battering of over-the-road shock without transmitting every bump to the driver and passengers. Thirty years ago, the average automobile began to disintegrate, and was ready for the scrap heap after little more than six years service. Today's average car lasts nearly 14 years and rolls up four times the mileage of its 1927 ancestor. More rugged body and frame construction, achieved after years of testing and development, accounts for the difference.

Engineers discovered that the distribution and shape of metal parts, rather than mere quantity, was the secret of strength. Since the beginning of the first round or square tube, for example, is stronger than a of July, 2,330 licenses have been solid rod containing an equal amount of metal.

Three decades ago, many cars spent the winter on blocks in the garage. This would be for driving under the influence of intoxicants. Failure to prove work went into making vehi-safety responsibility brought 19 dies run efficiently in extremes withdrawals and the Point System of cold and dampness.

Before today's cars reach the were withdrawn for reckless highway, test models spend driving, and 6 for "other" long hours in "humidity causing rooms" where freezing temperatures are maintained while CAROLINA SUNDAY SCHOOL pumps force in moist air. With The Carolina Associational a blanket of chill fog hanging Sunday School meeting will conover the vehicle—with even vane at Cane Branch Sunday lie inside of its carburetor Oct. 6th at 3 o'clock. Devotional frost-coated — the engine is by Bro Watson Smith. Roll call, started, stopped, chilled and business, locate next meeting, started again as a while array special singing, topic for discussion of instruments record its per-son: "How can we interest pto-ple in Sunday School work?" by Rev. Don Harrelson.

Out of these tests have come new fuels, new methods of carburetion, new lubricants, new starting motors and new spark plugs. Fuel line filters have been developed that will pacify with the Yam Festival pass gasoline, but not the wat-This year, like last, she assum-er that condenses inside a tank ed the responsibility of ticket during abrupt temperature sales for the annual press din-ner.

One amusing incident from the past illustrates how far engine research has come: A well-known engine designer had failed to get the performance he expected from a new model. After typing all manner of changes and adjustments, he accidentally put a stick in the lower section of the carburetor. Horsepower shot up. When the engineer discovered what had happened, he designed a metal insert to replace the stick and OK'd the engine for production.

That was "research" in the early days.

The State Highway Department reported today that 1,562 persons lost their driver licenses for various traffic law violations during August. They're all filled up with satisfied men. Goodbye, my ulsters, goodbye."

47 In Horry Lose Licenses

In Horry County, 47 licenses were withdrawn last month. Of cars spent the winter on blocks in the garage. This would be for driving under the influence of intoxicants. Failure to prove work went into making vehi-safety responsibility brought 19 dies run efficiently in extremes withdrawals and the Point System of cold and dampness.

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