

FIRST MOVIES

by FELIX RIESENBERG

SECOND INSTALMENT

Synopsis

Second Ballot Bill



Will Rogers, cowboy humorist, doubts the correctness of "second guess being best." On the second ballot at the Democratic convention, Oklahoma switched its 22 votes from Murray to Rogers—"and still I didn't win out," says Rogers.

Johnny Breen, 16 years old, who had spent all of his life aboard a Hudson river tugboat plying near New York, is tossed into the river in a terrific collision which sinks the tug, drowns his mother and the man he called father. Ignorant, unschooled, and fear driven, he drags himself ashore, hides in the friendly darkness of a huge covered truck—only to be kicked out at dawn—and into the midst of a tough gang of river rat boys who beat and chase him. He escapes and, exhausted, tumbles into a basement doorway. Later, he hears the trap door slammed, a padlock snapped down—and he is trapped.

Now go on with the story:

"Becka! Becka!"
"Yes, Pa."
"Vill you shud de vawter off?"
"Papa, it iss off."
"Vot you dell me, Becka? Id don'd run? I heard id. Do vot I told you; vill you?" Channon Lipvitch hobbled back through the basement, to the rear room. He shuffled, his feet at an angle, his bearded face assuming an air of comical severity. It was an occasion and Channon Lipvitch, certain of his ground, determined to correct his daughter. Conversation, in the rear living-sleeping room, came to a stop; the loud voices quieting while the splash of running water sounded from without. "So you told it lies to me on Shabbas?" He bumbled, but Becka, more voluble than her father, instantly replied.

"It's in back, Pa. Don't be so sudden with calling me a liar. It's in the house in back. I hear it splashing, like you."
But Channon Lipvitch was right. Water was splashing, if not in their apartment, then near by. Ha, he was right; his ears were not stuffed up. Water taxes were ever in his mind when faucets flowed. "Veil," he said, "shud id off, vy don'd you? Dell me, who iss making sooch a splash on Shabbas?" He was a strict man with his family—in the presence of visitors.

The girl, big for her age, and plump, with an almost premature development, laughing and giggling, climbed through a rear window of the Lipvitch home, then—sleeping-eating-room in back of the Clothing Emporium—new and Second Hand. She had to make a high step, a very high step, for they were on the basement floor, and the sills were high. Her skirt was tight and long, in fact, as she stretched one leg through the window, the other was uncovered far above the knee; a plump shapely leg.

Becka, standing on tiptoes, her skirts lifted unnecessarily high, peered across the narrow area between the buildings. Through a broken window pane she saw a boy splashing over a rusty sink, under a tap of running water. He held a piece of hard yellow laundry soap and was working up a lather; his hair and face were streaming wet. The boy caught a glimpse of her, his eyes were wide with fear—blue eyes. She smiled at him. Then she turned hurriedly, her skirts up over her knees—her stockings were new and she made the most of the occasion. Breathlessly she jumped down into the Lipvitch living room. "It's a boigler," she declared, almost fainting. Tremendous excitement prevailed in the Lipvitch home.

"Quick, Papa, quick." Mrs. Lipvitch and Mrs. Yartin were urging and helping the reluctant Lipvitch at the window. Suddenly the water stopped. Lipvitch, in the area, caught a glimpse of a boy's face at the broken window. The little man he was a head shorter than his wife, struggled to command his voice. He did not look formidable in his black silk skull cap. His features worked convulsively.
"Vot iss! Vot iss!" He exclaimed excitedly. The boy looked harmless, frightened. "Vill you come out?" Lipvitch screamed. "Or if you don'd I—I—call polize!"
"Papa, it's only a boy." Becka was again climbing through the window. "Here, boy, come out to us." She rapped and rattled the weathered sash.
"Id's only a poy. Only a poy." Mr. Lipvitch announced, as if terribly disappointed. He greeted Johnny with a smile, and held out a scrawny hand to the strong fist of the boy who leaped up without effort, a ragged, desperate waif with wet hair and shining eyes. But Channon Lipvitch was triumphant. He had proven himself, with the help of circumstances. Before one's family and friends, bravery is a virtue.

