

English Are Careful In Cultivating Land

Before the war, Britain had 12 million acres of land under cultivation. This year, about 16 million acres were plowed. According to Triple A Administrator R. M. Evans, who accompanied Mr. Appleby to England and lost 10 pounds during the trip, "The British are not only distributing their food with utmost care but are straining to the limit to produce all they can." They have farmer committees somewhat similar to the Triple A committees in this country, but with powers undreamed of in the United States. If a committee looks at your farm and doesn't think you are making an earnest and intelligent effort to produce enough, you are told to improve your methods. If you say, "It's my farm, I'll do as I please," the committee tells you, "You're not farming here any more." Out you go, and the committee moves in with tractors and farms the way it thinks your place should be farmed.—The Progressive Farmer.



This Is One Christmas for Sentiment

This is the time to be with loved ones, to clasp hands and renew pledges of friendship — to be frankly sentimental. This is Christmas, and at no other time in the year do warm feelings and fond words seem more fitting! Merry Christmas say we, from the bottom of our hearts!

PEELE'S — Jewelers

REMEMBRANCES
By CHAS. SMALLWOOD
Williamston, N. C.
DURING 1870's and '80's

It was Sam Newberry's big livery stable that was afire this time, and which burned to the ground, including Mrs. Clemmons' office building, which Mr. Biggs had but recently vacated with his drug stock; having moved to his new two-story brick. I was present at all these aforementioned fires, and indeed felt as if I had helped Williamston bear her many burdens of conflagration. This livery stable stood corner Main and Academy Streets, and made quite a blaze. A few years after I had left Williamston, Mr. Biggs lost his two-story brick, also several new adjoining stores burned at this time. After losing the two-story, he built a one-story brick; which still stands, but is a drug store no more. Now, back to the days of Williamston's rebuilding after the big fire. After once getting started, construction progressed quite rapidly; all being of brick, and which gave the new town quite a progressive appearance; and it deserved it, for progress it did, and at a more rapid pace each succeeding year. And then it was, that Grover Cleveland's first campaign was at its height. I have intimated and almost said, that controversy and antagonism among Williamston-folk were sharply in evidence. This was to the greatest extent true, but politics was about beyond or outside the pail of harmony. The Democratic South had but recently had to swallow the pill of '76, and now saw in Mr. Cleveland's chance of success, some vindication, or retaliation, for that throttling and all Democrats were of the do or die disposition. Mr. Bassett seemingly had decided to have for Williamston, a drug store commensurate with its new growth, and was finishing the inner part of his two story brick, with attractive shelving and counters. All base drawers were faced with inch-thick walnut boards, highly polished and varnished, with attractive pulls; walnut top counters and base shelves; and gold-stripings against white paint on shelving proper; and had procured a high grade painter and decorator from Tarboro to do this finishing, named Bassett. Mr. Bassett was a young man, just turned twenty-one, and ready as any "rampager" to cast his first ballot for the winning hero who would "turn the Rascals out." He was as neat in his dress as the proverbial pin, and so soon as work-hours allowed him to doff his overalls, he appeared on the street, with his Daily News-Herald under his arm, and verbally propounded everything gleaned from it into the ears of any Republican he could get up with. No use to fool with a Democrat; he al-

