



OUR AUNT PHRONY CULPEPPER
We present today a little dove-like woman who is always giving our Uncle Culpepper the bird — Aunt Phrony Culpepper, who deserves some sort of recognition for having to put up with our uncle so long.



A glance at the photograph to the left discloses a mild little woman who can't throw a rolling pin over a hundred yards—accurately. And may it be said to her everlasting credit that she is the woman who prevailed upon our Uncle Culpepper to quit sewing on his red flannel underwear at the first frost. Now he uses a zipper so it will come off easier when he wants to scratch.

In all of Orange county you won't find another woman like Aunt Phrony — thank goodness. She is one of these women who acts first, and asks questions later — when Uncle Culpepper comes to.

When it comes to news, Aunt Phrony has a wider circulation than the county paper. And she'll go to press on the slightest excuse.

As a housekeeper, she hasn't a superior in all of Orange county. If it hadn't been for her zeal for cleanliness, our Uncle Culpepper probably would still be missing. He disappeared one day and she didn't see hide nor hair of him for two weeks. Then one morning she decided to sweep out from under the bed, and there he was.

He would probably have come out of his own accord when he sobered up.

PASS THE RAZOR BLADES, PLEASE

We were down town at a local cafe the other night when we witnessed an exhibition that sent us hurrying out the door for safety sake. A young man was busily engaged in eating a safety razor blade.

We don't know who he was, but we do know he had a queer appetite. He took an ordinary double-

edge safety razor blade, let another person break it in half the long way, and then while one man held his hands, another placed the half blade in his mouth. He then proceeded to chew it up into tiny

bits of steel and washed it down with a drink of water. He didn't even use any pepper or salt.

When we saw that this fellow had an appetite for razor blades, we figured he might also like needles and pins, nails and nail-way spikes, and other hard, sharp things. Then we thought of the celebrated Browning knees and rushed out before he should spy them and attempt another meal.

We are not sure, but this razor-blade-eating young man might be the answer to the heretofore unsolved problem of what to do with dull razor blades. What a convenience it would be if it could be arranged so that he would call at your home every week or two and eat all the old blades. It's pretty certain that he would have a keen appetite at all times. Then too, after he ate the blades, one could give him a few old rusty nails for dessert to show proper appreciation.

We understand this same young man has quite an appetite for electric light bulbs, someone telling us just this morning that he ate the glass of an entire bulb at one sitting some weeks ago. Of course, if he wants to go around eating light bulbs, that's his own business, but if it should come to pass that arrangements were made for him to eat all discarded razor blades, he would have to sign an agreement not to eat light bulbs unless they were definitely burned out. Think of the expense if he should stray into someone's electric sign.

FIRE, SMOKE AND WATER

We understand the Elkin fire department is seriously considering entering suit for a large sum against George Royall and myself because we broke out the first window glass at the fire which warmed up our house early Monday morning.

The firemen, proud possessors of a new fire truck equipped with a special glass breaker outer were indignant and embarrassed no end when they found that the first window of the night went to our credit. We both apologize, but the temptation was too great.

And while apologies are in order, we personally want to apologize to the fire-alarm bell that was located in our attic for giving it a half asleep cussin' in the belief it was the alarm clock. We heard a bell ringing and thought it was 7 o'clock in the morning. Rousing up and turning over we were preparing to go back to sleep for a few more winks when we happened to open our eyes and glance through the open door into the living room. The sight we saw there caused our eyes to open with a "pop" that could be heard clear across the street!

The living room, usually shrouded in darkness at that hour, was bathed in a flickering red glare. Flexing the celebrated Browning knees, we sprang out of bed and into the living room. Flames were pouring through the ceiling there and in the adjoining bedroom where Bobby, our youngest, was sleeping. Not even pausing to warm, we grabbed up Bob and carried him back to his mother who had aroused Sterling, our little girl, and headed them out the back door. Then we, realizing in this moment of crises that our dignity would suffer if we rushed out into the night clad merely in an old fashioned split tail nightie, dashed back into the living room for what clothing we could collect. By that time it was hot enough to fry an egg and we didn't tarry long, running back out the back door with long, inquisitive tongues of flame licking at our heels.

Arousing Mr. Royall across the street with a demonstration of doorbell ringing that will go down in the annals of history, we had him summon the fire department and then together we ran back to break out that front window, but we couldn't get in. Personally, we hope the fire department will forgive us, because the front door was locked from the inside, flames were pouring out the back door, and all we wanted was to try and get in to snatch a few clothes. But we couldn't make it. We are sure Mr. Royall didn't mean any harm in helping smash that window and we are willing to take full blame.

Since the fire everyone has been perfectly swell to us, and in all seriousness all of us want to say thank you—and we mean it sincerely. It's not any fun to be burned completely out, but it does make one feel all good inside to be treated as finely as we have been since the fire. We mean that!

In closing it has dawned upon us that after all our years of campaigning for a new fire truck, ours was the first home to burn down after the truck was purchased. Tsk, tsk.

THIS AND THAT

Due to some kind of interference, which radio repairmen tell us could be caused by a number of things, radio reception in our neighborhood and in several other sections of the town, is not worth a hoot.

This interference—a steady grinding noise—always makes itself heard just as it's time for your favorite program. It will make reception impossible until the program is over, then perhaps it will shut off for maybe an hour, then back it comes.

Numerous radio owners are complaining about it, but the fuss goes on just the same. If power company officials could locate and correct the source of the interference, there would be a lot of folks who would mightily appreciate it. For with such interference, radio isn't worth a dime.

We haven't heard so much grumbling about the rain here since the radio has brought the Ohio valley flood right into our livingrooms. What's a month or

six weeks' rain compared to a flood that respects neither life nor property?

Even with the radio bringing in witness accounts of the flood, it's impossible to realize the actual suffering of those who have been forced to flee their homes by the raging waters. And no matter how much Elkin contributes to the Red Cross, they will not have given too much.

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