

THE TYRRELL TRIBUNE

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REAL PROGRESS COMES SLOWLY

Real progress comes slowly, but worthwhile things are worth working for, and discouragements over failing to get things quickly are unworthy of true patriots, who have at heart the interest of their people.

We have never had any doubt that the objectives of the Southern Albemarle Association would be accomplished in full. We know that this association began barely more than five years ago. At that time there was no organized effort, and no newspaper effort to get things done, that had been denied us for 15 years. We knew we had to start from the jump, and we had to get three and finally four counties united on a program.

It is our opinion now that had not Hyde, Dare and Tyrrell united on a program of progress for their three counties, not a foot of paving might have been laid in either of the counties on the routes connecting their county seats. The three counties working together through the Southern Albemarle Association have kept attention centered on the prime needs of the counties, and finally the constant agitation is about to get results. A demand for free ferries brought a promise from the Governor to free the ferries. It now looks as if bridges instead of ferries will result, certainly at least one bridge now, and another probably a few years from now.

If we can get the Southern Albemarle road program completed during the next four years, we will think great accomplishments have been done in the past ten years. We will be happy over the results. We believe now, that one of the two bridges sought over Alligator and Croatan will be built. We are not going to argue about the kind or the place, feeling that it is the responsibility of the Highway Commission.

But we will continue to ask that both be built finally and the connecting roads surfaced. It may take a hundred miles of surfacing first and last, between the three counties. But the needs of the people, and the potential development will warrant the cost.

Meanwhile, we must always bear in mind, that our greatest chance of success is a firm union between the counties of Dare, Hyde and Tyrrell, whose problems are the same. Each must stand by the other, and all stand together. Had we not been doing this, we would still remain in the same boat we were in years ago.

All indications are that the State officials have accepted the Southern Albemarle program as laid down, and expect to carry it out. The Association ought to feel highly gratified, and encouraged to further endeavor in behalf of its member counties.

A WISE MOVE

The action of the Hyde County Board of Education, banning football from the schools under its jurisdiction unless certain requirements are met to insure the safety of the players, is a very wise move. Football is a rough game for high school youngsters, and unless they are properly equipped and properly supervised during play and practice, they are in danger of being seriously hurt, or possibly killed.

The ruling can become an example of other school officials who are faced with the same problem of the Hyde group, namely preventing numerous accidents due to a lack of equipment and proper supervision. This newspaper commends the Board on the wisdom of the action it took in this direction. It is a wise move.

ON RAISING MORE FOOD

The advice of Mrs. Madeline E. Smith, Home Management Supervisor of the Hyde County unit of the Farm Security Administration, that farmers of this section should raise as much food supplies as possible by enlarging their gardens, poultry flocks, milk cows, and animals for other kinds of meat including pork, beef, and lamb is very timely, and farm families of the Southern Albemarle region will be wise in following her suggestion.

As pointed out by Mrs. Smith, the average farmer cannot afford to purchase all the food they need for a good diet for their family under the present rising consumer prices. On the other hand, with a little more work they can grow all the food they need and then some. Therefore the only thing left for the farmer to do is to raise more food, or go hungry. We suggest raising more food.

DEFINITIONS AND DESCRIPTIONS OF A BOY

- A boy is a noise covered with dirt.
A boy is a piece of skin stretched over an appetite.
A boy is like a canoe—he should be paddled from the rear.
A boy is like a bicycle—he is only stable when in motion.
A boy is like an iceberg—most of him is hidden, waiting for some explorer to come along.
A boy is a person whom Mother sends his elder sister to search for, with this admonition: "Go see what Johnny is doing, and whatever it is, tell him to stop it this minute."
A boy is a fellow whom Mother should call "Cyclone", because he comes at the most unexpected times, hits the most unexpected places and leaves everything a wreck behind him.

"CLEANUP" BEER DRIVE AFFECTS 83 COUNTIES

Raleigh, July 24.—The beer industry's "clean up or close up" campaign in North Carolina has resulted in disciplinary action against 438 retail outlets in 83 counties.

Edgar H. Bain of Goldsboro, State director of the Brewers and North Carolina Beer Distributors Committee, announced today that the committee had cooperated with local authorities in the elimination of 151 objectionable outlets—132 by revocation of licenses, two by surrender of licenses after revocation petitions had been filed, and 17 by refusal of local authorities to grant licenses on information furnished by the committee.

