

State College Hints For Farm Homes

By RUTH CURRENT
Days are short and work will not get done unless we plan to make each hour count. Simplify your housekeeping. Time-saving short cuts can be worked out for most homemaking jobs.

Make your time management plan a family venture. It will be more fun. Help the children to understand that their work is worth while. They will want to share in working for victory.

Allow time for the companionship of your family and friends, as well as for work. Plan to share in community wartime activities. Choose those in which you can be of most service.

less, saving more, making things, wasting nothing, and guarding the strength, the health, the happiness of their own.

Home front planners work with their communities, stamping out hoarding, sharing what they have, providing for the needy, protecting and building the safety, health and happiness of their neighbors.

There will be a shortage of doctors, dentists and nurses as a result of demands for medical units to care for our armed forces here and abroad. This means we must do everything we can to insure our families with good health. Rest, sun shine, fresh air exercise, and good food will help to keep the family well. All-out victory cannot be won by people who are all-in. Long or serious illnesses may wreck a family spending plan.

These suggestions might help avoid such a calamity: Set aside a certain amount each week or month for an emergency fund. Consider possibility of joining a hospitalization plan. Enroll in Red Cross Home Nursing and First Aid groups. Enroll in a nutrition group.

Relief At Last For Your Cough

Creomulsion relieves promptly because it goes right to the seat of the trouble to help loosen and expel germ laden phlegm, and aid nature to soothe and heal raw, tender, inflamed bronchial mucous membranes. Tell your druggist to sell you a bottle of Creomulsion with the understanding you must like the way it quickly allays the cough or you are to have your money back.

CREOMULSION
for Coughs, Chest Colds, Bronchitis

New Irish Potato Variety Yields 375 Bushels An Acre

Sequoia, the new Irish potato variety developed at N. C. State College, yielded 375 bushels an acre for R. S. Ray of the Pensacola community in Yancey County, three times more than local varieties.

Hemp
The WPB has approved a program for the planting of 300,000 acres of hemp for fiber and the construction of 71 mills for processing the hemp into line and tow fiber.

Boys' Clubs Collect Pennies For Army Jeep



This group of boys, members of the Boys' Club of San Pedro, Cal., are shown with Charles Gaffney, director, Carl S. Burbridge, president of their club, and Sergt. McArdle, as they began their drive to collect pennies to buy a jeep for the U. S. Army. With Boys' Clubs all over the nation aiding in the collection, it is expected that the necessary total for the purchase will soon be reached. The jeep will be presented to the army in a formal ceremony in Washington.

Many County Lads Volunteer in Navy

Quite a few Martin County lads acted before service enlistments were frozen, according to a fairly complete report received here this week. It is understood that several other county boys enlisted by their papers have not yet been cleared in draft board files in the county.

The names of those Martin County boys who enlisted either in the Army or Navy in recent weeks are, as follows:

George Glynn Edmondson, white, of Robersonville; James Thomas Moore, white, RFD 1, Oak City; Walter Brownie Harrington, RFD 1, Williamston; John Benjamin Godwin, white, of Williamston; Gaston Lee

Savage, white, of RFD 3, Williamston; Simon Earl Perry, Jr., white, of RFD 3, Williamston; William Raymond Rawls, white, RFD 3, Williamston; Wade Ellis Holmes, white, Williamston; Clifton Earl Ward, white, Williamston; John William Miller, white, Williamston; Clyde Alfred Glass, white, Jamesville; Albert Virgil Wobbleton, white, Williamston; Dewey Ralston Whitehurst, white, RFD 2, Williamston; and James Haywood Simmons, white, Jamesville.

Edmondson, Godwin, and Ward enlisted in the Army, and Miller enlisted in the Army Reserve Corps.



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As Low As . . .
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W. J. MILLER, Owner.



HIXTY SIGE - he wants ter know.

Et a feller calculates to hep cure ther world of its wrongs and misdeeds and on-human ways, hadnt he better tackle ther jib in general, and not jump flat-foot into ther privat affairs of individul families?

Now old Jim Sprukes was a prutty good and uprite man, as all his nabors would testify. He praised ther right, and frowned on ther wrong. He hadnt never caught a nabor in a-ite, and drove a hard bargain with 'em caus he had lost his grip. He paid what ther deal was wuth to 'em, and not what he mouf force ther other feller to take. He had worked hard and saved his surplus and laid up a little for old-age thout skinnin no bodys hide offn 'em and leavin 'em lookin lak a scare-crow. He grewed up before ther days of fast drivin, and his world and his naborhood was measured by ther distance of a buggy-trip. But after seein many suns come-up and go-down over old Dobbins head, folks at the County-Seat that made fertelize for ther farmers, and them that sold credit on ther craps, and many that generally traded on shore-profit, bergun to sell thay buggy-hosses and buy tham-air caboos lookin things called orter-mobiles. But thay prices was way-up yander outn ther reach of country-folks that had to give what thay was charged, and take what thay could git for ther things thay growed and put on ther market, so thay hilt to thay hosses, and drove in ther ditch and let ther rich folks and them-ar things hav ther road-bed.

