

# Checkerboard Love

By JOSEPH McCORD

## CHAPTER XI

When Olive Castle went downstairs to have her "understanding" little talk with her father, she found Mr. Harrison alone in his library, seated in an easy chair reading a scientific magazine. He seemed unaware of her presence until she uttered an abrupt, "Daddy!"

"Yes?"

"Well, it was kind of you. But naturally I'm not going. What would he think of me—not to mention the other guys here? No, thanks."

"Consideration for me comes last all the time now, doesn't it? You don't worry about what anybody thinks of me. Are you coming? It's the last time."

"Is the car out front? I'll take you down."

"I'd much rather you didn't." She hurried out, leaving him standing where he was.

Jeffrey followed more slowly, without glancing in the direction of the stenographer who was staring curiously.

Out in the hall he met Michelson returning. "Hope you have a nice game, Castle. I wouldn't mind going eighteen holes this afternoon myself."

"Funny thing," Jeff returned in a flat voice. "Mrs. Castle got her dates mixed. Thought this was Saturday. Good joke, wasn't it?"

"Of course it was! Anything to get him away from the notion of settling down in that village office of his father. But I took it for granted that his education would fit him for some sort of an executive position with an office of his own. I won't endure it, I say! I'm not sure Jeffrey will either, if he finds that he has to depend on his little pay envelope for his spending money. He has expensive tastes and practically nothing with which to back them up."

Harvey Harrison sat up with a jerk. There was a cutting edge to his voice that Olive seldom heard. "Let me tell you something, young woman. I have made two generous marriage settlements on you. It is too late to do anything about it, except to warn you now that there'll never be a third. I have a great admiration for Castle. Your empty-headed set seems to think that marriage is some sort of a game with side trips to Reno thrown in. If you have something like that in the back of your mind again, understand once and for all that you're going to do the dirty work. You'll hire the lawyers and pay the bills. No more of it for the old man. I've some regard for my station, too."

For several weeks after that there was an armed truce between the younger Castles. For the most part the topic of Jeffrey's new job was tacitly ignored. Several times he had spoken admiringly of the corporation that had its agents in almost every civilized country on the globe. He was enjoying his work, too. Olive was waiting for a time to put the situation to a test.

It came one Friday afternoon when there was a suggestion of spring in the air, a day when any lover of the outdoors would be longing for freedom. Dressed in a becoming sports costume, Mrs. Castle appeared in the lobby of the Harrison Products office and smilingly inquired of the information clerk where she could find the sales department.

Olive had pictured the general sales manager as a wizened elderly gentleman with shirp features, who talked in terms of discounts. She was rather startled when she was ushered into the presence of a huge man with a smiling florid face, who hoisted himself from between the arms of his swivel chair with some effort. "How do you do, Mrs. Castle?" he boomed hospitably. "Is there something I can do for you?"

"Just a little bit of a favor," she explained coaxingly. "It's so beautiful out this afternoon that I have arranged for a foursome of golf at the country club. But I'll simply have to borrow my husband. Do you mind?"

"Oh, I see." Mr. Michelson was slightly taken aback. "Why, I should think we can let you have him."

"You are a nice man! Now if you'll tell me where I can find him. I won't bother you another second. Thank you so much."

"I was just going out to the main room," he explained. "If you will make yourself comfortable here I'll ask Mr. Castle to come over."

Jeffrey appeared almost at once. He was in his shirt sleeves, his vest was unbuttoned and he had a pencil behind one ear. "Hello!" he said in mild surprise, closing the door. "What's up?"

"Get your things. You're going out with me," his wife directed briefly.

"Going out? What's happened? Anything wrong?"

"Nothing serious. You're going out to the country club to fill in a foursome. Please hurry. We haven't any too much time."

"But this is Friday, isn't it?" Jeffrey looked puzzled.

"What of it?"

"Saturday's my half holiday. Not Friday."

"Don't always be tiresome. It's all right with your boss. You have his permission."

This brought a steady stare from Jeffrey's brown eyes. "Let's get this straight," he suggested quietly. "Are

you telling me that you came down here to tell Michelson you were taking me golfing?"

"Yes. Why?"

"Well, it was kind of you. But naturally I'm not going. What would he think of me—not to mention the other guys here? No, thanks."