In addition, 13 dealers have been placed on probation. The State director warned 244 dealers to "clean up" or face more drastic "close up" action. Twelve revocation petitions are pending in several counties and probably will be acted upon at July and August meetings of local boards.

The committee's field staff has investigated 2,174 retail outlets in 94 counties in North Carolina, Bain reported. Retail beer sales are banned in two counties, and the field inspectors are scheduled to visit the other four counties during the summer months.

The industry's self-regulation program has won wide acclaim from public officials, law enforcement agencies and the press of the state during the past two years.

Improved Uniform International SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST, D. D., Dean of the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago. (Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Lesson for July 27

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THE HOLY SPIRIT INSPIRES NEW TESTAMENT LETTERS

LESSON TEXT—Galatians 1:11, 12; I Thessalonians 2:13; II Timothy 3:14-17; II Peter 3:14-16; Jude 3. GOLDEN TEXT—All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness.—II Timothy 3:16.

Letters are usually interesting, frequently very important, and always revealing as to the character and interests of the writer. That is generally true of ordinary daily mail, but how very true it is of the letters of Scripture, the epistles of Peter, Paul, Jude, and John. For in them "holy men of God" spoke as they were moved by the Holy Ghost" (II Pet. 1:21).

I. The Gospel (Gal. 1:11, 12; I Thess. 2:13).

The good news (for that is the meaning of "gospel") of salvation by grace through faith in Jesus Christ as Saviour has from the very beginning of its proclamation been subject to attack. Men are not content to receive God's way of salvation, but want to add something to it, adjust its requirements to meet new situations, to tinker and twist.

1. A Divine Revelation (Gal. 1: 11, 12).

Paul was not presenting something which he or some other man had "worked up," but a message that he had "prayed down." Paul was only delivering that which he had received from God (see I Cor. 15:14). He was careful that it should not be confused with or by the teachings of men, so he "conferred not with flesh and blood" (see Gal. 1:15, 16).

We too are privileged to proclaim a divine revelation which has come to us in the inspired Word of God. How delightfully sweet and tremendously powerful is the message which we may thus bring forth. It has no human frailty and weakness, no human error, and no misleading philosophies. It does not need to be revised every year or two. It is God's eternal message of redemption.

2. A Message of Salvation (I Thess. 2:13).

It works in those who believe. Yes, it does—blessed be the name of God! God's Book says so, and the experience of hundreds of thousands of men and women over a period of almost 2,000 years agrees.

Note, however, that to work, the message must not only be "received," but also "accepted" as the Word of God. The message of the Bible may be received as a matter of fact, but for salvation it must be accepted and believed as a matter of faith.

II. The Bible (II Tim. 3:14-17; II Pet. 3:14-16).

Near the end of a life given in utter sacrifice to God's cause, Paul is ready to be used of the Holy Spirit to speak concerning the written Word.

1. It is God-Inspired (II Tim. 3: 14-17).

Be sure to read this passage in the Authorized Version. The Revised has taken liberties with this verse which the finest scholarship does not countenance. It properly reads, "All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine (teaching), for reproof, for correction, for instruction," etc. Other books may claim some kind or measure of human inspiration—this Book is inspired of God. If there were space, proof of the truth of that statement could easily be given. It is available for all who want to believe it.

2. It is Not to Be Wrested (II Pet. 3:14-16).

If permitted to do so, God's Word will bring peace of heart, make a man spotless and blameless (v. 14). But its salvation (v. 15) is not for those who ignorantly, or because of their ignorance, or because they are not steadfast in their lives, wrest its truth. Let us receive the Word with gladness, not twist it or distort its meaning to our own destruction.

III. The Faith (Jude 3).

1. It Was "Delivered Once for All."

It is a final revelation from God. There is no other gospel, and there never will be another. What assurance that gives us both in believing it and proclaiming it! But the world hates this gospel, and attacks on it are to be expected. Therefore

2. It Is to Be Earnestly Contended For.

No matter how peaceable we may be, how loving and tender-hearted, "if and when attack is made upon the Lordship of Christ, when men make light of sin, and so seem to minimize the vital importance of holiness of life—then, however unpleasant contention and controversy may be to us, it is time we cast our self-regard aside and contend earnestly for the faith once for all delivered to the saints." (J. D. Jones).

