one another.

flock of geese in the pond.

searching fashion.

his brother's death.

couldn't see them.

see down into it.

saw him again.'

covered

covered.

day:

rough;

tough;

of good books.

The Patch of Blue.

AKE LANDING LIBRARY

Nurses, April Gold, The White

Flower, The Beloved Stranger, and

Rabbit Lore

wounded geese in the shallow wa-

what happened, but they have long

er. It must have sunk the tusks into

his hand; and it just galloped on,

"I stayed there, running up and

down the beach, shouting and yell-

(Continued next week)

"LIMBS"

By HELEN M. LAVENDER

(Apologies to Joyce Kilmer)

She forced herself to listen to what

Peter said when he now began to

relate what had happened, telling

George, while the others listened.

THE STRUMPET

By Ben Ames Williams

© Ben Ames Williams W. N. U. Service

SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I—George McAusland was 38 years old when he sailed from America to undertake his post as a missionary in the Fiti Islands. A crime he had committed in a fit of axcitement had shattered all his confidence in himself. He felt forced to avoid pre ty Mary Doncaster, who boarded the ship at Honolulu. She was an route to visit her parents, who were missionaries on Giller Island. Mary was attracted by George's attempts to avoid her. One day George accidentally felt overboard.

CHAPTER II - Mary unhesitatingly dove into the sea to rescue George. Now George had to talk to her. His fears were realized when he began to fall in love with her. When the boat approached her home on Gilead Island, they learned that Mary's parents had both died.

CHAPTER III.—George volunteered to take charge of the mission which had been vacated by the deaths of Mary's parents. Faced with the necessity of losing Mary if he left her now, George forced himself to ask her to be his wife. Mary accepted his clumsy proposal, and they left the ship to live in her former home on the island.

CHAPTER IV—The scanty dress of the natives shocked George at first, but he soon became reconciled to their customs. Mary discovered that Corkran, a sailor friend of George's, had deserted ship to live on the island. He had come there to help George and Mary if they needed him. Their peaceful life was interrupted one day when a ship stopped in the barone day when a ship stopped in the har-

CHAPTER V—George had natives watch the ship when it sailed for the other side of the island. They saw the pearl divers attacked and their schooner sunk by a pirate ship.

CHAPTER VI—They watched with fear as the pirates headed their boat toward the bay near their village. George sent Mary inland for safety and walked down to the beach, alone and defenseless, to meet the unwelcome visitors. Natives carried him back to Mary hours later, shot through the shoulder.

CHAPTER VII-Natives killed the pirates that night and set their boat afire. The boat was still burning when the longawaited whaler, the Venturer, arrived. Mary was told that its captain had died. and that his sons, Richard and Peter Corr, were now in charge as captain and first mate. She liked Richard, but was told by Peter that he publicly laughed at her affection.

CHAPTER VIII—George was a sick man when the Venturer arrived. The consumption which had developed from a cold was complicated by the bullet wound in his shoulder.

CHAPTER IX—George agreed to leave the island when he saw that the epidemic among the natives was caused by his consumptive condition. A native gave Mary a small bag of pearls as a farewall present. The attitude of the crew toward Peter bothered Mary, so she decided to find out if he was really responsible for the death of a seaman who had been killed while whaling.

CHAPTER X-Evidence which pointed toward Peter's responsibility was damning but was not conclusive proof. George and Mary saw their first whale several

CHAPTER XI—The whale was killed only after a long struggle during which Richard thrust shaft after shaft into its enormous side. Mary was surprised the next evening when Peter approached her and forcibly tried to press his intentions

CHAPTER XIII—The oil casks aboard ship were almost filled before the ship headed south to round Cape Horn for America. Mary discovered one morning that her pearls were missing

CHAPTER XIV—Loss of the pearls disturbed Mary greatly. To explain the theft of the pearls to George, she was forced to tell him about the sinking of the pirate ship for the first time. It startled him to learn that others thought him so weak that he couldn't ha told.

