

Faison News, Features, and Ads

'A LOOKIN' UP

By: A. N. DAVIS

He was just a little ordinary country lad not unlike so many of us. He liked to run through the woods, wander along the creek banks, fish, play ball and do all the other things a normal healthy country boy likes to do. He had never seen much pain or suffer-

ing. His was a happy, carefree life -- not too many cares or worries -- not too many thoughts about what the future held in store for him.

Perhaps many of you know this lad. Many of you knew him back then. He did not live far from here, just out beyond Mr. Mosley Bowden's farm. Many of you liked his and played games with him. Many of you remember the tragedy that struck this happy carefree lad of only 13. You can remember

it but not as distinctly as he. Every little detail seems to him as if it happened only yesterday. He described it to me yesterday and very few of us who have never been through such can visualize the suffering and agony put upon the shoulders of this lad of 13. But he did not complain as he told it.

It was in April about 35 or 40 years ago. In spring when the flowers are just beginning to bud. The time when people are planting and getting ready to plant on the farm -- a time of happiness and cheer and hopefulness in the hearts of all of us who gamble with nature and the soil as a means of sustenance. It is almost time to shed our shoes. Many of us still get that urge in April after many years of living where our social habits will not permit this freedom.

People in those days did not burn off the waste lands and break for planting as early as they do now. We can remember the thrill we got when a broom straw patch was fired. The lingering March winds would whip the flames across the field at a terrific pace, rabbits would run and you could hear the cracking of the hungry flames as they licked at the dry grass. Oh, what a thrill it was to us as a lad of 13. What a thrill it was to this lad when his father gathered the boys around that morning in April and told them the old briar patch had to be burned, never dreaming of the impending tragedy. Never dreaming what it would mean to this lad of 13.

Plans went as they should at first. The fire was started and each boy would grab a hand full of the dry grass and strow the fire along the edge of the broom straw patch. The fire leaped and roared -- the rabbits ran -- the boys yelled. Everybody was happy, but not for long. It seems that the lad of 13 lost the assigned path as he ran along spreading the fire. Instead of running the edge he ran into the middle of the patch of straw and briars. The flames met and he was directly in the path of each coming sheet of flames. They licked at his body and seared his flesh and passed on leaving him in his agony.

His father and brothers found him after the fire had gone. He was laying face down on the earth clutching the briars so hard that thorns had passed clear through his fingers.

He was blind and remained so for 36 days after the fire. And the skin had burned off the back of his hands and then Dr. Faison wanted to amputate his hands but the lad wouldn't let him.

It was September before he could go back to the briar patch and find the place where he had been found on that fateful April day. His little pearl handled knife and old snap pocket book with the change his father had given him was still there. In his mind a horrible memory that time could never erase. But he never complained.

That lad of 13 grew into manhood, worked, married, a fine family, and got along well until about 10 years ago. Fate struck again. This time in the form of another heart rending tragedy. Arthritis set in with all its cruel after effects. It crippled his hands and legs to the place where he cannot walk around and lead a normal life like other people. But he never complained.

You can see him any day now. He always has a smile and a kind word for his friends. He has never given up. He continues to make a living for his wife and daughters. We wonder how many of us could have done as much for our families with the memories as tragic dating back to a lad of 13.

We know this lad as John L. Oats, our local magistrate and seed merchant and we feel indebted to him for teaching us how to live

a normal uncomplaining life regardless of the heart rending tragedies that may upset us at times.

This brings the admiration of another man to our minds. We have very little concerning the boyhood of this man to tell. We know him as a young man some years ago. He was well to do and could afford all the necessities of life for he and his wife. The depression came and took most all he had. But he did not give up. He continued to struggle along. His health was good and he would have come along if tragedy had not struck.

This time it was in the form of blindness and failing health. In the past few years he has lost the sight of one eye and is totally blind in the other. But he hasn't given up. He asks no one for anything and we never hear him complain.

We know this man as Frank Byrd. To him we owe a great deal. He also is teaching us a lesson.

When we come in contact with people who always grumble about hard times, no business, minor aches and pains we think about these fellows. We never hear them complain yet their luck has been running out for years it seems to us and I am sure it must seem so to them.

These men are teaching us a lesson -- a lesson for which we should all feel grateful. It is a shame that they should have to suffer as they should have to suffer as they have to get it across to us. But I am sure that in the end they will receive their just reward.

Exchange Club Helps Woman

The Exchange Club of Clinton presented a wheel chair last week to Mrs. Ben Turner, an invalid, of near Outlaw's Bridge.

