



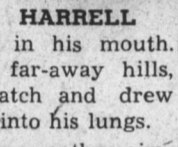
The Roundup

By WILBORNE HARRELL

The Old-timer And The Young Cowpoke Discuss Horses and Things

The Old-timer sat atop the corral of the Z-Bar-Z Guest Ranch, a generous quid of Brown's Mule working rhythmically in his jaws.

Beside him sat the Young Cowpoke, who was moodily and slowly rolling a cigarette with Bull Durham. Making a neat cylinder with his left hand, he moistened the edge of the paper with his tongue and placed the cigarette in his mouth.



HARRELL

His gaze on the far-away hills, he struck a match and drew smoke gratefully into his lungs. The Old-timer was rather aimlessly whittling with an ancient Barlow knife, pausing only occasionally to expectorate a deluge of tobacco juice on some selected target. His shooting with Brown's Mule was as accurate as his handling of a six-gun. He never missed. He gave the stick he was carving a vicious swipe and turned to the Young Cowpoke. "Like I told you," he said, "you should never have tried to ride Midnight. He's thrown better men than you. But, no! You young sprigs won't ever listen to your betters!"

The day before, the Old-timer and the Young Cowpoke had attended the rodeo in Tucson, and the Young Cowpoke had attempted to ride Midnight. Nobody had ever stayed on Midnight long enough to win any prize money, but the Young Cowpoke was game to try. He was quickly thrown—hard. And now as he sat on the corral fence the Young Cowpoke ruefully reviewed his session with Midnight. The humor of the situation became apparent to his musings, and the ghost of a smile touched his face.

The Old-timer said, "If you'd listened to me, I coulda saved you a lot of trouble. Maybe I coulda told you how to ride Midnight. Why, I remember once—"

The Young Cowpoke grinned. He removed the cigarette from his mouth and said, "Now don't give me another one of your stories, how you rode the worse horse in the West, and what a great rider you are. Don't you ever get tired of telling the same stories, over and over?"

"Why, you young whippersnapper!" snorted the Old-timer. "I've forgotten more about horses than you've ever knowed. A horse is the most wonderful animal in the world; the most beautiful. Why, look at that pretty young filly over there. Ain't she a beauty?"

As much as I would like to be indignant about the widespread ignorance of the National Day of Prayer last year, I cannot, for I am guilty. To my recollection, there was no observance given the event in our county, though I may well be mistaken in this. One reason was lack of publicity. I did not find out about the Presidential proclamation until I read

"Yeah," said the Young Cowpoke, "she shore is." "Those lines," the Old-timer went on, "they're perfect. And look how she carries her head. She's a thoroughbred, by gum." The Young Cowpoke kept his gaze on the far side of the corral. "Yore shore right, for once," he said. "She's the prettiest filly I've ever seen. In fact, she's the prettiest blonde-headed female I ever seen."

The Old-timer turned sharply to the Young Cowpoke. "You ornery hornhead! I was talking about a horse. Women! That's all you young fellows have on your mind."

"I got work to do. I can't jaw with you all day," countered the Young Cowpoke. He flipped away his cigarette and slid his long frame to the ground.

"Work," said the Old-timer scornfully. "That's one thing you don't often have on your mind." The Young Cowpoke grinned at his irate companion. "Yeah, but this is one time I sure got it on my mind aplenty. I'm gonna teach that blonde filly how to ride. Boss' orders."

The Young Cowpoke turned and headed for the far side of the corral. Pausing in his stride, he turned. His slow grin broadened. "Adios, amigo. Be seeing you around."

about it in a newspaper the day before. Another reason was laziness. Planning such an observance in a church can be a good deal of bother to a minister, and attending it may demand sacri-

vice and effort by the lay person. Because such an observance can make no visible contribution to the life of the church we yield to the temptation to ignore it.

However, President Eisenhower will be delighted to learn that this year I intend to support him in observance of the National Day of Prayer. We may or may not agree with the President's policies, but all must admit he has set an example of spiritual leadership equaled by no other President in recent years. His use of prayer in the inaugurations, his rising from a sick-bed to attend Thanksgiving services, testimony to the fact that he is a man of God. When he proclaims a National Day of Prayer he deserves the wholehearted support of all our churches.

Further, we need a National Day of Prayer. We are becoming a materialistic and secular nation. Desecration of the Lord's Day is as common here as in France. Our movies and television shows depict immorality as the accepted thing. There are some seven million alcoholics in the United States, and the number is increasing rapidly. Cursing, gambling, and obscene literature are condoned by professing Christians, and woe to the minister or priest who dares object. Yes, we need a National Day of Prayer. We need a lot more, but that will do for a start.

Egg Production Record In January

Egg production in North Carolina during January, 1958, is estimated at 148 million. This is 1.4 per cent above the previous January record established in 1957 when 146 million eggs were produced.

The average number of layers for January on hand in the State is estimated at 9,842,000. This is 4 per cent above the 9,428,000 on hand a year earlier. The January rate of lay per 100 layers numbered 1,500 eggs and compares with 1,544 a year earlier. The decline in rate of lay resulted from unfavorable weather during January.

