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Yesterday was when Ken Zacks didn't know what the score was when somebody mailed him a \$10 bill in an old newspaper.

A year later he had the answer, thanks to a personal visit from the sender, who dropped by his store to make sure the money had reached its destination.

"Did you once own a 1941 convertible?" the man asked. When Zacks recalled that he had such a vehicle in 1943 the full story came out.

"I was working at a garage," the stranger said, "and your car came in for repairs. While working on it I found a \$10 bill on the seat. I took it."

Ever since, the mechanic related, his conscience had plagued him. "I remembered my church vows," he told Zacks, "and every time I kneeled to pray I kept thinking about the wrong I had done."

Finally the money was mailed anonymously. The wrong had been righted, but it brought no peace of mind. "I had to meet you face to face," the man said, "so here I am. After all, I had no way of knowing whether you got it or not."

Zacks comforted his remorseful visitor, and extended his hand. "I've met a man with real courage," he told him. "So many of the wrongs we do can't be wiped away, and I'm happy because yours could."

The mechanic was happy too, as he shuffled out of the store into the bright sunshine. Perhaps he and Zacks still remember the incident.

Yesterday was when the Rev. P. C. Yelverton's Sunday sermon down at Belgrade Methodist Church ran 45 minutes late, but no one in the congregation blamed him.

As a matter of fact, everybody remained quite wide awake until the final hymn and benediction. Such alertness stemmed not only from the 23 year old pastor's message but from competing activity by an uninvited guest.

All set to give forth with a serving of the gospel, the minister discovered that he was sharing his pulpit with a snake. It was no time for dignity, even in a house of worship.

The Rev. Mr. Yelverton beat a hasty retreat up the aisle, spreading the alarm as he went. It need not be said that the church pianist and the choir shared his apprehension over this sudden turn of events.

To make matters worse, the snake had done a disappearing act by the time all in attendance recovered their equilibrium, and set about the business of eliminating his unwanted presence.

Finally located, the snake was killed and carried out, and the preacher delivered his sermon. Ordinarily, youth is considered a handicap among ministers, but, coming up that aisle, the Rev. Yelverton was glad to be young.

Yesterday was when a person with a Piedmont Air Line ticket never left the ground in reaching his or her destination.

(Continued on page 8)

DEDICATION



To
MISS MOLLIE HEATH

who, by her willing efforts, amiable disposition and ever-enduring patience laid the foundation for our success as Seniors, we the Class of '28 in appreciation thereof, dedicate this Volume of "THE CUB"

Only once in New Bern High school's long history has an annual or yearbook been dedicated to a first grade teacher. So far as we know, it has never been done elsewhere in America. It happened, as this

page from the annual indicates, 43 years ago. This gesture was richly deserved by the beloved "Miss Mollie" who taught several generations their alphabet.