

Learning by Doing

This is National 4-H Week. Four-H doesn't stand for Ho-Ho-Ho-Ho, although 4-H Club members do have lots of fun.

The most unique characteristic of the 4-H organization is that it teaches by having its members DO. Many organizations are merely an excuse for a group of people to get together periodically and talk.

Four-H Club members are encouraged to carry out specific projects by which they will learn. The girls learn to sew, cook, preserve food; the boys can choose a forestry project, poultry, tractor maintenance, beekeeping; and there are numerous other projects of interest to both boys and girls, such as electricity, botany, biology, and other scientific subjects. The list is so large that one wonders how the 4-H leaders could think of them all.

Every phase of the 4-H program is aimed at making meaningful the four words, Head, Heart, Health and Hands. The purpose of 4-H Club Week is to

acquaint more young people with opportunities available to them through 4-H, to assist new members in starting projects in farming, homemaking, or community service, and to inform the public about 4-H aims and methods.

In this state there are 165,000 4-H Club members.

Four-H'ers have received the following greeting from the President of the United States:

"Your theme for 1960, 'Learn, Live, Serve through 4-H,' reflects the high purpose of your organization and the broad concern of its leaders. This changing world places new demands upon the spirit and abilities of our people.

"Therefore, the opportunities offered to 4-H Club members to grow in citizenship and in practical skills are especially valuable to them and to the nation. I hope the coming year will be rewarding both in your local 4-H programs and in your personal efforts to become active, informed, and effective citizens."

That's the Way It Is

This is the time of the year when you'd like to wake up in the morning and find summer at the door.

Just when we figured we had out-manuevered Old Man Winter, he let go with a snowy blast that brought freezing days in its wake.

Saturday morning the marsh grass was covered with icy lace mantles, water in pipes under the house was rigid, and the March wind shrilled a song that chilled.

As much as we may exclaim about the weather, one can't deny that without it life would be a monotonous thing. If every day were alike, what would be

the use of looking forward to the morning?

Likewise, it would be most dull to live where there is never any change in the seasons. Every four months Nature in North Carolina changes the setting. Sometimes she and her sidekick, the Weatherman, go to extremes, creating a background of storm, or blast of heat, that makes us poor humans discard old routine and adapt, for a few days, to a new.

But that, too, adds zest to living. If anybody complains too much about the weather, just ask them if they have a substitute.

Nice, If You Have Time . . .

(Richmond Times-Dispatch)

Any person who is known to be a regular reader of books — not magazines or sales manuals or fix-it-yourself handbooks, but real hard-cover books which he takes the trouble to buy or obtain from the library — has to contend with some strange reactions from his non-reading fellowmen.

The remark he is most frequently challenged with is, "Golly, I wish I had time to read!"

Implicit in this remark is the suggestion that reading books is a rather frivolous occupation, to be indulged in only by those whose time is not at a premium. The quaint "bookworm" — a term favored by non-readers — is out of the mainstream of life.

Instead of rushing out every evening to attend to such essential business as deciding who is to be second vice chairman of the bylaws committee of the local chatter club, this funny old egg-head stays home and reads a book. Oh well, nice if you have the time.

But also implicit in "Golly, I wish I had time to read!" is a certain defensiveness, even a tinge of envy. Somewhere in the back of his mind the non-reader is uncomfortably aware that the book reader enjoys a secret life that all the second vice chairmanships in the world can never offer him. Then he hears that the book reader actually knows about the local chatter club, has even been asked to serve on the bylaws committee, but has regrettably declined.

You mean, he says, you think reading is more important than joining organizations and having a sense of belonging? You mean, you have to make time to read? You mean, you don't just read because you've got nothing

better to do? Ah, but you're different. Take me. When could I find time to read? On the bus going to work? Funny, I never thought of that. At lunch time? But I always eat lunch with the boys. On Sunday evenings? But that's when we always watch television. I simply don't have the time. What's that you say? The only people who don't have time to read are mothers with 10 children, no maid and a job in the evenings? Ridiculous. Just the sort of thing a bookworm should say . . .

On the High Road . . .