George was suddenly seized by a fit of jealousy. He threatened to kill Richard for making love to his wife, but Mary persuaded him that his suspicions were

CHAPTER XVI

Mary stayed beside George's bunk all that night. She thought the motion of the ship had eased. There was no longer much roll. Once next day Mary went up the companionway. She saw, standing somewhat sheltered by the companion, that the great seas astern were forever about to overtake them. Solid water piled up behind them higher and higher, seemed to hang above them for a while, moving nearer and nearer, till its crest broke into winddriven foam, and the mass subsided. There were two men at the wheel, fighting it hard. Peter came to Richard's side and shouted something; but Richard, staring stonily ahead, did not even nod. Peter him following.

He said, hoarse with panic: "He's

crazy, I tell you." She saw that he was shaking with simple fear; but she was not afraid. No emotion could touch her now. She went in to George, to sit beside him, holding his hand. He would be better when the sun shone again and they were all warm. She thought she had been cold for weeks, could not remember when she had not been stiff with cold. Time passed. At intervals, Peter or Mat Forbes came below for a brief moment of rest in their cabin across from George's. The lamps were lighted day and night, swinging and -flaring crazily; but night ran into day without division.

She thought of Richard, never leaving the deck, his face set like granite, staring ahead yet seeing nothing, forcing the ship along this road that might have death at the turned to her, cheerful, smiling: end like a man fleeing blindly from | boldly. something dreadful. She knew what it was from which he fied. Her are the medicine he needs," he said. thoughts kept him company, hev- "He has you, anyway." comfort him, while the tortured Corkran something unscoken pass Venturer drove on and an

Disaster struck them in that hour between midnight and dawn when men are at low ebb.

For it was then a sea overtook the Venturer, solid water like a wall, so high that it becalmed the fore course; and before the topsails could lift her it came aboard over the stern. The mass of it boiled through the after house; the stern was pressed down by the weight, and away. the ship's way checked. Then, as the stern rose, the water swirled me." and eddied about the decks like a school of fish meshed in a net trying this way and that to be free. It tore out bulwarks here and there. It ripped one of the boats from the gripes and left it hanging stern down against the ship's side, battering to splinters there.

When that sea caught them, Mat Forbes and Gibbons were at the wheel together, but Gibbons was torn away by the solid water and flung forward head overheels. One of his booted feet smashed through a pane in the skylight; and his foot in the hole it had made and held his body hanging head down. Mat Forbes held to the wheel. Richard and Peter were saved by the lifelines to which they clung; and the watch on deck forward had warning enough to give them time to grab at hand-holds.

As the stern lifted, Richard leaped through water that was still knee deep to help Mat with his one good arm. The Venturer had begun to broach to, but the foretopmast staysail helped pay her off; and they held her. The splitting crack when the foretopmast broke a foot above the cap warned Richard what was happening forward. The stick as it fell caught Eddie Few a sidewise crack that stunned him or killed him outright. He slid overboard as the great sea, sullenly relinquishing the attack, drew off from the decks of the Venturer.

Gibbons freed himself from the skylight and, heedless of his lacerated leg, returned to duty at the wheel. Richard kept the wheel with him, and since Peter was useless he sent Mat Forbes to clear the wreckage forward. Holding a precarious footing against the pressure of the screaming wind, Mat cut away the topgallantmast and let it go overside; and under his driving, men secured the fragment of the topmast to stop its banging, and caught the tangled web of rigging and controlled it with many lashings. The reefed foresail began to draw again. they got other useful rags of canvas on her; and an hour after that great sea, Richard went below to reassure Mary, 'he had the Venturer in hand. In that hour the gale, having done its worst for their destruction, had somewhat relented. The pressure of the wind began to ease, and before daylight, though the seas still were mountainous, the immediate danger was over.

Later that day they dropped anchor in a large bay which Peter identified as Hoakes Bay. Here Richard planned to repair the Venturer.

