

OUR LIBERTIES ARE SAFEGUARDED

STRONG GROUP OF PATRIOTIC BUT INCENSED CITIZENS RISE UP IN THEIR MAJESTY, IMPATIENCE AND DIGNITY — THE CALL TO RALEIGH, AND INCIDENTS OF THE TRIP.

(Contributed)

Stokes county tax-payers, waxing impatient over the delays and the supineness of our spineless legislature, assembled turbulent and seething in the auditorium of the court house to give expression to their righteous indignation.

The sales tax—think of this iniquitous law still gnawing at the vitals of the citizenry; killings on the highway—Mein Gott, still littering up the avenues of traffic; untaxed liquor, visualize the vile stuff yet flowing down the unsated guzzles of the morally stunted; state camp guards, see them moping around with not enough change in their jeans to pay their poker dues; fertilizer high as hell; men and women growing older day by day and minus a \$200 check a month to cheer them in their dotage; dogs going mad; cattle browsing on broomsage; FERA beef and butter fat only for those willing to work.

Tottering on the brink of Bolshevism, cavorting on the rim of crazy communism, rotating and ricocheting toward red revolution—alas, our noble country!

These and sundry other sentiments crashed into the atmosphere, and skyrocketing upwards made the court house rafters pop like firecrackers.

Long and monotonously the welkin had rung with vociferation and expletive, when John Taylor came around and said "let the welkin rest awhile, boys. Ring the bell in the cupola for a change."

At this crucial and historic moment a man arose from the great audience. A man whose very presence electrified the palpitating throng, a man whose sheer look caused the din to cease and the whoopee to fizzle out like the last echoes from the blast of a bunch of steers.

The effect was as the Valley Forge calm when George said: "Gentlemen, if there is any more cussin' to do, I'll do it. We will now cross the Delaware."

To whom is our reference? Who was the super-man who arose to this stupendous crisis?

You have guessed it—it is the Hon. Pusillanimous C. Campbell, Justice of the Peace of Danbury township.

(Defending cheers, tumultuous applause, accompanied by only a few cat calls)

All was still then just as soon as somebody kicked out a dog, and feet stopped rattling the tin spittoons:

"Fellow citizens," said the jurist whose legal skill is such that he can try cases even without the co-operation of witnesses, "fellow citizens, let us to Raleigh to the fountain head of our rights. Let us go in person to reconnoitre and to investigate this mysterious impasse of our imporbable representatives."

"Ladies and gentlemen," now ruled the chairman, "nominations

are in order for delegates to Raleigh."

But Hence Flinchum got on his feet and said that he did not believe in nominations or elections, and that he himself "was ready to go with P. C., yea, even to the ends of the earth."

Inspired by these heroic words, and inspired by the example of the two champion corn growers of Stokes county, volunteers began to spring up like toad stools on a summer's night and to be heard like pop-corn in a hot skillet.

Marion Stephens, Tom Petree, Hanes Linville, Jerry Baker, John Hutcherson, Jim Bennett, Frank Dunlap, Jim Young, Jule Stevens, Pinnix Bailey and last but not least, the editor of the Reporter, were now trying to balance themselves on the back of benches and yelling:

"We will go, we are ready, show us the way to Raleigh."

Of course the audience went wild again—how could it help going wild to see such a demonstration of courage, patriotism and bunkosity.

The welkin which had been quiet awhile now began to ring again until the Sheriff shook his head again.

Now Delegate Young arose and made the motion that "we be permitted to bear our own expenses on this trip."

This seemed to grieve the great audience, and many persons were seen to bend over in their seats with troubled countenances, while others wiped away tears.

But after considerable synthetic debate Delegate Young's proposal gained headway and the crowd at last very reluctantly yielded, and expressed themselves as willing for the delegates to pay their own way.

Now adjournment was in order. Somebody suggested there was no time to lose as the General Assembly would probably adjourn by June 1.

So the meeting began to break up. Everybody was happy at the great events on hand.

Arrangements were quickly made to start at sunrise the following morning, and Marion Stevens was made a committee of one on transportation. He would convey the delegates in his Ford.

THE START

Brilliant arrows of light shot out of the purple and yellow East, and hitting the dome of the Stokes county Temple of Justice, shattered themselves into a thousand pieces, lighting up objects around the court house square.

It is regretted to state that these arrows were slightly late.

Eleven human beings standing in a grim phalanx before Marion Stevens' barber shop were already lit.

The sun was rising.

The Delegates were ready to embark.

The Ford was panting as Marion was at the wheel and yelling "Let's go."

Now we feel sure it will be of interest to the readers to know the order and system which prevailed on this momentous embarkation.

