

A People Delivered

HIGHLIGHTS ON THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

The Golden Text



The destruction of Pharaoh's host.

The Lord is my helper; I will not fear.—Hebrews 13:6

By NEWMAN CAMPBELL.

The Hebrews would not let Pharaoh go, but he had added to their miseries. Then God said, "Now shall thou see what I will do to Pharaoh: for with a strong hand shall I let him go, and with a strong hand shall he drive them out of his land."

He revealed now he would bring plagues on the Egyptians and Pharaoh would promise to liberate the Hebrews and then would harden Pharaoh's heart and he would not let them go. Then God said, "I will do to Pharaoh what I will do: for with a strong hand shall I let him go, and with a strong hand shall he drive them out of his land."

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Churches

ST. PAUL'S CATHOLIC CHURCH, Time of Masses: 1st, 3rd and 5th Sunday 7:30 a. m. 2nd and 4th Sunday, 11 a. m. Holy Days, 9:30 a. m. Novena devotions, Sundays, 7:45 p. m. Rev. James H. King, pastor

THE SALVATION ARMY, Sunday services: 11 a. m., Sunday school, 6:30 p. m., Y. P. L. Meeting, 7 p. m., Open air meeting, 7:30 p. m. Salvation meeting, Why not go to church?

FIRST BAPTIST, Rev. E. Lovelock Gardner, pastor, Sunday: 9:45 a. m. Bible school, 11 a. m. Morning worship, Topic: "The Mother of Benevolence," 11 a. m. Sunbeam Band meeting, 6:15 p. m. B. T. U., 7:30 p. m. Evening worship, Topic: "Jesus and the Jews of Today," Speaker: John Hamilton, Monday: 9:45 p. m. J. G. A. at the home of Mrs. H. A. Dennis, 9:30 p. m. Intermediate G. A. Supper, meeting in the ladies' parlor, Hostesses: Mrs. J. C. Gardner and Mrs. K. L. Burton, 8 p. m. Sing-Sing-Pollathia class meeting in the ladies' parlor, 8 p. m. Girl Scout meeting at the regular hour with Mrs. Marjorie DeKammon as sponsor.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN, Rev. W. D. McInnis, pastor, Sunday: 9:45 a. m. Church school, 11 a. m. Morning worship, Sermon by Dr. A. C. Reed, department philosophy at Wake Forest College, 7:30 p. m. Vesper hour, Sermon subject: "Dealing With Discouragement," Monday: 7:30 p. m. Boy Scouts of America, 7:30 p. m. Joint meeting elders and deacons, Wednesday: 7 p. m. Couples club.

FIRST METHODIST, Rev. Chancie D. Bitchell, pastor, Sunday: 9:45 a. m. Church school, J. W. Sanders, superintendent, Graded for worship and study, there are departments and classes for all age groups, 11 a. m. Worship service, Sermon subject, "Not Unto Despair," 5 p. m. Vespers, Sermon subject, "Be Not Weary," 6 p. m. Youth Fellowship Supper and worship program, Tuesday: 7:30 p. m. Monthly meeting of board of education, Wednesday: 3:45 p. m. Boys' Choir practice, Thursday: 4 p. m. Girl Scout meeting, Troop No. 1, 7:15 p. m. Young people's choir practice, 8 p. m. Senior choir practice.

HOLY INNOCENTS EPISCOPAL, Rev. Ray Holder, rector, First Sunday after Epiphany, January 13: The Holy Communion, 8 a. m., Church school, 9:45 a. m., Men's Bible class, 10 a. m., Morning Prayer and Sermon, 11 a. m., Mr. Holder will preach on "In the Courts of Earth," Church school, St. John's Mission, N. Henderson, 2 p. m., Evening Prayer, Holy Trinity, Townsville, 3 p. m., Evening Meditation 5 p. m., Young People's Service League, 7 p. m., Monday, Jan. 14:

THE BIRTHDAY MURDER

by LANGE LEWIS

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CHAPTER THIRTY-TWO

AT NOON on Sunday Victoria was lying on the brilliant blue mat of the sunbather on the balcony, wearing a brief sunsuit of the same vivid blue. From the kitchen window above where she lay came the sound of Hazel humming as she ironed; from the living room came the large noises of the New York Philharmonic concert. Victoria lay flat, her arms crossed on her forehead to make a cave of shadow for her eyes, thinking nothing, feeling nothing, only faintly hearing, only half alive. The warm sun poured down like molten butter; it seemed to permeate the tissues of her body, to go as deep as the bones. Tension ebbed, thoughts faded before they took shape. There was nothing in the world but glowing heat of which she had become a part.

She scarcely heard the doorbell ring, nor Hazel answer it. The sound that made her lower her arms and open her eyes was the heavy sound of masculine footsteps on the floor of the dining room, and then Sawm's voice speaking, "Hello, little friend."

He was standing in the open doorway, looking down at her. As she struggled to a sitting posture against the tilted back of the long chair he went solidly and with assurance to one of the canvas-seated white metal chairs nudged around the white table, scraped one into a position facing her, sat down. He managed to look exceedingly comfortable sitting there, his hands on the arms of the chair, one leg cocked over the other. He continued to look at her, expressionless.

"You're wondering why I'm here," said Sawm, belatedly removing his cap and tossing it sideways to the table. "I am," Victoria felt oddly defensive in her brief shorts, her face bare of lipstick and shining with sun oil. Her cover, she realized, was unduly sharp. "I want to talk about what happened to your husband?" "I don't," said Victoria to Sawm. She lay down again, once more shadowed her eyes with her arms. "I never knew you to hide your head in the sand before," said Sawm. There was malice in his voice as he added: "You are usually so direct."

She didn't reply. "All right, then I'll talk," said Sawm. She heard the suck of a match being lighted, smelled burning tobacco. "I haven't got a very clear picture yet, but the detective who questioned me this morning gave me some notion of what happened. And I'm mighty darned curious."

Victoria forced her eyes to remain closed, forced her voice to be very casual. "Oh! Mr. Tuck questioned you this morning?" "Yes, I believe he came to find out whether, in my opinion, you could have poisoned your husband?" He paused. "I told him I didn't know."

"That was white of you," said Victoria dryly. "But since then I've done some wondering. I've done some wondering." Victoria dropped her arms, swung herself to one elbow; on her legs words were already forming which would tell Sawm that she had no intention of being questioned by him. But his blank, almost placid face, tipped a little forward and looking at her, made her make any such outcry seem childish, pettish. She swung her legs over the edge of the long chair, stood up, put on the white terrycloth robe lying across its foot.

"Is she pretty?" asked Sawm. Victoria paused in the act of tying the robe's sash. "Who?" "The actress Moira Hastings." "Very." She sat in a chair across the table from him. The glare of sunlight on his white shirt hurt her eyes; the metal arms of the chair were almost too hot to touch. Sawm's eyes seemed impervious to the glare, and his body to the heat. They were on hers with a ruthless and impersonal curiosity. "I'm trying to pin down what you once were and what you may be now," he said. "I find it hard. The years do queer things to people. What you have always wanted to be, and what you have become, is that rather fabulous creature, a self-sufficient woman, functioning like a man in a man's world?" He rested one arm on the edge of the table, leaned over it a little toward her. "You always had to be first, Victoria. That's part of it. But there's another reason, I think, for your becoming that person. I wonder if you know about it. People know really so little about the lining of their minds. They have a fantastic ability to see of themselves little more than the picture they themselves create; the self that shows the self the world sees. So I wonder if you yourself know the most important reason for your becoming such a very successful woman?" They stared at each other across the little table. "Your face," said Sawm.