Next morning after breakfast was served, Richard was asleep, and Peter did not wake him. "We're better off if he stays asleep," he said harshly. "He'll wreck us before he's through. He's crazy!" Weariness was on them all, crushing them; and after they had eaten, and after Mary had warmed George's bed with hot water in the jugs again, they all slept. It was midafternoon before Richard roused, and waked others, and the work of repairing damage

They lay three days in Hoakes Bay; and most of the time the wind held steady and boisterously strong, and the cold ate into them deadeningly. But on the second day the sun shone fitfully between spats of rain; and when George saw the sun in his cabin window, he wished to go on deck. Mary and Tommy helped him up the companionway; and on her arm he moved out of the shade of the after house forward into the open waist of the ship. Mary saw one of the ship's boats on its way to the shore; and when Isaiah joined them, Mary asked where the men

"Mate's gone to get some fresh meat," he said, "and to look for a chance to fill our water casks. Island's full of wild hogs, thin as a deer, not a mite of fat on 'em anywhere. You'd think you was eating

veal. Real sweet meat." "You've been here before?" His Adam's apple pumped violent-

"Well, you might say! I've heard my pa tell about it, too. It used to be there was a lot of ships turned to the companion, and Mary come here for seals, skins and blubbacked down into the cabin with ber and the like. They don't come so much now. Not seals enough to pay you for the trouble, nor whales either." He peered off across the water through narrowed eyes.

George, looking at the green slopes rising from the water, the brown-flanked mountains to the east,

said: "It's all forest, isn't it?" Isaiah shook his head. "That's tussock grass you're looking at. It grows ten-twelve feet tall, and from here it looks like trees for a fact, but it ain't. There ain't no trees to

mention, just vines and bushes. Corkran stopped for a moment and spoke to George. "Reverence, you'll be needing sun on you, and warm days again to set you right."

"I'll be fine, yes," George assented. 'Caught a little cold, that's all; started me coughing again." Mary, watching Corkran, saw the solicitude in his eyes. Then he

"Himself here, you and the sun

ered ever him, wished she might She felt as she often did with

between him and her: she unbugnt incredulously that somehow he had guessed her secret and Richard'swhich George must never know. "He'll always have me," she said simply. "All of me. All my life." Her eyes met Corkran's fairly.

"Aye," he said. "You're fine." Mat Forbes summoned him. George looked after the sailor as he moved

"You know, Mary, Corkran likes

"I know."

"I think he's the first man who their game. Peter had the gun, ever liked me." Her hand lay in his arm. "I value his liking me; and yet by all the tests I know. he's a graceless, sinful man." He They worked their way into it, Richsmiled at himself, at his own inconsistency.

At dinner next day Richard said and so high that when they were they would be ready to depart by evening if the wind served. "We might have to wait," he admitted. "It'll need to come some easterly to help us out of the Bay." He was sending both the remaining boats ashore to fill the casks from a pond the men had found not far from the beach; and he and Peter would take one of the guns from the cabin to try for geese as an addition to their stores.

When a little later the boats were gone, the Venturer was almost deserted.

Mary became conscious as the afternoon drew on of a change in the wind, and looked out through the small square window above the bunk and saw that the ship had swung so that the southern shores of the bay instead of the northern were now on that starboard side. Richard had said an easterly wind would favor their departure from Hoakes Bay, and she thought with a lift of spirits that they would depart tonight, as soon as the boats returned. When after a while she heard the first boat bump the ship's side, something in her quickened. She would be glad to be away, glad to come north out of this rotting cold and be warm again.

She heard feet on deck, and listened for Richard's voice. She heard Peter giving orders; then the creak of the windlass as the first cask of water was swung aboard. Someone came down the companion into the after cabin, and she thought it was Richard, and wondered whether he would come to the door here to speak to them.