The Seadogs are taking the high road and directing their opponents to the low.

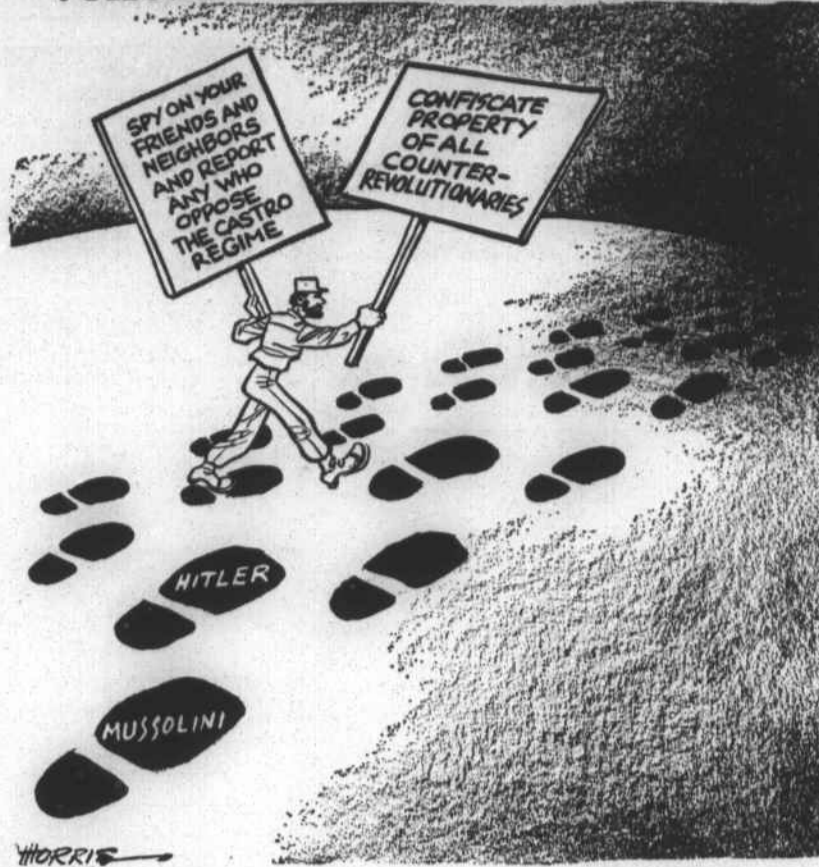
Another milestone was passed Saturday night. The road is going to get steeper now. Will they make it two state basketball championships in a row? The odds are in favor of it but these days only the federal government counts its chickens before they're hatched!

The players have come through a season with "upset" lurking between every starting and final whistle. That makes the word "Congratulations" to the district champions take on more meaning than just a shout of joy.

The team merits every kind of support, confidence and good wish. They're going into a tournament at High Point where no mercy will be shown, no quarter given. We believe they're equal to it. All they have to do is show the rest of the state.

Go, Seadogs, Go!

FOLLOWING THE FOOTSTEPS TO OBLIVION



Ruth Peeling

They Were Turpentine Vats

Mrs. W. D. Arthur, 80 years old, who lives in Norfolk but is a former resident of Beaufort, wrote us this week about the "mysterious hole" found near the headwaters of Calico Creek.

At the bottom of the article clipped from a recent issue of THE NEWS-TIMES and headed "What Could It Be?" Mrs. Arthur wrote: "They are tar vats or turpentine vats. They were made level with the ground. The ground has grown over them."

That's about the straightest answer we've received yet. But with the help of the many people who kindly told us what they knew or could learn, we just about deduced that the hole in the ground held pitch or turpentine in the old days when those materials were essential to sailing ships.

Mrs. Arthur writes in an accompanying note: "If land is not disturbed, it grows. They (the vats) have been there many years. My great grandfather's crowd put them there."

"On the shores of Mill Creek was a brick yard. On the south side

of Newport river was another brick yard. It was nearly gone when my father took me there when I was 14 years old. Now I am 80.

