

Earpsboro Scribblin's

The three of them sat on the tobacco bed pulling plants for re-setting.

The one that smoked king size filter tips gouged around the inside of the cigarette pack with a long dirty finger and found it empty. She reached into her dungaree pocket and brought out a fresh pack.

"Personally, can't stand her," she said, her voice husky with a cloud of smoke. "I simply couldn't treat my husband the way she does hers. And her children — have you noticed? — little devils and juvenile delinquents."

The one that wore spangled horn rimmed glasses took them off and wiped them on the tail of her husband's shirt she was wearing. She held them up to the sun, found them clean, and put them back on.

"The thing that gets me," she said, giving her glasses another adjustment, "is that she's such a hypocrite. Come Sunday morning and she is gracing the front row of the choir and simply bursting your ear drums with that atrocious voice she has. I think I'm going to have to stop going to church if I have to keep looking at her face with all that put on sweetness and light."

The other sat with her legs out

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LAKE DONNA

in front of her, crossed at the ankles. She still had on the hose with the run in them. Looking at her legs she admired the shade of the hose. She still hadn't found another color she loved so well.

"Why, she's never been a neighbor," she said. "I can think of any number of times I asked her to keep my children. Do you think she did? Always some excuse. But believe me, I could see right through her excuses and her, too!"

The little barefoot boy wearing a two gun holster belt and Davey Crockett coon skin cap came up and set down a sparkling jar of cool water. He paused for a moment, and then told them she was dead. Just a few minutes ago. Heart attack.

The three gasped in stunned silence.

Another filter tip was lit and dragged deeply.

"I have never met a nicer person, real true blue. To think this has happened to my dearest friend. Personally, I never did believe all those stories about her running around with other women's husbands! And oh I feel so sorry for her children. Such nice, sweet, well-mannered children."

The spangled horn rims came off again, wiped at about the same spot on the shirt tail, put on and adjusted three or four times.

"If there has ever been a Christian, it was her. She lived her religion everyday. The choir is going to miss the rich sweetness she put into the songs she sang with them. I don't think I can go to church any more. It won't be the same. There was something in her singing that brought out the goodness in my soul."

The other reached down and gave her stocking a yank. It didn't need tightening, but she knotted the hose top a little tighter around her leg.

"You couldn't find a better neighbor if you looked the world over. There wasn't anything she wouldn't do for anybody. Any time, day or night, she was ready to go and help. The things she's done for me. I remember when I was sick and she looked out for my children for two whole weeks. Even better than I could have done with them."

There was another short silence. "What kind of food are you going to take to the home? I think I'll

take deviled eggs."

"I always take potato salad."

"I'm going to the store and get fixings for sandwiches."

They got up, stretched to relieve the stiffness of their muscles. There were enough plants for the men in the field. They covered the plants from the burning sun's rays.

Over and across the fields they discussed what they would wear to the funeral, declaring they didn't have a single thing decent to put on.