The Lipvitch Clothing Emporium—"New and Second Hand"—was not unlike the barge Cavalier, in shape, at least.
It was a nice little business, buying and selling. In the back, branching from a dark, narrow hall with a splintered pine floor, were the work rooms lit by naked yellow gas jets and crowded during an hour of the day with operators on pants and vests. Lipvitch took in piece work on the less difficult parts of manufacture, hiring his help from the tenements of the street. His stock did not spoil, he bought cheap and sold at a profit, even when protesting with vehemence that his loss was great. Back of the two work rooms came the kitchen, small and dark, opening to the living room in the rear. At one side of this, back of a sink, to save plumbing, was the bathroom. And the back room, the home of the Lipvitch family, where they entertained their friends, ate their meals and slept, stretched the full seventeen feet from party wall to party wall. Here father, mother, Becka and the twins, Muriel and Constance, the latter just able to walk were sheltered.

In the living room there were two beds, covered by colored spreads by day and shoved against the wall farthest from the windows so get away from the night air. Becka and the twins slept on one of these and Mr. and Mrs. Lipvitch occupied the other. With the advent of Johnny Breen a cot, from a nearby second hand store, was placed beneath one of the windows. Channon Lipvitch, like the heads of many families preponderant on the female side, felt himself overshadowed by the growing impudence of Becka added to the volubility of Mrs. Lipvitch. A shrewd general in a trade, he was limp in the hands of his wife and daughter. To him trade was art; it was life, and life depended upon the teaming, crowding multitude who swarmed and squirmed in the alleys of the town—it was a good place, this city, so full of customers always close at hand.
On the Saturday afternoon of Johnny's introduction to the city his reception in the back room of the Clothing Emporium took on the proportions of an event. Johnny's story, given amid greed, mastication of seed roes and gulps of tears and lukewarm coffee, thrilled the company with a sympathy grown quick through the age-long persecution of their race—a sympathy leading to monumental works of charity within the city. Tears coursed down his cheeks as he repeated, "My mother is drowned, my mother is drowned!" The "oy, oy, oy" of Mrs. Lipvitch and Mrs. Yartin punctuated the story. Mrs. Blumgren, with large, wondering brown eyes, cried in sympathy, while Becka dried his clothes and sewed on buttons.
"You are staying by us, now," Becka spoke to Johnny, smiling, her face close to his. Tears welled in his eyes. He was terribly tired; kindness cut through him like a knife.
Johnny slept on a cot in the corner. He drifted off into oblivion, exhausted and exaltation crowding back the events of the previous day and night.
Days of bewildering complexity followed on his establishment in the family of Channon Lipvitch, as a cousin from the farm, for so EL-

kan Nesser, a malamud, advised. Slowly the river dimmed. Johnny Breen learned of synagogues and rabbis. He thought the whole world consisted of the river, and the Ghetto, nothing else. Becka became a dominant force in the direction of his emotions. He burst out of his clothing, his strong body never tired. He could lift Becka high up so she might reach the top shelves in the shop; she was often needing things there, and then, suddenly, he refused to lift her, but climbed up himself and found nothing.

John had achieved a prime requisite for worldly success. He was known four and five blocks away as "Fighting Lipvitch." He became a celebrity, nothing less, elevated above the boys on the street; on a par, in fact, with young men four and five years his senior in point of age and a decade beyond him in worldly lore. The Grogan gang, out for revenge, cruised the Ghetto. John Breen, with brass knuckle dusters in his pockets, a reckless light in his eyes, fought when there were no more than two or three, and took to his heels before a gang. He rather liked fighting, it added to his popularity. He began to absorb the philosophy of the Ghetto, the kindly brotherhood of those who live within the pale. He also absorbed a tremendous stock of self conceit and confidence. Once he hit a rash young man such a terrific crack, the blow landed on his chin, that the victim lay for a half hour unconscious. The story grew by telling and the fame of John Breen took on added stature.

Fighting kept his mind alert and made him wary, while dim thoughts of things beyond the tenements, of wide avenues and great mansions, crossed his consciousness in dreams. John learned that millionaires were in the city, powerful, kindly, and immensely rich, looking about for worthy daughters of Israel. He suspected that miles and miles beyond their lay vast territories unexplored.