"Consideration for me comes last all the time now, doesn't it? You don't worry about what anybody thinks of me. Are you coming? It's the last time."

"Is the car out front? I'll take you down."

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With the advent of spring, life seemed to get back more nearly into its old cycles for Audrey Swan. Jim Sweet had taken over the cultivation of the farm in capable fashion, the coming of mild weather also brought a number of riding pupils, and the loose boxes in the large barn opened their doors to arriving equine boarders. Once more there were horses grazing in the big pasture and taking their turns at exercising on the track.

In the house, Martha Swan went about her usual tasks. There was the spring house cleaning to supervise and the flower garden to be put in order with the aid of faithful Julia.

Victor Quinn was still a frequent and welcome visitor. Audrey turned to him naturally for advice in every matter that bothered her and he was conscious that they were growing closer as the time passed.

He would have felt highly encouraged had he known how lonely Audrey was on one occasion when business took him away for a matter of two weeks. She was rather startled at the discovery herself, and it was surprisingly difficult not to reveal in an impulsive fashion her pleasure at his return.

"I believe you're really glad to see me," he had teased when they met.

"What makes you think so?" she smiled.

"Your nose told me."

"You mustn't believe in signs."

So matters stood one June morning when Audrey was called to the telephone and heard: "Audrey. This is Mrs. Castle speaking. How are you?"

"Why—why, I'm quite well, thank you."

"The Judge happened to find out yesterday that tomorrow is Mr. Quinn's birthday. I thought it might be nice if we had him out for dinner in honor of the occasion. And I want very much to have you as our guest. Now don't refuse, my dear."

Audrey was thinking swiftly and reaching a conclusion before Mrs. Castle had finished. It would not be fair to Vic to refuse. "I shall be very glad to come," she answered.

"Thank you, my dear, I shall send Dean for you about seven-thirty. And if you don't mind, I shall not tell Victor. It will be a little surprise. Thank you so much. Good-bye."

When the chauffeur deposited her at the front door of the big house, it developed that Victor had not yet arrived, and Audrey experienced something of a shock when Mrs. Castle accompanied her up to the dressing room near the head of the stairs.

The older woman had changed perceptibly. She seemed much smaller and there was almost a suggestion of futility. But there was a more subtle change, a touch of wistfulness in her quiet voice. And it showed in her eyes when she remarked: "I am so glad you could come, Audrey. The Judge and I live here so quietly that it seems delightful to have young people in the house again. We have both become very fond of Victor."

Audrey understood them. It was Jeff. His mother had not seen him since he went back to the city to stay and she was denied any hope of his return.

Victor was in the drawing room chatting with the Judge when Audrey appeared in the doorway with Mrs. Castle. Blank amazement and pleasure were in his face as he hurried forward and Audrey felt a trifle self-conscious as she tried to greet him lightly. "Many happy returns of the day, Mr. Quinn."

Victor recovered sufficiently to greet his hostess properly. "I didn't know it was a party!" he exclaimed boishly. "This is great! I haven't had a birthday party since I was a

little shaver."

"This is no party at all," Mrs. Castle smiled. "It's only a little family dinner. And I believe it is served."

That explanation lingered oddly in Audrey's mind as Judge Castle seated her while Victor was performing the same courtesy for his hostess. Only four places set at the square table. Candles at each corner giving a subdued light, touching the dull polish on the table top, the rich but simple service. A maid waited on the guests tonight. The butler was not in evidence. It was a family dinner.

After a quiet period of conversation in the Judge's library afterwards, the two guests took their departure with Victor driving Audrey home in his car. It was Victor who voiced the thought that was uppermost in both their minds when they found themselves alone. "You know, Audrey, there was something rather pathetic about our little party, pleasant as it was."

"I know," she agreed in a low voice. "They were both trying to be gallant, but they're lonely."

"Quite different from our last dinner there. It will be a year next week."

"You thought of it, too?"

"Rather. It was a very important night for me. I met a Miss Swan there and I've never been able to get her out of my mind."

(Continued Next Week)

## Italian Admiral Gave Up Tobruk, Eyewitness Says

With the British Imperial Forces in Tobruk—A white-faced, tight-clipped Italian admiral commanding this Libyan port formally surrendered Tobruk to the British army of the Nile Thursday, writes Richard D. McMillan, United Press staff writer.

