Smith Died Sunday Peanut Crop

Miller Smith, 72, re-

Vera Anna Jane Turner Mil- Earnhardt of Edenton. ler and the wife of Nelson J. Smith

Church and its Woman's Mis- Rev. W. R. Pinner and Rev. ciation and the American Funeral Home in charge.

Miller Smith, 72, re-Besides her husband, sur-Winfall postmistress, viving are a brother, G. Wal-Sunday afternoon in lace Miller of Pompano Chowan Hospital in Edenton Beach, Fla; three sisters: after an illness of three years. Mrs. Vera Ann Byrum of A native of Perquimans Mercer Island, Wash., Mrs. County, she was a daughter Hazel M. Bailey of Elizabeth of William David and Mrs. City, and Mrs. Carrie M.

Funeral services were conducted Tuesday afternoon at 1966. She was a member of Ce- 2 o'clock in the Cedar Grove 337,840,000 pounds. dar Grove United Methodist United Methodist Church by sicnary Society and former W. F. Paige. Burial was in organist. She was a mem- Old Hollywood Cemetery in ber of the Postmasters Asso- Elizabeth City with Swindell

Go In The Black Smoke Of Night

By MURRELL SMITH

(Purely Fictitious)

in the black smoke of night! ross the bumping and thumping railroad tracks, down the highway by a battered old store a mouse-like woman says to a weary vagabond, "Do not stop here, you will nurt my business—go in the black smoke of night."

wn the highway by the railroad tracks a mouse-like house-veloped and matured rapidly reading for that service is ship and communion, state wife says, "Do not stop here, there is only whispers that and harvest began early. The number nine, "Stewardship of Rev. E. L. Earnhardt, pastor. follow you. My daughter is a school teacher and my hus-large crop swamped commer-Possessions" taken from Matt.

Rev. Warren Nance, pastor. and a deacon. Do not stop here—go in the black smoke cial storage facilities and 3:10; Gal. 6:6-8; Luke 16:10; f night."

the battered old store by the highway the red-faced into government storage. oman says to the vagabond, "You have no position in ife, you have nothing. There is no hope for you here; here is no home for you in this town-go in the black oke of night."

e vagabond that only wanted bread left in the black moke of night; the black wind dashed and scattered the oam from the Sound across three forsaken cannons - a sty cry across the dark earth—go in the black smoke of duction was 2,523,399,000

Through the black silent night Autumn comes in silently nd still step by step; through the pathless sky the last ght is shattered into a profusion of watery gems—Au- Farm Program umn walks in the black smoke of night.

swelling of dark smoke curls in the night air; gems of oam slosh across three forsaken cannons: a curtain of ack hair is parted in the night-a vagabond walks in e black smoke of night.

In the flood of the dark night a red-faced woman's voice ngs out, "There is no home for you in this town; there only whispers; there is no hope for you here. Go, you art our business! There is no position for you here. Go the black smoke of night for my daughter is a school acher and my husband a deacon. I am myself a decent mday School teacher. Get back on your freight train John Deere dealer.

d—go in the black smoke of night.

The program incl.

Peace and oblivion he cannot find — only memories that row-on-Film" subjects which tiunder and stirs—only memories that are red with tiames—an echo through the black smoke of night—"There no position for you here—there is only whispers that llow you about like so many puppies."

His thoughts are too deep and too black like a black woven er web woven through his mind-

that horrible night a tall, slim, long-necked clergy's fe called him on the phone telling him what to write, five years from now. Also inling him what to write—and what not to write. He cluded will be motion pictures ondered if she had ever heard of the "Declaration of Inshowing new John Deere tracpendence." Her mental attitude was atrocious—if not in the black smoke of night.

he black dark night his thoughts burnt like a red firereflection in front of him was like a bright mirror— will be given away and re the merry thought of a fat, jolly, round deacon and his freshments will be served. round son, both with inquisitive dispositions watching

min write—at night— Like the merry thought of a fat, jolly, round deacon and his rbid inquisitive disposition watching him write through window at night—the deacon talks pleasantly about ving to North Edenton which eventually he does-the ntle shaking of the autumn straws dying one by oneby one-only the sharp sounds and clattering of empty lades and an empty sheath-

The colors glowed with brilliance in the wind and rain-The shrill of a lonely whistle winding in the black dark

are the flying leaves, here and there a very slight wind moves everything.

front of my mother's house an old elm my Grandfather lanted died early this year. "Its leaves were combed way in the sparkling teeth of raw Autumn."

deep thoughts an echo rings out in his mind, "There no position for you here, nobody wants you here in the black smoke of night. an hear the shaking of the autumn straws dying one

one, its empty sheath crying a raw death rattlers a few colorful leaves are falling; on the bumping thumping of the freight train winding in the dark ik night an echo, "Nobody wants you here."

is the black earth for the dying heaven is bleeding red! red!

acher's sister with a delicate pink tongue that could two heavy steel railroad tracks in two-with the clatof that tongueard transparent branches curve without covering and

te as precious as jade—the grass was as yellow as the shed surface of an apple s mind still lingered profoundly on a gloomy conver-

on he heard from a preacher's wife, "Honey, how can stand to be alone with him. Why, honey, I just want ell you, I'm scared to death of him! I don't want him

honey, there's no telling what he might do to you! re's no telling what he might do to you! I don't want here—he might do something to you—

s profound lingering gloomy thoughts—the horrible ight of a tall, slim, long-necked preacher's sister contly slighting him-day in and day out. Sadly lingered words affecting his hope, his heart, his mental health.
only this preacher's sister from across the black ld wrap and wind her long angry neck arond a freight or better still around the trunk of a rotten tree like ison corrupt rattlesnaks - how simple life would n! Go in the black smoke of night . .

