

MR. HUGH DAVE MacWHIRR Resents Official Exhortation

Last week when we stopped in at Smith's Cash Store in Vass to see whether we could sell Mr. Smith some advertising, some job orders, another subscription or maybe even the whole blamed paper, lock, stock, debts and barrel, who should we see sitting out in front but Mr. Hugh Dave MacWhirr in his winter overcoat, a 1917 army model in fairly good repair except that a horse blanket pin hung on the front ready to do duty for buttons when the coat was closed up which it never is. Mr. MacWhirr had bought five cents worth of fig newtons from Mr. Smith and considered evidently that this transaction entitled him to carry Mr. Smith's desk chair outdoors into a sunny spot along the wall. We looked in through the window. Mr. Smith was at his desk getting out his bills seated on a case of bacon.

"How do you come on, Son?" Mr. MacWhirr said as we got out of the car. "Have a biscuit!"

As we did not reach for it fast enough and it was the last one he ate it himself and blew the crumbs out of his whiskers.

"Well, Mr. Mac," we said, "what's new with you?"

"Son," with a sweeping gesture Mr. MacWhirr threw the empty box into the middle of the road, "as the fellow says, what's new is old. Did you know old man Purefoy Lashley," Mr. MacWhirr said, "back in the old days?"

"Back in the old days," we said, "we didn't know anybody. Back in the old days we were an angel," we said. "And will be again," we added firmly.

"How was it?" Mr. Hugh Dave inquired.

"Being an angel?" we said. "No complaints. It was a fine life while it lasted."

"Pity you wasn't able to hold the job," Mr. MacWhirr said. "Now this Purefoy was a deputy. That was nothing. In those days everybody was a deputy because they were lumbering in this country and the sawmill gangs were bad to fight each other on Saturday nights. Well, there had been a fuss one Saturday between Page's hands and another gang in Manly which was then a flourishing city of twenty liquor stores and a Presbyterian Church, and me and two other deputies had gone down and quelled it. Shot two men, but not so bad, though one did die later. Jailed three men and everybody else that was sober enough to walk had gone home. We had just got back this far in a hired rig." Mr. MacWhirr pointed along the street in the direction of U. S. 1, "and had pulled up alongside the road to talk to a young lady." Mr. MacWhirr nodded in the direction of the store.

"In fact, it was the mother of little Bessie Cameron that's married to the gentleman that runs this store."

"Yes, we know her," we said. "She works for The Pilot."

"Well, but in those days the family held up its head," Mr. MacWhirr said. "They didn't work for nobody."

"Why, Mr. MacWhirr," we said, "many folks think that The Pilot is a mighty good little paper and that Miss Bessie is an ornament to it."

"Times change," Mr. MacWhirr said. "But I don't. All I know is that in the old days a woman who wrote anything but poetry was considered unnatural." He slapped his foot on the ground. "Yes, Sir, in my day and time a woman was supposed to write poetry and write it for nothing."

"Not write prose for money, is that it?" we said.

"I have no word to say against little Bessie Cameron Smith," Mr. Hugh Dave said, suspiciously. "A cute little girl, as clever as a mink and most as pretty as her ma who was who we were talking to that evening on the road, us deputies. We was all bachelors then and she was young and shy, and we was giving her a time, I'll tell you." Mr. Hugh Dave paused and worked his whiskers reminiscently. "Yes, Sir, it's wonderful how bold young men get around a young lady when they outnumber her."

He sat there thinking about it so long that at last we said, "Well, what about old man Purefoy, Mr. Hugh Dave?"

"Why," he said, "just like I was about to say. Suddenly here he come in a top buggy on the run, headed south. When he got to us he pulled up in a cloud of dust. There was a good moon and he could see who we was. 'Ain't you all deputies?' he hollers. 'Well, what kind of deputies? Do you call yourselves deputies?'"

"Purefoy," I says, "take a spit and a swallow and tell us about it."

