

Your Insurance Company Pays?

Some motorists in the county have recently been informed by the firms that carry their liability insurance that the insurance will not be renewed. This has caused them distress, and justifiably so.

The number of car owners who get such notices is increasing. It is a situation of which every motorist should be aware: insurance companies are getting mighty particular about the people they insure.

Why? The number of automobile accidents, property damage and human injury are steadily increasing. This has given rise to a law requiring that every motorist carry insurance. While this may increase insurance company business, much of it is business the insurance companies don't want. The insurance companies are being pushed to see that they can offer the service the motorists need and yet make enough money to stay in business.

It is predicted that auto insurance rates will be raised again this year. This is not good news to car owners, but what are car owners — and others, doing to help make it less risky to own a car and thus decrease the "gamble" insurance companies are taking?

Insurance agents, some of them, are rightfully indignant when a law enforcement officer, after an accident, refuses to issue a citation to the motorist believed to be at fault. The officer frequently says to the drivers, "Notify your insurance company and settle damages between yourselves." This usually makes the drivers feel better. They don't have to go to court.

Help Keep Hearts Healthy

"The heart diseases are the nation's Number One health enemy. The Heart Fund is the nation's Number One defense." This has been the slogan of the Heart Association's campaign here and throughout the country during the current Heart Fund drive.

The facts prove both statements.

Most of us are thoroughly aware by now that the heart diseases kill more Americans each year than all other causes of death combined. We know from day-to-day observation that the heart diseases aren't just a problem of old age: heart deaths among the leaders of our own community — men and women in the prime of their lives — are all too frequent. And who can forget the children — more than a half million of them — who are affected by rheumatic fever, rheumatic heart disease and inborn heart defects?

We needn't belabor these facts here. Our obituary pages, unhappily, remind us of them day after day.

But we do need to be reminded that, if this Number One enemy of our nation's health is to be fought successfully, it is up to us, its real and potential victims, to join the fight.

The Heart Fund gives us both the opportunity and the inspiration to do so.

The Heart Fund supports the work of the American Heart Association, the nation's only voluntary health agency devoted exclusively to combating the heart diseases. A partnership of medical scientists and laymen, the Heart Association welcomes all of us into its ranks. We can serve as volunteers in the annual Heart Fund drive, or as contributors whose gifts can speed victory over heart disease.

The Heart Fund, through the American Heart Association, its affiliates and chapters, already has been responsible

for a large measure of the impressive and encouraging progress that has been made against the heart diseases. It has made possible a life-saving program of research.

Through technical journals, scientific meetings and other means, it has supplied new knowledge of diagnosis, treatment and prevention of heart disease to the nation's physicians for the benefit of all patients. With the help of all media of communication, it has been instrumental in implanting truth and hopefulness in the public mind. And, through community activities, it has helped guide thousands of cardiacs back to productive and happy lives.

On the strength of the record, we believe that the Heart Fund is truly the Number One defense against our Number One health enemy, and that the American people — physicians, scientists and laymen alike — may well be proud of having created it. We earnestly hope that, through the present drive, the residents of this county will give the Heart Fund the increased support it needs to relieve human suffering and save lives.

Names Make News

In Newton, Kan., Robert Beer was arrested for bootlegging.

In Luppitt, England, after 59 years, Mary Stamp retired as postmistress.

In Coronado, Calif., Ernest Digweed entered a garden contest and won third place.

In Cleveland, May Dye got married and became May Linger.

At Chapel Hill in January, Jimmy Dumbell, Charlotte, won a prize in a contest for newspaper reporters.

In Omaha, Dorothy Snow chose lawyer Frank Frost to plead her divorce case.

— Gluey Gleanings

But insurance agents contend there is no deterrent, or punishment if you will, that would serve to make the guilty driver more careful in the future. Drivers figure, "Oh well, I have insurance. If anything happens, the insurance company will pay for it." That is an attitude that gives rise to more accidents, more costly damages, more expense to the insurance companies — and higher insurance rates.

Motorists have the attitude, too, that they are PAYING for insurance and they have a right to collect. That is a normal attitude. An insurance policy, however, is no free ticket to drive like a wild man. Most drivers, probably, are cautious. As in all things, though, the good ones are made to suffer along with the few who are bad. It's like the old days when a whole class had to stay in after school because one fellow threw spit-balls.

Insurance companies are checking up these days with your neighbor. Maybe you drink, but you seldom get drunk. The insurance company could figure you're a bad risk and not renew your policy. Maybe you've been caught several times for speeding. Your license may still be with you, but your auto insurance may be going out the window.

This is a serious situation. There are no "minor" accidents these days. Even little ones are expensive and they are expensive in many ways. You think your "insurance company" pays. The one who pays, friend, is you. You could lose your insurance.