"Later on, they boxed out the trees (slashed the bark) and put buckets in them to take care of the syrup (sap), as they do maple trees to get sugar syrup where the sugar maple grows.

"There were not many people in Carteret county when my great grandfather went there and there were no Indians there."

Mrs. Arthur goes on to tell that Indians later landed at Harkers Island and lived there several years until they tried to board freight boats that came in to get brick and turpentine.

The Indians apparently scared the boats out to sea and eventually, I guess, the Indians were run off or taken care of in other ways.

My apologies to Mrs. Arthur. I'm not quite sure that is exactly what she means to convey about the Indians, but I will say this: her handwriting is better than most young people's these days. Her words are spelled correctly and that's

more than I can say about today's average high school student.

Eighty-year-old Mrs. Arthur evidently went to a school where penmanship and spelling were taught.

The Rev. John Staton of Charlotte sends word that his genealogy of the Staton family, The Staton History, is off the press and on sale. It represents 18 years of research. His postcard reads, "Contains all Statoms we could find in the world from 750 to 1960. They are going FAST . . ."

I assume he means the books, not the Statoms.

No Leap Year babies were born in the county Monday, Feb. 29, but a little girl was born at Cherry Point to M/Sgt. and Mrs. Harold C. Mitchell. As the Windsock reports, the newcomer, Pamela Sue, will be a hundred years old on her 25th birthday!

But Mama and Papa have decided to celebrate her birthday every year on the last day of February.

Stamp News

By SYD KRONISH

If you collect United Nations stamps or are about to start such a collection, you can obtain an album for these issues for only 10 cents (to cover the cost of postage and handling).

The pages are standard size, punched to fit any three-ring binder and contain spaces for all U. N. stamps up to and including 1959. The album also contains helpful tips on U. N. stamp collecting. Just write to U. N. Stamp Album, New York Stamp Exchange, 79 Wall Street, New York 5, N. Y. and enclose the dime.

Summerfield also announced that the 50-Star Flag stamp will be first placed on sale at Honolulu, Hawaii, on July 4. Details of this stamp will be given in this column as soon as they are received.

Minkus Publications has issued five new and up to date albums in their line of individual Country Albums. Each space in the albums includes catalogue numbers. The new albums are Belgium and Colonies; Netherlands and Colonies; Japan; Panama, Colombia & Canal Zone; Tunisia, Libya & Morocco.

Washington Report

By SEN. B. EVERETT JORDAN

Washington—Once again I have asked for action on a bill I introduced last year which would enable those people who received Social Security benefits to earn more outside income without being penalized.

Under the present law, a person 65 years old who receives payments cannot earn more than \$1,200 a year in outside income without losing part of his Social Security benefits. I introduced a bill last year which would increase this limitation on outside income to \$1,800 a year.

After the bill was introduced, it was referred to the Senate committee on finance. It took considerable time for the committee to obtain a report from the administration on the measure. It is a matter of routine procedure for the administrative agency involved to analyze each bill that is introduced.

The administration report filed on my bill was unfavorable. The administration took the position that my measure would create additional demands on the Social Security fund from which benefits are paid. It was reasoned that if the outside limitation was increased, it would mean that more peo-

Louise Spivey

Words of Inspiration

IN MY OPINION

Each time that I begin to count my blessings, I find new ones that I have never really noticed before. I found a special one on Saturday night, Feb. 20, the "shut-off valve" on my television set.

I turned it on at random, being alone, to see if anything was on that I might enjoy. The picture presented a group of people in church, but the music was being played by a jazz band. At first I thought something was wrong with the set, that the wires were crossed or something.

I tried to adjust the set and recover from my state of shock, and fully intended to listen and see what it was all about, until the pastor, minus the sideburns, began reading from the Holy Scripture in his best "twentieth century beatnik" voice."

Then something deep in my soul sickened; it was at this time I realized what a blessing there was in being able to silence this scene from my living room.

To those who feel that since this is the twentieth century, and music should be played to match the times, I would suggest that those twentieth century musicians write their own songs. I believe that it is in very bad taste for any orchestra to try to jazz-up our religious hymns. Songs such as Nearer My God to Thee, Just As I Am, Tread Softly, and everyone printed in the hymnals of any church, should be reverently honored and respected.