Richard was coming into the main cabin now, passing the head of the table. She heard his steps, and looked through the door and saw not Richard but Peter. Peter went into the cabin which he and Mat Forbes shared; and after a minute or two he came out with his arms full of his belongings and carried them



"Mary-Richard's dead."

through the door into the common room aft. Into Richard's cabin! She stared after him and her heart began to pound. She rose, and George waked and asked quickly:

"What is it, Mary? Don't leave She nodded in submission, yet she stood in the door, waiting for Peter to appear again. Why was he in Richard's cabin? She could hear the sounds of his movement there. She began to tremble, not now with cold. She wished to call to Peter, and her lips were dry and her throat

ached. Then he appeared. He did not speak. She forced herself to do so. She asked:

"Peter-where's Richard?" He shook his head, not in negation, but in a sort of submission. He said: "Mary-Richard's dead."

Mary for a moment could not move. She heard herself whispering monotonously: "No. No. No." She ment of books, according to Miss people in 1941. a gesture of denial, a refusal to believe. Richard could not be dead. He had been so alive. So much in him had spoken deeply and clearly to so much in her, even when no words passed between them, nor even any glances. She braced her hands against the sides of the door, looking at Peter. She stood there, shaking her head like one whose mind is adrift, whispering, muttering: "No, Peter. No, he isn't. He can't be."

But Peter told her soberly: "He is, Mary."

Mary insisted, stupidly reiterant: "Peter, he's alive."

He said, angrily resenting her rehighl to accept his word: "Lon't talk

PORTRAIT IN SEPIA

By K. B., in The Christian Science Monitor

Peter said they set the men to fill the casks, and then he and Richard went around the pond, because there to herself as she sloshed warm were geese on the other side. But the geese rose and flew up, and set- scapy water over the plump little tled again up there into what must body of her first-born; they laughbe another pond; and he and Richard decided to follow the birds and of drops splashed by his chubby hood. try for a shot, and he called Gee, hands. She lifted him from his tub the Negro, to come along and carry and gently patted his satin skin said. dry. Snowy little undergarments loaded with bird shot. They came were slipped on and next came the into tussock grass, at first short but later higher than their heads. each wee foot before she adjusted ard leading, then Peter, then Gee the tiny soft shoes. behind. The grass was so luxuriant With the baby fully dressed, the

mother stood back and surveyed six feet apart they were hidden from him proudly. His hair was still damp and curling, his big gray-Peter said they came out at last blue eyes under their long lashes on an open hillside grown with berregarded her unblinkingly. He ry bushes. They saw the pond on lifted his short arms to her and the saddle of the ridge and a great broke into a gurgle, displaying two tiny teeth, lying like grains of pol-"I would have to crawl to get ished rice on his pink gums. His near enough to shoot," Peter said. mother caught him up, gave him a explaining to them as they listened hug, and placed him in his high without speech, Isafah and Hiram chair, then clicked on her radio for the slave ship rather than bring in the door with Corkran behind music with the noon-day meal. She her coming child into a life of them, George and Mary at the ta- spun the dial from station to sta- bondage. Then her thoughts went

stand behind Peter, tears streaking ket reports or war news. his cheeks. Once when Mary looked at Corkran she saw that he was the kitchen wondering why not their consciousness a song, and the watching George, in an intent and even one station offered music just God-given wisdom to sing in their Peter went on with his story of thoughts ran on; every day brought flected, named the songs "spiritrecitals of wrongs inflicted upon uals" and owned them as folk 1926, and recorded in the office of "I'd have to crawl," he said, "on people far away who suffered be- songs. my hands and knees. Richard and cause a scant half-dozen brutish Gee stayed where they were, so's minds could order thousands of hu- ly halted in her flight of happiness. not to scare the birds. I crawled mans to maim and slaughter thou- The security she had hitherto enwithin shot range and waited till sands of other humans. How did joyed she now could see had been they lined up good, and shot. Some such persons rise to power any- only complacency. She was a 100 were dead, and some of them flap- way? Surely whole nations of per cent American. Yes, for genping on the water. The others flew people could not be brutish, and erations. But other Americans in-