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The two words brought an old ache sharply back to Victoria. The ache that came when she ran into a hall of her childhood, heard her mother say to a woman over a teacup—the light voice behind the thick green plush portiere—"Victoria is not a pretty child, but she's a wonderfully intelligent one." And then the mirror of the mahogany hutchback, a faintly greenish oval, holding a sharp, pointed child's face with gray eyes. That was the first time that ache came to her. "My face," she said, "has never been my fortune."

Sawm stood up, walked to the thick adobe wall with its row of potted cacti. He threw his cigarette over the wall, and she was reminded of seeing him make that same gesture on the night Albert had died. With his back to her he stood looking at the sprawled city under the wide blue sky.

"The last time we talked together you told me some interesting things about myself. Now I'm going to do the same for you. If you had been born pretty, your life would have been a very different one. I believe that you learned early that things that came easily to the pretty ones would not come to you. I believe you learned early that you were smart and talented, and that you would never be beautiful with what you did have—brains and talent. Your face HAS been your fortune, Victoria."

He turned and faced her, looking down. "When I first knew you, I used to wonder at your friendship with the strong cords of faith and what you really felt when you saw her moving through the large rooms of her husband's house, of which her pretty face had made her the mistress, so easily. "On the memorable night of the blonde, I thought I knew the answer. You hated that girl. You hated her fully and hugely. You frightened her, you hated her so. It vibrated on the air. She was afraid of you. She was afraid of what you might do to her. I have always believed that if she had not been so pretty—so pink and white, pretty—you wouldn't have gone up in flames that night. You wouldn't, perhaps, have left me. "It was not the conviction that I had been unfaithful that got you. It was that I had been unfaithful with beauty. It negated for you all you had achieved so far. It said to you that however hard you worked, you would never compensate for a basic lack you could do nothing about. That's what turned you crazy."

It was a strange moment. The warm sunlight, the wide blue sky, the little walled place in which they faced each other, the words just spoken. "Believing this," said Sawm, "I find myself wondering. I find myself thinking what ten years may have done to you. I find myself wondering what such a betrayal would make you do?" His eyes dropped to her two hands, holding tightly to the arms of her chair. "You have beautiful hands," he said. "I find myself thinking of those hands doing something swift and secret with poison. Scooping poison up in a spoon, stirring it into something your husband ate or drank. Your poor, helpless hands obeying a hurt and an anger beyond your control for a little while."

that the demand for scriptures is so great that a small New Testament which once sold for 5c in Tokyo now sells for \$3.75. The American Bible Society is the agency through which the religious forces of North Carolina and other states of the union work.

Officials of the American Bible Society have reported that to the present time it has been impossible to ship Bibles into Russia, and so far as known no Bibles have been printed there. However, Bibles have been given to Russian prisoners in Germany through the Dutch Bible Society.

Prayer Observance Durham.—Churches throughout North Carolina this week observed the 100th Annual Universal Week of Prayer. Special services in homes and churches and community-wide meetings high-lighted the list of activities in many towns and cities. It is reported that in many foreign countries this was the first time in as many as ten years that the religious leaders have been able to call together the people for open services in the churches. The International Agency sponsoring this observance was the World's Evangelical Alliance with headquarters in London, England. Churches in all lands of the Protestant faith cooperated.

Purchase Camp Site Charlotte.—Mecklenburg Presbyterians have announced an expansion program which will provide a summer conference camp for the program of the Presbytery. A site of 30 acres has been purchased and the site rests with the trustees of the Presbytery. The property is ten miles east of Charlotte on an all weather road. It is estimated that the cost of developing this site will be \$50,000. The first phase of the campaign has the goal of raising \$25,000 by March 1st, 1946. The action of the Presbyterians is in line with that of many other denominations. The North Carolina Conference of the Methodist church conducted an extensive campaign in December for the establishment of several camp sites in eastern North Carolina. The Evangelical and Reformed denomination has purchased for the use of the entire denomination a large camp in the area of Blowing Rock.