An attack of arthritis has prevented Mrs. Turner from walking for about two years. She and Mr. Turner have five small children and her condition has caused him to have to stay at home much of the time and wait on her, hence their financial condition has not been too satisfactory.

The presentation of the chair came about through the efforts of Mrs. J. C. Bell of Faison and Mr. Norden Bowden, a member of the Exchange Club. Mrs. Bell became acquainted with the case when she visited the recent tonsil clinic in Kenansville. She saw one of the Turner children and noticed that none of her people were with her. She asked permission to take her home. When she went to the Turner home she saw the condition the family was in and noted the need for a wheel chair for the mother.

When she came back to Faison and was discussing the family with a friend, Mr. Bowden, representative of a bakery in Clinton, overheard the conversation and offered to take the matter of a wheel chair up with his club. The Exchange Club's main project is the care of crippled children. Recently it is sponsoring Indoor Sports for Shut-ins.

The Club was able to locate a used chair and presented it to Mrs. Turner. Mr. C. B. Robinson, chairman of the committee in charge of the project, made the presentation last Friday afternoon.

Freak Accident Destroys Truck

A freak accident completely destroyed a tractor-truck owned by Jim Thompson, a Faison trucker, in Richmond, Va. last week. The driver, C. B. Taylor of Faison, escaped with only minor bruises and a slightly singed head.

The tractor with trailer was going north through Richmond and as it approached a part of the street being repaired it was forced by an approaching car to make a sharp turn onto the torn up part of the street. It hit a bank of sand and damaged the gas tank. Immediately after it passed over a lighted flare and the tank exploded. The truck was almost instantly in a mass of flames. Taylor broke open a door glass, jumped through and was fortunate to escape with his life.

The tractor was a complete loss, estimated at \$3,500, and the trailer was saved by the Richmond

fire department with the loss of the tires and a badly burned paint job.

First Ball Game

The Faison semi-pro baseball team, a member of the Produce League, will play a practice game with Calypso on the Faison diamond at 3 o'clock Saturday afternoon April 15th. There will be a return game on Sunday, April 16 at Calypso.

Both teams have been practicing each Saturday and Sunday for some time. This game will give the fans a preview of what they can expect from their home teams this season.

REV. CROSSNO TO ASSIST REV. WARREN

Rev. R. L. Crossno, pastor of the Warsaw Methodist Church, will assist Rev. Fred F. Warren in a revival at Epworth Methodist Church, 5 miles south of Clinton on the Garland highway, beginning April 17th and continuing through April 23rd. Services will be held each evening at 7:45. The public is cordially invited.

Rev. Warren filled his regular appointments at Epworth and Trinity Easter Sunday to near capacity crowds.

ATTENDING REVIVAL

Rev. Dennis Kinlaw, pastor of the Methodist Church in Faison, will be away for the next three weeks. He is attending revival services in the State of Iowa.

JAMES L. ADAMS DIES HEART ATTACK

James L. Adams, 55, died suddenly at his home in north Clinton Friday at 1:30 p.m. Funeral services were held at a Clinton funeral home Sunday afternoon, with his pastor, Rev. C. Freeman Heath of the Clinton Methodist Church, in

charge. He is survived by his wife, Mrs. Mattie Bizzell Adams; two sons, Henry Bizzell Adams and Bobby Adams; one daughter, Mrs. Mylan Carter; and two grandchildren, all of the home; two sisters, Mrs. Hicks Pigford of Calypso, and Mrs. W. E. Lewis of Faison; two brothers, P. G. Adams of Faison and H. K. Adams of Tampa, Florida.

FAISON THEATRE

Sat. April 15 - Double Feature
TRAIL OF THE YUKON
KIRBY GRANT, S. DALBERT,
GUN LAW
With TIM HOLT.

Sun. Mon. April 16-17
PINKY
With JEANNE CRAIN, ETHEL BARRYMORE, ETHEL WATERS, and WILLIAM LUNDIGAN.
Also LADIES NEWS

Tues. Wed. Apr. 18-19
Double Feature
BRAND OF FEAR
With JIMMY WAKELY, and CANNONBALL TAYLOR.
STAGE STRUCK
With KANE RICHMOND, and AUDREY LONG.

Thurs. Fri. April 20-21
BEYOND THE FOREST
With BETTE DAVIS, JOSEPH COTTEN, DAVID BRIAN and RUTH ROMAN.
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