came running. We chased the 0-0-0

finally I saw him. There was a cooing infant. point of rocks running out into the sidewalk, the mother thought of lies to increase the tension and to eastwardly along Lillie Dillons line water, and he was sneaking toward the point as if he was trying to cut her good fortune in living in a land nourish resentment into distrust to the first station the J. L. Walksomething off from the water. I far from hatreds and bombings, of and hate. thought it might be seals, but I her husband and baby with her in Individuals were useful for evil Isaac Tweedy Old Home Place, "I saw him start to run, and then erous green lawn. She remarked bining their intelligence and action children, and contains 31 acres, I saw them coming toward the wa- how sweetly the birds were singing. could be important for good here more or less. This mortgage conter, galloping on their flippers the The sun smiled benignly and the and anywhere. Why not apply the veys and encumbers only the Oneway they do; but they were sea air was soft. She stopped to pull lions, bigger than seals, some of the coverlet away from the beloved sentment in one's self, help to over- Dillon. them ten or twelve feet long. Dick , passenger.

got in the way of them and he hit at | A freckled lad of seven or eight, one with his club. It snapped at playing in a yard, paused from his him. I was too far away to see just pleasures and, glimpsing the pass-

tusks, teeth like a dog's, only long-FOOD-FEED CAMPAIGN TO BE STARTED IN STATE

dragging Richard with it, into the With the endorsement and active participation of Governor J. M. "I think one of the tusks stuck in Broughton, a "Food and Feed for his wrist somehow; maybe wedged Family Living" campaign is being between the bones, or hooked into started in rural North Carolina. the tendons. He was jerked off his Next fall farm families will be feet, couldn't do anything. It graded, and those who have prodragged him into the water, duced at least 75 per cent of their and they went under together. The food and feed requirements for the place was boiling with them, dozens year will receive handsomely enof them, like a school of mackerel. graved certificates signed by the They churned it into foam like milk. Even from up where I was, I couldn't

Three hundred thousand enrollment cards are now being printed, and shortly each North Carolina farm family will receive one of ing like a crazy man, but I never these cards, together with a letter of explanation, from their county farm and home agents. There is nothing compulsory or binding about signing the cards. It merely is a statement of the intention of the farm family to aid in the

National Defense Program. In each county there is being formed an Agricultural Workers do not think that there's a lim' Council to assist farmers in their Nor ankle quite as cute and trim plans to produce the necessary As when its skin is gossamer food and feed. All agricultural workers, including white and Ne-"skeeter" bites can't be dis- gro agents of the Extension Service of State College, home demonstration leaders, vocational teachlimb that stands in sun some ers, AAA committees, and representatives of the Farm Security limb that sometimes kneels to Administration, Soil Conservation Service, Farm Credit Administralimb that may in summer wear tion, Grange, Farm sureau, Forest All the pretty colors I do declare. Service and Land Use Planning Committees are joining together to

Your heels are red and "skint" and present a united program in 1941. The enrollment card which each Upon your bark your hide looks farm family will be asked to sign reads as follows: "In view of the Limbs are made by flattering hose need for National Defense now But only you can make corny toes. facing our country, I realize that each farm should produce an abundance of home grown food and IS HOME OF GOOD BOOKS feed for home consumption. I wish to be one of the farmers of The Lake Landing public library North Carolina who has a part in has just received another ship-making for a stronger, healthier

knew she was shaking her head in Orphie Berry, librarian. The li- "I will, insofar as possible: (1) brary is the pride of the commun- Produce adequate food to feed all ity and has the backing of all of people living on the farm. This the citizens. It is called the home means a garden of at least 1-10 acre per person, milk and poultry Among the new books received products, a meat supply and conby the library are: (Juvenile), serving of surplus foods for an ade-Star Maiden, Little Indian, Polly- quate diet for every person on the anna's Jewels, Pollyanna of Orange farm. (2) Grow the necessary Blossoms; (Adult), Fame is the feed for livestock and poultry on Spur, Valley of the Sun, All This the farm. This means grains, hay, and Heaven Too, Arizona, Michael forage, pasture and other sod O'Halloran, Sue Barton, Supt. of crops.'