MARKED MAN

By H. C. WIRE

D. D. Appleton-Century WNU Service

SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I—Summoned to the C. C. ranch in central Nevada, desert-wise Walt Gandy is on his way to help his old range partner, Bill Hollister. Riding through unfamiliar country, Walt is stopped short by a girl—who holds a rifle in firing position. She knows him, tells him how to get to the ranch, and tells him that they will meet again. Walt is allowed to ride on.

CHAPTER II—Within a quarter of a mile from his destination, Walt is stopped again. The man, who tells him to get out and then tells him the C. C. crew is in Emigrant, the closest town, for an instant. Someone has been murdered.

CHAPTER III—Riding to the Inquest in Emigrant, Walt leaves his horse at the livery stable. Before attending the inquest he asks a few questions. He finds Cameron, owner of the C. C. ranch, is in trouble. A hard but honest man, Cash has many enemies. Gandy's eye is caught by a roan horse tied near the doorway. It belongs to the girl who stopped him earlier in the day.

CHAPTER IV—Chino Drake, former partner of the C. C. crew, has been murdered and Sheriff Ed Battle is trying to pin the blame on Cash Cameron. The girl is called to the stand. She is Helen Cameron, Cash's daughter. She seemingly faints and, as Gandy rushes to her aid, slips something in his hand. It is the bullet from Drake's body.

CHAPTER V—Walt rents a post office box in the C. C. town. He finds a dark, swarthy man who offers him a job. He draws the man out, finds that he wants to usurp Cameron's public range land. Gandy then turns him down in biting fashion. The man, who is named Mett, whips him after a hard battle. The man is Pete Kelso, foreman of the 77 ranch, an old-time enemy of Cameron.

CHAPTER VI—Gandy is called to the sheriff's office to meet Hollister and Sheriff Battle. Hollister, this time, is really glad to see him. Battle tells Hollister that Cameron is through!

CHAPTER VII—Hollister and Gandy return to the C. C. town. They find Cash Cameron and Bent Lavin, the crippled man who stopped Gandy on his previous ride. Paul Champion, a young cow-puncher, is with them. Later Hollister borrows two hundred dollars from Gandy.

CHAPTER VIII—That evening Walt meets Helen Cameron in the kitchen. From the first he has been drawn to her. Then she tells him that Bill Hollister is one of the finest men she has ever known. The words, though he has known her thoughts before, hurt him.

CHAPTER IX—The bawling of cattle that night brought Walt out to investigate. He thinks that bawling is caused by the smell of blood. He goes into the stable shed. Then the shed door opens slowly. In the darkness he smells perfume. He is startled, but he leans not until she warns him to forget the C. C.

CHAPTER X—Walt tells Hollister that he wants information. Hollister tells him that Cash Cameron thought to be worth the fortune he lost. The murder of Chino Drake may be his finish. Gandy knows that any one of three people is responsible for Drake's death. He also points out to Hollister that Ranger Powell's alibi for Drake's death, has disappeared.

CHAPTER XI—Riding the range, Hollister and Gandy meet Pete Kelso and two of his hired men. Hollister wants no gun play, but in self-defense Gandy is forced to shoot one of Kelso's men.

CHAPTER XII—Walt and Hollister meet Cash Cameron as they leave the scene of the shooting. He is considerably upset when he hears of the gun duel, and tells Gandy he wants no gun fighting, and that he may be forced to allow the 77 ranch to have its own way in regard to a water-hole dispute rather than risk gun battle.

CHAPTER XIII—Cameron, Walt and Hollister find the body of Ranger Powell, Cash's alibi. Hollister insists that Cameron hide out. He knows that the evidence points straight to Cameron as the murderer of Drake and Powell.

CHAPTER XIV

CASH CAMERON had built early on the Emigrant Bench, and he had put up a house with the thick log walls and deep windows of a fort. The kitchen wing with storage shed and foreman's quarters had been added later. That was modern; of mill-sawed boards, battened on the outside, painted white within. But as Walt Gandy passed from the kitchen, through a short hallway into the great front living-room, it was like stepping back half a hundred years. For this main part had kept the look of Cameron's pioneering.

By the glint of rifle barrels he made out a gun rack near the fireplace. Dark outlines of chairs showed against the plastered wall. A Navajo rug woven in an old four-corners-of-the-earth pattern made a long gray patch upon the floor. Other pieces of furniture were no more than vague forms, grouped mostly around the chimney end.

