

HORSE SHOW IN GOLDSBORO
DRAWS HUNDREDS OF FOLKS
(Continued from page one)

not over four feet. W. Moss's, Greenboro Lady Durham, first; E. D. Alexander's Gravestone, second; a Moss entry, third, and John Hobb's Helen Wooten, fourth.

Ponies
Class 5, ponies, five-gaited, children under 16 years of age, Elizabeth Handley on Charming Gypsy, first; Jack Munn on Spots, second; Margaret Handley on Hill Billy, third; Marilyn Handley on Tommy, fourth; and Junie Handley on Princess, fifth.

Class 6, owner's mount, five-gaited, men or ladies. A. H. Hatley, on Poetry of Motion, first; Fred Bahnsen's Salem Boy, second; C. S. Ragan on Topper, third; and Charles Cowell on Jean Monroe, fourth.

Class 7, ladies three-gaited, Miss Molly Weeks, of Winston-Salem on Highland Breeze, first; Mrs. Herman Weil on Sadie Temple, second; Betty Weil on Sparkie, third; and Mrs. Walter Stansbury on Pal, fourth.

Class 8, ladies' five-gaited, Margaret Handley, first; Mrs. Herman Weil on Chris, second; Jeanette Garrison, third; Effie Ruth Maxwell on Goldie, fourth; Anne Edgerton, fifth and Mrs. Iser L. Freund on Rex, sixth.

Pleasure Horses
Class 9, pleasure horses used regularly for riding, out of town horses only: W. O. Moss of Southern Pines, first; Billy Sutton of Wilmington, second; R. D. Gorham of Rocky Mount, third; Russell Ketcham of Southern Pines, fourth; Miss Vera Diehl of Wilmington, fifth; and Mrs. W. O. Moss of Southern Pines, sixth.

Class 10, musical chair for children, Harry Ward, first; R. Y. Simmons, second; Jack Munn, third; Kay Borden, fourth; Betty Weil, fifth; and Wilson Griffin, Jr., sixth.

Class 11, open three-gaited, Clare Connor on O. T. Fowler's Greenboro, Highland Breeze, first; C. T. Case on another Fowler entry, Sadie Temple, second; Tommy Grubb riding R. T. Smith's Top Hat, third.

Class 12, five-gaited open for mares, stallions or geldings, Mrs. Herman Weil on Miti Love, first; Tommy Grubb, second; C. H. Henderson's Tarboro Lady Hope, third. Class 13, open high jumping, Donald Scheipers of Southern Pines on

Lady Durham, first; George Bail on S. D. Alexander's Gravestone, second; John Hobb's Helen Wooten, third.

Class 14, pleasure horses used regularly on the road, limited to Wayne county horses, Wiley Smith, Jr., on Peanut, first; Babe Mooney, second; and Floyd Barden on Colonel Flax, third.

Class 15, ponies, three-gaited for children under 16, Johnnie Bridges on Tip Top, first; Chubby Bridges on Broadway May, second; Margaret Handley on Charming Gypsy, third; Betty Weil on Lady Jane, fourth; Wiley Smith, Jr., on Peanut, fifth; and Elizabeth Handley on Society Bell, sixth.

Class 16, championship five-gaited open, Tommy Grubb on A. H. Handley's Junie Vine, champion; Mrs. Herman Weil, on Miti Love, reserve champion and C. T. Case on Fred Bahnsen's entry, third.

Mule in Duplin Dies of Madness

A mule belonging to E. D. Johnson of Duplin county, was bitten by a mad fox a few days ago, and died as a result.

The mule developed hydrophobia, and attempted to bite everything near her. She bit her own flanks and ragged with madness, and finally died in great pain.

Henry Hall, who lives in the same section, reported that a fox attempted to attack him in a field. He ran to his house, got his gun, and killed the infected animal.

Mt. Olive Woman Has Broken Leg

Mrs. J. H. Williams of Mt. Olive is in the Goldsboro Hospital with a broken thigh, suffered Friday night when the automobile in which she was riding with her husband turned over on the highway between Goldsboro and Mt. Olive.

Mrs. Williams, who suffered bruises, and was given first aid at the hospital, told physicians that a truck forced him off of the pavement, and that in pulling back onto the pavement his car turned over.

Mrs. Williams will have to remain in the hospital for six weeks before her thigh can be placed in a cast.

