By MARIE WOOD
High school biology teachers fall into the classification of folks whom thred mothers can use if they will employ a little strategy in the matter. This is the story:
Invariably the classwork is marked by an assignment of a bug collection – with bugs usually being the one group of living things that a teen-ager (male or female) simply can't stand getting in the proximity of.
We know-we went through the stage sometime ago (but of course when the world was much younger if you'd believe our progeny).
Early in the somester when the fall classes have just started and the days are long and sweet and the nights warm and buzzing, the biology teacher announces to her students that they must turn in a bug collection before the end of the first sense term.

and buzzing, the blology teacher announces to her students that they must turn in a bug collection before the end of the first semester.

At the time the teacher makes the announcement, everything from praying mantises to stag beetles are alive and possibly even still propogating.

Stop under any street light after dark with a spray bomb and the collection you could knock down would bring an A plus from the most demanding teacher.

But what happens?

Sylvanius or Mary Isabella mentally retreats hastily as far as possible from the subject.

One, two, three weeks pass—and the long, sweet summer-like days begin to be fewer and fewer as fall slips gaily into the picture.

Slowly an awareness penetrates the student—THAT bug collection isn't collected.

At that moment, the student turns frantically to airing what by now has become a big grievance. He—or she—hass gotta have a bug collection!

He—or she—HATES bugs, CAN'T STAND 'em; they RUIN his—or her—meal even to think about bugs! And, finally, he—or she—guesses there's no alternative but to take failure in the course.

This is the time of course that Mother gets the burden.

his-or her-meal even to unin account to take failure in the course.

This is the time of course that Mother gets the burden shifted to her weary shoulders,

"But a bug collection this late in the year. The bugs are almost all gone. Now you tell me," she wails in tones equally as despairing.

But if she's a wise mother-has remembered anything about her own biology days-she's been ready for this. If not-well here's the way to take advantage of that blology assignment,

Make a deal with son or daughter, that in exchange for rounding up those bugs, son or daughter, will do the supper dishes for the next week — or until all bugs are collected.

And if she really wants her pound of flesh, add the bed-making mornings — with Saturdays and Sundays included, Sunday evening dishes might be thrown in for good measure.

Now the problem becomes mother's.

First thing is to buy a bug bomb-the biggest and the most efficient in the supermarket, hardware store or drug emporium. Fill the gas tank of the family automobile and wear low heels and old clothes and tell the family ovil be gone for the next few hours. Then head for the country.

If you've a friend who shares your love for the outdoors—and at this point if yours is no love, you'd better put on the best kind of a face that it is, because you're going to need it—you can invite them to go along.

And ignore the public!

Best place to start hunting is where there are plenty of late fall flowers—somebody's neglected garden is fine if it looks like you can get by with it.

Butterflies can be included in that bug collection—but you'd better have a spray bomb that immediately delivers a lethal blast or you'll find yourself chasing that butterfly for long distance. They have been known to drop in the next county.

Creek beds are good looking—the water striders are still active. If you're lucky you might even find a helgrammite, (Any good fisherman can tell you they make wonderful bait so a fisherman might help you.) Shake doctors and mayfiles also abound near the water.

Watch the tree trunks—alk kinds of flying and hopping and crawling creatures are also watching them with the idea of laying their eggs in the wood. That long thing on the tall won't sting, so don't scream, it's an ovidepositor—she lays her eggs with it,

Don't be above getting down on your hands and knees in the sand for an ant lion. This you won't see but you will see the inverted cone of sand at the bottom of which awatis the tiny 3/8's of an inch long and ilon. But it's an insect, mother. Remember those chores you've left for doing.

Acquisition means grabbing all the sand at the bottom of the pit and spreading it on top of the ground and than grabbing when movement starts. The ant linon will NOr't burt you. Got your jar ready—and don't waste the bomb here, you don't need it.

Don't be afraid to turn over old log

Oh yes, and watch the fall flowers—the purple Joe Pye weed is especially of interest because of the tiny floral spiders which lurk there just waiting for their chance.

The nicest big bumble bee we've seen, we found already dead and discarded in a Joe Pye weed and it looks beautiful in the collection.

What's that—you simply can't abide bugs of any kind. You'd rather die than touch one of them!

OK, lady, do your own dishes, and let your son take failure in his blology.

## Garden Club Members See Film On Wildlife Babies

RICH SQUARE – At their October meeting held in the educational building of the Methodist Church on Monday night, members of the Rich Square Garden Club were shown a film on "wild life bables,"

Guest speaker at the meeting was Rod Amundson, chief of education Division of N. C. Wildlife Resources Commission of North Carolina. He serves as editor of Wildlife, does a weekly radio program, and writes a weekly nadio program, and writes a weekly nadio program, and writes a weekly radio program, and writes the film. He was introduced by Mrs. A. W. E. Wortell, president, A business session followed the program, Mrs. Worrell gave some interesting facts from the meeting held in Durham and the district meeti

Woodland

# Severn

RICH SQUARE - The Rich Square Home Demonstration Club met last Tuesday with Miss Lillian Hedspeth, hostess, Mrs. James E, Johnson presided, Mrs. J. L. Griffin was welcomed as a new member, Mrs. James Boyce of Woodland and Mrs. Locke Whitsnant of Raleigh were visitors.

Plans are being made for the Fall Federation which will be held November 9 at the Methodist Church in Milwaukee.