Japanese New Testaments Raleigh—A telegraphed arrival of Japanese Christians for 2,000,000 (two million) copies of the New Testament in the Japanese language has been answered in part by the religious forces of America, according to a statement in the current issue of the N. C. Biblical Recorder. Sixty thousand copies of the New Testament in Japanese have already gone to Japan and plans are being made to send an additional 400,000 as soon as they can be printed. Returnees from Japan report

BOOK REVIEWS

By JUANITA S. MORRIS.

BRIDESHEAD REVISITED, by Evelyn Waugh, 351 pages, Boston, Little, Brown & Company, \$2.50. Several years ago I was introduced to the works of Evelyn Waugh through the novel, "Handful of Dust," and immediately I hunted all book-shops for something else written by this Englishman. Waugh's new novel, "Brideshead Revisited" is doubly acclaimed for this favorite author has returned triumphantly to the writing arena after serving in the English army.

"Brideshead Revisited" relates the memories of an Englishman, Captain Charles Ryder, who during the just-ended war was involved in the professional estate, where he spent many memorable hours with the owners in pre-war years. His association with the Marchmain family, lords of the estate, began at Oxford with his close friendship with Lord Sebastian and continued with Ryder's love for Lady Julia, sister of Sebastian. Ryder, who became a famous artist, renounced his marriage to Cecilia in order to win Lady Julia's love. This love is entangled with church ties which form the delicate plot, treated and developed with understanding by the talented Waugh. He traces the strong cords of faith and the weak cords which religion fasten on its members.

Evelyn Waugh revises the prologue and epilogue manner of story telling. Captain Ryder tells the circumstances of his revisiting Brideshead in the prologue. The novel is then developed, and the epilogue concludes Ryder's reveries by bringing him back to his present duty of preparing the estate for encampment. This method is altogether pleasing and adds to the continuity. Alexander Woolcott labeled Evelyn Waugh as "the nearest thing to a genius among the young writers that have arisen in post-war England." "Brideshead Revisited" is a confirmation of this statement. It is brilliant and irresistible.

BEACH RED, by Peter Bowman, 123 pages, New York, Random House, \$2.50.

Upon observing a dead Japanese soldier, Peter Bowman says the "Nip" had enlisted in the ancestor reserve. It is in this impressive manner that he relates in "Beach Red" the one hour in military history of a soldier's life in the Pacific. The battle scene is vividly portrayed, assuring the reader of no sleep until the last page is thoroughly digested. Contrarywise there is no revelry in the fighting of Japs it is rather an admittance to the intimate thoughts of a soldier as he views the dead and as he skillfully yet fearfully fights to preserve his life. Tender thoughts of the home town, family and loved ones and comforting Biblical passages inter through the soldier's mind and at the same time an unknown fear creeps into his thoughts as he figures methods for outwitting the Jap. Although the book is a novel and intended to be read as such, the author makes a unique arrangement of the lines, resembling poetry. This arrangement emphasizes the army's rigid timing as well as the important lines that will log be quoted—such as "War is a Japanese industry. These are the unemployed." "Beach Red" surpasses any other story I have come out of this war for Bowman's manner of writing and choice of words are eloquent and forceful.

HOUSES FOR HOMEMAKERS, by Royal Barry Willis, Franklin Watts, Inc., New York, 94 pp. 1945, \$2.50. Royal Barry Willis, generally conceded to be America's foremost architect of small houses, has turned out another volume of sketches and details which do much to prove that houses can be useful as well as beautiful.

This king-size book, written in easy to understand language, provides a wealth of information, hints and small house designs clearly drawn with accompanying diagrams in black and white. Fifty sketches show what to look for and what to do and not to do when buying or building a house. One interesting feature of the volume is the manner in which house plans are divided into classes according to cost. Three sections, each providing many plans, show homes in the \$2,500 to \$8,000, \$8,000 to \$11,000 and \$11,000 up price ranges. Shown in the hints to homemakers section are various ways of arranging bathrooms, kitchens, choosing the site and eating. Royal Barry Willis has a fertile imagination, broad vision and kindly good humor. He knows his subject inside and out in the myriad details of design, plan and construction. He has been a prolific contributor to magazines and his books have been best sellers in their particular field.—A.E.