From the moment of entering here Gandy's eyes had been pulled repeatedly to the fireplace maw. Now he stood squatting at the black square; until suddenly his nose brought definite knowledge before sight registered what he was squatting at. The red eye of a cigarette stub glowed in the fireplace ash.

Lavin? Had he circled from the bunk shacks and come in by the front entrance? But Gandy had watched from the window, and no one had crossed the open front clearing. Besides that, Lavin wouldn't matter; he was deaf.

His soundless movement carried him on to a door which must lead into the family wing of the house. By this time he knew the front room was empty. He paused.

"Walt! Listen to me!" Appealing hands gripped his right arm. Whispering, Helen begged: "Don't! You can't help. I'm working this out, everything! You must not go any

farther. But Gandy shook his head. He freed his arm from her tightening fingers.

The door gave more easily than he expected, as if it had been closed not quite far enough for the latch to click into place. It opened wide at his touch, and before him was a small plain cubicle with a desk, a chair, and a cot; Cash Cameron's office, disordered, empty.

Immediately on his right was a door leading to the inner court formed by the house wings. Gandy sprang across to it, found it unlocked. Whoever had been here was gone now.

But there was still another passage ahead. He moved rapidly along this, seeing a bedroom on the left of it, and then the last room of the family wing at the end.

Helen Cameron was no longer behind him. In her father's office she had turned back. Walt stopped, for the door was open, and he stood motionless, brought up short on the threshold of the girl's own four walls. It was a large, airy place, with windows on three sides, curtained, a fleecy rug on the floor, intimate with her things that revealed unguardedly the girl who lived here.

Horse thief Fisher's voice blared suddenly outside. Gandy jumped back along the passage. By the time he had reached the kitchen the old bronco rider and Paul Champion had trumped in. Helen was putting plates on the dining-room table.

"Man an' child!" Horse thief burst out. "Give us grub!"

He hung his battered black hat on its own particular wall peg and reached under the sink for the wash pan.

"Say, Miss Helen," he called. "Someone leave here just now? Paul he was ahead of me coming along the north pasture and thought a rider took off southwest."

From his position, entering the kitchen from the living-room, Walt Gandy could not see the girl. Whether she signaled Fisher or not, he couldn't tell.

Without pause nor change in his conversational tone, Horse thief finished. "But the kid he gets ideas sometimes. I guess he didn't see no one."

In another step Gandy could look at Helen Cameron. She was motionless beside the long ranch table, a dish in her hands. "Walt," she said quickly, "I haven't told them. You'd better."

He nodded and went to the wash bench where Fisher and young Champion were bent over, dissolving gray dust from their faces. "We found Ranger Powell this afternoon," he said. "Been dead some time."

Two dripping faces turned. Horse thief Fisher looked up, made no reply, bent again and went on washing the back of his neck.

Paul Champion stood up full height and opened his mouth. "Jeez," he said, drawing it out. "Where's the boss?"

"Cameron won't be around for awhile," Gandy told him. "Hollister will be back some time tonight. Horse thief, after we eat I'm coming down to your bunk house. Wait there, will you?"

Fisher and Paul Champion were in the middle of the bunk room, near an iron barrel stove that had no fire. A single oil lamp gave dim yellow light.

So savagely was he gripped in the urge to smash through any more barriers and evasions, that Gandy's stride carried him on close to Horse thief Fisher, and before the bronco rider had gathered what was happening, an elbow was hooked around his neck, and a hard fist was pushing against his nose.

"If you don't open up and talk to me," said Gandy, "I'm going to crack your skull and see what's in it!" Then he grinned, dropping his arms. "Horse thief, for Lord's sake let's go at this thing fifty-fifty!"

"I think you're the only man on the C. C. that has nothing to hide. I've listened to a lot of talk that tells nothing; now I want to hear some without a joker in it. What do you say?"

Horse thief Fisher stared, blinking sun-squinted eyes. Then the round face wrinkled with good humor.

It lasted but a moment. Sobering, he said, "You're right, Gandy. Plenty of side-mouth talkin'. Nothin' straight out."

