

# LOCAL NEWS



**SYNOPSIS:**— Driving from Chicago to a western town to meet his girl, Katherine Grant, to be married, Joe Wilson is suspected of being one of a kidnap gang and arrested just before reaching his goal. Inflamed townsfolk search for the jail to get him, but are held off by the Sheriff, with tear-gas bombs. Katherine, waiting to meet Joe, hears that he is in jail at a nearby town, and, the last bus having gone, starts down the road to go to him, hoping for a lift.

## Chapter Four

### THE MOB AND THE MAN

From the windows of a house overlooking the jail at Nags Head, newsreel cameramen were rapidly and efficiently taking pictures of the tearing mob and the Sheriff and his deputies. They did not dare work in the open; their cameras would have been smashed and themselves subjected to bodily attack.

"Oh boy!" cried the head cameraman. "We'll sweep the country with this stuff! Where's Tony?"

"Taking stills," replied an assistant. "I got a spot for some swell closeups."

"That's fine, but take care of yourself! This mob eats cameramen!"

"Hey!" cried an assistant at another window. "They're going to break in the jail door!"

Their supply of gas-bombs nearly exhausted, the Sheriff and his deputies had taken refuge from the mob inside the jail. They stood behind the desks, chairs and other furniture they had piled up against the door listening to the thud, thud of a pole the crowd was using as a battering ram.

Other women fell on her knees, praying: "Oh, God, forgive him— and forgive our trespasses..."

The sight of that agonized face at the window infuriated the enraged, blood-thirsty mob as though it cleared its vision might against through the bars and escape its vengeance. A perfect hail of stones rained against the walls of the burning building, against the bars. These Katherine's numb terror left her. She found her voice. "No! No!" she cried, gaspingly, and slumped down in a faint.

A boy, gasping for breath, ran up into the mob, crying: "Soldiers are coming! Four truck loads of 'em!"

"Send it!" "The militia!" "Soldiers!" cried many voices, and the mob began to disperse.

"I got an idea," said a minor. "We can fix it so they won't even be able to find the jail! I got some dynamite sticks!"

"That's the stuff!" said his companion. They ran towards the jail.

"Wait! Here's a woman fainting," said a man retreating from the crowd.

"Help her up," said the woman with him. "We can't leave her—"

A roaring explosion from the jail drowned her voice. As the roar subsided, screaming of brakes announced the arrival of the trucks of militiamen.

Charlie and Tom Wilson sat in the room they had shared with Joe, staring numbly at the headlines of a newspaper.

"Kidnappers caught; confess. G-Men nab whole gang. Helen Peabody and ransom money returned." Charlie stared at the headlines in another Chicago paper: "Innocent man 'killed' burned alive by mob!"

"Yeh, now he's innocent! Yeh," said Tom. "Can't sleep... When I close my eyes..."

"If I could only get at them dirty rats!" cried Charlie with a vicious

They turned, stared with bulging eyes. "J—Joe! Joe!" cried Tom.

"Lock those cell-block doors, Frank!" cried the Sheriff to the look-up man. "Boys, get the fire hose ready! We'll drown the rats! Give me the rest of those bombs. Shut 'em down! No matter what happens, don't shoot!"

Above the din came the voice of Joe Wilson, only part of whose words were intelligible. "Let... I'll talk... me a chance!... talk to them!"

With a crashing of splintering wood, the door gave way amid the cheering and jeering of the mob. The leaders burst into the room, knocking aside the furniture. Sheriff Hummel and Bugs Meyers turned the hose on them, momentarily knocking back those in the van. The Sheriff and his deputies swung the butts of their guns until they were wrenched from their hands.

The mob was in control of the jail.

The lock-up keeper was pressed against the wall. "Give us those keys!" commanded Dawson.

"I ain't got the keys, I tell you. Where are they?"

Too frightened to speak, the man pointed toward an iron-barred door on the landing. A man with a picket from a fence ran up the stairs and tried to dislodge the keys. They were beyond reach.

"Get the lamp-post! We'll break it down!" cried a voice.