AARON'S DRIVE IN

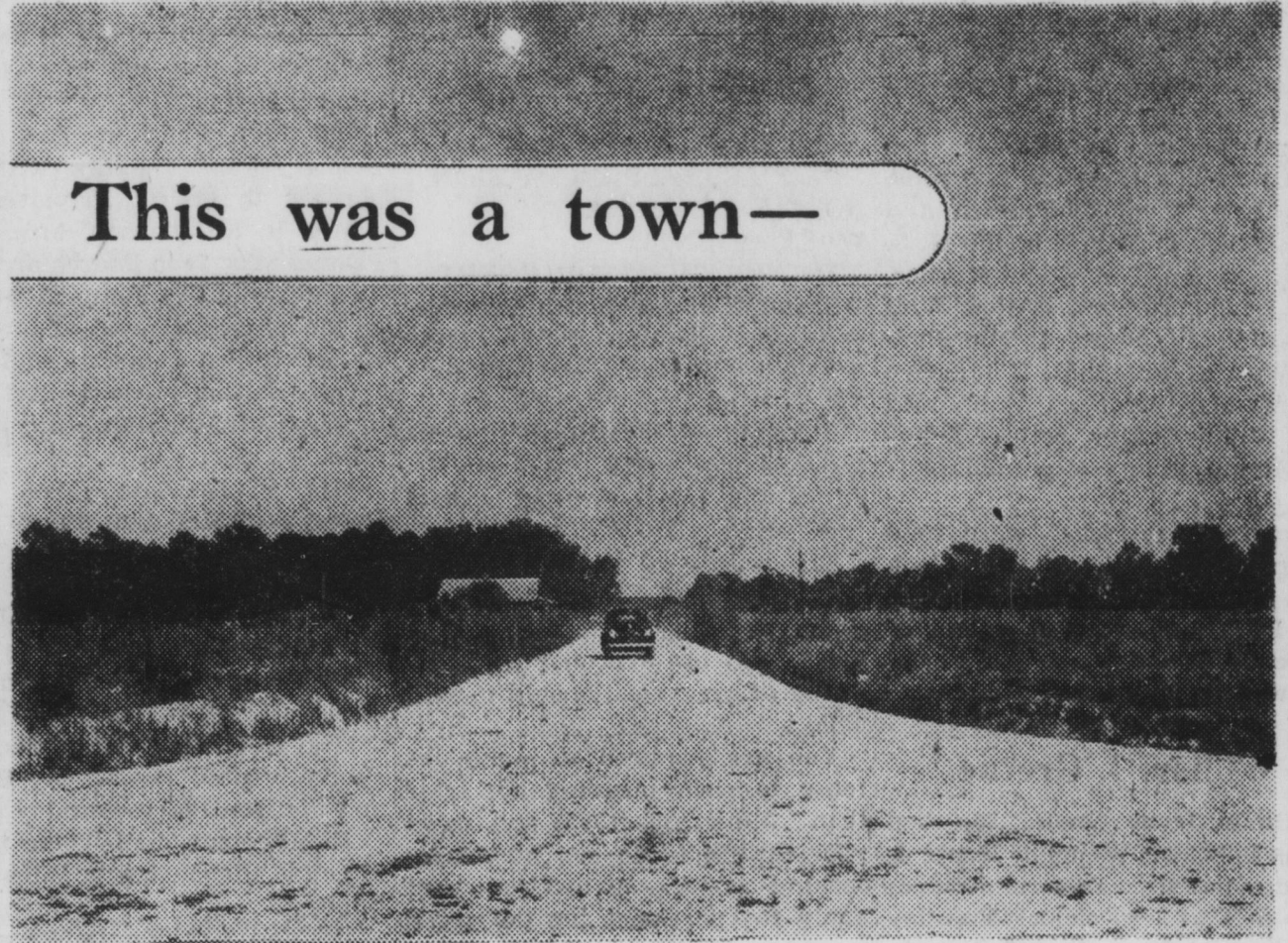
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This was a town—



... but it didn't progress!

Nearly a century ago this was main street of a thriving Carolina town. Several hundred residents traded at the stores, stables and feed mill. It was a big stop on the main stagecoach line.

But people moved away, so commerce stopped—property values dropped. Main street is now this country road, and plows break the soil where buildings stood.

Its name is forgotten, except by the historian who told us the story, but the moral is clear. **A town will mcke progress . . . or it will go backward.** There is no standing still.

The Finer Carolina projects on which your friends and neighbors are working are indications of civic consciousness. Successful completion of these civic improvements will mean better living for you and for everyone in the community—a more beautiful town, better citizens tomorrow through better recreation today, sounder prosperity through increased and diversified community income.

There are six months to go in the 1955 Finer Carolina Contest, and your help is needed by the local committees. This Program is your program—with a sole aim of helping make your community an even more progressive, finer town in a FINER CAROLINA!