FUTURE FARMERS OF AMERICA

You'll need Farmers in YOUR Future

Ruth Peeling

Mothball Fleet Slated for Junk

You may not be seeing, much longer, all those ships in the mothball fleet at Wilmington. To say they are obsolete is understatement.

US Maritime administrator Clarence Morse says that the hundred Liberty ships in the Wilmington layup basin will be scrapped as soon as possible.

Speaking of Wilmington, the Azalea Festival dates this year are March 31 through April 3.

Wonder what kind of a test they give a Navy man to determine whether he'd make a good blimp pilot? A Navy blimp stopped off at Cherry Point last week. Once a year, the Navy sends a blimp to

Cherry Point so that Marines there can get practice in handling it.

The Marine base is an emergency-alternate base for the big airships. One of them would cover a regulation football field. They are used today by the Navy as floating radar stations, patrolling coastal areas of the United States.

No little boys are ever heard to say, "I'd like to be a dirigible pilot." Guess those big balloons are just too slow to catch the imagination of a youngster. But they ARE fascinating aircraft.

The mysterious hole on Mr. George Huntley's property in Morehead City has caused a lot of interest.

Out around Russells Creek I have been told that there are quite a few "charcoal beds," such as those described by Mr. Huntley as having been found along Calico Creek. These charcoal beds are not old camp sites, but the remains of outdoor "furnaces" used to get turpentine out of pine wood.

Lighter knots were thrown into a hole and burned. Leading from the hole was a trench and as the turpentine ran out of the burning wood it would be dipped from the trench. The charred remains of the wood are permanent relics of the day when "naval stores" were a major industry of the Carolinas.

Mr. Gilbert McDaniels, bulldozer operator on Mr. Huntley's property, showed me Friday afternoon the big "hole" he discovered. The narrow opening widens out into a large solidly-lined "pot" under ground. The lining material, probably clay with a bit of sand, is saturated with pitch.

Mr. McDaniels says that maybe the hole was a storage place for pitch or tar. If so, it certainly must have been a job to get the stuff out. Or maybe there was a hole at the bottom through which the heavy tar was drained out.

Mr. Bryant Guthrie, Morehead City, suggests that the hole, now three-fourths full of muddy water and leaves, might have been a cooler of some sort. But what it cooled no one knows.

The "tar kilns," or beds where pine wood was burned to get the pitch and rosin, are located all over the county. Mr. Guthrie says every plantation had one.

The new information booklet on North Carolina, published by the Department of Conservation and Development lists North Carolina first in the nation in manufacture of textiles, tobacco, wooden household furniture — and first in the South in the manufacture of bricks.

The North Carolina Motel Association will meet May 20-21 in Morehead City. Bud Dixon is convention chairman.

Here's a tale that comes by way of the magazine, We the People:

A man missed the last bus from town and tried to hitch a ride by signaling several passing cars. Three passed without stopping, but the fourth was going slowly and as he approached, stopped, whereupon he entered very gladly.

But, to his horror, no one was within driving the car which moved slowly on and finally came to a complete halt in front of a cemetery. The neighboring church clock struck midnight at that moment, slowly and ponderously, and the young man, now thoroughly unnerved, leaped from the car and began to run.

He looked back for an instant, however, and noticed a man apparently trying to enter the car. He cried out: "Don't get into that car, there's something terribly wrong with it!"

To which the other replied disgustedly: "You're telling me? I've been pushing it all the way from town!"

Smile a While

In some families parent-child relationships are just as they were a generation ago, except that now it's daddy who asks if he can have the car tonight.

—Davenport Democrat

An optimist is a person who drops a quarter in the collection plate and expects a five dollar sermon.

—Banking

Words of Inspiration

A PRAYER

Grant me the self-awareness to know honestly what I am, what I can do, and what I cannot;

Grant me the judgment to channel my energies into those avenues which best utilize my abilities and do not require talents which I do not possess;

Grant me the wisdom to admit error cheerfully and learn from my experiences, that I may grow and develop and avoid repetition of mistakes;

Grant me the humility to learn from others, even though they be younger, less experienced, or of humbler station than I;

Grant me the courage to make decisions whenever they are necessary and avoid rashness when they are not;

Grant me the sensitivity to judge the reactions of others that I may modify my actions to meet the needs of those affected;

Grant me the consideration to recognize the worth of each individual, and to respect all those with whom I have contact, neither stifling them nor exalting myself at their expense;

Grant me the perspicacity to acknowledge that I can be no more effective than my subordinates enable me to be, and to deal with them so that they can help me by helping themselves;

Grant me the tolerance to recognize mistakes as a cost of true learning and to stand behind my subordinates, accepting my responsibility for their actions;

Grant me the insight to develop a personal philosophy, that my life may have more meaning and satisfaction and that I may avoid capricious action under the pressures of expediency;

Grant me patience to live realistically with my circumstances, striving always for the better, but recognizing the perils of too rapid or too drastic change;

Grant me all these things, dear Lord, that I may live a more useful life, through serving my fellow men, and through them, serve Thee.