ready saw the light; but the blacked-out Republicans needed to know what was coming to them by degrees, or the morning after election might paralyze their understanding. And here was ample proof in the New York Herald, which knew what it was talking about, or it would not so talk. Some Republicans got to calling him Rome Biggs' Political Painter; but he would talk them to a standstill, with that N. Y. Herald to prove it; and between the Herald and the Paint-Brush the Political Painter besmeared those Republicans until they hardly knew what their real color was; and the home Democrats were right behind him. Another incident of the Cleveland campaign. When election day came, Mr. Tom Harrell, the bed-ridden rheumatic, was not forgotten. He could not get to the polls, so the polls were taken to him; box, poll-holder, and all. (Voters arriving while the polls were gone, had to wait till the polls got back.) Poor old Tom just should not be deprived of his privilege and pleasure to vote for the next President of these United States, which he had soundly cursed during reconstruction days, but Cleveland would be different from them dastardly republicans, and he voted with a vim. That afternoon, a very prominent Democrat came in to vote. The Republican member of the poll-holders said, Well, I reckon we'll have to let you vote too; there's been one illegal vote cast today for your Mr. Cleveland. The Democrat snappishly asked, Who was that? The Republican replied, Tom Harrell. Box-lye would not have boiled more quickly. The Democrat ragingly asked, Do you mean to say Tom Harrell's vote was not legal? (his mind being on the box-taking). Do you mean to say it was legal? The Republican shot back, Certainly it is legal, pronounced the Democrat. Poor old Tom is also ill, isn't he? quietly asked the Republican. Go to H——, quote the Democrat, and proceeded to vote a wrathful ticket. The Republican poll-holder had advocated taking the box to "poor old Tom." Damn Yankee-Jim when Williamston-Tom was ill and wanted to vote. And when the election was over; and Cleveland had won "The Boys" unhid that old cannon which was Williamston's prized stock of artillery; loaded it on a cart; rolled it all over the town and surrounding territory; "bombing" every Republican they thought was about, always claiming to have it "full of brick-bats this time"; and off she would go with a thud through which we knew no Republican could sleep. Daylight caught us still on the war-path; then after the old cannon got "hid" again (and I have never seen it since) all went home to dream of the night's events. I wonder where that old cannon is now. If it could have a wish, I know it would have wished "to be out and doing again," at least three times during the last decade. If it is gone, then Williamston has lost a relic indeed. If still in existence, won't Williamston have it mounted, from where it cannot be moved, so all who may pass it in the future may touch a finger to it, in remembrance of its and their father's past. Mr. Walter Hassell was among the re-builders after the big fire. He erected a one-story brick store next to the drug store, and did a general mercantile business, for how many years I do not know. Jehu Nichols, Mrs. Hassell's brother, clerked for him. In after years Jehu got with "Uncle Sam" on some ship, and while on shore at the island of Samoa, was accidentally killed by a shelter blowing on him during a windstorm and was buried there. A brother, Josh Nichols, lived in Birmingham at the time I was there, being bookkeeper at the Alabama National Bank; the president of which, Capt. Johnston, was afterwards Governor of Alabama. Mr. Josh Nichols later moved to Greenwood, S. C., where he was in business, and made several visits to Washington, visiting a sister, Mrs. Hill, after I had returned there. An outstanding incident in which a Martin County man outwitted the ways of Yankee smartness—but let's let the story come from the Yankee end. Young George Whitley, son of George Llewellyn, at a time not so many years past, had gone to the state of New Jersey to live and work, and had fallen into povial comradeship with the Jersey boys about him; and as is the general inclination among all Northerners, they just had to talk with this Southerner about the "rebellion." Many a theme was spat out; finally verging into an acclaim by one of the Jersey boys—"But my dad got one of 'em. Our folks was marching through a railroad cut, with high banks, near such and such a battle field one day, and about every two minutes a single bullet would whistle into the ranks and drop one of our poor fellows. Pretty soon somebody says, Boys there's some Johnny-Reb sharp-shooter hid around here sum'mus; let's stop and watch and see where the smoke comes from and pretty soon they saw it come from amongst the branches and leaves of a tree, facing right down the railroad cut little beyond the bend, and pretty soon my dad says—Hold on boys, I saw 'im, I saw 'im. He poked his head out ready to shoot, but when he saw us all standing still and looking his way, he dodged back. You all march on slow, like you been mistaken, and I'll stand here and pick 'im off next time he peeks. And sho-nuf, pretty soon here comes his head a-inchin' up out the tree branches, and my dad up and took one crack, and he saw his hat fly down, and he knew the bullet went clean through his head. And George says, Did they go to 'im and get his rifle? And the boy says, No, they was afraid there was summo of 'em; sides, dat jest knowed his bullet went plum through that

door, offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash, a certain tract of land in the Town of Williamston, Martin County, North Carolina, and more particularly described as follows: A house and lot in the Town of Williamston, N. C., on the South side of Warren Street adjoining the lands of B. B. Rogerson, Herman Bowen, R. T. and W. O. Griffin, and being Lot No. 21, Block B of the J. W. Watts Land Division, said Division being of record in the Public Registry of Martin County, in Land Division Book 1, at page 322. Dated this 29th day of Nov., 1941. WHEELER MARTIN, Commissioner.

Don't Burn Leaves, Let Them Decay

Don't burn leaves and straw, for when decayed they form humus. And says M. K. Thornton, Texas extension agricultural chemist, humus in the garden helps keep moisture in the ground and in turn helps prevent dry weather injury. If you are fortunate enough still to have leaves around, save them. When they are wet, rake them into broad, flat-topped piles in a remote corner of the garden and allow them to decay. If raked dry, wet them as they are piled. The leaves may require a year to decay properly. To hasten the decaying process, add to 20 pounds dry leaves, or to 40 pounds of wet, 1 1-2 pounds of a mixture of 5 pounds of ammonium sulphate, 4 pounds of ground limestone, and 4 pounds of superphosphate. Later, wood ashes may be sprinkled over the pile at the rate of 1-2 pound of ashes to 20 pounds of the original dry leaves.—The Progressive Farmer.