A month in the Clothing Emporium—new and Second Hand—found John Breen part of a routine that included every phase of the business, that is, every phase of it but

the receipt of wages. John lay awake at night reviewing the bitter struggle and worked the harder by day. He arose at five-thirty, an hour before Lipvitch, and in the dark, murky room he slipped on his trousers, and with shirt in hand went to the littered tub.
In those mornings John worked hard and fast to get out on the street and then he idled about until the coming of Lipvitch. The street was an edless show, a constantly changing tapestry with human figures hung on frames of brick.
As the mornings followed each other and his fame expanded, John Breen kept a wary eye for ruffians trudging to and from the river. His stay at the Clothing Emporium became more and more perilous. The Grogan Gang was "laying" for him. He avoided the river front and kept away from the Bowery. Once on a Saturday night, walking with Becka arm in arm, and deep in the mysteries of river lore, for John told her everything he could remember, he was suddenly confronted by a crowd of toughs.
"That's 'im! That's tha fightin' kyke!"
Set on from front and back he was unmercifully beaten, kicked and mauled. Becka, screaming, ran to the corner crying, "Moider, perlice!—moider!—perlice!" Her frantic screams were heard for a block and a cop, providentially near, rushed to the scene in time to save John Breen from entire annihilation.

Becka supported him, carried him home, a bloody battered gladiator. Becka was his nurse, tended him, washed his cuts and bruises, and got raw beefsteak from Mrs. Yartin for his blackened eyes. She sat on his couch and creid over him, carressed him, her hero.
And so the months went by in a smother of smells and chatter and continuous struggle.
As the summer waxed to its fullest heat and high humidity thickened the air with oppressive damp, the Lipvitch family moved out of their back room into the rear area of the tenement. Here, with their mattresses close together, they lay gasping through the nights. John, prone on his back, gazed upward on clear nights at a slit of heaven. Frequent domestic arguments sounded back and forth down crowded light shafts and weird fancies filled John's mind as he fretted through the hot nights amid the close incest of the city slums. (continued Next Week)

Thirty years ago a boy would get sore when he was asked to walk a mile to buy a pound of sugar; now he gets just as sore when he is asked to answer the telephone.

NORTH CAROLINA, WARREN COUNTY

Foreclosure Suits for Taxes

Actions instituted during the month of June, 1932 (Final Advertisement)

Name of Plaintiff	Name of Defendants	Township & Acreage	Year Taxes Delinquent
R. L. Capps Warren County	Alphonso Richardson	Fishing Creek, 22 a.	1929
" "	Richard Kearney	Smith Creek, 2 lots	1929
" "	M. O. Harrell	Smith Creek, 9 lots	1929
" "	Mrs. Maggie Modlin	Smith Creek, 2 lots	1929
" "	Henry Rodwell	Smith Creek, 1 a.	1929
" "	Matthew Skipper	Smith Creek, 3 a.	1929
" "	Robert Williams and other heirs of Judy Williams	Fork, 7 a.	1929
" "	Mrs. Mary W. Wiggins	Smith Creek, 1 lot	1929
" "	T. C. Williams	Smith Creek, 53 a.	1929
" "	John West	Smith Creek, 1 lot	1929

All persons claiming any interest in the lands above described take notice that actions to foreclose the same for non-payment of 1929 taxes have been commenced in the Superior Court of Warren County and you are required to appear, present and defend your respective claims within six (6) months from the date of this notice, otherwise you will be forever barred and foreclosed of any and all interest or claims in or to the property described or the proceeds received from the sale thereof.
This July 1, 1932.
W. K. NEWELL,
Ast. Clerk Superior Court, Warren County.

JULIUS BANZET, County Attorney.

For Sale

LEGAL TABLETS
CHATEL MORTGAGES
TIMBER DEEDS
MAGISTRATE'S SUMMONS
MAGISTRATE'S JUDGMENTS
Civil
BRIDGE SCORE PADS

Press Publishing Co.
Warrenton, N. C.

