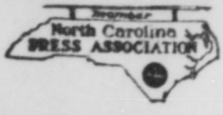


THE ZEBULON RECORD



Published Every Friday By
THE RECORD PUBLISHING COMPANY
Zebulon, N. C.

THEO. B. DAVIS Editor
MRS. THEO. B. DAVIS Associate Editor

Entered as second class matter June 26, 1925, at the Post Office
at Zebulon, North Carolina

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

1 year	\$1.00
6 months	.60
3 months	.35

Advertising rates on request.

All subscriptions due and payable in advance.

Death notices as news, first publication free. Obituaries, tributes, cards of thanks, published at a minimum charge of 13c per column inch.

WHY I DON'T GO TO THE MOVIES!

Below we give five reasons why a certain Englishman, a Dr. Brown, does not go to the movies. Of course these "reasons" might just as easily be applied to other going. Reader, see if you can guess what other public gathering these rules might apply to with the same reasonable excuses.

1. I was made to go too often when I was young.
2. Nobody ever speaks to me when I go.
3. When I have gone I've always been asked for money.
4. The manager never calls at my home.
5. The people who go don't live up to the fine things they see in the pictures.

THE AMERICAN CREED — "DEFEND"

The following creed, written by one William Tyler Page, is good:

The American's Creed

I believe in the United States of America as a government of the people, by the people, for the people; whose just powers are derived from the consent of the governed; a democracy in a republic; a sovereign nation of many sovereign states; a perfect Union, one and inseparable; established upon those principles of freedom, equality, justice, and humanity for which American patriots sacrificed their lives and fortunes.

I therefore believe it my duty to my country to love it; to support its Constitution; to obey its laws; to respect its flag; and to defend it against all enemies.

We can heartily subscribe to every statement of this creed, even "to defend it against all enemies." But many of our leaders would put a provocation, a pretense, or most anything to justify the means to the end, namely, to get Hitler.

As the Record has stated before, we do not believe the mass of our nation wants war. We have interviewed some of the leading citizens of our community; we have discussed the matter with others; we have talked with young men in service, asking them what they believed America should do under existing circumstances. With few exceptions they have said: "We should stay at home and attend to our own business." Seldom have we heard a man eligible to service or likely to be called should war come who said he wanted to enter the conflict.

A citizen said a few days ago: "It is all propaganda." We agree with him that much of what we read about the German-Russian battle and a great deal of what we see in our own newspapers is propaganda. But after sifting out all guess-work and the imaginary, there remains enough reality to make one tremble over the fate of civilization. As a boy the editor fought over real and imaginary rights, and as a man nearing three-score and ten, he would without fear of man or God fight to defend the great fundamental God-given rights of humanity. But as an humble christian, a follower of the Prince of Peace, we want to know we are fighting for principles laid down by Him, principles as sure of surviving as that there shall still be men left on earth after the ghastly, terrible conflict and conflagration is ended.

The "American Creed" is all right as far as it goes, but any creed that does not include christian principles and a recognition of God, lacks something fundamental.

Game Will Be For the Benefit of Scout Hut

Continued from Page 1

seven innings, but doubt was expressed that he could make it from the outfield to home plate for seven innings. Someone suggested making the game five innings, but the Rev. Mr. Allen is still playing short center field. The Jaycees list nine menaces at the plate among their players and one phew. The menaces are: C. B. Eddins, catcher; Robert Ed Horton, pitcher; Hoss Thompson, 1b; Norman Screws, 2b; Raleigh

Alford, shortstop; Book Antone, 3b; Haywood Jones, cf; Claude Arnold, rf; George Griffin, scf. The phew is: you guessed it if.

The Rotarians are all menaces, both at the plate and to themselves while in the field. Their roster follows: Wesley Liles, cf; Vance Brown, p; Kermit Corbett, 1b; Bob Sawyer, 2b; Stewart Black, shortstop; Wilson Braswell, 3b (Look out for errors here; Hoyle Bridgers, lf; Luther "Powerhouse" Long, cf; John Sumner, rf; Charles Allen, scf.

The American Weekly

The Big Magazine Distributed with the

BALTIMORE SUNDAY AMERICAN

On Sale at All Newsstands

HAWK in the WIND

By Helen Topping Miller

© D. Appleton-Century Co. WNU Service.

Marian huddled, small and frightened, under Branford Wills' elbow, her head in a snug beret, scarcely reaching his shoulder. Once he looked around and gave her a scrap of smile, in the dim light from the dash, but she was looking solemnly and searchingly ahead.

"How awful—to be wandering around in the hills on a night like this!" she said. "Poor old Tom!"

"I know how awful it can be," Wills agreed. "I had two nights of it. There's so much sky and black air and empty wind and savage dark around you—and you feel a sort of hatred in it—as though it would kill you if it could. And the branches reach out and snatch and almost snarl—and boulders and roots trip you up—and the wind gathers up handfuls of ice and flings them in your face."

"And you were lost!" said Marian in a small, frail voice.

