

Express Thanks With Hound Dogs

Some months ago, C. D. Carstarphen former cashier of the Farmers and Merchants Bank, was discussing a "dead" savings account during a "bull" session at the police station court room. Of ficer Arthur Perry said he knew the man. Contact was established and the savings account, amounting to several hundred dollars, was turned over to the owner.

It was pointed out that the owner of the money had placed it on deposit while working for the old Dennis Simmons Lumber Company, that he moved away and forgot all about the account. Now, the Virginian is a great dog man. To show his appreciation he offered Mr. Carstarphen two dogs some time ago. Asked if he wanted more, Mr. Carstarphen shopped around and found a ready demand. The Virginian was advised that he could use eight.

Accompanied by Messrs. Paul Johnson, Luther Leggett and Eli Nicholson, Mr. Carstarphen rode to the Virginian's farm near Emporia early this week. Prompted by his traveling companions, Mr. Carstarphen asked for all twelve of the hound puppies, the four assuring the Virginian that the dogs would be given good homes and all that. So greatly impressed with the dogs, the four men asked about buying the mother. "You're welcome to the pups, but I want the old dog," the owner was quoted as saying.

In a matter of time, foxes, deer, rabbits and other game are almost certain to face uncertainty with the importation this weekend of a dozen choice hound dogs.

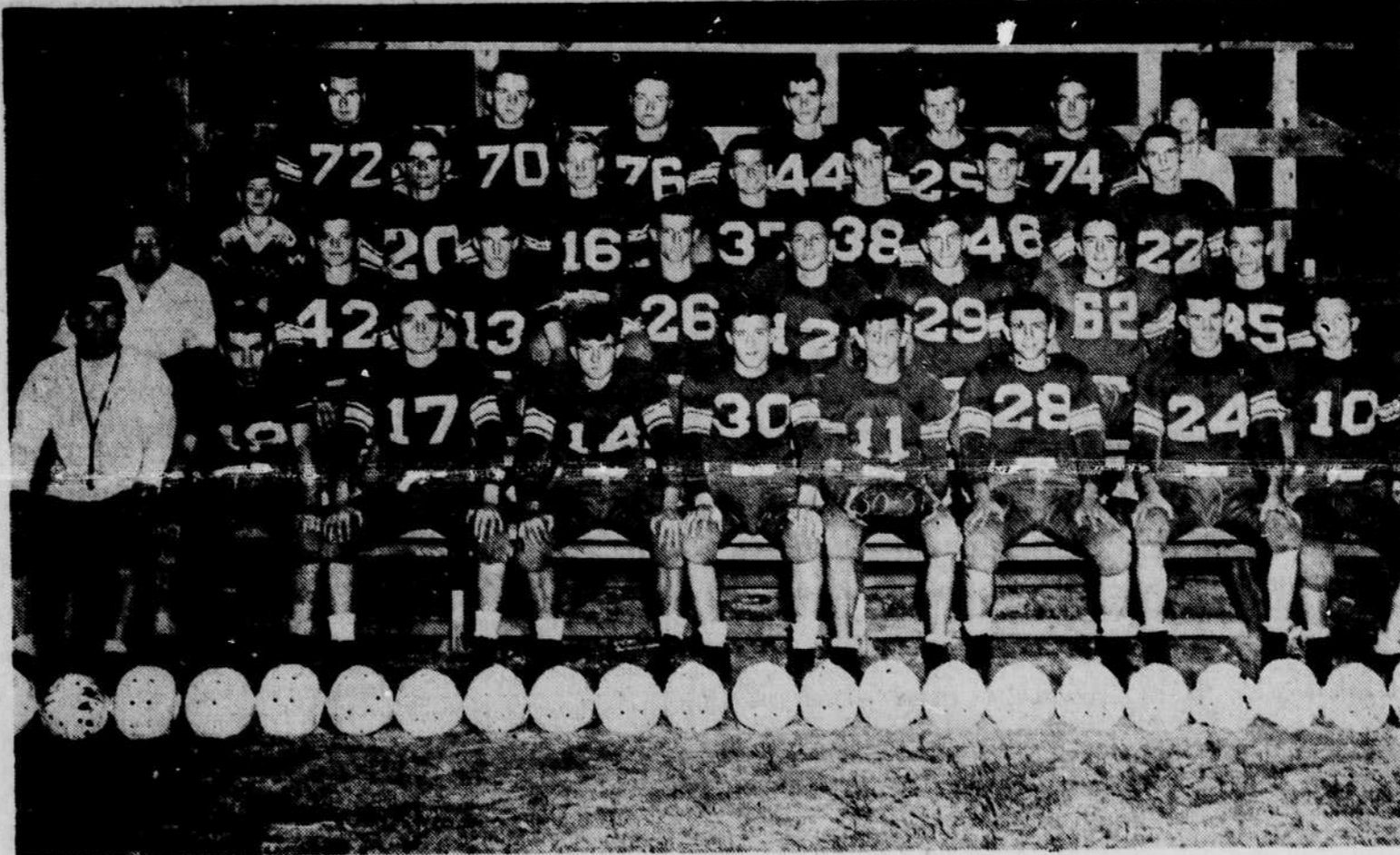
Potatoes, one of America's principal crops, are grown in every state of the Union.