"We haven't got any time!" shouted Dawson. "Those militia'll be here! We'll smoke 'em out!"

"Yeh, that's the ticket!" cried another voice. "Get some wood! Break up the furniture!"

In the confusion, Joe's dog, Hans, still tied to the radiator in the Sheriff's office, got loose and streaked up the stairs towards Joe's cell amid a hail of missiles.

"That's his dog! Don't let her out! Keep her here with me!"

Hans squeezed between the bars of Joe's cell, crept into his outstretched arms and fell to licking his face.

Smoke began to filter up into the corridor.

"I turn off here, Miss," said the plumber who had given Katherine a lift in his truck. "Sage is only half a mile over that way—where you see all that red. Must be a pretty big fire in Sage."

With a terrified catch in her breath, Katherine jumped down from the truck and without a word of thanks started running along the branch road towards that red glare in the sky.

Breathless, stumbling, terrified, Katherine pushed her way through the mob of men, women and boys in front of the jail. She saw a lamp-post and clung to it to keep from sinking down. Sobbing for breath, she raised her eyes towards the burning building. Her face froze in stark horror.

At an upper barred window she saw Joe Wilson. The agony on Joe's face in the light of the flames, was a counterpart to her own horror.

"There he is! At the window!" cried voices. "Drive him back!"

"Get back there, Wilson!"

"What're you looking for? The Peabody girl?"

A woman held up her child to see that face at the window. An

expulsion of breath. "We're gonna go out there, Tom and get them skunks—kill them the way they killed Joe."

"That's ten-cent store talk," said an boy cold voice behind them.

They turned, stared with bulging eyes. "J—Joe! Joe!" cried Tom.

"Pull down the shades. Put out that light," ordered Joe Wilson. When they had obeyed he sat down in a chair. "Know where I've been all day? In a movie—watching a newsreel—of myself... getting burned alive. The place was packed. The people got a kick out of seeing a man burned to death."

"But, Joe..." We thought...

"How did you get—burned bad?" asked Tom, gently.

"Yeh, but that don't hurt me. You can't hurt a dead man. I'm dead. The whole country knows that... Remember me preachin' to you to live right, be decent? I tried to. People won't let you. You were right, Charlie. Donell was right. I was wrong. But now I know. And I'll get 'em. I was burned to death by a mob of animals. I'm legally dead and they're legally murderers. I know 'em—a lot of 'em. And they'll hang. The law says so. But I'll give 'em a chance they didn't give me. They'll get a legal trial—a legal defense, a legal judge, and a legal death... But I can't do it myself. A dead man can't file charges. You'll have to do it for me. See this? I tore this page out of a law book in the public library..."

The law proved not so simple. The District Attorney at Capital City was sympathetic, but what could he do without a corpse? "Every move I make I bump into a stone wall. Sure, they're guilty. The way they cleared away the debris of the jail in 15-time proves that—ashes and all dumped into the river. Before I can charge anybody with murder I'll have to prove that a murder was committed. And I can't even find one person who'll swear that at the time the jail was burned your brother was in it at all. If one person would admit it, I'd go before the grand jury tomorrow."

Charlie and Tom went to see Katherine. The doctor was just leaving. She did not know them—seemed dazed, impervious to all outside sensation. She had been in that condition, her landlady told them, ever since she was brought back from Sage. Charlie spoke to her compassionately yet eagerly.

"We're Joe's brothers, Katherine. Charlie and Tom. Try to remember."

At the name of her lover, a shudder passed over Katherine's face. She appeared to make a great effort to think. After a time she recognized them.

"Charlie, Tom... Oh, Charlie, I saw him... I saw Joe, behind the bars in that burning jail... His poor face, the agony... the mob yelling..."

"The witness," whispered Charlie to Tom. "We've got 'em!"

Mr. and Mrs. Walter H. Oakey, Jr., and their two daughters, Dorothy Gordon and Mollie, left Wednesday for Salem, Va., where they will spend some time as guests of Mr. Oakey's parents.

