

**The Goldsboro Herald**

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**NAME ON THE BALLOT**

(News and Observer)

By grace of an extra-official arbitration, the Democrats of the Eighth Congressional District will have in November a candidate listed on the official ballot.

The unfortunate and inescapable truth is that neither the State Board of Elections nor the courts—much less this compromise process by which the primary result was determined for the purpose of ballot printing—has given the people of the Eighth District any support for a faith that the Democrat who will get their ballots in November, and presumably, will be elected, is the Democrat representing the choice of the majority of the voters of his party.

The whole Eighth District business—both as it was revealed in the startling details of election irregularity and as it was drawn out in the post primary court battle over the result—does the District and North Carolina an unbearable discredit.

On the face of the returns as originally tabulated, W. C. Burgin of Lexington was the nominee. As the State Board of Elections completed winnowing fraudulent and irregular absentee ballots, his opponent, C. B. Deane of Rockingham, emerged with the certificate of nomination.

The referees to whom the contenders submitted their issue without recourse in determining rights under points of law, repudiated the State Board of Elections when they ignored the board's unequivocal findings of fact in the matter of illegal ballots and judged it bankrupt of power where the Supreme Court, with all the opportunity, had declined to so judge.

The State Board of Elections has been commended here before for its forthright courage—something new for election boards in the State. Its failure to draw from the tangled mess a convincing decision, free from taint of fraud, is not attributable either to its lack of diligence or its lack of determination.

Its failure may yet result in giving the State an election system under which it might have done and may yet do the State a distinguished service. For what profit or point is there in an honest and intelligent Election Board if either the law as it is written or the courts as they interpret the law, will not let it function?

**GIVE THEM BLACK CARS**

(Whiteville News-Reporter)

To our mind, the person who knows best how to offer a remedy and given ailment should be the doctor who has been consistently treating patients for that ailment. By the same token, the proper person to know the needs of people of any community would be a person who constantly mingles with them.

The same holds true in the matter of traffic regulations on the highways of North Carolina. When a satisfactory solution is found to the present day problems on the highways of our state, it will be through the knowledge and experience of the men who have constantly been confronted with these same problems—namely the members of the highway police patrol.

Surely these men, who spend long hours of each day working in an effort to make the highways of North Carolina safer for the lives of men, women and children of the State, have gained something through the daily contacts which they have had with these matters, and certainly should be best qualified of anybody in the State to offer a sane and workable solution to them.

As a body, the members of the highway police patrol believe that it would be definitely to the advantage of the State, in the name of safety and sobriety on the highways, to furnish the members of the Patrol with black rather than silver automobiles.

As it is now, the machines used by the patrol officers can be spotted half a mile away, and that results in the officers' having considerable difficulty in running down culprits.

The Patrol believes that a doubly strong patrol would further result in safety on the highways, and we are certainly in accord with that view.

In Europe the women are busy waving flags. Over here, they're waving their hair.

It's a wonder cotton prices haven't gone up. With the political speeches on, a little for the ears is often mighty handy.

Persons who want the most of everything are spoiled. Which perhaps explains why road hogs haven't been barbecued.

Some people will not try at all for the fear of trying too hard.

It's a curious thing, but we've noticed that those who know what's wrong with everything and what to do about it usually do not have time to provide for their family.

It is easy to run out of an unpleasant situation, but that will not make it any easier to face next time.

Instead of grit in their craw some people are content to settle for dirt in their conversation.



**Ramblin' Round**  
 Gene Roberts

I've tried to make it a habit to go back to visit my old schools once in a while.

For several years I visited Winterville, where I attended a Baptist high school from 1914 until 1917, about once a year, and even now I make a visit over there every year or two; for living there are some of the choicest people of the earth—the Coxes, the Carrolls, the Wyatts, and many others.

Not only have I tried to keep in touch with Winterville, but also, I have tried to keep in touch with Wake Forest, where I finished with the A. B. degree in 1922 and with the A. M. in 1929. The one exception with my keeping in touch with my old schools is the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary in Louisville, Kentucky. I was there during the session of 1922-23, but have never been back since. I'd like to go back, but that's a long way from here. Even though I did not go to school in Bristol, Virginia, I did teach there for four years, and I try to make a trip back there to see friends every year or two.

That's a long statement I have made preliminary to saying that I visited one of my old schools, Wake Forest, last week, on the occasion of Society Day, Home-Coming and the Clemson-Wake Forest football game.

I enjoyed the trip. Mrs. Roberts and I left here at one o'clock on Friday and arrived in Wake Forest in time for a part of the annual debate, for all of the oratorical contest, for the Home-Coming supper and for the football game—yes, and for the rain too.

The visit made me feel right "chesty." The Society Day debates and oratorical contests are between the Philomathean and the Euzelian Literary Societies; and the Phi. Society won in both contests. That made me feel mighty fine, for 'm a Phi.

Another thing made me feel good too. Two Bristol, Virginia, boys had a part in the victories. I met one of them for the first time, but the other, Eugene (Gene) Worrell, I have known ever since I was living in Bristol.

