

LOCALS

Matt Simmons, mail carrier of Lawsonville, was here Monday.

Noel Dunivant of King and Winston-Salem was here Monday.

Mrs. Jessie P. Christian, and Misses Marjorie and Ellen Kate Pepper went to Raleigh Wednesday.

J. J. Taylor, Houston Loftis, Reid George, Travis Tuttle and M. L. Mitchell went to Raleigh Monday.

Prof. R. M. Green of Walnut Cove was here Monday.

Sidney Flinchum was here for a short while Monday from Piedmont Springs.

Jim Lasley was a business visitor here Wednesday from Walnut Cove, Route 1.

Early Sands of Walnut Cove was here Wednesday. He recently removed from Lawsonville.

Pvt. Jessie L. Hooker of Los Angeles, Calif., spent a 7-day furlough with his wife Mrs. Elizabeth Hooker and also his daughter here. They spent some time with his mother and family near Walnut Cove. He has now returned to his camp at Los Angeles.

Worth Fulp of Walnut Cove was carried to the Baptist Hospital Sunday night for an appendectomy. He is a son of Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Fulp.

Miss Cleo Ray, nurse of Randolph Hospital, Ashboro, is at her home at Lawsonville for a visit. She will also visit Mr. and Mrs. Carl Ray Flinchum here before she returns to Ashboro.

Mrs. Bessie Joyce of Winston-Salem visited the H. M. Joyces here this week.

Frank Christan, who has been at Puerto Rico on construction work for the past six months, is at his home at Piedmont for a visit.

Sgt. Ray M. Sisk, stationed at Camp Davis, returned to that camp after spending a 19-day furlough with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lon Sisk.

Paul Taylor of Winston-Salem was here Wednesday on business.

Jack Smith of Walnut Cove, formerly of Danbury, was here Wednesday.

Boley Tuttle was a Walnut Cove visitor here Wednesday.

W. T. Beck was in town awhile Wednesday from Germantown.

Sheriff John Taylor, Dallas C. Kirby and Mrs. William McCannless attended the funeral of Mrs. C. D. Matthews at Stoneville Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Neal of Meadows were here a short while on Wednesday. Mr. Neal is a member of the Local Draft Board.

Sam Baker and son, Coy, were here Wednesday from the Flatshoal section.

Mrs. O. M. Kirby of Meadows, who is now living in Winston-Salem, underwent an operation Saturday morning at City Memorial Hospital and is getting along as well as could be expected. She has been in ill health for some time.

J. T. Calloway of Tobaccoville made a business visit at the court house Wednesday.

Mrs. Sallie F. Pepper of Walnut Cove was here Wednesday.

Ernest Nelson was here Wednesday afternoon from Piedmont.

Jess Nelson was here Wednesday from Sandy Ridge.

Mrs. J. Watt Tuttle of Meadows was a visitor here a short while Wednesday afternoon.

Jerry Baker of Ellerbe, Richmond county, and formerly of Danbury, was here Wednesday.

Episcopal Camp at Vade Mecum Begins

The Episcopal church camp and conference center of the Diocese of North Carolina has begun the annual summer season at Vade Mecum, with the senior boys' camp, directed by Rev. Emmet Gribbin, of Chapel Hill.

HAIL STORM DAMAGES CROPS

Reports have come in that a hail storm which occurred last week at Dodgetown and also above Lawsonville, did considerable damage to crops in those sections.

BIRTHDAY DINNER

Misses Jean Carol Beck and Josephine Pepper were feted on their birthdays Monday at a dinner at the home of Mrs. Doris C. Petree.

ONE YOUNG COW FOR SALE
JOHN W. PRIDDY,
Lawsonville, N. C.

Aid to Enemy

"Any American who wilfully neglects to pay his taxes on time or to invest every cent he can in War Bonds is surely giving aid and comfort to the enemy. . . . We have a job to do and we are all called for service to our country. Our dollars are called to service too. Let us all ask ourselves, 'Shall we be more tender with our dollars than with the lives of our sons?'" — Secretary Morgenthau.

BACK UP YOUR BOY
Increase your payroll savings to your family limit

Any excuse you can give for not upping your payroll savings will please Hitler, Hirohito and puppet Mussolini.

