

# AROUND The TOWN

with ZEB DENNY

Yesterday I registered for the selective service act.

I don't know whether I will be selected or not, but my name is down, along with millions of others. I am subject to call. Something that I have sometimes thought about in my thirty-two years of living, but the first time I have actually been in a position which limited my liberties.

The fact that I am participating in a history making episode does not offer the accompanying thrill that it might. In a few years, I may throw out my chest and brag about the participation; but now I can think only of what this participation might bring about before the end is reached.

Shall I shoulder a gun and go tramping off—leaving loved ones, home, job, and accumulated bills behind? And while I am away will giant bombers sweep down from the sky to drop bombs upon and machine-gun those left behind? Shall I perish "on some battle-scarred slope" where the thundering noises and multiple slaughter will make my death an unnoticeable incident? Shall I be numbered and my passing simply make the chart read one less?

Or shall I return shell shocked—a misfit in the social and economic world that will be the backwash of the present conflict? Shall I be a helpless cripple, an invalid, blind and dumb?

And where will the job be? After the slaughter, shall I be fit to hold a job, even if there is one available?

And what attitude shall I have? Shall I care for a job, for gains, for comforts, for prosperity, for prestige? Or shall I be immune to likes and dislikes, having been transformed into a dumb animal from over-exposure to the base emotions of human beings?

And we could go on and on, digging up possible pictures of that which the few answers and couple of signatures of yesterday might lead us into.

But . . . We are proud that we feel like one of our forefathers, Patrick Henry. We will accept the future as it may concern of bodies and spirits; but we will not give up some of the things American without a fight.

## Funeral Held For Mrs. W. H. Hux Of Ebenezer Section

Funeral services were held Sunday, October 6, from the Ebenezer Methodist Church for Mrs. W. H. Hux, 78, of the Ebenezer community, Rev. C. T. Thrift officiating. Mrs. Hux died Friday, October 4, after three months' illness.

She was the daughter of the late Oscar F. and Holly Dickens of this county. She was the last member then of church and community. She had been a member of Ebenezer church for approximately 65 years. Also a faithful attendant as long as her health permitted.

She was the wife of the late William H. Hux of this county; the mother of three children, Mrs. Forest Dickens, Miss Lillie Hux, and Buck Davis Hux, of this county; the step-mother of 7 children now living, Mrs. Ben Bullock of Oxford, Mrs. Robert Dickens of Halifax, Lucius Hux of Oak City, Mrs. Albert Pettie, H. A., H. B. and A. B. Hux, all of Portsmouth, Va.; two grandchildren, 29 step-grand-

children, and a host of relatives and friends survive.

Flower girls and pallbearers were nieces and nephews of the deceased.

## Reportin' The SPORTS

Dallas Wright, big fullback who used to carry the mail for Coach Hoyles here, got into the game for the Carolina Tar Babies last week when they met the Wolflets from State. The State boys won handily. But you can never tell about these freshman teams.

Or the varsity either for that matter. Two weeks ago at this time, there were a few scattered around who had the Rose Bowl Itis when Wake Forest was mentioned. Last week it might have come down to the Cotton Bowl or the Dust Bowl Itis, but still "bowl itis."

This week the pit of either bowl in question was not low enough for the Wake Forest supporters. Poor Wake.

About what happened down there was this: The Clemson boys, who are leant a bit toward the military, did not have time to read the press release about Polanski, Pruitt, and Jett. They probably did not know who they were up against. As a result they had agood warm-up in the first quarter and got a good workout during each of the last three.

Looks as if Notre Dame will come through this year. Their first team scored almost at will against Georgia Tech Saturday. Yet the Techs are no sneeze either. They have been admitting that they are pretty good, too.

And we wonder who is going to pull the hidden trick down in the Balkans. They have been playing in midfield down there a long time without any scoring. Somebody will show a sign of weakness soon or later. Are the quarterbacks smart enough to see them and take advantage of them?

Signalcaller Yosef Stalin (sounds like a good candidate for mythical All-European team) has been lying low for a long time. And he had his breather in Finland, too.

Wonder who will emerge the champeen in that league over there? And will America find that she has to get in also? Let us hope that we can stay out of that game.

Steve Acai seemed very pleased with his boys after they scored on the locals in the latter half last Saturday. "We've scored on them anyway," he jumped from the bench and yelled.

Only freshmen from here out for a sport at State is Fred Cooper. He is practicing for the basketball team. But that team has on it some of the boys from Durham. And the Durham team has been "hot" for past few years.

With the coming of the cool days and the blowing of the broomsage blossoms across the country roads, we can almost feel that tired ache in the back of our legs after tramping the fields in search of the elusive quail for a day.

## Circle Meets

The Willie Kelley Circle of the First Baptist Church met in the home of Mrs. T. O. Corbitt on Jefferson Street Monday evening with Mrs. Henry Fitts presiding. The opening song was, "I Need Thee Every Hour". The Lord's prayer was said in unison by the circle. Roll was called and Personal Service report was taken and business discussed. Scripture reading was taken from the 13th chapter of Revelation. "My Faith Looks Up to Thee" was then sung. Mrs. Fitts had charge of the program and was assisted by Mrs. Askew, Mrs. Hasty, and Mrs. Pearson, who read very interesting parts from the Royal Service. Mrs. Corbitt recited a very interesting poem. The meeting closed with sentence prayers by each member asking God's blessings for those on the foreign fields and asking for Peace. The closing hymn was "Blest Be The Tie That Binds". Mrs. Corbitt served delicious refreshments to the following: Mesdames W. F. Peeler, Julian Bell, Katie Langston, Gene Pearson, Henry Fitts, John Baird, Alice Cole, J. L. Langston, E. W. Wright, J. M. Vincent, Lola Bryant, E. R. Hasty, W. B. Masingale, Mrs. Jordan, and Misses Janie Askew, Inez Williams, Shirley Jordan and Charles Hasty. One visitor, Mrs. Eva Hux, attended.

The next meeting will be held next Monday evening at the home of Mrs. J. M. Vincent, 228 Hamilton Street.

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- |                           |                       |
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- Vim Pep
- DOG FOOD 4 16-oz. Cans 15c

- Colonial
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