He wiped an open hand downward over his face as if to iron off the wrinkles; a slow movement, considering Walt Gandy during the process. "I've been afigurin' on you," he admitted. "Maybe you're the man I been lookin' for. Hollister, well, something's happened to Bill lately. Cash he's kept away from gun-fightin' too long. And Miss Helen; shucks, I don't know, she's all balled up somehow."

Gandy propped himself against a post supporting double bunks and took papers and tobacco from the side pocket of his coat.

"Paul," he asked, turning to the boy whose ears were visibly sticking out, "rustle some wood and build us a fire, will you?"

"Sure!"

As young Champion went out he took his belt and big forty-five from a nail next the door. "Now then, Horse thief," said Gandy, "tell me who rode off when you came back to the place tonight. I know it's true, because somebody was at the house before I got there. Who was it?"

"Man," Fisher declared, "I don't know but I sure wish I did!" His squinted blue eyes shone with honest eagerness. "I do," he explained. "because I been figurin' myself that it was time to quit this game of guesswork and see just who had stacked the cards! I owe Cash Cameron a debt that I'd like to pay back by fightin' for the C. C. But where do a fellow begin? When the cook was found dead I had my bunch. But now with Ranger Powell... He raised hard hands and let them fall.

STREET AMPLIFIER GETS A DEFIANT PREACHER IN JAIL

Near Riot Follows at Franklin as Mob Tries to Free Jailed Minister

In Macon County—Franklin police and members of the sheriff's department were faced with a tense situation Saturday afternoon when a crowd gathered and threatened to invade the jail to release a preacher who had been lodged there on a charge of violating the recently-enacted town ordinance forbidding use of loud speakers on the streets of the town.

Police said that the Rev. M. D. Garret of Athens Ga., a Baptist evangelist, defied the ordinance and began speaking through an amplifying system from an automobile in front of the court house on the public square at 3 o'clock this afternoon.

Deputy Sheriff John Dills and Chief of police C. D. Baird arrested the preacher and took him to the jail where he was locked up. Soon a crowd estimated to be between 500 and 1,000 persons, gathered at the jail, and the crowd of officers said, threatened to go in and release the prisoner. Deputy Sheriff Dills, with a pistol in his hand, told the crowd not to enter, that he would not release the prisoner under threat of violence.

Officers decided that measures should be taken to disperse the crowd, and called upon the fire department which sent a truck to spray the crowd with water. Officers said the crowd scattered, and that the fire hose was slashed by knives in several places before the water could be used.

Gerald Ashe, chief of the fire department, was jerked from the fire truck, and his right leg was broken.

After the crowd dispersed, officers released the preacher under bond which was posted by W. T. Moore of Franklin.

Soon after being released, the preacher mounted a truck and started preaching again, but without the use of the loud speaker. Another crowd gathered, cheered the preacher, and sang "The Old Time Religion" and other songs. The Rev. Joe Bishop of Macon County, obtained an American flag and the crowd cheered as he waved it.

BONNER TRIES TO HELP POTATO GROWERS' PROBLEMS

Congressman Herbert C. Bonner this week introduced in the House, a bill to amend the Agricultural Adjustment Act for the purpose of regulating the marketing of Irish potatoes. The bill is a tentative draft prepared by the Department of Agriculture and will be reported to the Agricultural Committee of the House. The bill as introduced is merely a guide on which hearings will be held and discussed by growers. Mr. Bonner stated that in his opinion, no crop is in greater need of legislation. He stated that he would be glad to send to individual growers, a copy of the bill, and would be interested in receiving any comments and suggestions as to the bill's perfection.

AVAILABLE

An inexpensive and efficient homogenizing machine for small dairies, operated by a quarter-horsepower motor and weighing only 137 pounds, is now on the market.

COBS

Inexpensive substitutes for novocain, antiseptics, and possibly sulfanilamide and its derivatives may soon be made from corn cobs, oat hulls, and other farm waste materials.

OUR DEMOCRACY—by Mat
THEY MAKE THINGS GROW
THIS IS A MONTH OF HARD, HOT WORK FOR FARMERS' BOYS.
BUT FIELD AND GARDEN HAVE A WAY OF MAKING THINGS BESIDES FOOD GROW.
AMONG THESE THINGS ARE PERSEVERANCE AND HARDHOOD, AS FOUND IN JOHN PAUL JONES, SON OF A GARDENER, IMMORTAL ADMIRAL, FATHER OF THE AMERICAN NAVY.