

Indians Trounced By Columbia Cagers, Squaws Mark Up Win

Fergimans High School's basketball team came home from Columbia last Friday night with the short end of a one-sided 38 to 15 score in their tilt with the Terrill County boys. The Indians were out-played throughout the entire game, with possibly the exception of the third quarter when the teams played an even term.

The Columbia boys baffled the Indians during the first few minutes of the game and ran up a commanding lead of 12 points, while the local cagers collected one two-pointer from the field. The Tater Bugs led by a 12-point margin at the end of the quarter, the score being 16-4.

Coch Max Campbell's boys tightened their defense during the second frame and chalked up five points

while Columbia collected eight. In the third quarter each team counted for six points and the score stood 20 to 15 in favor of Columbia. During the period the Fergimans team was completely routed and failed to count for a single point, while the home team ran up another six points to make their total for the game 36.

Lack of close defense work during the opening minutes of play cost the Indians the opportunity of marking up another victory, or at least of making the game a close one, as the two teams are about evenly matched. Liverman and Hamilton, two speedy little forwards for Columbia literally ran circles around the Indians during most of the game and between them counted for 24 of their team's 36 points.

In a preliminary game between the Indian Squaws and the Columbia girls, the local girls marked up a one point victory after playing throughout most of the game from one to 150 points behind. The girls' game was poorly officiated and because of this the Squaws were seriously handicapped in their playing.

The Squaws tossed in a chaotic shot during the closing seconds of



DR. M. T. RANKIN

Dr. M. T. Rankin, for many months an internee in a Japanese prison camp and twenty-three years a missionary to the Orient, will be the Baptist Hour speaker next Sunday morning, February 25th, and will be heard over an independent network of thirty-six stations, reaching from the Nation's Capitol to the states of the far southwest, as announced by S. F. Lowe, Director of the Radio Committee, SBC.

One Night's Action In Battle For Rome

(Continued From Page Three)

pell went ahead again. "Red" and I plodded along behind.

Once along that nightmare road I climbed a tree to put our wire over a side road. It was very light above the trees and as I looked down into a wheat field, I gazed into foxholes where rested the dead. Their eyes were open—sightless and terrible, gazing ever upward. I froze, and my hair stood on end. Finally I got so I could move and I leaped from the tree down ten feet to the road, getting a bruise or two, but sick to my soul. I just didn't think I could stand the smell any more.

"Red" and I made our way toward the road that connected with our own little trail, sweating our stopping on anti-personnel mines, but somehow we never did. We learned later that there were plenty of them there.

Some artillery outfit was in position and firing constantly. A Jerry plane trying to keep down fire gave it a few bursts and managed for a few minutes to quiet it. Every time the battery fired the pilot sent down a rain of steel. Finally he tried a trick. Flying away into the distance the pilot tried a trick that is old now. He dropped a flare and coasted silently back to the gun position. Seeing the distant flare, the cannoners thought it safe to fire. How wrong they were! As the first round went on its way the plane dived and I never heard so much steel in the air at one time in all of my life. The 20 mm projectiles burst and threw death everywhere.

"Red" and I hit a hole that had been dug by a Jerry and hoped. A convoy was passing along the main road about three hundred yards distant, so we just stayed where we were—in the foxholes. Soldiers have said they weren't scared. But that was after the shooting was over. We were in the shadow of the trees and my teeth were chattering so loudly that I thought the plane could hear me from the sky. The pilot smoked the convey over with the aid of flares and the light of the moon, and did nothing. It was hard to believe, and I can't account for it even now. When he had gone, "Red" and I climbed out of the holes and went to catch up with Wells and Chappell who were further down the road.

Shortly after striking the main road we met Parker, Stallings, Morrow, Taylor and Bokoos. Wells thought we were lost and Parker and Morrow and Stallings thought they were lost. They were as scared as we were, not knowing where they were going or what they might run into. They are the men who placed the wire over the faces of the dead Germans lying beside the road that we had seen on our way to the (censored) FA Gp switchboard. Many times they stopped by the silent gun crews, wondering, I know. As time wore on and they did not meet us, Stallings took the wire and reel off the truck while Parker and Morrow went to try to find us. We have all agreed that it was one of the roughest nights we have ever known.

So, accordingly, we spliced the two lines when we met and tried to check in. The line was cut somewhere, and we stood there in the darkness of the trees, wet with the chill of dew and wondering where the break could be.

We checked at a bridge further down and found that tanks moving up to the attack had chewed the wire pretty badly. Wells swore some more at careless tank drivers in particular and the world in general. Even before we could fix the break, Jerry sniped down and sprayed the road, throwing fire everywhere. We all knew death when we saw it, so we hit the ditch. It was full of water.

When we climbed out of there we fixed the wire. Because John Morrow had been so careless with our lives, driving as fast as the truck would go, every time we had the opportunity, "Red" and I decided to ride with Chappell. It was complete blackout driving all the way, and it seemed to me like a race with the German air force.

Chappell had driven perhaps a mile

or two when we were forced to come to a halt. Some artillery outfit was moving up and the road was blocked with their guns, which were pulling into the road. The drums of the plane sounded louder and once more we hit the ditch, this time a ditch choked with big tall weeds. But that did not matter. If it had been full of snow and sleet and briars, it still would not have mattered. Jerry paid particular attention to the road that night, and it seemed as if he had a grudge against us, as if we had started the war all by ourselves. We owe Berlin a debt. One that will not be forgotten, ever.