Many Attended Football Game

Among those attending the Williamston-Weldon high school football game Tuesday night in Aoshokie were Mr. and Mrs. James Euluck, Mr. and Mrs. Billy Peele, Wheeler Manning, Spit Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Bob Welch, Mrs. Mary Bonner Gurganus, Mr. and Mrs. John H. Gurganus, Edgar Gurganus, Miss Ann Beasley, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Mangum, Miss Sue Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. Lee Reynolds, Mr. and Mrs. K. D. Worrell, Robert Cowen, Miss Marjorie Brady, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Skinner and W. I. Skinner, Jr., Elbert S. Peck, Sr., Elbert S. Peck, Jr., Joel Muse, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. John Henry Edwards, Mrs. W. O. Griffin, Mrs. George Peele, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Getsinger, Alex Jones and Alex, Jr., Billy Griffin, Mr. and Mrs. P. O. Holloman, Wanda Jones, Mr. Marvin Baker and daughter, Joyce, Mr. Ira Harrison and daughter, Sarah, Dillon Wynne, H. O. Peel, Tootsie Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Throver, Mr. W. C. Manning, Jane Manning, Gail and Sandra Margolis, Billy Dudley, David Carson, Jerry Forehand, Ben Selby, John Wobbleton, Charles Siceoff, Virgil Wobbleton, Buddy Jarmen, Warren Goff, Francis Barnes, Billy Watts, Miss Pinky Parrott, Mr. A. J. Manning and daughters, Mr. Bob Manning and sons, Mr. and Mrs. Milton James, Dick Elliot, Fred Taylor, Sammy Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Rogerson, Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Baggett, Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Cherry, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hines, Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Stalls, Miss Mildred Thomas, Van Ralph Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Everett, Mr. and Mrs. George Hutton Gurganus, Mrs. Hugh Spruill, and children, Kathy and Jimmy, Mrs. W. M. Myers, Mr. and Mrs. Hilton Forbes, Mrs. Joe Robertson, Jr., Rev. and Mrs. John L. Goff, Mrs. Bob Leggett, Rev. Stewart Simms, Mr. and Mrs. Dick Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Ward, Mr. and Mrs. Travis Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Joe David Throver, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Parker, Dr. and Mrs. C. I. Harris, Dr. and Mrs. G. G. Himmelwright, Dr. and Mrs. J. S. Rhodes, Sr., Rev. E. R. Shuller, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Whitley, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Glover, Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. Stancil Hardison, Mr. and Mrs. Junior Warren, Dr. and Mrs. J. T. Llewellyn, Mr. and Mrs. B. G. Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Page, Ben Courtney, Charlie James, Mayo Modlin, Lawrence Eason Lilley, Reuben Williams, Mr. Tom Brandon, Sr., Mr. Irvin Coltraine, Traylor Modlin, C. T. Robertson, Bill Wobbleton, Bobby Taylor, and Eugene Boney.