HURRY HOME TO MY

MADAM MURIEL GIFTED PALMIST AND PSYCHIC MEDIUM Tells you any and everything you wish to know without asking any questions, gives you names of enemies, and friends. Gives true and never failing advice on all affairs of life. If worried, troubled or in doubt consult this psychic reader at once. She can and will help you. Consult her on business, love, marriage, wills, debts, mortgages, lost and stolen articles and speculations of all kinds. LUCKY DAYS AND LUCKY NUMBERS Don't be discouraged if others have failed to help you. She does what others claim to do. One visit will convince you this Medium and Divine Healer is superior to any reader you have ever consulted. Private and Confidential Readings Daily and Sunday for Both White and Colored. Hours: 9 A. M.—9 P. M. You must be Satisfied or No Charge. LOCATED JUST BEYOND CITY LIMIT ON U. S. HIGHWAY NO. 1 NORTH TOWARD NORLINA. LOOK FOR HAND SIGN OPPOSITE O'LEARY'S DINER. HENDERSON, N. C.

HEART, by Sam Byrd, 150 pages, Boston, Houghton Mifflin Company, \$2. A native of Mt. Olive, N. C., Sam Byrd has placed his latest novel, "Hurry Home to My Heart" in the area near his boyhood home, Laurel Springs, is a small town which he says is the kind of a town that the river runs by and the train runs through. References to Kingston, Wilmington and Gold-boro release a pleasurable "home feeling" in the reader's store of emotions.

Young Ardis Ann Andrews cherishes a love for Red Southerland, local youth who joined the navy soon after high school graduation. Red finally notices Ardis during his first leave from the navy and the ensuing romance is shortened by his return to duty and subsequent action on the Normandy beachhead. It is a love story of young America, indicating the quick maturity of youth in time of war. It is a story that has been repeated in millions of towns throughout the United States, and the fear of parted lovers and unreasoned lighters is expressed with tender clarity.

Byrd, Lt. U.S.N.R., was benchmarker at St. Lo on D-Day and writer with accuracy of the invasion activities of Red Southerland. His familiarity with the North Carolina area renders his just picturization of the small town. The skillful pen of Sam Byrd has created a gentle story which all North Carolinians especially will love and which all war lovers will hold close to their hearts.

THE BALLAD AND THE SOURCE, by Roseann Lehmann, 312 pages, New York, Reynal and Hitchcock, \$2.50.

Sybil Anstey Jarman, woman of complex and mysterious activities, is the focal point of the novel, "The Ballad and the Source," by Roseann Lehmann. She is the heroine of the "ballad" whose "source," the force is unveiled by the young sensitive child, Rebecca Landon, narrator of the story.

Rebecca's interest in Sybil Jarman is aroused when an invitation comes from the older woman to tea. For Sybil has returned to the neighborhood which she was a close friend of Rebecca's grandmother. At times the reader alternately dislikes heartily and admires fiercely Sybil Jarman who deserted her husband and child and consequently directed their lives and her grandchildren's lives.

Throughout the novel interest is maintained through the queries of the young girl who unquestionably seems much older than her years and who has an amazing knack for ferreting out information. She questions her old nurse, Sybil's grandchildren, her aunt and anyone she found who knew Sybil or her daughter, Ianthe, in an effort to explain Sybil. Intriguing as the title, the romance of Sybil fairly bristles with references to old scandals, but the real Sybil remains shrouded in mystery.

Miss Lehmann, author of such outstanding books as "Dusty Arrows" and "Institution of the Waltz" has returned after an eight-year absence with the favorably received, "The Ballad and the Source." Vastly interesting, the novel has an altogether new plot which is stimulating and well developed.

SWIM MATCHES DROPPED Chapel Hill, Jan. 11.—Camp Lejeune and N. C. State have canceled their swimming matches with North Carolina. It was announced here today, scheduled for January 12 and 13.

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