Amid a scene of fire, smoke and destruction, I stood inside a shattered naval headquarters and heard the Italian mumble a rehearsed speech in English.

"The town capitulates," he told the commander of the British imperial forces. "All troops are disarming."

The British brigadier replied: "Please delegate officers immediately to show us the position of every mine field in the harbor and the town."

The background for this historic scene was the town harbor from which poured smoke and fire.

I entered Tobruk behind British and Australian Bren-gun carriers ahead of the infantry and saw the admiral commanding the port and 2,000 naval officers and sailors surrender.

With the commanding officer of the British imperial forces, I wended my way through the streets of a wrecked town.

As we moved into Tobruk we found a tall figure in blue trousers, blue sweater and British forage cap.

Surrounded by thousands of Italians, this man stood in front of the naval headquarters in the midst of the town square. He began speaking in English.

"Welcome, pals," he greeted us. "Come right in; the town is yours."

He was the only Britisher in Tobruk when the troops went in. He explained in an Australian drawl:

"I was a prisoner in Tobruk's bastle. I was with the Royal Air Force. I was made a prisoner eight days ago and spent the rest of the time in the military prison—until today. I sure am glad to see you."

There were gaping shell and bomb holes everywhere. I passed a number of burning buildings. To enter the naval headquarters I had to pass through thousands of Italian prisoners lined up in the street.

I saw the cruiser San Giorgio aground in the harbor. It was sabotaged at 4 a. m. yesterday. There was a terrific explosion and great flames shot into the night. Other smaller warships burned to the water's edge.

Ammunition and petrol dumps exploded, shooting flame into the sky and throwing cinders on all sides.

The naval fort atop the cliff overlooking the port went up in a great cloud of smoke and dust as it was shelled by a British ship.

This afternoon the Australians paraded the streets of Tobruk, relaxed after their battle. Some of them rode captured bicycles and scooters.

British tanks rolled through the main street, flying captured Italian flags. Italian officers, marching by in prisoners' lines, saluted the flags.

But there was no flag on the main staff of the town. Hanging from it, instead, was the brim-bent Anzac hat of an Australian soldier.

## WINKLER BUYS GUERNSEY

Biltmore, N. C., Jan. 27—The American Guernsey Cattle Club of Peterborough, N. H., reports the sale of a registered Guernsey cow by E. J. Harbison to W. M. Winkler of Boone. This animal is Belle's Maxim's Glow 621462.

Since the movement was established, Boy Scouts have saved or been responsible for saving more than 3,000 lives.

## Succeeds Laval



Vichy, France.—Former Finance Minister Pierre Etienne Flandin, shown here, assumes the post of vice-premier of France, replacing Pierre Laval.

## SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By REV. ROBT. H. HARPER

### TEMPERANCE LESSON

Lesson for Feb. 2, Habakkuk 2:15; Genesis 4:9-12; Mark 9:42-48; I Thessalonians 5:22; Golden Text, I Thes. 5:22

A great prohibition orator said he had favored the liquor traffic until he saw it touch his first-born. Should he have waited until then to lift his voice against it? What of other men's sons? Those complacent in the presence of a monstrous evil because they imagine it will not touch them and their need to realize that they are re-enacting the tragic role of Cain when he asked, "Am I my brother's keeper?" But we trust that it will not require that the evil touch them and their to arouse them from their indifference.

Habakkuk pronounces a woe upon him who gives his neighbor drink. Jesus pronounces a woe upon those who injure children and youth. Are not those who vote for the liquor traffic and those who are complacent about it in danger of sharing these woes? Cain's story teaches us that we are responsible for our brothers.

And Paul's advice to abstain from every form of evil may remind us that we are responsible for our example.

Is it any business of yours that the sale of liquor is licensed everywhere, that liquor dealers move in near when camps are established to train our soldiers and that youth are in danger from the liquor traffic everywhere? Certainly it is. What can you do about it? Realize that an individual can do something. As a citizen and surely as a Christian, use your influence against liquor, talk, vote and pray against it. And abstain yourself—for the good of others and for your own good.

## OVER \$50,000,000 SPENT IN 1940 CAMPAIGN

Washington, Jan. 24—A "rough guess" that between \$50,000,000 and \$60,000,000 was spent on political campaigns leading up to the recent elections came yesterday from Chairman Gillette, of Iowa, of the senate committee investigating campaign expenditures.