Construction Peak Reached In June

BALTIMORE, July 20.—A 1932 peak of \$43,000,000 in construction awards of sixteen Southern States is reported for June in the current issue of the Manufacturers' Record along with a \$167,000,000 total for the first six months of the year.
The June figure was 25 per cent above the May total of \$35,108,000 which represented an increase of 35 per cent over the \$26,000,000 for April, the magazine pointed out.
Only contracts of the larger type were considered in estimating the six months totals, the publication said, and if small contracts had been included the estimate would reach upward of \$210,000,000.
Chief among the projects which featured the first half of the year were Federal, State, county and municipal enterprises. The June total was swelled by two important projects in Washington, D. C., where contracts were awarded for building the Department of Labor building at a cost of \$10,000,000 and a new post office at \$8,000,000.
Highway and bridge building contributed a large part of the June total, with \$14,574,000 worth of contracts awarded. This figure compares with \$14,260,000 for May and \$12,833,000 for April.
A notable increase in improvements at textile plants throughout the South was reported with many plants installing new and more efficient machinery, new lighting systems and humidifying plants.
Among the outstanding major industrial enterprises initiated during the past six months was a 46-mile pipe line in Louisiana and an ore mill to cost \$300,000 in Oklahoma.
Dwelling construction showed a slight increase during June. The totals for this class of work were \$735,000 in May and \$1,061,000 in June. The figures do not include numerous individual projects of less than \$10,000 each.
Hundreds of new construction projects in the dwelling class, including renovations and additions to residential properties costing from \$500 upwards, and under construction in the South, the magazine said.

Plans for the new year properly are made beginning at least six months before the old season closes so that the farm owner may know what he should do to make his place produce at the fullest capacity.

"In planning work for 1933, North Carolina farmers should consider the present crop and then forward to the next crop," says J. F. Criswell extension economist at State College. "For instance those who do not have sufficient seed of the varieties wanted this year may plan to save the best seed on hand this season. Arrangements could be made neighbors to get some of their seed paying for it by labor or exchange before planting time next spring. Brood sows are needed on most farms and the feed for these animals can be planted now. Laying hens and feed for the hens should be carefully provided for and the fall and winter garden prepared."

If such arrangements are made at present, there will be less worry and shortages next season, thinks Criswell. In marketing the crop this year, he suggests that the entire crop not be sold as one lot and all the produce penalized in price because of the presence of inferior quality. It is better to carefully grade the poorest and the best and the difference in the price received will give better profits than lumping the entire yield.
Another thing of importance to every North Carolina landowner lies in keeping records on the fields and projects. Some will be self-sustaining, some will be profitable and some will show a loss. A study of the records on the ventures will be profitable in planning next year's enterprises, especially when final prices are recorded this season.

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It is common knowledge that worry is the source of much sickness and unhappiness during human life. Our greatest worries are in all probability of a financial nature. About business matters.

The protecting arm of Insurance will lessen many of your worries.

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"Consult your Insurance Agent as you would your Doctor or Lawyer."

Report of the condition of the

Citizens Bank

At Warrenton, North Carolina, to the Commissioner of Banks
At the Close of Business on the 30th day of June, 1932

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts	\$229,593.24
United States Bonds	24,962.80
All other Stocks and Bonds	25,080.00
Banking House	17,402.79
Furniture and Fixtures	1.00
Cash in Vault and Amounts Due from Approved Depository Banks	57,447.68
Checks for Clearing and Transit Items	436.48
Cash Items (Items Held Over 24 Hours)	25.60
Other Real Estate	10,599.97
Due from closed Banks	401.51
Total	\$365,956.07

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock Paid In	\$ 20,000.00
Surplus Fund	50,000.00
Undivided Profits (Net Amount)	1,267.76
Reserved for Interest	2,238.85
Reserved for Contingencies	6,072.82
Reserved for Depreciation	4,123.56
Other Deposits subject to check	145,883.80
Deposits Due State of North Carolina and any Official Thereof: Secured,	27,567.42
Demand Certificates of Deposit (Due in Less Than 30 days)	8,805.51
Cashier's Checks Outstanding	505.58
Certified Checks Outstanding	244.00
Savings Deposits (Due on or After 30 Days)	83,189.25
Bills Payable	16,000.00
Due U. S. Gov't. 2 cents Check Tax	57.52
Total	\$365,956.07

State of North Carolina, County of Warren, R. T. Watson, President, V. F. Ward Director, and C. R. Rodwell, Director of the Citizens Bank, each personally appeared before me this day, and, being duly sworn, each for himself, says that the foregoing report is true to the best of his knowledge and belief.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this the 7th day of July, 1932.
MARY E. GRANT,
Notary Public.
My commission expires September 4, 1932.

R. T. WATSON
President
V. F. WARD
Director
C. R. RODWELL
Director