"Why," he says, "ain't you heard about it? All hell's broke loose in Manly. The Page gang is barricaded in the railroad commissary and a hundred men is trying to shoot them down." Purefoy pointed his buggy whip at us. "And all you deputies can do is to set up to a young girl that ought to be in bed two hours ago." He shakes the buggy whip at us and that starts up his horse and away he goes down the road to Manly hollering, "Come on, boys, follow me!"

Mr. MacWhirr looked down the road to Manly reminiscently. "Come on, boys, follow me," he murmured to himself. "If old man Purefoy was alive today he would be the very fellow to get a big-paid job."

Patently Mr. MacWhirr waited for us to ask the question.

"What kind of job, Mr. MacWhirr?" we said.

"Why, as government spokesman." Mr. MacWhirr said. "Every week they come dashing out of Washington, government spokesmen do, hollering, 'Come on, boys, follow me! Get busy! There's a war on, we're going to lose it! Wake up!'"

"What we need," we said, "is to turn the radio around and let the talk run the other way for a while."

Mr. Hugh Dave looked at us without any sign of satisfaction. "Why, of course, that's what we need," he said. "Then we could holler back to them government spokesmen 'Put up your buggy whip, Purefoy, stop talking, we're on the job. It's you that's been so slow to hear the news.'"

"The people are all right," we said.

"Well, if they ain't," Mr. MacWhirr said, "we've got nothing to go on,

Cars Stolen While Owners See Picture

James Wilson Held For Theft of Autos, One Belonging to Haywood Fry

James Wilson, 18-year-old man of the Thagards section, is in Moore County jail awaiting trial on charges of stealing two automobiles from almost within the shadow of the court house in Carthage last week. Both were stolen while the owners were attending the picture show.

Haywood Fry, county surveyor, was the owner of one, a 1937 Ford coach, and James Pierce of Jonesboro, of the other, a 1938 Ford cabriolet.

Wilson was arrested in Hamlet Saturday night by the police on a charge of driving while under the influence of intoxicants. Officers checked on the car and found that it was the one stolen in Carthage.

State Highway Patrolman W. B. Kelly and Police Chief W. B. Finnisson of Carthage went to Hamlet Monday to bring back the prisoner, and he is said to have admitted stealing both cars and to have told where he had abandoned Mr. Fry's car. The officers went to the scene, in the woods one mile off the airport-Lakeview road, and found the car. Both automobiles were returned in running condition, but fenders of the Pierce car had been slightly damaged.

ATTEND WELFARE MEET

Miss Pauline Covington, Moore County welfare superintendent, spent from Monday until Thursday of this week in Raleigh attending a welfare institute at the Carolina Hotel. Miss Olive Hennessee of Pinehurst, case aide, went for the day Thursday.

nothing to fight for and I quit right now." He smiled and his eyes under his shaggy eyebrows turned mighty bright and blue. "Yes, we're all right, I reckon. I guess we'll just have to hope that the government will catch up to us." He frowned slightly. "But they ought to stop hollering. 'Follow me!'"

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Vegetable Soup 2 No. 1 Cans **11c**

Chicken Noodle 2 No. 1 Cans **13c**

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String Beans New Pack 2 No. 2 Cans **23c**

Peaches, Del Monte, can 27c

Snowdrift, 2-lb. can 49c

Hi-Ho Crackers Sunshine 1-lb Pkg **21c**

Kellogg's Corn Flakes 2 6-oz Pkgs **12c**

Vegetole Shortening 1-lb Carton **19c**

Tomatoes New Pack 2 No. 2 Cans **21c**

Blackeye Dried PEAS 2 lbs **18c**

Wesson Oil Quart Can **55c**

Dog Food, Hi-life, Kibbled 2 pg 9c

Wheaties Gold Medal 2 8-oz Pks **25c**

Honey Sioux Bee 5-lb Jug **98c**

Pillsbury's Best Flour 12-lb Bag **70c**

Cutrite **Waxed Paper** 125-foot Roll **17c**

Liquid, Self Polishing **Aerowax** Pint Can **23c**

Red Cross **Paper Towels** 150 Count Roll **9c**

Ultra Soft **Hudson Tissue** 3 Rolls **17c**

White Laundry **P and G Soap** 4 Cakes **19c**



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