He looked down at her. "I'm still lost," he said, levelly.

Virgie cleared her throat. "I'm here," she reminded them, "but I'm old and my hearing isn't what it used to be."

"Tom wouldn't be lost," Marian essayed the commonplace again. "He knows his way anywhere in these mountains—no matter how dark it might be."

The river was alongside now, dark and noisy and hidden by the whirling dash of sleety rain. Trees hung low, and the darkness grew thicker; it brooded and was hostile and fearsome. Marian clutched a sleeve and laid her face against it. Wind shook the old car fiercely, but the wheels dug and spun and plowed on. Once a frightened rabbit leaped through the darting steel rods of the rain, its eyes green and terrified. Ice was glassy on the hood, the wind-shield wiper gouged a feeble arc and then failed.

"I'll have to scour it off," Wills said. "We might hit something."

Air that cut their faces rushed in as he opened the door. Marian thought of old Tom—the thin, torn old coat he had worn in the jail, his feet sloshing through the freezing mud, wind cutting through mercilessly.

"Oh—hurry!" she whispered. "But—Mother, what if he didn't come this way?"

"He came this way. He took the old log trail across the ridge, and crossed the river on that swinging bridge."

"There's a light," said Branford Wills.

"The gate is beyond that big tree. It's steep beyond—you'd better change gears."

"Has he had time—"

"He left before dark. A boy saw him go. They didn't miss him till supper time—"

"If only they had locked the door," Marian mourned.

"We may be in time," Virgie was hopeful.

The house that sprang out of a gnarled darkness of old apple-trees was bleak and somber and somehow desolate.

"The door's open—" breathed Marian.

Virgie gave a little groan.

"I'll go," she said. "You wait here."

"Not alone, Mother."

"No—not alone," Wills sprang out after her.

Marian hurried after them, slipping and panting, in the wan beam of their headlights. But somehow she knew it was too late. She had known it when the dreary old house leaped out of the darkness, out of the solitude and silence which for a year it had known.

"Don't let her come," Virgie warned sharply.

"But I'm coming," Marian answered, setting the chin she had from David Morgan.

"Take my hand," Wills said. "I can walk alone." But she took the hand.

Heid it tight, clutched by the dread of that sinister, opened door. Beyond that door a lamp fluttered in the draft. Beyond it was a deserted room, where coils glowed in a base burner and Wallace Withers' elastic-sided shoes sat warming on the floor. Shoes he would never wear any more.

"Don't come closer," Virgie called sharply.

But Wills went on and Marian would not let go his hand, though her flesh was icy and her hair lifted a little on her head, at what lay there, face upward in front of that open door.

Wallace Withers had been shot cleanly through the head. This time Tom's gun had not jammed.

"Don't touch anything," Wills warned. "Is there a telephone in this house?"

Virgie, a little sick because she could not hate even a dead, cruel old man who had wronged her, shook her head.

"Not even a well," she said.

"But—we've got to find Tom!" Marian began sobbing wildly.

"Take care of her," Virgie said to Wills wearily. "I'll get a sheet. I



"Don't touch anything," Wills warned.

know where they are. I can't leave him lying there—like that."

She had heard Marian's little choking cry, "Oh, Bran—Bran—"

She had seen Wills holding her in his arms. Suddenly she was old and lonely, and this was death lying face up to the hostile sky—and out of the aloof hills a winter wind howled in desolation. Suddenly she was sorry for Wallace Withers. He had been lonely, too!

They found Tom Pruitt at dawn. Men with lanterns and dogs had crashed and slid through the icy night, cursing the storm and the darkness. And all night Virgie had sat by the stove in Wallace Withers' house, looking straight ahead of her, musing on the tangled tragedy of life—and the way greed snarled the twisting strands, wove traps and nooses and webs for hopes and high ambitions to be choked in.

Wills and Marian had gone for help and met a posse on the road. But light was under the hemlocks along the river bluff when they found Tom.

Virgie saw them coming, slowly, up the frozen lane, and knew what they had found.

"He went over them rocks—down there where the river runs under the cliff," a deputy said. "He was heading back toward your place I reckon, Mis' Morgan, and he missed his footing in the dark. I wouldn't take on, Mis' Morgan—I reckon it's just as well."

"Yes," said Virgie, tonelessly, "it's just as well."

Somehow she got home.

Riding in somebody's rickety car, cold and weary and aching from head to foot with a sorrow that was rigid and steely like bonds around her heart and throat.

The mountains and the woods were frigidly incased in a coating of icy glass. The streams were hidden and from the stack of the mill a wan steam drifted.

The fires were banked and tomorrow the barkers would whirl again, gnashing their steel teeth into unresisting wood, grinding and spewing and sucking away the life-blood of a green tree so that missals could be printed for praying nuns and letters written to old mothers.

The mill would go on.

The mill would go on and Tom would not be there. David would not be there. A sudden, stark, awful loneliness got Virgie Morgan by the throat as she walked into her own house, and sank into the chair that had the print of David Morgan's thin shoulder-blades.