As we said before Marion was at the wheel. He meant to drive, as he was animated with a high purpose to "get there," before that tax on slot machines passed.

So for the third time we must

aver that he was at the wheel. Just how eleven men, some of them slightly obese and corpulent, were to adjust themselves comfortably on his Ford, was more of his business. But he would pull them—that was his part of this "patriotic" thing—and that was all.

"Git aboard, I said," he cried, this time not meaning maybe.

So here is the arrangement which was immediately adopted, as M. was at the wheel (fourth), and shouting "Let's go."

First, Mr. Baker occupied back seat on the left, Mr. Petree back seat in the middle, Mr. Jule Stevens back seat on the right.

Mr. Young sat front seat on the right, Mr. Flinchum front seat in the middle and Mr. Marion Stevens at the wheel (fifth mention).

Now Mr. Hutcherson sat in Mr. Baker's lap, Mr. Dunlap sat in Mr. Petree's lap, Mr. Linville sat in Mr. Jule Stevens' lap, Mr. Bennett sat in Mr. Young's lap, and the editor sat in Mr. Flinchum's lap.

As Mr. Marion Stevens was at the wheel (no use to number), he could take on no ballast in his lap, and so Mr. Bailey he lay cross-wise in the laps of the second row on the back.

By this time quite a number of citizens had gathered, and so now being given a hearty shove by a dozen lusty shoulders, and amid the cherry "good-lucks" and "best wishes" from the shover, the Ford chugged away down the road.

Not many miles had been clipped off before there was heard two voices of protest and imprecation.

The noise came from Mr. Flinchum and Mr. Baker, respectively.

Mr. Flinchum stated that he never could get his breath satisfactorily in a car, and that he would prefer to ride outside. Mr. Baker declared that it would be impossible for him to continue on the trip unless he could chew his tobacco.

So Marion put on the brakes and the Ford slowed down, while Hence and Jerry painfully clambered out and stood on the pavement.

Mr. Flinchum expressed his great satisfaction to gulp down once more huge drafts of fresh air, while Mr. Baker without undue ceremony proceeded to implant in his right hand jaw a large quid of homespun leaf.

But the driver was now beginning to yell again, "Let's go."

What shall we do about it—was the query in the minds of the cargo of delegates.

"As for my part," here interposed Mr. Flinchum, "I will ride on top, I love the fresh air."

It was argued something about the danger of falling off, but P. C. solved the problem by suggesting that Mr. Flinchum could lie down flat on the roof of the Ford, and that his legs could be tied by running a rope clear around them two or three times, and tying the ends underneath the car.

This suited Hence fine, and he again informed his fellow delegates that he was crazy about the air and that he so loved it unpolluted and unvitiating.

So Hence clambered up and lay flat down, while from his waist to his feet he was tied fast with a strong rope that

Marion happened to have in his trunk behind. Mr. Flinchum expressed his pleasure in the arrangement of leaving the upper part of his body unfettered so that if anything of interest happened ahead he could easily raise up and look.

Now Mr. Baker, seeing that Mr. Flinchum was comfortably fixed, seemed to be slightly jealous and envious and he, too, declared that he would not get inside again unless the passengers were willing for him to indulge his fondness for his favorite pastime — that of promiscuously chewing and indiscriminately expectorating.

As nobody seemed to be enthusiastic over such a situation, the whole delegation fell into a silent quandary, each man vigorously scratching his head as if that would dissipate the obscurity.

All at once a bright idea seized Jerry, and with the agility of a cat he jumped astraddle of the hood of the car, fixed his back closely against the windshield, and said:

"Let's be moving, boys."

Everybody was delighted. The clouds of doubt and uncertainty that had bothered the minds of all, now flew away.

The Ford was re-loaded, the passengers finding themselves more comfortable with the additional room provided by the outside arrangements.

Mr. Stevens stepped on his gas, and the sedan moved ahead.

The sensations of the company were delightful.

Towns, villages and a lovely country were passed, and people waved their hands and shouted as the brilliant entourage swept out of sight around a curve.

Now a very distressing incident occurred to mar the universal pleasure, when suddenly Jim Bennett, who had his head out the window all the time, cried excitedly:

"Whar's Hence!"

Everybody looked at each other and everybody gasped a gasp of horror as the realization dawned upon their stunned intellects:

Hence was gone!

Marion now remembered that as he turned through an underpass at Haw River he had heard a dull bump, and thought at the time it was thunder, as a cloud was developing back in the west.

"Boys, Hence has fell off. We must go back after him. Poor fellow, I hope he ain't internally injured."

Mr. Stevens did not wait to turn around, he was in too big a hurry. So the inhabitants of Haw River were shocked to see a Ford sedan coming up the road backwards and got out of the way. Every car met took to the side ditches.