house at the end of the black . . . ; her long neck angry mouth runs constantly, day in and day outly concerning her insane imagination of him. Her inimagination was as black as her accusing person-black as night . . . black as the Sound.

is the black earth for the dying heaven is bleeding - red - red

yords affected him profoundly. She related stories the preacher's sister constantly—mostly detrimental s mental health—go in the black smoke of night—"Go, dy wants you here."

voman from across the street, this woman at the end Black Sound, turns from what is true or right to he Black Sound, turns from what is true or right to ething which is wrong and corrupt. house at the end of the black street, at the end of

Black Sound-her needle sharp leaves you mournfulthe traveling boy thought of his hypocritical friends elt miserable, homeless and a sense of helplessness—hought—if only some of them could have compassionove and unlock their hearts for their fellowman.

ze of winter blows into his broken heart—he tossed sighed but could not find rest. wondering misery of exile the weary boy thought of

equaintance and his acquaintance made his skin churn an icy wave of repulsiveness—for his fellowman. ind sighed in every tree as if in his very soul— the black smoke of night—he tossed and rolled but not find rest-only the breeze of winter blew in

tumn straws dying one by one—one by one—only the sounds of clattering of empty blades and an empty beginning in the black smoke of night—unlit day bright with sunshine and yellow with sunny s—dainty women soft and delicate walk business-like Main Street shopping; each woman or man thinking each one of them are better than most people—beyour very back each one of these fragile people could we heavy steel railroad tracks into with their delicate engues—

clatter of empty tongue

RALEIGH - Peanut production in North Carolina in 1970 is estimated at 442,800,000 pounds by the State Crop Reporting Service. This production surpasses 42 million pounds the previous record of 400,800,000 pounds set in The 1969 crop totaled

Grewers made about 2,700 pounds per acre this year, shattering the previous record average of 2,400 pounds reached in 1966. Yields averaged less than 2,100 pounds during each of the last three seasons.

Growers harvested 164,000 acres in 1970, unchanged from the 1969 acreage for nuts. Weather conditions were almost ideal this season, parharvesting. The crop de-

high 2,986,905,000 cn from Luke 2:21-52. ord pounds. The previous record of 2,542,841,000 pounds was set in 1968. The 1969 propounds.

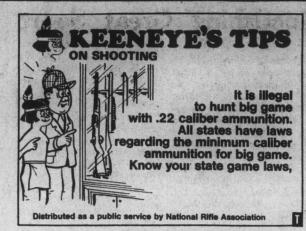
Slated By Hobbs

"Farming Frontiers '71", a film program devoted to the business of farming, will be presented February 2 at Hobbs Implement Company, beginning at 7 P. M., it was announced today by the area

The program includes "Furshow the latest research and developments in farming. These films show farming techniques being developed which could affect the way area farmers farm today and showing new John Deere tractors and farm equipment being introduced fo 1971.

A John Deere power mower will be given away and re-

new law increases monthly payments 8 to 12 per cent (retroactive to July for most vets with service-connected disabilities



Sermon Topics Sunday

by the pastors.

Rev. Robert E. Gray stated Maji". his sermon topic for the 11 Sunday at the 11 A. M. serticularly during pegging and A. M. service will be "Chris- vice at Edenton Methodist veloped and matured rapidly reading for that service is ship and communion, stated considerable tonnage went Matt. 25:29. I Cor. 4:2; and of First Presbyterian Church, Peanut production for the service the sermon will be morning worship and comnation is estimated at a rec- "The Childhood of Jesus" tak- munion service at 11 A. M.,

Sermon topics and scripture Ann's Catholic Church, says yeas. for some Edenton churches his sermon topic for the 8 Sunday have been announced A. M. and 12:30 o'clock ser- drunk, six months suspended vice would be "Came the upon payment of \$125 fine

tian Stewardship." Responsive Church will be morning wor-

Rev. Warren Nance, pastor II Cor. 8:7-9. At the 7:30 P.M. stated his sermon topic for would be "New Possibilities" Father Robert Wilken, St. taken from Isaiah 42:5-9.



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Horner Presides At Short Session

One of the shortest court sessions for 1970 was held Tuesday at the regular term of Chowan County District Court with Judge Fentress Honer presiding.

The cases disposed of by the court were Stanley Wayne Blanchard, inspection violation, costs.

Raleigh P. Warren, operating a motor vehicle on the wrong side of the road, \$10 fine and costs.

William T. White, assault of a female, 60 days, suspended upon payment of costs and not to molest his wife for five

Desoto Hurdle, driving and costs and a restricted driving privilege was issued.

Fank T. Farmer, non support. costs.

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EDENTON, N. C. Next To Taylor Theatre

The Soldier In Vietnam By MARTIN L, PRIVOTT

Life is oh so hard, It's like being barred From the world outside; Who can hear his cry? From the soldier in Vietnam?

Days come, then they go, Counted ones they are, so Life drags on, each one counted; He prays at night we don't get mortored The soldier in Vietnam.

The sun so hot, you burn, But work proceeds, we've learned; This place seems like hell; We want to give up, then comes mail For the soldier in Vietnam.

Our mission to help, to free Often becomes a helpless decrec: Our thoughts say why? But our hearts carry the cries For the soldier in Vietnam.

Our day will rise Above those who died. For some day soon we will be Living a life-to be free-The past-the soldier in Vietnam.

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