She couldn't go on—she couldn't—alone!

And then suddenly she was not alone. Youth was there, with lights and hot coffee and gentle hands.

Marian and Branford Wills.

"We've stopped fighting, Mother—we found out we were terribly in love with each other. Do you mind, Mother? Take off her shoes, Bran, and rub her feet. I'll get her slippers."

Branford Wills knelt at her feet, lean and brown, with his deep voice and gentle eyes.

"I can't go on without her," he said. "I know what a presumptuous fool I am—"

"I'm glad," said Virgie numbly. She would have liked a son like this lad, she was thinking.

Lucy was there—and Stanley Danfels, looking sheepish and relieved and eager to help. They were scrambling eggs, they announced.

"We thought you'd need us, Mrs. Morgan," Lucy said, brightly, little red coins shining in her cheeks.

Suddenly Virgie began to sob. They were so brave and so reckless and so gallant. Their eyes were so clear. They were youth—going on!

"Yes, I need you!" she said hoarsely.

[THE END]



Members of the Raleigh Music Club are planning to provide the Central Prison auditorium with a new piano as a result of a series of minstrel entertainments, which netted several hundred dollars for the State's quota of funds to aid Britain. Governor Broughton and a group of officials are shown enjoying a recent performance. Left to right they are: Ren Hoeck, Prison Recreation Director; Governor Broughton; Warden Ralph McLean; T. Boddie Ward, new Motor Vehicle Commissioner; Prison Director Oscar Pitts; and Ben Prince, SH&PWC Chairman.

Section 102, Motor Vehicle Laws of North Carolina: "(h) No person shall drive a motor vehicle at such a slow speed as to impede or block the normal and reasonable movement of traffic except when reduced speed is necessary for safe operation or in compliance with law. Police officers are hereby au-

thorized to enforce this provision by directions to drivers, and in the event of apparent willful disobedience to this provision and refusal to comply with direction of any officer in accordance herewith by the continued slow operation, a driver shall be a misdemeanor."

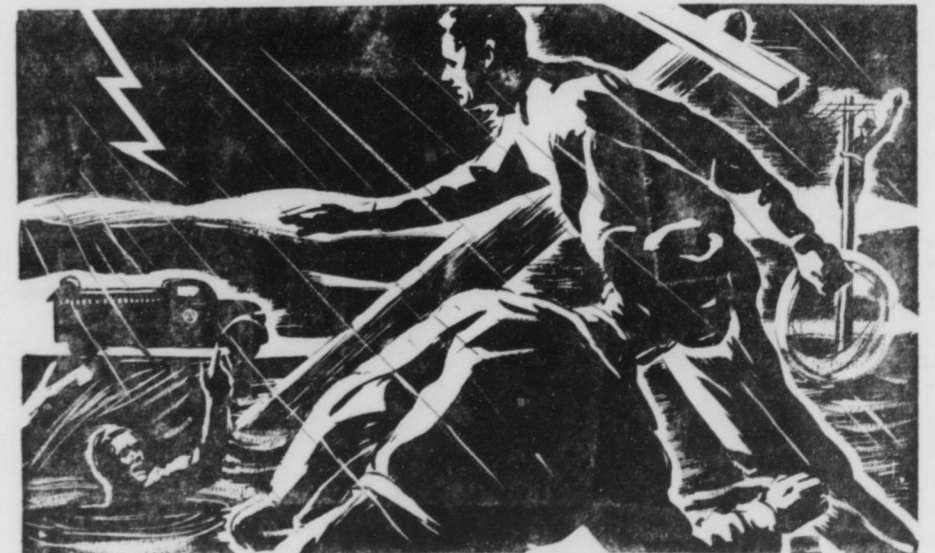
In other words, don't poke along on the highway and hold up traffic, getting on the nerves of other drivers and provoking them to acts of recklessness. Drive slowly when safety demands or the law requires that you do so. Otherwise, drive at a normal and reasonable speed.

HELD BY DAILY DISPATCH—JUNE 30, 1941: "ELECTRICAL STORM WORST AND LONGEST IN MEMORY OF MANY OLD RESIDENTS—". "The thunderstorm was the most intense and prolonged in the memory of many old timers, beginning about dark and continuing until well after 1 a. m., today—". "Rainfall during the storm was officially reported today as 4.64 inches, one of the heaviest measurements on record here in a like period of time."

That You Might Be Served



INDOORS—SECURITY, PEACE AND REST—Families enjoyed the safe protection of their homes, while children slept as the storm raged throughout the night.



OUTDOORS—Men, servants of your comfort, some from distant points and from homes to which they, like you, had retired for their well earned evening's rest, battled the elements to maintain in service lines not already down, and to replace those which had been twisted and torn from their proper places.

YOUR electric company did this that YOU might have the convenience of complete electric service at the earliest possible moment.

ONLY an organization of loyal men and women bent on service to YOU at all times and hazards could have accomplished such a vast undertaking in the short period of only a few hours.

Your Organization of Service CAROLINA POWER & LIGHT COMPANY