The garden report was given by Mrs. H. O, Woodard.

The demonstration, "Selection and Care of a Steam Iron," was presented by Mrs. Kenneth Brown.

In Roanoke-Chowan Hospital In Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Britt spent Wednesday in Richmond. Miss Emma Boone spent Sat-urday in the home of her broth-er and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. James A. Boone, at Rich Suppra

Mrs. James A. Boone, at Rich Square.
Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Fleetwood and daughter, Martha Susan, spent the weekend with Mrs. Fleetwood's parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Westmoreland, in Hickory Grove, S. C.
Miss Rebecca Johnson, a student at Duke University, Durham, spent the weekend with Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Barnes.
Mr. and Mrs. Everett Davis of Wilson were weekend guests of Wilson were weekend guests of Wilson were weekend furtheesboro spent last week with her grandmother, Mrs. Ruth Anderson.

son.
K. E. Stokes, Bob Parker and
Ricky McGee attended the Clem-son-Duke football game in Dur-ham Saturday.
Miss Essie Porter is a patient

### PAGE 3 TIMES-NEWS. Rich Square, N. C., October 21, 1965 **Brown Takes Creecy** With 8-6 Score Sat.

**Now! New Chevelle** 

With 8-6 Score Sat.

With 8-6 Score Sat.

With 8-6 Score Sat.

Statistics

From Seawell

Entertains

JACKSON - Mrs. M. H. Seawal cherthaned at admer party and bridge at the Fairfax Reseawn of clock.

Those present were Mrs. Fri.

Those present we

# mouth Sunday. Mrs, Jake Odom left last week to make her home at Carolina Goldsboro are spending a few Redays with Mr. and Mrs. A. O. Woodard, Jr., and Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Askew. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Garriss Mrs, LeB Pittle accompanied and Mrs. Noah Burgess visited mouth Sunday. mouth Sunday. mouth Sunday. mouth Sunday. make to make her home at Carolina Patricla Futrell of Elizabeth to make her home at Carolina Patricla Futrell of Elizabeth Children Futrell of Elizabeth Mrs, Jassie Moody of Seaboard

Due to conditions in Vietnam and India, price of burlap bags has gone up quite a bit.

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to Newport News Wednesday where they attended the funeral of George Brown, They also visited Mrs. Bruce Williams in Achilles, Va.
Mrs., J. E. Coggins has returned home after being a patient in Reanoke Rapids Hospital last week.
Mr. and Mrs. James Ellott Lassiter and children of Viriginia Beach visited Mrs. James Ellott Lassiter and children of Viriginia Beach visited Mrs. Randolph Turner and daughter, Gleida, attended the State Fair Saturday.
Mrs. Goorge Francis, Mrs. Mrs. Wednesday where they visited their brother, Douglas Flythe.
Mrs. George Francis, Mrs. Gund Mrs. Wilson Bridgers and Son, Charles Larry, and Wayne Woodard attended the State Fair Saturday.
Lym Woodard of Emporta Wayne Woodard and Charlets Larry, and Wayne Woodard attended the State Fair Saturday.
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Lym Woodard of Emporta Wayne Woodard of Emporta was and first weak.
Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Norton of Boulder, Colo, visited relaving the Jan Wayne woodard and brown to be supported to the State Fair Saturday.
Lym Woodard of Emporta Wayne Woodard of Emporta was and first was and friends here during the Jan Wayne woodard attended the State Fair Saturday.
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Home of FINE PORTRAITS OVER EARL THEATRE

LIABILITIES 9,299,085.51

All Friday where they visited Jim Vick.

Pendleton

Mr. and Mrs. Renneth Norton of Boulder, Colo., visited relatives and friends here during the weekend. Mrs. Norton is the former Rosalind Horne.

Jim Webb of Washington, D. C., spent a few days recently in the more of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Hampton of Norfolk were weekend guests of Mrs. Hampton's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Roger W. Davis.

Saturday dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Roger W. Davis were Mr. and Mrs. Henry Woodard of Norfolk and Mrs. Henry Woodard of Norfolk and Mrs. Helen Joyner of Portsmouth.

Mr., and Mrs., Henry Woodard of Spent the weekend at nargrave for Portsmouth.

Bookmobile

Schedule

Tuesday, October 26, morning:
J. E. Boone's store; Odom PrisOffice, Afternoon: Daughtry's
Cross Roads; Creeksville; Mrs.
Talbert Revelle's bome, Louise,
Thirsday, October 28, morning: Faison's Old Tavern, Mrs.
Crover Davis' home, Mrs.
Grover Davis' home, New Town, Mrs. Challe Nelson's home, Mrs., Capital Nelson's home, Mrs., Capital Nelson's home, Mrs., Capital Nelson's home, Mrs.
Pete Taylor's home; Mrs., Louis
Defined Afternoon: Daughtry's
Cross Roads; Creeksville; Mrs.
Scrover Davis' home, New Town, Mrs. Challe Nelson's home, Mrs.
Mrs. Capital Nelson's home, Mrs.
Mrs. Capital Nelson's home, Mrs.
Pete Taylor's home; Mrs., Louis
Donnson's home; Mrs. Louis
Nr. and Mrs. Jim Edwards and son, Cary of Norfolk, Va., Spent When Mrs. And Mrs. Grady Parker.

WHEN YOLI WANT

124,113.12

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