The moon went down at 3 o'clock each morning. When it went down for us, it was almost completely dark. By the time we got into our blankets and lay waiting for breakfast, the dawn was breaking in the east.

None of us could sleep. We were too tired, too excited with what we considered our lucky breaks. None of us knew how tense we were until we tried to relax. I kept wondering if life was real anywhere—if all the world was horror and fear, and what was life worth? What is it worth even now? Will there ever be days of peace when we can while away our time in the warm sunshine, listening to the hum of bees? Will there ever be a time when man does not seek to kill other men in hate and rage? And the dead—what did they die for? Will they ever know

Classified

LOST—WAR RATION BOOK NO. 3. Return to Mrs. Bertha Hobbs, Durants Neck, N. C. Feb 23

LOST—WAR RATION BOOK NO. 3. Return to Miss Kathryn Lamb, Route 2, Hertford, Feb 23

LOST—WAR RATION BOOK NOS 3 and 4. Return to Dennis, James, Route 3, Hertford. Feb 23

LOST—WAR RATION BOOK NO. 3. Return to Joseph Riddick, Route 3, Hertford. Feb 23

LOST—WAR RATION BOOKS NO. 3 and 4. Finder return to Bernice Woodard, Winfall, N. C. Feb 23

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to thank all our friends that came to us in the short illness and death of our baby, Johnnie William Pierce, Jr., and for all cars loaned and flowers sent. —Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Pierce and Daughter, Faye.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to express our sincere thanks for the many kind expressions of sympathy during the illness and death of our husband and father, C. E. Walker, and for the cars loaned and flowers sent. THE FAMILY.

or case? Is it not better that they should be dead? Is it my own face that I see rotting and blackened, instead of those who have died? What hope is there, even if the war ends? Can memory be controlled, and can we see only the nice things in life—the things we want to see? Since that time I have spent many days at the front, but it was there, that night, that the war really started for me.

BETHEL NEWS

Mr. and Mrs. James Spall and children spent Wednesday with Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Chappell.

Chief Sp and Mrs. Thomas Phillips and daughter, Sandra, of Norfolk, Va., spent Sunday and Monday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Phillips.

Mrs. J. C. Hobbs visited her daughter, Mrs. Lucius Butt, of New Hope, last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe White and children and Mrs. Tempie Tarkenton were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. William Tarkenton Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Miller and children of Norfolk, Va., visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Will Curtis, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Phillips and children and Mrs. Jodie Phillips visited relatives here Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Phillips and daughters, Marjory and Madelyn, visited Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Chappell

Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Gatliff spent a few days in Norfolk, Va., last week with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Curtis and Johnnie Miller and Mrs. J. W. Gatliff visited Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Farmer in Elizabeth City Sunday.

H. E. Blandin of Norfolk, Va., visited friends here Tuesday.

Mrs. Sallie Cullipher and Mrs. Homer Deering spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Will Harrell.



BABY CHICKS

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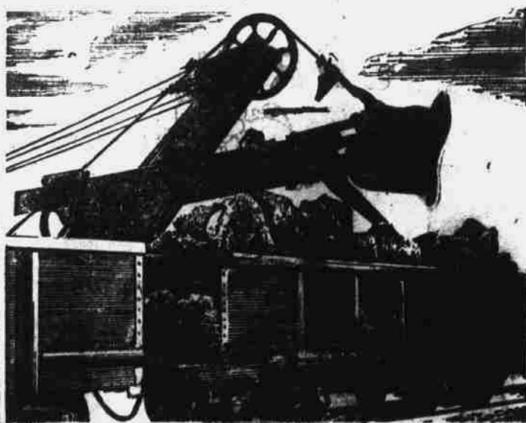
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Right... but this is a picture of the finished product. Behind it are dramatic pictures of production.

Like other natural treasures of the earth, Chilean Nitrate is mined, refined and processed before it is ready to use. The supply of this natural treasure is virtually unlimited. Beds already known contain enough nitrate ore to last for hundreds of years. Men who produce nitrate are a hardy lot. They live and work

in areas where almost nothing grows and it practically never rains. Many of the engineers and executives are American. Most of their machinery is, too.

Today Chilean Nitrate is so finely processed, thanks to new plants and methods, that it is shipped in bulk from Chile, bagged at American ports.

Because of its natural origin, Chilean Nitrate contains in addition to large proportions of nitrogen and sodium, small amounts of boron, iodine, manganese, copper—34 elements in all—many of which are known to be essential to healthy plant growth.

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GROW A BIGGER AND BETTER VICTORY GARDEN!

Use every available plot of open ground to grow Victory Gardens—that's what we mean by BIGGER. Plan your garden carefully, use choice seeds of necessary nutritive crops and cultivate in the most efficient manner.

SELECT QUALITY SEEDS NOW

It's time to start your garden. Select your seed at our store and we will gladly give you tips on making your garden the best—for production of fresh vegetables.

Be sure to check over your gardening tools. See that they are in proper repair and ready for the job.

Victory gardens are important this year... more than ever before. For food is ammunition and the more you raise the more that can be diverted to our armed forces.

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