Johnny's head. And George said, with a grin—I have heard that story before, and it tallies right with yours clean up to where the hat fell off to the ground, but it didn't fly off that fellow's head, it flew off his rifle barrel he had poked it up on to see for sure if he had been spotted. And while your dad and his army was running away from one man, my dad slid down the tree, and left your dad to come get the hat; but you say he didn't. And me bein' a whole lot younger than that war, proves your dad didn't get my dad that trip. (To be continued)

PRELIMINARY CERTIFICATE OF DISSOLUTION
State of North Carolina. Department of State. To all to whom these presents may come greetings: Whereas, it appears to my satisfac-

tion by duly authenticated record of the proceedings for the voluntary dissolution to all by the unanimous consent of all the stockholders deposited in my office that the Salisbury Supply Company, a corporation of this state, whose principal office situated in the city of Hassell, in the County of Martin, State of North Carolina, has complied with the requirements of chapter 22, consolidated statutes, entitled "Corporations" preliminary to the issuing of this Certificate of Dissolution. Now, therefore, I, Thad Eure, Secretary of State, of the State of North Carolina, do hereby certify that the said corporation did on the 3rd day of December, file in my office, a duly executed and attested consent in writing to the dissolution of said corporation, executed by all the stockholders, thereof which said consent and the record of the proceedings aforesaid are now on file in my said office as provided by law. In testimony whereof I have here to set my hand and affixed my official seal at Raleigh, this 3rd day of December. THAD EURE, Sec. of State.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE
North Carolina, Martin County. Having qualified as administrator of the estate of Lula Council, deceased, this is to notify all persons having claims against the said estate to exhibit them to the undersigned within one year from the date of this notice or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment. This the 26th day of Nov., 1941. F. L. HAINSLIP, Administrator of the estate n28-6t of Lula Council.

NOTICE
North Carolina, Martin County. In The Superior Court. Before the Clerk. Mary S. Gray, Administratrix of the Estate of Warren A. Gray, vs. J. D. Gray, William Warren Gray, and others. The defendant above named, William Warren Gray and all the other heirs at law of Warren A. Gray, will take notice that an action entitled as above has been commenced in the Superior Court of Martin County, N. C., to sell a piece of lan-

for the purpose of making assets, in which said defendants own an interest; and said defendants will further take notice that they are required to appear before L. B. Wynne, Clerk of the Superior Court of Martin County, at his office in Williamston, N. C., within ten days after completion of this service by publication, and to answer or demur to the complaint of the plaintiff in this action, or the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in said complaint. This the 27th day of Nov., 1941. L. B. WYNNE, Clerk Superior Court.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE
North Carolina, Martin County. Having qualified as executor of the estate of John J. Manning, this is to notify all persons having claims against the said estate to exhibit them to the undersigned within one year from the date of this notice or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment. This the 26th day of Nov., 1941. ELI HOYT MANNING, Executor of the estate of John J. Manning. n28-6t

NOTICE OF SALE
North Carolina, Martin County. Under and by virtue of an order of the Superior Court of Martin County made in the special proceedings entitled "James E. Griffin, executor of the Estate of Susan A. Thomas, vs. Mabel Peed, et als," the undersigned commissioner will, on the 31st day of December, 1941, at 12:00 o'clock M., at the Court House

Old Time Christmas GREETINGS

We extend to you the compliments of the season with sincere wishes for a Yuletide full of health, happiness and prosperity.

W. E. OLD
Local Representative

Planters Nut and Chocolate Co.

White Plume Orange Flavored Gin 80 PROOF

Orange Flavored Gin
80 PROOF
\$1.00
Prepared by Greenbros Inc Cinc O



In The Old American Tradition, We Say

Merry Christmas

WILLIAMSTON COMPANY WILLIAMSTON

Merry Christmas

WE hope that this Christmas brings you fulfillment of every wish, and that it finds you happily surrounded by the things and the people you love. These are the things that make for contentment—than which nothing is more precious! And if our greetings add one iota to your enjoyment of the holiday, then our Christmas shall be happier too!

PAUL AUTO SUPPLY

HERE WE ARE ...

To say "Merry, merry Christmas to you" — and when the holiday is over, we'll still be here to serve you!

Edgewood Dairy

AN IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT TO PROSPECTIVE BUILDERS!

BECAUSE of emergency priorities on copper wire and other materials essential to our country's defense effort, we are obliged to alter our practice with respect to extension of service to locations not on existing distribution lines.

Priority rules covering use of materials make it important that anyone who contemplates building on a site which is even a short distance removed from existing distribution lines should discuss with us in advance of starting to build, the question of availability of Electric Service. In other words, it is necessary that you FIRST find out whether we are allowed, under priority rulings, to make the required Electric Service extension.

This change in policy is due not to any shortage of electric power in Virginia Electric and Power Company served territory, but to a shortage of materials necessary to defense. It is our desire to co-operate fully with the Government in the defense program, and to that end we are appealing in this way to all prospective builders for their help in living up to the spirit as well as the letter of all emergency rulings governing use of materials.

VIRGINIA ELECTRIC AND POWER COMPANY