Then one day, country-folks bergun to hear that thar was a feller name Henry Ford that was a-makin a gas-wagon that would sell cheap, sos ther farmers cud ride fast too, and purty soon folks bergun to see 'em rollin round. Sum called 'em Flivvers, sum called 'em Tin-Lizzies and sum called 'em Henrys, and thay was marked Fords, jes leavin ther Henry off. And one day Jim saw one of 'em drivin thru ther streets at ther County-Seat, with one them-ar music-boxes in it, singin—"I'll take you eny-whars you wants ter go." And rite then is when Jim's hanker-in got ther best of his keerfulness, caus he had made up his mind to have one.

Now Jim's wife was name Lizzie, and she prided her-self that she hadnt never fed Jim outn no tin-cans. She claimed Jim desarved three squares a day, and them to cum mostly outn a pot, not outn a tin-can. Fact was, she want in no harmony with no tin-cans. So when Jim went home and told bout what he calculated to do, he didn't call it no Tin-Lizzie, hit would a-spilt all ther harmony he was a-hopin to create. He says—Lizzie, we hav bin livin in this here naborhood ter-gether nigh on to twenty-five year, and aint never got futher than a days-drive with old Dobin; I'm a-calculatin you needs a Honey-Moon trip futher away than that day we drove frum ther church to home here, and thay say that them noo Ford cabooses called Flivvers kin go a hundred miles in one day, ef you jest larns how to dodge ther mud-holes—what you say to us gittin one, and fixin up a basket of what-all you kin cook, and see whar we kin git to in two-three days—jes you an me on a real Honey-Moon?—Maw and ther boys kin keep look-out here twell we git back, and meby thay turn will cum next, when we gits ther trail blazed out into ther big-world, lak old Danl Boone dun cordin to ther boys school books—what you say?

Lizzy was so took with surprise that she got all cablaba-gasted and says Amen before she ever took time to think once, much less twice. And all that is how, few days later, atef Jim had took sum lessons on things to push, and things to pull, and-how to twist ther steerin-wheel, that he and Lizzie turn out ther front gate into ther road, and way past ther County-Seat, and into summo roads, and past summo County-Seats that thay had never seed before, and

whar thay didnt know no-body, and evything thay past by was new and interestin to 'em, and thay was havin a Honey-Moon to not swap off.

Now Jim had dun many things in his life-time that showed his intrust in man-kind, and one of 'em was—one day he was passin by one these sink-holes close by ther road-side that ther boys calls thay old swimmin-hole. Hit was a deep hole, not fer frum a swamp, and ther spring-rains had filled it oer, and summer had cum, and sum little boys was paddlin bout ther edge, and one of 'em had got in the deep water and was holling every time he cum up. Jim saw 'em and shuck off his shoes and as he made fer 'im he saw a aligator that had cum from ther swamp, and was a-makin fer 'im too, but Jim piled in and beat ther gater, but as he turned to swim out with ther boy, ther gater grabbed Jim by the rebel and bergun to turn over and twist Jim's leg all outn socket, hit seemd lak; and then sumthin happened to that gater, caus he turned Jim's foot loose, and Jim brung the boy out. Jim was laid up with his heel fer quite a spell, but ther nabors went after that gater, and dragged ther pond with a hay rake with ropes tied to it, twell thay pull 'im out, fightin mad, but he couldnt fight; his low jaw was as limber as a calf rope tied to a halter, and thay went back and told Jim that there want no doubt but what ther Good Lord had struch that gater, not with lock-paw, but with drap-jaw; and thay carried ther gater to ther church to show ther folks ther miracle that had saved Jim and ther boy. Now all that made Jim feel that it was just natally his duty to do all ther good he could when folks was in need, and that brings up to what happen on this here Flivver-Honey-Moon Jim and Lizzy was a-havin. Thay had drove fer three days into ther wilds of wonders with new

things to see, and evy-body strang-ers; and long a country road whar ther woods was thick thay cum to a openin, and heered a woman hollerin murder, hep, come here, and lots of other things calculated to stir a man to run quick, and Jim stopped ther Flivver, and told Lizzie to watch out, and he run to a house he seed in ther field, and thar was a man had his little weasly wife down on ther ground jest a-slappin and a-boxin 'er real brute-like. And Jim grabbed ther feller, and flung 'im down, and was giving 'im what he desarved when ther fellers wife got Jim by ther hair and yer-bout pulled all out, and Jim had to turn loose, or fight ther woman his-self. Jim was disgusted and went a-goin to be today, and I jest wante to ay that I lives nabers to these yer-scalawags, jes quarter-mile off, and I knows thay air rascalions and a-row-in all ther time, and evy thing thay hav sid about this-yer fight, aint so, cause I cum round the woods-path jest as ther stranger run to ther house and pulled ther triflin rascal way frum giving his wife ther beat-in I knows she desarves, and I aint a-feered to tell ther truth on 'em, cause thay aint got ther guts to do nuthin to me. And ther Judge turnt Jim loose, and Jim and Lizzie went strait back home, and next day Jim driv ther Flivver down to his own County-Seat and sold 'er fer less than he gived, and that night he says to Lizzie—Next time we goes on a Honey-Moon it's a-gain to be berhind old Dobin rite here in ther clearin. And then one more time Lizzy says—Amen.

Deferred
The Selective Service System has been directed to request its local boards to classify in Group 3-B all livestock and poultry farm workers who are deferred on grounds of dependency.

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