

Mrs. Vail's Book Draws Comments

"The Year's at the Spring" Enthusiastically Received

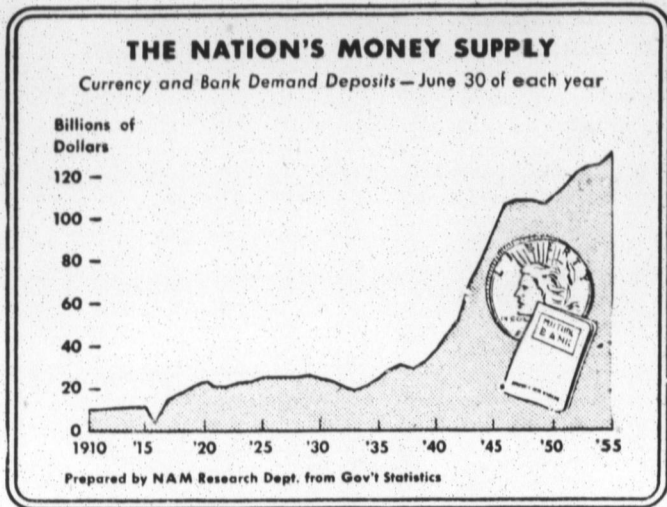
This is what some prominent reviewers, poets and writers are saying about "The Year's At The Spring," Ruth Vail's latest book of published verse:

"Your book is delightful beyond words . . . and then you sing! How it does sing to the life of its own music."—James D. Donaldson, author of Leaves, and other publications. Regional Chairman for the National Council for the promotion of poetry, Rockport, Texas.

"Your originality of imagery amazes, and I am moved at all the beautiful pictures you paint in The Year's At The Spring."—Annabelle Merrifield, author of Grace Notes, Member Poetry Society of America, Poetry Society of London, Prize winner, "Top poet," Winnetka, Ill.

"The poems of Ruth Vail contained in her second book, The Year's At The Spring, are soundly constructed and reflect the spirituality and ripened understanding of an author who is doing her bit in helping push the world in the right direction. I love her poems and read them again and again."—Mary Boyd Wagner, Author of Roots and other publications, Member National League of American Pen Women. A poet of wide reach and range, who has received numerous awards and prizes, New York City.

"A beautiful title and I find the poems live up to our expectations."



Since ours is a monetary, rather than a barter economy, our government and banking institutions must provide an adequate supply of money. As our economy grows, naturally our money supply should grow in approximately the same proportion to handle the increase in the volume of transactions.

From 1910 to 1955 the nation's money supply increased from 10 billion to 130 billion dollars—a thirteen-fold increase—while the

physical output of goods and services tripled in that period. Prices have risen three-fold since 1910. To finance the war the government had to borrow from the banks. Since the war the money supply has increased about 3 per cent per year which is about the same as the long-term growth rate in our physical output. Continued growth of the money supply at this rate can be considered normal rather than a prelude to runaway inflation.

"I will enjoy your book each time I read it."—Emma Ring Daly, Author of Silver Moccasins, Flowery Agates, Member of Avalon, Mid West Chaparral Poets, Publisher of many magazines and winner of various literary prizes, Seattle, Washington.

"I have taken time with your book . . . You must have taken great delight in writing it . . . your publisher is to be congratulated, too."—Geneva Watson, Author of On Other Hills, Etc.

"Yours are tender songs, sung from the heart which is the only source of song to me."—Jocelyn May Sloan, Poet, Rochester, N. Y.

"Your lovely book is here! Soon I shall have a quiet evening all to myself, then I shall stroll through this beautiful garden of dreams."

—Marge B. Boswell, Author of The Light Still Burns, Past President American Poetry League, Radio Commentator, newspaper columnist, teacher and lecturer of poetry, critical articles, Member National League of American Pen Women, C.A.A.A., American Literary Association, Federation Chaparral Writers and other literary groups, Winner of many national

poetry awards and honors, Fort Worth 4, Texas.

"The Year's At The Spring is a lovely book! You may well be proud."—Helen Waterhouse, Poet, author of many beautiful poems, Tacoma, Washington.

A descendant of Commodore Perry, Mary Alice Hart, author of The Time For Singing, writes, "I am still reading your book."

Mrs. Corinne Sitson Dies Thursday At Home Of Daughter

Mrs. Corinne Broughton Sitson, 77, died Thursday morning at 5 o'clock at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Shelton Moore on North Broad Street following a brief illness. She was a native of Perquimans County, the daughter of the late Thomas Sutton Broughton

IN MEMORIAM
In memory of J. Franklin Perry, who went to live with God November 24th, 1952.

We've journeyed on three more years
At a sad and lonely pace,
For there is no one else in this old world
That can come and take your place.

We prayed the prayer of Hannah of old,
Over twenty one years ago,
If God would give us a son to love
He may take him where he wanted him to go.

God answered our prayer with a sweet little boy,
Which was the pride and joy of our heart;
Then called him back home three years ago
No more from Him to part.

Fathers and Mothers take note of this,
Be kind and considerate to your girl or boy,
For you will never know how you have been blessed
Until God calls them to "That Other Shore."
MOTHER AND DADDY.

and Mary Long Broughton, Surviving are two sons, James Andrew Sitson of Mt. Airy and Clyde T. Sitson of Allentown, Pa.; one daughter, Mrs. Shelton Moore of Edenton; six brothers, Harry Broughton and John Broughton of Hertford, Jesse Broughton and Julian Broughton of Detroit, Mich., Louis Broughton of Savannah, Ga., and Sam Broughton of Portsmouth; and two sisters, Mrs. Milton Dail, Sr.

and Mrs. Mary Harrell, both of Hertford; five grandchildren and three great grandchildren. She was a member of the Bethel Baptist Church.