'Easter, The Awakening' Opens In Morehead Planetarium At Chapel Hill Tuesday, March 11

"Easter, the Awakening," the beautiful tribute to the Resurrection which has been viewed by more than 165,000 persons in the past eight years, will open at the Morehead Planetarium in Chapel Hill Tuesday night, March 11, at 8:30 o'clock. It will be given through April 14.

As in the world's churches, the beautiful and ageless story of Easter and the Resurrection will be told again in the Planetarium and will be complemented by an inspiring pageant of lights and music.

However, the first portion of this year's program will differ completely from prior years in order that it will better conform with the awakening theme. Instead of being concerned with the date of Easter, it will herald the coming of Spring.

A Brick Would Do

The indications of spring—changes in the earth's surface, nature and man—will be profusely illustrated in natural color.

The highlight will be two color-

ful authentic panoramas of Chapel Hill. The village will be seen first as it appears in winter. Then, before the eyes of the audience, it will gradually be transformed into glorious spring.

In addition to the nightly performance at 8:30 o'clock, "Easter, the Awakening" will be presented at matinees on Saturdays at 11 A. M., 3 and 4 P. M., and on Sundays at 2, 3, and 4 P. M. Special performances for 100 or more persons will be given at any hour on request.

Shows for school children will be given at 11 A. M., and 1 P. M., daily. The public will be admitted to them after all children with reservations have been seated.

"Why do they have those glass cases with axes in 'em in the passenger cars?" "Oh, they are there in case some one wants to open a window."

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Weekly Devotional Column

By JAMES MACKENZIE

As you may recall, last year President Eisenhower proclaimed October 2 as a National Day of Prayer. In a recent letter to a New York pastor, the President said that he was "astonished to find, upon going to my own church at 8:30 that morning that only a handful of people were present."

The nationwide ignorance of the Presidential proclamation has been noted by a number of ministers and newspaper editors, most of whom were honest enough to place the blame where it belongs—on their own doorsteps—since they had neglected to provide adequate publicity and organization.

The President's reaction came in a personal letter to Pastor Henry H. Heins of St. Paul's Lutheran Church, Liberty, New York, who wrote in to report that only six persons came to his church to pray. In answer to Mr. Heins' appeal that something be done this year to make people more aware of the observance, the President replied that things had not been much better in Washington. As a result, there will be wider publicity given the National Day of Prayer this year. The President promised: "So

LISTEN EACH SUNDAY AT 8:45 A. M.

The Melody Five

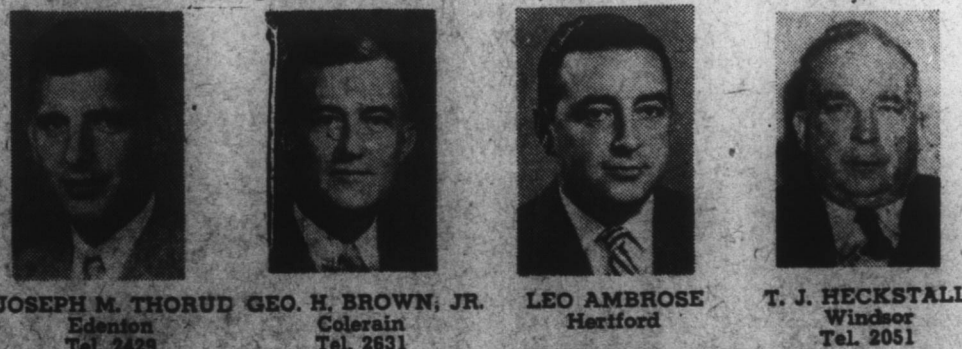
Edenton's Own Spiritual Group
OVER RADIO STATION WCDJ



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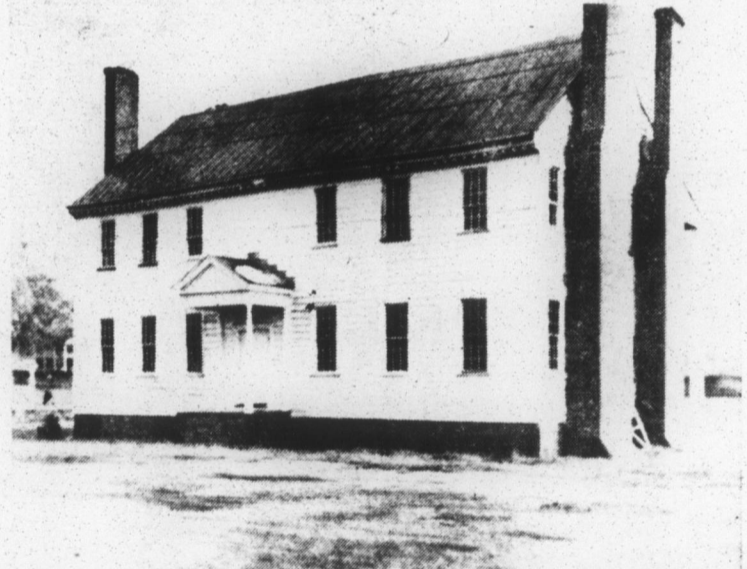
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The Woman's Club Art Show will be staged in the Penelope Barker House on March 8-9.

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