Eureka News

The Sophomore class entertained the seniors Thursday by taking them to Duke University. Mr. Joe Edmundson drove his truck. Mrs. Chisholm, Mrs. B. L. Witherington, Mrs. Luiza Mayo, Mrs. Amanda Beaton and Mrs. Pike were the chaperones.

Dr. Henderson Irwin gave a barbecue supper Friday night for the

Eureka School faculty, committee-men and their wives, and girls "and boys" basketball team and others. Attending the supper were Mr. and Mrs. Leon Couch, of Grantham school and Mr. and Mrs. Cox, of Mt. Olive.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Dawson and Miss Rosalie Sauls were visitors in Raleigh Monday

with the fever like it was. Finding he would not grant the request, I then asked him to let me go to our old camp at Green's Mill and get Mr. Bridges, an old man who lived hard by, to go into town and get it for me. The Captain finally agreed to this, so I went to Mr. Bridges, but he had gone into town I waited until about five o'clock and he did not return. I mounted the horse, rode to the edge of town, tied him and went up to Market street, bought a fifty pound box of tobacco, took it on my shoulder, went back, mounted my horse and put off for camp. I knew the Captain would ask me after Bridges' health and I concluded I better see him before I went back, so I rode by his house and told him what I had done and made things straight with him, and carried the tobacco to the men. In a few weeks it was out again and I asked the Captain to let me go after more tobacco. He says "sergeant, if you will promise to do just as you did before you can go." I promised and it is needless to say I carried out my promise to the letter. I never did let the Captain know that I had been in the fever stricken city, for he would have given me severe punishment if he had known it.

It was a wonder I did not get the fever. The day we broke camp to go to Wrightsville we had two men, Jessie and William Robinson (brothers) sick in camp with high fever that we supposed was bilious. I helped them into an ambulance and drove them to the hospital in Wilmington. It turned out that both these men had yellow fever. In one of my trips into Wilmington that day I saw the city carts hauling dirt from the gas works, putting a card load at each street corner as disinfectants. I took a lot of that dirt and put it in my pockets and rubbed a lot of it in my hair. I had it on me so strong that when I got to camp the men complained of me, said I smelt like the gas works. Whether this helped me to escape the fever I cannot say. I only know I did not have it and did not feel but little fear of the disease.

DEATHS and FUNERALS

MRS. ADA KENNEDY
Funeral services for Mrs. Ada Kennedy Miller, granddaughter of the late Col. James T. Kennedy and niece of the late Dr. J. B. Kennedy, both of Wayne county, were conducted at her home in Bayboro Tuesday afternoon. She died Monday afternoon at her home following an illness of several weeks.

Surviving are her husband, J. H. Miller, clerk of the court of Pamlico county; two sons, Earl Miller of the home, and Madison Miller of Apex; two brothers, Earl Kennedy of Selma and Ed Kennedy of Clinton; and a sister, Mrs. Florence K. Brown of Washington, D. C.

WAR-TIME REMINISCENCES
(Continued from page one)

at New Bern. Despairing of getting a pass from General Parke, I wrote to Governor Stanley, laying my case before him; he sent the pass, and I came out via Swansboro. I expected when I reached there to be able to get conveyance either to Kingston or Warsaw, but upon reaching there found I would have to wait five days, and while it seemed good to be inside the Confederate lines again, I did not want to spend five days in Swansboro. So I hired a boatman to take us to Sneed's Ferry via Brown's Sound. This was the route that Col. Pool said two trips over it would give one the blind staggers on account of being so crooked. We left Swansboro on Thursday morning at sunrise. The boatman said he would put us to Sneed's Ferry that night, whereas we had to go ashore to a farm house and spend the night, reaching the Ferry at one o'clock on Friday. We were then forty miles from Wilmington and with no means of reaching there except an ordinary farm wagon, drawn by two mules. We left there at two o'clock, spending the night on the way, and reached Wilmington at two o'clock on Saturday, just one hour after train had left for Goldsboro. We left Wilmington at three o'clock Sunday morning, arriving at Goldsboro at seven, just ninety-six hours coming from Morehead. Can make the trip now in two and a half hours.

The last week in August our company was exchanged, and on the thirty-first we entered service again, going to Wilmington. We camped at Green's mill, one mile out from the city. About the middle of September yellow fever broke out in the city, and soon became epidemic, and we moved camp to Wrightsville sound. The day we broke camp I went into the city three times on business and on the three trips I met eight yellow fever corpses being carried to the cemetery. I got the impression on my mind that day that for a place no larger than Wilmington the death rate was pretty large, and I have never had much desire to live there.