— Prof. Robert L. Katz

THE DAY'S RESULT

Is anybody happier because you passed his way? Does anyone remember that you spoke to him today? The day is almost over and its toiling time is through; Is there anyone to utter a kindly word of you? Did you give a cheerful greeting to the friend who came along? Or a churlish sort of "Howdy", then vanish in the throng? Were you selfish, pure and simple, as you rushed along your way, Or is someone mighty grateful for the deed you did today? Can you say tonight, in parting with the day that's slipping fast, That you helped a single brother of the many that you passed? Is a single heart rejoicing over what you did or said? Does the man whose hopes were fading now with courage look ahead? Did you waste the day or lose it, was it well or poorly spent? Did you leave a trail of kindness or a scar of discontent? As you close your eyes in slumber do you think that God would say, "You have earned one more tomorrow by the work you did today?"

Free Wheeling

By BILL CROWELL
Motor Vehicles Department

STARCHIN' . . . Somehow I have a hunch winter's got a few more cold kicks for us car owners before springtime. Which means cold weather driving and maintenance advice is still fashionable. Everyone knows how much harder it is to get an automobile started on a refrigerated morning than on a warm one.

The battery loses much of its starting punch, the ignition seems sluggish and reluctant. Here then are a few tips to minimize the strain on your battery—and your nerves—should wintertime temperatures prevail a while longer.

Each night when you put your car away shift into neutral and run the engine at a fast idle for a few moments. Kill the ignition then depress the accelerator once. This will leave a small quantity of gasoline to catch quickly the next morning.

On manual shift cars always have the gears in neutral and the clutch depressed before starting. This lessens the load on the starter motor.

Turn off lights, heater, radio, etc. before pressing the starter to assure maximum voltage for the starter and ignition system.

Drivers of cars with automatic chokes probably don't know that the choke must be set "on" by depressing the accelerator before starting.

Hold the gas pedal down about half way prior to starting. If the engine balks don't grind away at it; you'll only run down the battery. Give your starter a "rest" every 10 or 15 seconds to prevent it from overheating and possible damage.

If flooding's your problem, then you will smell raw gasoline. Let the car sit for a few minutes then mash the accelerator to the floor. Next engage the starter for about 15 seconds and, if the engine was flooded, it should start okay now.

SUDDEN THAWT . . . One some-

When You're Healthy Again . . .

Only those strange people who "enjoy ill health" keep on taking medicines after they're well. (The medicines may not have helped in the cure, but the "invalids" think they did.)

According to all the thermometers, America is again very healthy indeed. But millions keep on demanding and taking medicines once prescribed for a sick country—

Billions to farmers in subsidies to encourage them to raise war-shortage crops in quantities nobody wants any longer.

Low-interest loans to stimulate the building of housing for well-paid families.

Hundreds of millions to subsidize Federal power and transmit it, where private power companies can do it cheaper.

Government projects for "depressed" areas that should bestir themselves.

Human bodies build up an immunity to medicine; then when real sickness comes again, they die. It could happen to the nation . . . keep on taking those economic medicines when we're healthy, and what will we have left to take if we need it once more?

— Warner and Swazey

times wonders can this nation long endure half drivers and half dog-ders.

VIGNETTE . . . License examiner C. W. Harrelson of Lumberton looked up from his desk the other day as two applicants approached. "I want to renew my driver's license," one of the men said. Harrelson asked Robert Bryant Jr. of Aberdeen to have a seat and then he began to administer the customary examination. Bryant's partner, Sammy Chambers, sat down nearby to wait.

The examination proceeded smoothly enough yet something didn't "feel" quite right to the experienced licensing official.

Toward the end of the examination Harrelson put his growing suspicions to a test. Holding Bryant's license before him, he asked, "How tall are you, Bryant?" The applicant stammered out an answer, inaccurate by several inches.

Another question or two soon revealed that applicant Bryant and his friend Chambers were engaged in a nifty little hoax, definitely disapproved by the state.

Highway Patrol Sgt. G. D. Dodson didn't like it either. Upon questioning the two men further he discovered that it was Chambers' license up for renewal. But Bryant was obligingly attending to the details.