The senator's estimate was based on a report approved by the investigating committee which showed that contributions aggregating \$24,174,223 and expenditures amounting to \$22,740,313 actually were reported by national, state and senatorial groups.

The report, approved by the committee and sent to the senate, said Republican organizations reported spending \$14,941,143, and receiving \$16,476,040, and Democratic groups listed \$6,095,357 in expenditures, and \$6,284,463 in contributions.

To relieve Misery of **COLDS**

**666** LIQUID TABLETS SALVE COUGH DROPS NOSE DROPS

Try "Rub-My-Tism"—a Wonderful Liniment

**PRESCRIPTIONS**

Filling prescriptions is the most important part of our business. We employ two full-time experienced registered druggists who give careful attention to all prescriptions. Ours is the oldest drug store in Watauga county and the only one owned and operated by a licensed druggist. When you have a prescription bring it to us and you can rest assured it will be filled only by a competent licensed druggist just as your doctor would want it to be.

**BOONE DRUG CO.**  
REXALL Store  
G. K. MOOSE, Druggist

The state capitol building at Raleigh, N. C., 105 years old, is called a perfect example of Doric architecture.

**THE AMERICAN WEEKLY** with the **BALTIMORE SUNDAY AMERICAN** On Sale at All Newsstands

**HOW MUCH TIME DO YOU WASTE?** Well known quiz expert, in an unusual feature, enables women through self-analysis to find out if she makes the most of her time. Don't miss this feature in the February 2nd issue of

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Our prescription department is managed and operated by a graduate, licensed and registered druggist who is scientific and technical in compounding your prescription. You can always be assured that your prescription receives the professional care that your doctor intends for it to have. It is your privilege to bring your prescriptions to us. Our prices are reasonable.

**Carolina Pharmacy**  
Registered Druggists  
Prescriptions a Specialty  
Phone 47 Boone, N. C.

## LEGAL NOTICES

**LEGAL NOTICE**  
At its regular semi-annual meeting in Raleigh, January 13-14, 1941, the N. C. Board of Conservation and Development in conformance with authority vested therein by Chapter 35, Public Laws of 1935, and Chapter 486, Public Laws of 1935, adopted the following regulation which is now in full force and effect:

**FISHING AND HUNTING REGULATIONS FOR BLUE RIDGE PARKWAY**

**FISHING**  
Season  
Fishing on Parkway lands will be permitted only during the open season as prescribed for the adjoining counties by the state of North Carolina. Unless closed by the state, all major streams will be open for fishing.

Tributaries and feeder streams may be closed without notice before or during the season by the superintendent of the Parkway, with the approval of the Department of Conservation and Development when in their joint opinion such action is advisable to permit restocking of stream improvement. Streams so closed will be posted at confluence with main stream.

**Size and Limits**  
Size of fish and limit for day's catch shall conform with state regulations.

**Hours of Fishing**  
Fishing in Parkway waters is permitted from daylight until dark during the open season. At no time will fishing be permitted between dark and daylight.

**Tackle**  
Fishing in any other way than with rod, hook and line held in hand is prohibited. Hooks are to be restricted to single type, and no double or triple hooks shall be used. No fish, such as minnows or chubs, either dead or alive, shall be used as bait.

**Licenses**  
No special licenses are required, but fishermen must possess the necessary state or county licenses required for the area.

**HUNTING**  
The Parkway is a sanctuary for wildlife of every sort, and all hunting, or the killing, wounding, frightening, pursuing or capturing at any time of any bird or wild animal, or taking the eggs of any bird, is prohibited within the limits of said Parkway.

Firearms are prohibited within the park or recreational areas except upon written permission of the superintendent. No loaded firearms will be permitted on the Parkway proper. Whenever necessary for hunters hunting on adjoining lands to cross Parkway lands, guns shall be carried unloaded and with breech open. The possession of loaded firearms within the Parkway boundaries will be considered prima facie evidence of hunting.

PAUL KELLY, Secretary, Board of Conservation and Development. 1-23-4c

The circumference of the largest standing tree in the United States is 39 feet.