Painless Fishing Fish suffer little if any pain when hooked. There are very few nerves about the jaw which could canse that sensation. Some bass Although the rabbit is generally have been known to be hooked tw like a fool. I tell you he's dead!" | considered very much a dry land or three times in the same day by Why should Peter be angry because animal, the swamp rabbit, found in fishermen using the same type of she could not believe this impossi- only a few of the southern states, bait. Fish, no doubt, have a sensatakes as readily to water as any tion of discomfort, but not as great semi-aquatic animal. as that of the higher animals.

mother drew in her breath to speak you," she ventured as the lad came a cheerful "Good Morning" when closer. "Can you see it?" the lad himself spoke-excitedly, ed gaily as she dodged the showers chilling thoughtlessness of child-mother's smile.

"Look at the nigger baby!" he

The day which had been so dainty embroidered dress his auntie bright suddenly lost its sunshine. had given him. His mother kissed The breeze blew chill. The mother's hand on the buggy trembled. Hateful thing! Mean and cruel to call her baby such a name! Hot tears gushed from her eyes.

> In utter dejection she glanced at her baby. He smiled brightly up at her, thinking, perhaps, this was a game. She leaned down and kissed him tenderly. Thoughtfully she straightened.

For the first time she could fully understand the African slave mother who jumped overboard from ble. Tommy Hanline had come to tion but all were broadcasting mar- on to the women who did bear children in shackles, yet who still could A little disappointed, she went to find somewhere in the depths of now. Nothing but talk of war, her sorrow. Their country, she re-

The little mother had been rudenaturally filled with hatred for sisted on discounting her because "I stood up and yelled, and Gee others that they did not even know, of her brown skin.

This, then, was the way hatreds The baby began to blow bubbles came to control nations. First in- ship, Tyrrell County, beginning at ter, and caught some, till we had in his milk and the mother smiling- dividuals, then races or minority J. L. Walker's corner at the southly chided him. She cleared away religious sects, then nations were west end of the said J. L. Walker's "Then I asked Gee where Richard his lunch and got him ready for an kept apart out of ignorance or mis-field; thence westwardly along the was. He said Richard had gone airing, changed quickly to a fresh understandings. Power-seeking per- main or public road to the Ellen down to the beach. I went along the gingham frock, counted out money sons simply took advantage of such Owens lands; thence southwardly top of the cliff looking for him, and for groceries, and returned to the convenient methods. They played along the said Ellen Owens line to As she rolled the buggy down the spreading misinterpretations and Ellen Owens land; thence north-

> the cozy little home with its gen- or good. Enough individuals com- and willed by him to his six living come in turn others' prejudices?

The girl-mother-suddenly a wo- Administrator of J.D. Furlough, man-lifted her head and squared Tr3-20-4t

her shoulders. The boy stared her baby. It was hard to smile et him, but she smiled first before she them, to be her song of courage.

spoke because smiling seemed just "My baby had a new tooth this The girl-mother hummed softly ers-by, came closer. The young morning. He wants to show it to

> "Uh-huh! I saw it just then," guilelessly, but with the heart- said the boy and shyly returned the

"His real name is William, but we call him Bill. What is your name?" she asked gently.

"Roger," came the ready answer. "Well, good-bye, Roger. Bill and I were on our way to the store to

get something for Bill's dinner." "Good-bye, Bill," called Roger, as the woman grown continued on her way-a new purpose to animate her and a new dignity in her step.



NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE UNDER MORTGAGE

By virtue of the authority vested in the undersigned Admr. of the mortgagee by a certain mortgage executed by W. N. Dillon and wife, Lillie Dillon, dated October 25th, the register of deeds of Tyrrell County, N. C., in book 90, page 178, default being made in the payment of the indebtedness secured thereby, the said undersigned administrator of the mortgagee, will offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash on Saturday, April 12th, 1941, at 12:00 o'clock, Noon, at the courthouse in Columbia, N. C., the following described real estate:

Situated in Scuppernong Townone group against the other, the southeast corner of the said er line. This tract is known as the rule now and by overcoming re-Sixth undivided share of Lillie

This March 13th, 1941. J. F. FURLOUGH,

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