The hymn singing in most of our churches has been speeded up considerably in recent years. Can this be the next step?

Most of us in the congregation do not know a flat from a sharp, but to us the singing of the hymns is one of the most impressive parts of the service. We like to absorb the words, our voices merely express the feeling in our hearts.

Every hymn in our hymnal is an expression of faith in God, every response, a prayer, and should be timed as such. We do not increase our faith by speeding up the music, not one iota. We need to feel the meaning of the words.

The choice is ours, at least in our own churches. Do we want the speed of jazz added to our church hymns? Or will we continue the beauty, spiritual inspiration and the heart-felt faith in the singing of our hymns?

"It is true that trained singers, choir directors and musicians are taught to sing at the speed of so many beats to a bar, and we know it is difficult for them to listen to the drag in the voices of the congregation sometimes. We realize they want our music to be as near perfect as possible, so I would suggest that the choir sing their own numbers in the tempo most approved by them, but to remember that God accepts all petitions of faith and love from every heart, whether these words be professionally sung or in the form of a "joyful noise" that most of us make when we try to sing.

I believe we should try to reach a medium as near perfect as possible. The tempo can be carried too far, either way, and should not be carried to the extreme and discourage one soul from joining in and contributing to the service.

I realize that, as in all other things that we do, God expects us to do and give our best, even in singing. I realize too that these beloved hymns were not written to make the singers "feel good," but to "Glorify God."

I also realize that I am oftentimes considered old-fashioned. But I am still an American and have the right to express my own feelings and beliefs. The reading of the Holy Scripture "beatnik style" and our beloved hymns played and sung in jazz tempo is sacrilegious, and makes me sick deep down in my soul.

Free Wheeling

By BILL CROWELL
Motor Vehicles Department

Things I never knew about autos and auto building:

By 1975 there will be an additional 29 million new drivers on US roads.

Rubber, glass and steel do not an auto make—more than 100 other materials go into the building of a modern car.

Six months to a year before they hit the showrooms, prototype vehicles are driven almost continuously for 25,000 miles over all types of roads in all kinds of weather. Afterward, they are dismantled and inspected part by part down to the smallest nut and bolt.

According to the US Department of Commerce, the average passenger car gets only 14.4 miles per gallon of gasoline.

"Dog powered" vehicle was patented in 1870. The pooch, enclosed within the front wheel, scampered along an endless track furnishing motive power for the three-wheeled car.

Speaking of patents, auto builders maintain special staffs who each month pore over more than 1,000 ideas, suggestions and inventions sent in by get-rich-quick hopefuls.

But only one idea out of some 30,000 ever turns out to be both new and useful.

The Pierce-Arrow automobile of 1910, at \$8,200 per copy, offered motorists a luxury car "with room for seven trunks, a wash basin complete with hot and cold running water and a seat that converts into a flush toilet." Because of its craftsmanship and distinction, the Pierce-Arrow was made official vehicle of the White House.

Almost 225,000 motor vehicles are owned by agencies of the Federal government.

One giant public utility (AT&T) operates a fleet of 103,850 vehicles, including 22,900 passenger cars.

In the auto industry, tolerances of two-millionths of an inch are commonplace. Special optical instruments measure the peaks and valleys on metal surfaces. A "peak" rising two-millionths of an inch from the top of a one-inch cube would add as much height, in proportion, as a fresh coat of paint on its top would add to the Empire State Building.

What is now called an estate wagon used to be known as a station wagon and before that a depot wagon. And in those days—1850—it really was a wagon.

Today's automobiles carry more than a dozen electric motors.

Think air brakes on trucks are something recent? The English Thornycroft Steam Wagon, in 1897, had a compressed air brake. In this country the Northern truck used similar air brakes in 1906.

Early in the century, the president of Princeton University blamed the motor car for "the spread of socialistic feeling." He called it "a picture of the arrogance of wealth, with all its independence and carelessness." But Woodrow Wilson changed his mind about automobiles when their military usefulness was so dramatically demonstrated for the first time in World War I.

