

CUCKLEBURR CLUB IS ORGANIZED

A FINE TIME AT WALTER BENNETT'S BARN — HORN WORMS ON THE WARPATH — JIM BENNETT MAKES A SPEECH — CLUB TO MEET REGULARLY

Danbury Route 1, Sept. 17.—The other night by the light of the moon the Cuckleburr Club was organized at Walter Bennett's barn down on Nubbin Ridge.

It was a gorgeous night, the whipperwills carried on a powerful tune out in the brush, the hounds barked from every ridge, the meat sputtered in the frying

pan, the coffee smelt alluring like, and Lem Bennett's banjo talked fit to make a man crazy in his legs.

Everybody was reasonably sober, that is nobody was down, but most all the boys were just funny.

It was decided in the interest of the NRA that an association of honest fellows should be organized to see that prices for tobacco were what the farmers wanted, to get free school books and free fertilizer, and no taxes.

Jim Bennett was elected President, and armed with the veto power, as well as the power to put in who he wanted.

Johnnie Bullin was made vice-

president, with nothing to do when the President was present except to chew tobacco and cuss.

The treasurer was named in the person of Lem Bennett, and he was instructed to get Ham Shelton to go on his bond, if not then he would be succeeded automatically by Sanders Mabe.

The executive committee was named as follows: Walter Bennett, Mody Bullen, Rufus Mabe, Cray Tilly, Pld Campbell, Hence Flinchum and Shores Hall.

Just at this time startling noises disturbed the decorum of the meeting, when it was discovered that Walter had lost his barn of tobacco. While the deliberations of the assembly were at their frenzied, a major attack had been made on the primings in the barn by a battalion of horn worms, who carried off every bundle of the tobacco to the woods, so that Mr. Bennett had nothing left but his stems. The reptiles had even chewed up the twine, which was saturated with gum.

The loss was severe, but old man Walter, like a true sport, yelled for the meeting to go on.

"What is one barn of tobacco to the shackled liberties of the people?" he cried.

And the dim reaches of Nubbin Ridge echoed with the tumultuous applause which followed.

The President mounted a stump for a speech, and the Cuckleburr thundered:

"Hear, hear, hear."

"My friends," Jim started off, "this is not only the proudest moment of my checkered career, but it is the most fortunate for Nubbin Ridge.

"It means, my friends, that our day has come, and that liberty shall not perish from Buck Island."

(Deafening, thunderous hoorays.)

"Let us march on till our last foe is horse-tromped."

(More hoorays.)

Now the committee on By-Laws for the Cuckleburr Club came forward.

The instrument read:

BY-LAWS

1. Our name shall be the Cuckleburr club.
2. Know all men by these presents before we let 'em in.
3. Every member shall turn in his dues, if not we will turn him up.
4. The Sales tax, we are against it, also any other kind of tax. Taxes is against the spirit of the old constitution; d—n the new one.
5. We pledge ourselves to vote against good roads. Give us a still, shady path, among th muscadine vines.
6. One of our esteemed order

shall nominate for us at every meeting, provided he ain't too drunk.

7. Let the FERA handle the flea bugs, horn worms and crap grass, otherwise let it feed these pests, too. We are tired of it.

8. The price of living is too high, everything is too high, even our executive committee.

The by-laws were adopted without a dissenting voice.

So now feasting was in order, as Fred Bennett had come in with a turn of squirrels.

So the first night passed with great success.

A pure bred Guernsey cow, owned by M. F. Shore, of Yadkin County has just made a new state record by producing 945.6 pounds of butterfat and 16,078.5 pounds of milk in one year and becomes the new state Guernsey champion in Class "A".

The first trench silo for Martin County has been dug by Frank Weaver and holds between 45 and 50 tons of silage.

Catawba County farmers cut lespedeza hay this season from the tallest growth ever recorded in the county. They also secured four cuttings from their alfalfa fields.

GOOD EATS

---AT---

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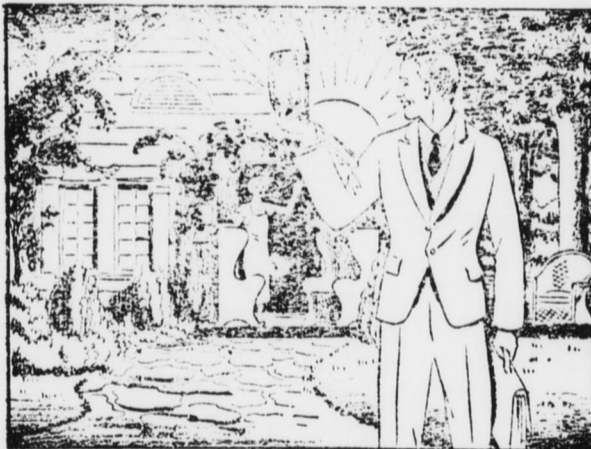
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If it is worth 2 cents a week, O. K.—Let Your Light SHINE.

Better Breakfasts



IN the rose covered cottage over which the June bride presides, her new husband soon finds out whether he has married her for better or for worse breakfast. What good are all the lovely wedding china and the crisp new linens if the morning finds only tomato juice and coffee on the breakfast table? One of the fundamental rules for a long and happy marriage is: "Begin every day with a substantial breakfast and make it as interesting as possible."

Here's a good menu for the June bride's book:

Tomato and Sauerkraut Cold Cereal with Cream French Toast with Fruit Cover Coffee

French Toast with Fruit Cover: Beat two eggs slightly. Add a few grains salt and half a cup milk. Dip four large thick slices of bread in this mixture, coating

thoroughly. Saute in bacon fat or butter until a nice brown on both sides. Split four large slices canned pineapple each into two thin rings and saute them in a little butter until golden brown on both sides. Lay a slice of toast on each breakfast plate, cover with two pineapple rings and top them with cold juicy rhubarb sauce. This serves four.

"Coffee in the Morning"
"I've one ambition — it's just a simple thing — I want to be the one-who has the right to being you Your coffee in the morning—"

This popular song has a romantic idea—if the coffee is good! And of course it is, in the homes of today's brides. They know that only air-free coffee makes coffee that is mellow and rich. So they buy vacuum packed coffee which locks out the air and keeps the coffee fresh and full of flavor until it is ready to be used.*

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