I have been knowing college speakers ever since 1922, when I entered Wake Forest, and I can say right here that Gene Worrell is the best college student speaker I ever heard. I've heard lots of them, too, and did quite a bit of speaking myself.

Gene is not only a good speaker so far as oratory itself is concerned, but he has that persuasive power which moves his hearers. He can bring tears to the eyes and cause that peculiar shivering feeling up and down the spine—one critic has said that that feeling is his way of telling when anything he listens to is great.

Gene made the intercollegiate debating team his first year in college—this is his third year—and since that time he has won honors on top of honors. He has won many honors in Pi Kappa Delta in sectional meetings. I'm proud that he is a member of the Phi. Society and of Pi Kappa Delta. Pi Kappa Delta, if you don't know about it, is a national honorary fraternity for college speakers and coaches. I helped to get the chapter at Wake Forest in 1925-26 and was the first president of the Wake Forest Chapter.

H. H. (Hamp) Worrell, father of Gene, said that Gene had his brains and his mother's gift of speech is why he is such a fine speaker. He was teasing Mrs. Worrell when he said that, but Gene is a fine speaker, and we will not fuss about where he got his ability. There is credit enough for both mother and father, and they are rightfully proud of their soon.

Gene said that he was looking for his dad within the next week or two. Hamp has bought him a new car and wants to "show it off," and I told Gene to tell him—and I am telling him, too, for he reads this column—that he had better not come down here without driving on to Goldsboro so that I can see what a new car looks like. Of course, it doesn't differ much so far as Hamp is concerned (?), but I'd like to know how one more new car feels. I haven't had a right brand new one since I left Bristol.

Up at Wake Forest I was glad to see some of the men on the faculty whom I have known for a long time: President Thurman Kitchin, Dr. G. W. Paschall, Professor Jasper Memory, Registrar Grady Patterson, Dr. J. W. Lynch, Dr. A. C. Reid, and others. I was glad to see Rufus Potts, from out in my old neighborhood here in this county, who is a junior there this year.

Not having visited Pikeville for the past few weeks, we went over there Sunday to sorter catch up with our visiting and with eating that fine food which Mrs. Ham always provides.

We enjoyed the visit. Besides the homefolks there, two of Mrs. Ham's brothers and one sister were there for the day. They were Uncle Tom Yelverton of Fremont; Aunt Lizzie Whitely of Fremont; and Uncle Jesse Yelverton, and his wife, Aunt Ethel, from near Black Creek, at the old Yelverton home place.

Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Sherrard, Jr., daughter and son-in-law of the Hams, were there also with the young daughter, Carroll.

The day was a pleasant one. During the afternoon our family took Uncle Tom and went for a drive, going out by the beautiful Hooks' homes, northwest of Pikeville, by the old Dickinson home place which Jake

Aycock has so modernized and beautified, by Carlton Aycock's store, then on over to Kenly. From there we went toward Wilson to Moore's Cross Roads and then turned back by Upper Black Creek Primitive Baptist Church and then on in to Fremont in a round-about sort of way. Much of this was new territory, so I can't tell you so much about it. I do recall that we went by the Polly Watson Crossroads where Milford

Exum and Earl Sasser killed the aged negro several months ago.

The day was a pleasant one. It was a pretty day and a good one for rambling. Some of these Sundays I want to put on some heavier shoes and old clothes and ramble through the woods to my heart's content. If I do I'll tell you about it.

**Home Agent Tells**

**How To Keep Nut Kernels**

To preserve nut kernels and keep them from becoming rancid, can them as you would fruits, says Miss Ruth Current, State home demonstration agent at State College. They can be kept fresh and tasty by being placed in an airtight container in a cool, dry place away from light, she explained.

The container will also protect the nuts from insects. The flavor of nuts is largely dependent on the oils they contain, although in some kinds of nuts there are also specific flavoring substances. In most nut kernels the oils readily become rancid and give disagreeable flavor found in so-called stale nuts. The vacuum-packed containers in which nuts are often put up commercially help to prevent rancidity, Miss Current said.

Kernels of nuts gathered at home can be packed in jars from which the air is exhausted in a boiling bath, as in canning fruits. Select well developed, fresh nut kernels, free from bits of shell. Sterilize half-pint or pint jars and allow them to dry. Fill with the nuts and partially seal. Place in a hot water bath that comes up about two inches on the side of the jars and let them remain in it while the water boils for 30 minutes. Complete the sealing and store in a cool, dark place.

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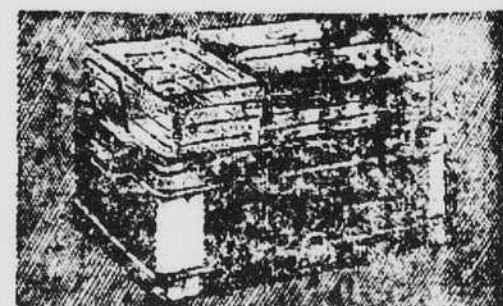
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