I will have to tell one trick I worked on Captain Andrews. After being at Wrightsville a few weeks, the men got out of tobacco, and any one who was over in the army knows that when tobacco gives out there is something doing among the men. They came to me insisting that I should get some, (I had been keeping it for sale) I went to Capt. Andrews and explained the situation, and asked him to let me take his horse and go to Wilmington, eight miles after some. He told me I was crazy to ask such a thing

Funeral services for Julian C. Fields, 28, Wayne county farmer, who was drowned about 10:30 Saturday night while fishing with a party of friends in Williams' mill pond near Mt. Olive, were conducted at the home in Indian Springs township Sunday afternoon. The Rev. Mr. Howard, pastor of Indian Springs Methodist church, was in charge. Interment was in the family cemetery.

E. G. Kilpatrick, brother-in-law of Fields, narrowly escaped drowning when the small rowboat in which the two were fishing overturned in deep water. Other members of the fishing party rescued Kilpatrick with great difficulty on account of the quantity of moss growing in the pond.

It was forty-five minutes before Dave King of Mt. Olive succeeded in locating Fields' body.

Mr. Fields is survived by his widow, who was before her marriage Miss Mabel Kilpatrick of Wayne county; two children, J. C., Jr., and Carolyn; two brothers, J. W. Fields of Goldsboro, and A. C. Fields, of Fremont; and one sister, Mrs. Russell Whitfield of Mount Olive.

Motor trucks are contributing much to sustain the high standards of living in the United States which are far above those of any other nation. There is one truck for every seven families in this country. Special additional automotive taxes paid by trucks total more than \$400,000,000 annually. This is the largest sum more than all the taxes paid by all cities in the United States.

The Coach
By BEN AMES
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IT WAS bad enough, Roger Kerrick decided, to lose one's girl and flunk one study without a perfectly fatuous coach coming along to bowl one out in front of the team and make a general nuisance of himself nosing into affairs that were none of his business! Just as if one wasn't likely to flunk an exam. Or stay out late a few nights. Life, he decided, had deteriorated to a pretty mess when a fellow couldn't even see his girl and go to a few shows without getting posted. Most likely that prosey old coach had seen him with Diana and was plain jealous.

Diana was always gay, he reflected; he couldn't recall ever having seen her cross or impatient with him, or with any one for that matter. She made all her classes regularly and kept a fairly decent average, although the times she was called down in class for unpreparedness was noticeable. But did she answer back? Not so you'd notice it. Di wasn't the crabby sort. If any one wished to think harshly of her they were welcome, for all she cared! Of course, Di wasn't anything like Betty. Betty was poor and had no sport car or sporty clothes to go with it, and Betty not only won wonderful marks and honors, but she had made the Phi Mu and was being urged to join the Epsilon as well, besides being a guard on the basketball team and a runnerup for the tennis championship of the school. And the greatest difficulty with Betty was that she expected too much of a fellow. Not the sort of things Di expected; not candy and movies and dances and dinners. Rather, Betty expected him to go out and win his letter the first year by spectacular play; or win such high marks that he got some sort of medal.

And so he smiled warmly upon Di and reluctantly admitted that he had to stay in and bone up on English, adding that the fool coach threatened to remove him from the team if he got another seventy!

"Why, you poor lamb, you!" exclaimed Di in her high, shrill voice. "Come over to my flat and have a bite to eat and let's talk it over."

But Betty. Gee, Betty was different. Betty wouldn't let you have a sandwich and cake and ginger ale plus in the afternoon, not much! She'd dig out a few oranges and some other fruit and advise adherence to diet rules as per the coach.

And Betty wasn't wise to herself the way Di was. Betty was unashamed of the dusting of fine golden freckles across the bridge of her small nose; she called them tennis croix de guerres. And she never used powder or rouge or any other makeup.

Somehow most of Betty was uncomfortable, he decided. For Di did not play tennis; it was messy! She hated golf; one had to practice too much. Riding horseback was too hard. And swimming—ugh! Eels and fish and bugs. So Di did none of them—much too messy. And Roger basked in the comfortable warmth of her smile without regretting too much his break with Betty.

At seven he started home toward the boarding house where the crew lived, his thoughts happy and his mind pleasantly exhilarated by the plus ginger ale, and at Elm and Center streets an orange car whizzed out from the muck of the avenue where Di lived and he felt a sharp pain and then started falling immeasurable distances through space. Di had run over him going at fifty-mile speed—it was too much trouble to watch out for every jay-walking pedestrian.