Mrs. T. W. Perry, Miss Jeannette Perry, Mrs. J. E. Everett, Misses Blanche and Edith Everett, Mrs. J. E. White and Miss Ellie Mae White spent Thursday at Nags Head.

Dr. C. A. Davenport spent several days last week with his mother, Mrs. W. S. Davenport, at Mackeys.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Jordan and Mrs. Thompson, of Windsor, were guests of Mrs. R. S. Jordan on Sunday.

Mrs. C. A. Davenport and her little son, Carlton, have returned from a visit to Mrs. Davenport's parents at Cambridge, Md.

Miss Marguerite Ward will spend next week at Pendleton, visiting relatives.

Miss Dorothy Stephens, of the Wilson school faculty, who has recently completed a summer school course at the University of North Carolina, is at home with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. L. Stephens, for a vacation.

Mrs. W. M. Stephenson and Miss Foy Ward Stephenson, of Pendleton, are guests this week at the home of Dr. and Mrs. L. A. Ward.

Mr. and Mrs. Simon Rutenberg, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Williams and their son, Alfred, Jr., spent last week at Nags Head.

Mrs. W. C. Winslow, of Greensboro, who arrived last week to visit her mother, Mrs. K. R. Newbold, spent several days this week at Jarvisburg, visiting her sister, Mrs. C. A. Wright. She also visited relatives at Nags Head.

Mrs. E. N. Grady, of Wilson, is the guest of her brother and sister-in-law, Dr. and Mrs. L. A. Ward.

Mr. and Mrs. Shelton Newbold, of Goldsboro; Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Newbold and Mrs. Rosa Waldron, all of Washington, D. C., were guests at the home of Mrs. K. R. Newbold for the week-end.

Mrs. W. C. Winslow and her two daughters, Minnie Mac and Frances, of Greensboro, are guests of Mrs. Winslow's mother, Mrs. K. R. Newbold.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Jarvis and their two sons, Jack and Kenneth, of Elizabeth City, visited Mrs. Jarvis' mother, Mrs. K. R. Newbold, on Sunday.

Mrs. Elmo Cannon and her little son, Guy, have returned from a visit to Mrs. Cannon's daughter, Mrs. Frank Gilliam, at Elkton.

Miss Emma Milteer, of Suffolk, Va., is the guest of her grandmother, Mrs. R. T. Clarke.

Miss Dot Dees has returned to her home at Freemont after a visit to Miss Joyce Stokes.

Miss Katherine Fleetwood, who is attending summer school at E. C. T. C., Greenville, was at home for the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Darden and their two daughters, Nancy Cole and Elizabeth, and Mrs. George Alexander, of Chapanoke, have returned from a trip to Dallas, Texas, where they attended the Texas Centennial.

Randolph Clarke, who holds a position at Harrisonburg, Va., is visiting his grandmother, Mrs. R. T. Clarke.

Lou Whit Powell, of Windsor, was a recent guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Guy Newby.

Mrs. L. W. Anderson has returned from a week's visit to her mother, Mrs. C. W. Young, at Raleigh.

Miss Sara Brinn, who has been attending summer school at Duke University, is at home with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Brinn, for a vacation.

R. D. Elliott, Jr., of Ahoskie, spent a few days last week with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Elliott.

Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Matheson and Miss Blanche Everett are taking a motor trip through New England and Canada.

Eloise, will leave Sunday to spend two weeks at Virginia Beach.

Mrs. George Ferebee and her two daughters, Mary and Peggy, have returned to their home at Norfolk, Va., after a visit to Mrs. Clyde McCallum.

Dr. and Mrs. I. A. Ward had as guests on Sunday Mrs. M. Stephenson, Margaret and Corrye Stephenson, Dabney Pegram, John and Jacob Pegram, of Pendleton, and E. N. Grady, of Wilson.

A party of Hertford young folks including Misses Joyce Harrell and Grace Knowles, and Billy Tucker, Jesse Lee Harris, James Robert White, Claude Brinn and Herman Ward, attended a party given by Miss Alice Bundy in Elizabeth City on Monday evening.