Sugar cane in an auto? You bet, cane cellulose is used extensively in the manufacture of safety glass.

Many passenger cars have horns tuned to the musical notes of E flat and G, the combination most pleasing to the ear engineers say. Some builders add a third note—B flat.

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SUDDEN THAW . . . Glasses affect vision, especially when they're emptied too many times.

NEWS NOTES . . . Traffic policemen in Milan, Italy, are furnished water pistols filled with an evil smelling liquid which can be squirted 20 to 30 feet. Let a traffic violator refuse to stop when ordered to do so and the Italian cop fires away. The only effective remover is available from the nearest station house. No where else.

Smile a While

"Minute Steak—\$1." read an entry on a restaurant menu. A customer ordered one, and it was subsequently brought to him—a piece of meat containing about three good bites.

"My mistake," he announced with disgust. "I thought the 'minute' referred to time—not size."

—Wall Street Journal

Jack—You say your wife is real even tempered?

Mack—Yeah . . . mad all the time.

—The Indian

From the Pulpit

God made this world and has a plan whereby those on this earth can live in peace and harmony. At present there seems to be little of either. The type of peace we do have is being maintained by force. Our nation is spending more of its budget on war equipment and defense measures than we are for anything else. An enforced peace is never a lasting one.

God's plan is for love to rule the world and in spite of our failing to rely on it—love is the most powerful force on earth. Jesus went about bringing the love of God into the hearts of men. He is still at work attempting to do this very thing. He established His Church to carry on the most important task in the world.

This love is at work and is doing miraculous things. A few years ago when the great "A Man Called Peter" was being made, just such an event took place. Marjorie Rameau, an actress, was to play a minor role in the film. A few years before, she had been injured in an automobile accident and had not been able to walk since.

Her bit part was to sit in the front pew of the church, and at a certain time when the congregation stood at the close of the sermon she was to stand also. The congregation was to walk out and

since she could only stand by holding to the pew in front of her the camera would switch from her and show the rest of the congregation leaving the church.

The actor representing Dr. Marshall was delivering one of the preacher's inspiring sermons on faith and love. The theme was, "If you really believe and trust in God's love and have faith you can do amazing things." Miss Rameau, the crippled actress, forgot where she was, even forgot that an actor was delivering another man's sermons. She heard only the words—the message.

It penetrated deeply into her heart and mind and when the congregation began to leave the church, she unconsciously walked out with them. You can imagine the excitement and joy that swept through this movie set. The power of love had removed the psychological block in her mind, and other impediments, which medical science had been unable to do.

A dead preacher's message on faith and love healed a person. God is at work and His love is available to all of us. "And now abideth faith, hope, love, these three, and the greatest of these is love!"

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

THIRTY YEARS AGO

H. S. Gibbs, secretary of the Port Commission of Carteret County, asked the county commissioners to authorize and issue \$100,000 bonds or notes for the proposed port.

Denard Lewis was appointed postmaster at Marshallberg to succeed Miss Mary W. Jones.

W. G. Mebane, editor and publisher of The Beaufort News for nineteen years, died after a long illness.

Alvah Hamilton was reelected tax collector by the county commissioners.

William H. Potter, Dr. L. W. Moore, Richard D. Whitehurst, A. T. Gardner and Clarence Guthrie announced their candidacy for com-

missioners of the town of Beaufort.

TEN YEARS AGO

A Harkers Island family was left homeless when fire destroyed their home.

Beaufort town commissioners voted to annex the Beaufort school property, bringing it within the town's corporate limits.

Newport town commissioners planned to extend the town limits to include the proposed veterans housing project on the Nine-Foot Road and a portion of property on the south side of highway 70.

FIVE YEARS AGO

The Beaufort Seadogs would play Bath in the Kenansville gym in the district basketball playoffs.

The Morehead City Shipbuilding Corp. had received a \$383,140 contract from the Navy for eighteen 50-foot utility boats.

Mitchell's Carpenter Shop, west of Morehead City, was celebrating its seventh anniversary.

Carteret County News-Times

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