Sergeant Dodson trotted the tricksters off to the local recorder's court which, coincidentally, was in session at the very moment. Only a few hours later, after their losing performance, the two men heard the judge order a \$75 fine and costs for each. Chambers' license was picked up as well and the pair returned to Aberdeen presumably sadder but wiser men. And definitely poorer.

Moral: The license you renew should be your own.

PUZZLE . . . Get a pencil and some paper now and have a go at this brain-twister. Take your license number (four digits) and double it. Next add 5 and multiply the total by 50. Add your age. Then add 365. Finally subtract 615. You'll see that the last two numbers are your age and the others your license number. Some fun, huh?

From the Bookshelf

Young Man Willing. By Roy Doliner. Scribners. \$3.50.

In a stage-door, Greenwich-Village sort of way, Ben Horne works hard through this brassy first novel to be a Bohemian and like it.

He has one troublesome mistress, Maggi Clair, when the story opens, and he is thinking of turning her in for a new better-behaving model named Martha.

Maggi would like to marry him partly for his money, but however willing the young man is in other respects to please her, he balks at this. And in view of her temper and flightiness, I don't blame him.

But it is her untrammelled cavewoman characteristics that seem to account for her theatre success and you can understand why he thinks, at moments, that she's worth holding on to.

The novel buzzes along shrilly, three-quarters of it talk. Maggi and her friends may be worth meeting in a book but you'd probably duck them at cocktails.

— W. G. Rogers

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All our lives we have had to do things we didn't want to do. From the time we can first remember, our parents compelled us to obey them. The average child dislikes to wash his face and hands, brush his teeth, go to bed and get up at a proper time. As adults, our lives are filled with doing things we don't want to do. Yet, we sometimes find these things have been the most rewarding.

All of us have spent a goodly portion of our lives studying—usually not because we wanted to, but because we were made to, or felt it to be essential. Our lives have been disciplined and we all believe in it, because later on, we can see the reasons why.

It is strange that we understand this principle and apply it to our daily living, but when it comes to worshipping God, many of us have lived a harum-scarum existence; a hit or miss relationship with God. For many there has been no plan, very little organization, and a complete lack of discipline.

I believe God has an individual plan for every life. Each of us is of vital importance to Him. Yet, the majority of people go through life, actually living a colorless existence conformed to this world. All about us we see men living as though God were dead. By imperceptible stages we drift into acquiescence in the things the world demands. Paul said, "Be not conformed to this world: but

be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God." Rom. 12:2.

God calls every one of us. A man tells of riding horseback deep in the mountains of North Carolina. When darkness came on, he knew he was lost in a trackless timber belt. A storm came with the darkness to add to his discomfort and confusion. Finally, he knew not which direction to take. His pony kept pulling in a certain direction so since he did not know which way to go, he let her have the reins. She crossed swamps, swam swollen streams, and after about four hours led him straight to their home. Instinctively, she went home.

God places a "homing instinct" in all of us. Through prayer, methodical study of the Bible, worship services, etc., God can shape and mould our lives.

It might be in the opposite direction we selfishly would like to go. His way may lead us into dark wildernesses, through trials and hardships but in the end our world is better because we have lived. Let us all join with John in saying, "I love the Father and am doing what He commanded me to do." John 14:31.

—The Rev. Barney L. Davidson,
Pastor, First Methodist Church
Morehead City

the good old days

THIRTY YEARS AGO
In an effort to economize, Beaufort town commissioners voted to dispense with the services of the street superintendent and to cut the salaries of other town employees.

Miss Glennie Paul, a student at Meredith College, gave a solo over station WPTF in Raleigh.

William H. Bell of Newport and Elbert M. Chadwick of Gloucester had announced their candidacy for the office of sheriff on the Democratic ticket.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO
Fred Seeley was elected president of the newly-formed Beaufort Chamber of Commerce.

The Morehead City movie house was showing Sunday movies and donating the proceeds to the community club, who would use it to buy milk for undernourished school children. The charity movies would continue, despite the disapproval of the welfare officials.

The Rev. Charles M. Levister, one-time president of Graham

Academy at Marshallberg, died at his home in Camden, N. J.

TEN YEARS AGO
The North Carolina Board of Conservation and Development banned shrimping with trawlers in the inland waters of the state from Jan. 1 to July 1.

The American Legion Auxiliary of Beaufort presented two books to the county library in memory of two boys who were killed in service.

James Goodwin was elected president of the Havelock Junior Chamber of Commerce and Robert L. Rose and Al Rachide were vice-presidents.

FIVE YEARS AGO
All first and second grade pupils in the county were eligible to receive polio shots from the health department.

Plans for Navy loading ramps on Radio Island had been approved by the Corps of Engineers, Wilmington.

The Carteret Community Theatre produced Arsenic and Old Lace.