Mrs. Sidney Broughton had as guests on Sunday Mrs. Bettie Jernigan and Paul and Jack Hemingway, of Dunn; Dr. J. D. Hemingway and his two sons, Edward and John, of Bethel, Pitt County.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Whitley had as guests on Sunday Mrs. Louis Hines, of New York City; Mr. and Mrs. Herman Drewry and Miss Charlotte Moore, of Boykins, Va.

William E. White, Jr., is visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Futrell, at Rich Square.

Miss Elizabeth Clark, of Wilson, and Miss Catherine Spivey, of Petersburg, Va., are guests of Miss Alice Spivey.

Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Riddick and family are spending some time at their Nags Head cottage.

Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Spivey spent the week-end in Wilson, visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Clark. Mrs. R. L. Spivey, Sr., who accompanied them, will spend the week.

Dr. W. H. Glasson, of Duke University, and Mrs. Glasson, who recently visited their son-in-law and daughter, Dr. and Mrs. T. P. Brinn, have returned home.

Mrs. Robert Brinn had as a guest this week Miss Frances Newbury, of Richmond, Va.

Mr. and Mrs. Jimmie Jernigan have returned to their home at Suffolk, Va., after a visit to Mrs. Jernigan's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Irving White.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Raper, Mrs. John Broughton and her son, John Broughton, Jr., Misses Marion Raper and Edith Everett, and Harrell Johnson are at Nags Head for a week.

Mrs. J. G. Campbell left Sunday for Myrtle Beach, S. C., where she will spend some time.

Miss Jocelyn Wheabee is spending her vacation at Nags Head.

**SPRAINS ANKLE IN FALL**  
Mrs. R. W. Smith suffered a severely sprained ankle when she fell from the first landing of the stairway at her home on Monday. While her condition is improving, she is still confined to her bed.

**TO VISIT AT CHAPEL HILL**  
Miss Mary Wood Koonce will leave Sunday for Chapel Hill, where she will visit her aunt, Mrs. M. H. Stacy.

**Mrs. Banks Hostess To Woman's Club**

Mrs. E. G. Banks was hostess to the Durants Neck Woman's Club on Wednesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. E. M. Perry, near New Hope. Nineteen members and three visitors were present.

Miss Gladys Hamrick gave a very interesting and instructive demonstration in the canning of snapbeans and tomatoes. Mrs. S. T. Perry was winner of the jar of tomatoes, and Mrs. E. M. Perry the jar of snapbeans.

The hostess served delicious refreshments to: Mrs. J. E. Turner, Mrs. G. L. Turner, Mrs. D. W. Simpson, Mrs. Mattie Simpson, Mrs. E. M. Perry, Mrs. L. R. Webb, Mrs. J. B. Wheabee, Mrs. J. R. Wheabee, Mrs. D. S. Banks, Mrs. J. A. Sawyer, Mrs. J. H. Gregory, Mrs. M. M. Spivey, Mrs. R. L. Spivey, Mrs. S. T. Perry, Mrs. T. A. Hurdle, Mrs. E. A. Turner, Mrs. C. E. Sutton, Mrs. Ed Matthews, Miss Gladys Hamrick, Miss Maude Simpson, Miss Vida Banks and Miss Dorothy Perry.

Mrs. Arthur Woods, Jr., and her little son, Arthur III, of Philadelphia, Pa., are guests of Mrs. Woods' mother, Mrs. L. R. Crawford.

Mrs. W. R. White, Mrs. Henry Rood and her little son, Henry, Jr., of Greensboro, were recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Newby.

Nat White, of New York City, was a recent guest of Jesse Parker Perry.

Mrs. C. E. Walker and family have returned from a trip to Nags Head.

David Broughton is visiting relatives at Dunn.

**VERY ILL**  
Mrs. Sallie Hollowell, who lives on Route Three, near Hertford, is very sick.

**DETROIT VISITORS**  
Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Reed and their little daughter, Virginia Lee, of Detroit, Mich., are guests of Mr. Reed's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Reed, near Hertford.

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