He awoke in the college infirmary and Betty sat beside him holding his hand tightly with one hand and grinding a Latin grammar and holding out passages of Virgil from a book propped on a chair in front of her. He was conscious of a great weight lifted from his heart and mind and vaguely recalled having talked a great deal—wondered if he had been delirious. After a while he thought of Diana and he wondered why he wasn't disappointed not to care any more for her, and then it struck him as ludicrous that he should know that he didn't care for her without arriving at the decision through the usual devious method of thinking. Betty saw that his eyelids were fluttering; he couldn't fake unconsciousness any more, so he opened his eyes and asked what happened.

"A girl ran you down over on Center street—only a slight scalp wound, Rog; you can get right after your English tomorrow. And it may save your life—this week in bed."

"You darned little coach!" he muttered, bringing her hand up to his lips. "All you do is worry about me and my grade," and his eyes told her what he couldn't say until he had won the right to ask her. "Did you think I'd bother to—coach—you if I didn't care?" she said softly, turning away to blink the unwilling tears from her lovely gray eyes.

Negro Woman Shoots Jesse Wilkerson Two Here on Monday Attacked by Sow

Fannie Carraway McArthur, 35, negress, is in the Wayne jail charged with shooting her husband's son, Willie Lee McArthur, 9, and Theodore Daniels, 34, negro, at their home on North James street Monday night. Walter McArthur, husband of the woman, is in jail as a material witness.

Willie Lee McArthur is in a serious condition in the Goldsboro Hospital, a bullet wound in his abdomen. Daniels suffered a wound in the arm and thigh. He was given first aid at the hospital.

It was said that the woman, in a fit of jealousy about another woman, tried to shoot her husband, but the bullet went wild.

Mayor and Aldermen Re-elected on Monday

Mayor J. H. Hill was re-elected without opposition in the Goldsboro city election Monday, having served twelve years as mayor.

All members of the Board of City Aldermen were also re-elected to office. These are Dr. A. G. Woodard, J. Z. Hinson, E. K. Holloman, E. M. Davis, and H. G. Maxwell, Jr.

Only 128 persons voted in the election. Each alderman received 128 votes and Mayor Hill received 127. One voter wrote in the name of Talbot Patrick for mayor.

Bruce Berkeley, chairman of the County Board of Elections, said the vote for Patrick had been illegally cast and therefore that vote would not be included in the formal report of the election.

CARD OF THANKS
We wish to express our appreciation for the kindness shown us during the illness and death of our grandmother, Mrs. Barbara Creel. W. L. Creel and Family, Seven Springs.

Jesse T. Wilkerson, 21, of Route 2, Goldsboro, had his leg broken in two places when he was knocked down and bitten by a 400-pound hog Thursday afternoon.

Wilkerson, a young farmer, went into the hog pasture to feed the hogs. A little pig was stepped upon by one of the hogs and began squealing. The sow became angered and charged Wilkerson, knocked him down and bit him, breaking his leg. Wilkerson grabbed the sow, who was stepping upon his chest, and twisted her neck until he choked her sufficiently to allow him to free himself.

Wilkerson will be confined to the hospital for some time and doctors report that he will have to wear a plaster cast for about two months, barring complications.

Griffin Entertains Kiwanis Membership

A. T. Griffin, Sr., entertained the Goldsboro Kiwanis Club at a fish fry at the A. T. Griffin Manufacturing Co. plant on N. George street on Monday evening.

The Kiwanians had as special guests the Goldsboro Jr. Patrol and the troop of Boy Scouts that the Club sponsors. The informal meeting took the place of the regular Monday night meeting of the Club.

Personal

Mrs. W. H. Manly is seriously ill at her home on Park Circle.

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Leach of Washington, visited their son, Mr. Allison Leach and Mrs. Leach on Park Avenue this week.

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CORN, SHOE PEG, 10c or 3 for 29c
CORN FLAKES, Ralston, pkg. 6c
HOG LARD 8 lb. can 75c; 4 lb. can 38c
STRETMANN COOKIES, Chocolate, Lemon, or Spicy, lb. 10c
BABY LIMA BEANS, 5 lbs. 23c
MEAT, FAT BACK, lb. 7c
PEAS, Petit Pois, 16c. or 3 for 45c
PEACH PICKLES, Libby's 23c or 2 for 45c
PURE LARD, 8 lbs., 68c; 4 lbs. 34c; 2 lbs. 17c; 1 lb. 8c
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