Just as this fateful moment, what was the surprise and the delight of our friends to see Hence coming down the road with his hat in his hand, puffing and blowing like a steam engine on a frosty morning.

The car was stopped and all hands jumped out to embrace the brother delegate that had been knocked off at the underpass. As Hence explained, he was asleep and the impact of the overhead bridge had struck the bottom of his feet as he slept on his back. This saved his life. He was un-

hurt but needed a new heel on one shoe.

So the Danbury champion h and corn grower was speedily strapped back on the roof, and as he went to sleep again, the car went on down the road toward Raleigh.

All was serene once more.

But here another unexpected and very embarrassing crisis arose when Jule Stevens suddenly received in his right orb a spout of liquid Little Orinoco grown on 8-2-2 fertilizer that almost deprived him of his eyesight.

There was only one redeeming feature about this most exasperating accident, to-wit., it showed that Jerry was entirely comfortable outside and that his favorite diversion was functioning.

While bandages were being applied to Jule's eye, somebody very thoughtfully closed the window.

The cavalcade was now well on its way, and each and every delegate was feeling fine. As they passed along the highway they met many cars all of which slowed down deferentially until the Raleigh-bound Ford had passed, and then the occupants looked back and laughed.

"Stop, stop," suddenly yelled P. C., as he jumped out of the car and running around seized the end of a long white pennant tied to the back of the Ford by one end, the other floating on the breezes. The streamer bore these words in large black letters:

"HILL BILLIES FOR THE HILL BILL."

The consternation and the indignation of all the delegates knew no bounds when they found they had been made the victims of a practical joke.

(N. B. It should be explained here that the perpetrators of this affront were later learned to be Harry Davis and Riley Turner, and that the flag was tied on when the car had stopped for a moment in Walnut Cove. It was an extreme discourtesy to the honorable delegates, and it is learned that something is to be done about it.)

Our friends, after they had given full vent to their perturbation, arranged themselves comfortably again, and the journey continued.

STOKES REPRESENTATIVES NOTIFIED

Arriving in Burlington, a telegram was dispatched as follows:

"To Hon. S. G. Sparger and "Hon. Fred Folger, "Raleigh, N. C.

"Pleased to inform you that we are on our way and will be your guests for a few days. We congratulate you.

"(Signed) "P. C. CAMPBELL, "Head of the Committee."

The journey was proceeding satisfactorily, as Marion ran down the hills fast enough to swing him up the other side.

When within a few miles of Chapel Hill, the car was chugging along down that long stretch, when suddenly two State patrolmen dashed past and getting in front of the Stokes outfit, slowed their machines down to the pace which Marion was making, and rode carefully on ahead, just keeping within some 20 or 30 feet in the lead.

Our boys watched the uni-

formed road cops awhile, remarking on the leisure with which they travelled, just fast enough to maintain the equilibrium of their motorcycles, when suddenly Jule Stevens who had looked back exclaimed:

"Well, I'll be derned if ther aint two of them devils a-follerin' us, too."

It was now observed by all the passengers that our Stokes car seemed to be under convoy of the State highway patrol. After noticing that the motorcycleists behind were also travelling at the same slow speed of the two in front, and that they kept steadily within 20 feet of the car, Marion says:

"I'm gonna stop, and see what this means. We haven't stole nothing."

So, he took his foot off the gas and the car came to a standstill. At the same time, the patrolmen both in front and rear, also stopped.

Marion then jumped out on the ground and wanted to know what it was all about. "Why are you fellows following us up like this?"

"Why, we are only escorting you as we do all funeral cars," Captain Farmer said as he touched his cap and smiled like he smiles before a legislative committee.

"The h—," said P. C., "this ain't no funeral car."

"Why, ain't that a corpse on top of the wagon?" Captain Farmer inquired incredulously.

Just at this moment Hence raised up and glared at the disturbance which had awakened him, to the consternation and almost terror of the road cops.

Captain Farmer saw that he was mistaken and that the person riding on the roof of the car was anything but dead. So with very profuse apologies he and his trio of cops raised their caps and dashed off down the road with the speed of the wind.

Happily no more disconcerting accidents happened, and it was with mingled feelings of delight and awe that our friends saw in the distance the spires of North Carolina's capital city glistening beneath the rays of the setting sun, and at 6:30 in the evening the cavalcade rattled down Hillsboro street.

Telephone Line Building To Nelson's Funeral Parlors

A telephone line is being built from Danbury to Nelson's funeral parlors, about five miles north toward Lawsonville. This line is an extension of the Lee telephone system. A pay station will be kept by J. E. Nelson.

It is reported that citizens of Lawsonville are interested in the extension of the line to that place, which would be only two or three miles additional.

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