## LEGAL NOTICES

### PRELIMINARY CERTIFICATE OF DISSOLUTION

State of North Carolina: Department of State

To All to Whom These Presents May Come—Greeting:

Whereas, it appears to my satisfaction, by duly authenticated record of the proceedings for the voluntary dissolution thereof by the unanimous consent of all the stockholders, deposited in my office, that the River Realty, Incorporated, a corporation of this state, whose principal office is situated at care Glenn Coffey in the Town of Blowing Rock, County of Watauga, State of North Carolina (Glenn Coffey being the agent therein and in charge thereof, upon whom process may be served), has complied with the requirements of Chapter 22, Consolidated Statutes, entitled "Corporations," preliminary to the issuing of this Certificate of Dissolution.

Now therefore, I, Thad Eure, Secretary of State of the State of North Carolina, do hereby certify that the said corporation did, on the 26th day of December, 1940, file in my office a duly executed and attested consent in writing to the dissolution of said corporation, executed by all the stockholders thereof, which said consent and the record of the proceedings aforesaid are now on file in my said office as provided by law.

In testimony whereof, I have here-to set my hand and affixed my official seal at Raleigh, this 26th day of December, A. D. 1940.

THAD EURE,  
Secretary of State.  
North Carolina, Watauga County.  
I, A. E. South, clerk of the superior court for Watauga county, North Carolina, do hereby certify that the foregoing Certificate of Dissolution has been recorded in Record of Corporations, Book B, page 160.  
This January 10, 1941.  
A. E. SOUTH,  
1-23-4p Clerk Superior Court.

## Notice of Sale of Land For City Taxes

By virtue of the power of sale vested in me by law as tax collector for the town of Boone, N. C., I will on Monday, February 3, 1941, at the courthouse door of Watauga county, at 12 o'clock m., offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash the property of the following delinquent taxpayers of the town of Boone for the year 1939:

Mrs. Carrie Adams	\$17.58
C. B. Angel	25.95
Carrie H. Bingham	37.44
I. J. Bigham	24.82
Mrs. Pearl L. Bingham	1.80
L. L. Blunt	9.83
E. O. Brittain	1.30
Brown & Dougherty	43.52
W. E. Buchanan	14.98
Carolina Pharmacy	74.88
E. S. Christenbury	19.76
Ralph Coffey	10.30
A. L. Cook	29.26
E. D. Cook	34.79
Walter L. Cook	22.70
Mrs. Cora L. Council	14.36
N. L. Harrison	9.83
J. Ed. Cullers	5.96
G. C. Danner	4.78
Mrs. J. N. Davidson	1.80
Laura A. Deal	9.33
Mrs. Edna Dellinger	7.37
Bernard Dougherty	14.70
Eggers & Mast	2.81
T. W. Ferguson	5.75
Mrs. Blanche Greene	13.10
Wiley G. Hartzog	69.26
Mrs. F. B. Hawkins	3.23
Highland Furniture Co.	20.59
Highland Pressing Club	36.26
Mrs. Edna Hodges	23.62
Stuart Hodges	16.02
Gurney Hollars	15.31
Hollars Grocery	51.13
Mrs. Lethia Hoyle	1.40
A. L. Hunt	2.90
Cornelius Keith	1.37
Mrs. Mary Kepler	56.13
C. W. Kirkpatrick	4.92
Mrs. Grace Knapp	2.31
Carl Kuykendall	3.84
J. A. and Lucille Luther	24.44
Ben H. Moody	4.92
Robert and Harrison Moretz	20.65
J. M. McCobe	2.31
Mrs. Frank McGhee	29.45
W. H. McGhee	43.57
Florence E. Norris	8.39
H. F. Parker Estate	2.81
Frank M. Payne	23.73
Frank Pearson	95.30
W. A. Proffitt	2.43
J. L. Reece	7.34
Mrs. C. A. (Little) Reece	40.94
Mrs. Mollie Shackelford	1.37
J. F. Sherrill	49.91
Mrs. Elizabeth Sproles	7.72
C. S. Stevenson	2.43
Mrs. J. M. Story	1.87
H. S. Story	25.69
R. W. Storie	4.92
M. J. Tremain	6.55
Will C. Walker	33.70
W. Y. Warren	3.23
Alice V. Watson	1.71
Paul Weston	16.43
H. B. Wood	3.23
Woodcraft Novelty & Lmber Company	87.87
Charles Zimmerman	18.72
Harrison Lenley	3.23

This December 30, 1940.  
MRS. RUTH McCONNELL,  
City Tax Collector.