Interior View Of New A & P Super Market



Above is a picture of a section of the interior of the new A & P Super Market which opens for business in Edenton today (Thursday). The entire store is scientifically arranged to provide a maximum amount of comfort and convenence for shoppers.

### WHEN ANGELS MET

By JOHN D. McCREADY

"If I could only go to college!" | beautiful and forever unfulfilled. Angeline kept saying to herself,

ple, this eighteen-year-old girl sembly of the student body.

Editor's Note: This is one of a series of articles written by John D. Mcready, head of the English Department at Chowan College. Mr. Mcready for 18—ears was pustor of the irst Baptist Church at Morganton and erved as army chaplain in World Warl and was state chaplain for the Amrican Legion. Since connected with howan College, Mr. McCready has ceached at many churches in this area.

Hessor Sax, head of the art department.

"May I meet the young lady who has just lived up to her name—by singing like an angel?" he asked.

"Certainly—and you must come services. But she was thinking and have lunch with us." wistfully of her dream—forever

The second night of the ser- rich. His cordial manner was the as the train sped onward toward vices an instructor from the state sign of his warm heart. He was university was present and invit- never so happy as when bringing Like thousands of young peo- ed her to sing at the weekly as- happiness to others. He listened

had a burning ambition for a It was an exciting moment for Angeline said. Afterwards he higher education. But, as in the young soloist as she stood had a brief conference with his many such cases, financial diffi- before an audience of two thou- fellow faculty members. He cultities stood squarely in the sand; and the enthusiastic ap- learned of the obstacles in the She had a rich contralto plause that followed each number way of her ambition. voice, and she felt that four gave her spirits a real lift. When "If she lacks money, we must

she and the instructor who had brought her left the platform, a number of faculty members approached. Among them was Professor Sax, head of the art de-

Carol M. Sax was a small man with a big heart; a bachelor, and with absorbed interest to all that "By what method?"

The little professor was silent few moments. Then he looked "We will have her sing for the people of this city, and get five hundred people to come, at a dollar each. Five hundred dollars would be a nest-egg; and she could earn enough more by her singing, while a student, to meet her expenses."

Mr. Sax and a group of his friends went to work. They engaged the ballroom of a leading hotel and put signs in the store windows; and they added much face-to-face publicity.

When the appointed evening drew near, some weeks later, the chief sponsor was optimistic. But when the hour for the recital arrived his hopes had faded. Instead of five hundred there were scarcely half that many people who had come. Angeline's voice was as beautiful as ever, and the He sat through most of the pro- Super Market. gram like a man pondering some deep problem. Then, as the end hearing. They were sorry as they of the recital drew near, his face thought of the disappointment suddenly lighted up.

nim afterwards, out of Angeline's "It comes to just five hundred," ness from that incident of other

**Produce Manager** 



JAMES R. HILL, above, is applause was enthusiastic. But manager of the Produce Depart-Carol M. Sax's heart was heavy. ment at the new Edenion A & P

awaited her. "What is the total? The sponsors gathered round they anxiously inquired.

"But how . . . . ?" they exclaimed as they stared in astonish-

"Don't ask me," he smilingly, replied, as though he were puzzled himself. Yet those who stood around him felt, after a moment's reflection, that he knew perfectly well what the explanation was.

Angeline went off that fall to a large church college. After four years she graduated and became minister of music in a leading church in a southern city. There she met and married a lawyer, now a prominent judge. She is still singing, in the city of her adoption and elsewhere.

A friend of bygone days met

her at a huge church convention where her voice had just inspired thousands. In the course of the conversation he asked a question. "Do you ever think of Mr.

Sax?" She did not answer the ques She did more.

"Oh," she exlaimed, "what an angel! So her story is not the story of

one angel, but of two.

And it might be debated which of the two derived more happi-

days-the one who sang, or the Rev. Lamar Sentell, pastor of the one who, making a girl's bright Ballard's Bridge Baptist Church, dream come true, brought angelic officiated, assisted by the Rev. L. joy to a human heart.

#### Mrs. Mary D. Craft Dies In Norfolk

Mrs. Mary Davis Craft, 44, of the Tyner section died Tuesday Sadler and Chester Carpenter. night of last week at 11:30 o'clock in a Norfolk hospital after an illness of two years and three months. She was a native of North Carolina but lived in Norfolk about 18 years. She was the daughter of the late W. Thomas and Lucy Forehand Davis.

Jesse A. Craft; a son, William D. dent of the Fidelis Wives' Club. Craft, at home; four daughters, Jean A., Sheila, Rebecca L. and Frances D. Craft, all of the home; her stepmother, Mrs. W. Thomas Davis of Edenton; two brothers, Carson Davis of Ryland and Thomas Davis of Memphis, Tenn.; and a half sister, Mrs. Lois Davis Ashley of Edenton.

She was a member of the Spurgeon Memorial Baptist Church at Norfolk

Funeral services were held at the Williford Funeral Home Friday afternoon at 2 o'clock. The

C. Chandler, pastor of the Macedonia Baptist Church. Burial was in the family plot near Ry-

Pallbearers were E. L. Hollowell, Gordon Boyce, William Ward, Guy Hollowell, Robert

#### CONDUCTING "CAR PULL"

The Fidelis Wives Club is taking part in a car pull to and from the Post Exchange grocery store on the Base for the enlisted men's wives. Any wife who wishes a ride to the grocery store is asked Surviving are her husband, to call Mrs. J. D. Clanton, presi-



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Mrs. Lewis Leary, Theater Ticket.