SOLDIER

I am one of the fellows who made the world safe for Democracy. What a crazy thing that was. I fought and I fought but I had to go. I was called to class "A"—the next time I want to be in Class "B". Be here when they go and be here when they come back. I remember the day when I registered. I went up to the desk and the man in charge was our milkman. He said "What's your name?" I said "You know my name." "What's your name?" he barked, so I told him August Childs. He said, "Are you an alien?" I said, "No, I feel fine." He asked me where I was born and I said Pittsburgh. He said, "When did you first see the light of day?" I said, "When we moved to Philadelphia." He asked me how old I was, so I told him 23 the first of September. He said, "The first of September you will be in France and that will be the last of August."

The day I went to camp, I guess they didn't think I'd live long, the first fellow I saw wrote on my card "Flying Corps." I went a little farther and some fellow said, "Look what the wind is blowing in." I said, "Wind nothing, the draft's doing it." On the second morning they put these clothes on me. What an outfit. As soon as you're in it you can fight anybody. They have two sizes: too small and too large. The pants are so tight I can't sit down; the shoes are so big I turned around three times and they didn't even move. And what a raincoat they gave me. It strained the rain. I passed an officer all dressed up with a funny belt and all that stuff. He said, "Didn't you notice my uniform when you passed?" I said, "Yes, what are you kicking about, look what they gave me."

Oh, it was nice—five below one morning they called us out for an underwear inspection. You talk about scenery—red flannels, B. V. D.'s and all kinds. The union

The Lieutenant lined us up and told me to stand up. I said, "I am, sir, this underwear just makes you think I am sitting down." He got so mad he

put me out digging a ditch. A little while later he passed me and said, "Don't throw the dirt up here." I said, "Where am I going to put it?" He said, "Dig another hole and put it in there."

Three days later we sailed for France. Marching down the pier I had more luck. I had a Sergeant who stuttered and it took him so long to say "halt" that 27 of us marched over-board. They pulled us out and lined us up on the pier and the captain came and said "Fall in." I said, "I have beer in, sir."

I was on the boat 12 days. Seasick 12 days, nothing going down and everything coming up. Leaning over the railing all the time. In the middle of my best lean the captain rushed up and said, "What company are you in?" I said, "I am all by myself." Talk about dumb people. I said to one of the fellows, "I guess we dropped anchor." He replied, "I knew they'd lose it, it's been hanging out ever since we left New York."

Well, we landed in France, and we were immediately sent to the trenches. After 3 nights in the trenches, the cannons started to roar and shells started to pass—I was shaking with patriotism. I tried to hide behind the trees but there were not enough trees for the officers. The captain came around and said, "Five o'clock we go over the top." I said, "captain, I'd like to have a furlough." He said, "Haven't you any red blood in you?" I said, "Yes, but I don't want to see it."

Five o'clock we went over the top, 10,000 Austrians came at us. The way they looked at me you'd think that I was the one who started the war. Our captain yelled, "Fire at will," but I didn't know any of their names. I guess the fellow behind me thought I was Will because he fired his gun at me and shot me in the excitement.

—Anonymous.

ENTERTAIN AT PICNIC

Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Stokes entertained the following at a picnic at the Park Friday afternoon: Mr. and Mrs. Leonard van Noppen and Mr. and Mrs. Carl Ray Flinchum, Mr. and Mrs. John Dellinger.

Rail oddities

MILLIONS OF DOLLARS AND YEARS OF WORK HAVE BEEN DEVOTED TO THE STUDY OF THE AIR BRAKE. FOR CONTINUING RESEARCH, ALL THE AIR BRAKE APPARATUS, PIPES AND CONNECTIONS OF A 100-CAR FREIGHT TRAIN, INCLUDING THAT OF THE LOCOMOTIVE, HAVE BEEN COMPRESSED WITHIN A SINGLE ROOM OF A UNIVERSITY LABORATORY.

IN THE FIRST 12 MONTHS OF THIS WAR, AMERICAN RAILROADS HANDLED 11,641,838 TROOPS—MORE THAN FOUR TIMES AS MANY AS IN THE SAME PERIOD OF THE LAST WAR.

IN 1902, THERE WAS, NEAR CINCINNATI, OHIO, A STRETCH OF RAILROAD TRACK INVOLVING FOUR RAILS SO SPACED AS TO ACCOMMODATE WIDE GAUGE, STANDARD GAUGE AND NARROW GAUGE EQUIPMENT.

ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RAILROADS (AAR)

We
Do
All
Kinds
Of Job
PRINTING
At
Very
Reasonable
Prices
And
Guarantee
Quality
And
Satisfaction

HAVE YOUR
PRINTING DONE
AT HOME AND
SAVE