Forest fires each year destroy enough pulp size trees to produce 3,250,000 tons of newsprint—enough to supply every newspaper in the U. S. for one year.

Champs Of Albemarle And Northeast



Winning their eighth game in a row and annexing the Northeastern District Championship in Aoshokie last Tuesday night by defeating a surprising Weldon eleven, Williamston High School's Green Wave football team on Friday night, November 24, goes against the team of Massey High of Cumberland County for the championship of East Carolina in Class A competition. The Green Wave advanced in district competition after winning the Albemarle Conference crown with a record of 5-0. Although he has experimented with the T, Coach Stuart Maynard relies on his single wing attack to keep his team rolling. Six backfield men have averages of better than 5 yards per carry over the 11-game route. The team is built around a veteran tackle, Jimmy Myers, a 6' 2", senior who is 17 years old and weighs 220 pounds. Jimmy has been co-captain for the past two years and calls the plays. Another senior, Jack Edwards, does the kicking and passing for the team

with able assistance from a freshman, Wallace Warren. Both can run the ball although Lindelle Ward, fullback, and Russell Rogers, halfback carry more often than the other four backfield men. Members of the team pictured here are: Front row: Coach Stuart Maynard, Jack Edwards, Jack Welch, Lindelle Ward, Wilbur Edwards, Billy Spruill (co-captain), Jack Daniels, Buddy Fussell, Ben Andrews. Second row, left to right, A. J. Abdalla, assistant coach, Ward Perry, Watson McKeel, David Davis, Wallace Warren, Norwood Keel, Harrell Everrett, Theodore Bowen. Third row, left to right, Billy Ray McKeel, manager, Russell Rogers, Raymond Robertson, Billy Allsbrook, Hugh Lindsley, Bobby Goff, Reg Coltraine. Fourth row, left to right, Johnny Frank Allsbrook, Jack Ross, Jimmy Myers (co-captain), Gloyd Stewart, Jerry Nicholson, Joe Robertson, William Manning, III, manager. Maynard has never had a losing athletic team at Williamston High.

BROADWAY AND MAIN STREET Ineptness With an Equalizer Even Found Among Gangsters

By BILLY ROSE

Because I sometimes tote around more than two dollars, and because my house has demonstrated a tendency to get burgled, I have a license to carry a revolver—and sometimes do.

But I certainly hope I never get into a spot where I have to use it, because I doubt whether I could hit the back wall of a brewery if I were 10 feet away.

And it isn't because I haven't practiced a-plenty. There's a makeshift pistol range back of my house up at Mt. Kisco, and over the years I guess I've used up enough ammunition to keep a small Balkan war going. But no matter how carefully I sight and squeeze the baby gun with the short nose, I've never been able to do much more to the bulls-eye than glare at it. And two will get you 20 that most of the Dead-eye Dicks you read about can't do much better.

The U. S. army evidently agrees with me about the difficulty in handling this tricky bit of mechanism effectively. Next time you see newsreel depicings of the kids who're doing the fighting in Korea, look closely and you'll see they're armed with rifles—Garands and Browning automatics—but about the only place you'll see a six-gun will be in the holster of a two-star general.

I FIRST LEARNED that expert hooting with a revolver is more dull than bullseye when I moseyed down to Ft. Worth 14 years ago to tag that city's centennial exposition. One of the whoopie-dooes I put on, "The Last Frontier," was a wild west show, and the cast included the best boss hands in the business—Galahads in 10-gallon hats who had won prize money in every oedo from Pendleton to Madison square Garden. Naturally, I wanted to include an exhibition of pistol shooting, and as a charter member of the Zane Grey club I figured that almost any one of my bronco busters could pop a clay sipe out of a girl's mouth at 30 feet.

Well, I figured wrong. There was to one in the cast who could hit the sipe without taking the mouth with it, and I wound up having to import the national pistol champion—a skinny kid from Brooklyn who had learned marksmanship in a Soney Island shooting gallery.