Funeral services were held Friday afternoon at 3 o'clock at the home of Mrs. Moore with the Rev. Ralph W. Knight, pastor of Ballard's Bridge Baptist Church, officiating. Burial was in Beaver Hill Cemetery.

Measuring Stick
At dusk Eph came in from the field to find his friend, Erasmus, waiting for him.

"Golly, but I sho am tired," Eph complained.

"Whut youall been a-doin'?" asked Erasmus.

"Well, you see," explained Eph, "Paw's been a-settin out fence posts, and I'm just five feet tall. So I been a-layin' down an' a-gettin' up an' a-layin' down and a-get-

tin' up all around his ten-acre field, so's he could measure them posts ten feet apart."

IN MEMORIAM
In loving memory of my dear mother, Mrs. Dora Lee White, who passed away two years ago today, November 23, 1953.

November brings back sad memories
Of my Mother who has gone to rest.
And those who think of her today
Are the ones who loved her best.

We watched you slowly fade away;
We could not keep you here.
With aching hearts we had to part
With one we loved so dear.

Those hands that toiled for me are folded,
Your dear warm heart is still.
A place is vacant in my heart
Which never can be filled.

You left behind some broken hearts,
That loved you so sincere;
That never did or ever will
Forget you Mother, dear.

People think the grief is lessened,
Though the smile may hide the tears;
But sweet memories will linger
Despite the passing years.

They say time, heals all sorrow,
And helps us to forget;
But time so far has only proven
How much we miss you yet.

God gave to me a wonderful Mother
Who for me did her best;
And when her work on earth was done,
God called her home to rest.

Deep in my heart is a picture,
Worth more than silver or gold;
It's a picture of you, dear Mother,
Your memories will never grow old.

God gave me strength to fight it,
And courage to bear the blow;
But what it meant to lose you
No one will ever know.

Gone But Not Forgotten,
Her Devoted Daughter,
Mrs. Clarence Ward

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Magic Chef
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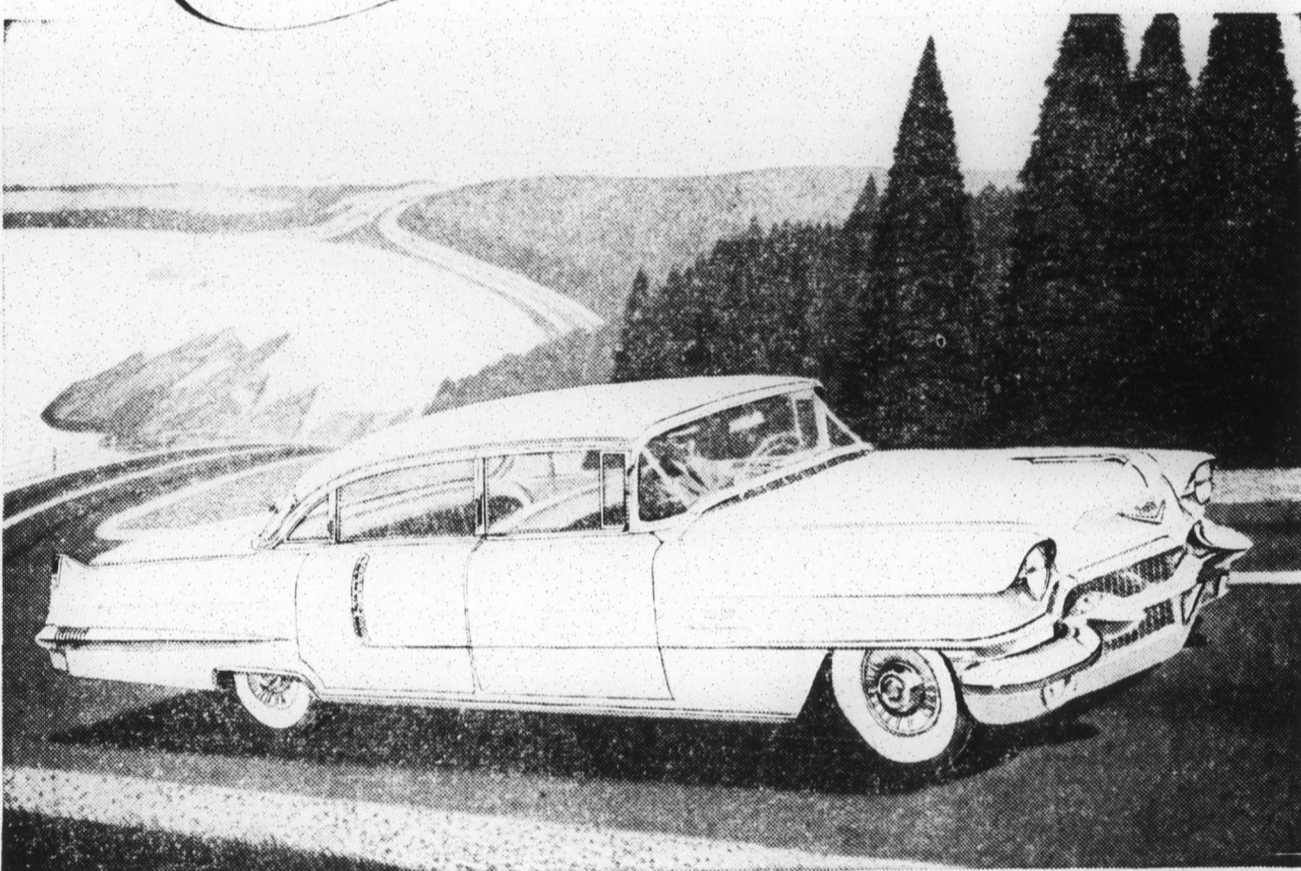
MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

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