This ineptness with what Damon Runyon used to call "the equalizer" is even more common among gangsters. Sure, the hoodlums of the '20's pistolled many a citizen, but almost invariably the victim was in a motor car, and the range a couple of inches from the nape of his neck. Whenever the

corpse-to-be figured to be more than a few feet away, the killers used sawed-off shotguns with a three-foot spread, or tommyguns which produced a spray like a garden hose.

A few years back, an ex-bootlegger—now vice president of a national whiskey company—told me a story about Al Capone which illustrates my point. It seems Al was tipped off that one of his bodyguards was playing footsie with a rival gang, so he threw a banquet for 200 of his hired help, and after the feed made some complimentary remarks about the double-crosser and asked him to get up on the table and take a bow. As the guest of honor was bowing, the 200 hoodlums reached for their rods and let him have it. But when Capone—always the good bookkeeper—counted the bullet holes, he found only 20 in the carcass—180 of the triggermen had missed.

YEARS AGO, I used to haunt the 42nd street shooting galleries, and got so handy with a .22 rifle that I could knock the dancing celluloid ball off the stream of water five times out of ten. And I was plenty cocky about my marksmanship until one day when I went up to see Ben Hecht at his place in Nyack.

Hecht, fed up with my big talk about small arms, suggested I shoot it out with Charlie Lederer, the screen writer, who was spending the weekend with him.

"I've got nothing against Lederer," I said modestly. "Let him live!" "The target will be a tomato can at 10 feet," said Ben, "and you and Charlie can take turns with my .22 automatic pistol."

We went out on the lawn and Lederer, sighting carefully, hit the can two out of three times. I didn't even nick it.

Last month while vacationing in Hollywood, I lunched with Hecht and reminded him of the debacle which ended my career as a marksman.

"I might as well have been shooting blanks," I said. "As a matter of fact," grinned Ben, "you were."



Billy Rose

Final Report On Belt Leaf Sales Report Increase In Cigarettes

The 1950 marketing season ended, last week on Eastern North Carolina flue-cured tobacco markets. Only two markets, Rocky Mount and Wilson, operated during the final week and these closed Friday, November 17. Steady light volume of offerings, and poor quality marked the week's auctions.

Gross sales amounted to 1,694,172 pounds averaging \$47.07 a hundred, according to the Federal-State Market News Service. The average represented a drop of \$4.33 from the week before. Season sales totaled 447,541,980 pounds at an average of \$56.48, while the local market averaged \$57.29.

Several scattered grades eased \$1.00 a hundred pounds lower than last week. Other grades held mostly unchanged.

Marketings consisted of a great percentage of the standard common

Oak City Senior Play Big Success Sma!! Pecan Crop Forecast In State

The Seniors of Oak City presented their play Friday night, November 17. It was a comedy, "Meet the Folks," directed by Mr. Jack Howard, the Senior advisor. The folks were portrayed by: Mrs. Smith, Mary E. Harrell; James Smith, David Etheridge; Pa Smith, Herman Etheridge; Mary Jane Smith, Joan Leggett; Parker, the maid, Viatorics Hudgins. Guests and friends: Chuck Sage, E. D. Holliday; Jewel Cartwright, Dorothy Harrell; Harold Watson, Deney Briley; Hedy Harrington, Joyce Harrell; Marta Davis, Ann Bunting; Gilly Gillenwater, Charles

The November 1 estimate for pecan production in the state is 1,892,000 pounds - nearly 35 percent below last year's crop and 24 percent below average. It is estimated that 89 percent or 1,689,000 pounds will be of the improved varieties and 11 percent of 205,000 pounds will be from seedling varieties. Edwards; Prompter, Norma Lewis; Stage Manager, Earl Smith; Assistant, Alton Bullock. The play was enjoyed by everyone. A production of it is being given in the Hamilton School sometime next week.

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Report Increase In Potato Yield. Reports as of November 1 from sweet potato growers in North Carolina indicate that the crop this year will produce 6,210,000 bushels. This is 6 percent above production in 1949 but 16 percent below the 1939-48 average. An average yield of 115 bushels per acre is expected from this year's crop which is 2 bushels above 1949 and 8 bushels above average. Acreage for harvest is estimated at 54,000 - 2,000 above last year but 16,000 below average.

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