By George B. Russ

Miss Madie was too flabbergasted to remove herself from the bad stand she had taken inside the sanctuary of her bedroom. She wanted to move about vigorously, busy her hands with something-lose herself in some task, great or small, and in so doing, she could forget the recent nightmare; the tragedy of having her boy friend snatched from under her very nose by a woman that wasn't even her best friend. If Bella McDougal were her best friend, she could tell her nosey neighbors that she had been undermined, that, she had trusted her best girl friend too well. As things stood now the best thing, for all concerned, was to clam up; pretend that Jeff Boykins had never really meant anything to her. Telling folks that there were bigger fish in the sea than Mr. Boykins wouldn't remove a jot of the sting from the stigma of having been fleeced by an old floozy. Between midnight and daylight mobility crept into Miss Madie's pertrified bones; and, with the return of locomotion, in a dronning, incoherent, mombo-jumbo sort of way, her brain began

clearing.
She had made a dunce of herself that was for sure; but, a woman has a right to want to be loved, even make herself attractive for a lover, but it is foolhardy to cast her charms on swines; she had assumed a fact not in evidence-Jeff Boykins wasn't seeking love and affection; companionship and togetherness- eating gingerbread and apple sauce while watching television; he wanted to horse around.

in Jeff's case, hadn't led her on; she had mistaken a goat in sheep's clothing and having a weakness for mutton roast, she had taken off like a starry-eyed sheep dog in pursuit of an old ram on the loose. As of now, a man was no pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. And, unless the ill-wind, that had banged the door of romance in her face, blew something more concrete than Jeff Boykins had

into her life. When she should have been shaking a leg out of bed, sleep, "as a feather wafted downward from an eagle in his flight", suddenly sealed her eye lids and she slept through "Mister Ben's.. abolution period, pabulum feeding, piazza sweeping and the time she had set aside to make a batch of

apple jelly.
"Mister Ben" was as cross as a soretail cat: he deliberately upset his breakfast tray; refused his bath and in the process, flung his boney-parts on the floor; and, she had to spend the better part of a beautiful day wrestling with a babbling stack of bones, washing poached egg, raspeberry jell, French toast and Postum out of sheets and a blue chenille summer spread. And long before the sun had lost the bite in its burn, Miss Madie decided that the cure of what ailed her was to absent herself from Apartment 2-A.
"Mister Ben" nearly

croaked when she announced her intention; but, she was as adamant as a preacher holding a full collection plate-nevertheless, she dressed

been, she was through with trying to bring some sunshine

PUTTING THE PIECES

NEW YORK - Samuel Fabrocini (L), second engineer of the Sea Witch, chats with Thomas E. Hall, the chief

flesh, he was a puke of misery.

Miss Madie admitted, to

herself, that she wouldn't mind

running across a nice man but

finding one such creature was

like finding a needle in a

haystack. All her life she had,

from time to time, heard the

expression "scarce as hen's

teeth"; well, as sure as she was

born to die, she had found a

key to her misplaced values:

'seek and ye shall find' didn't,

in her case apply to finding a good man. She had had a "strong hunch" all along that

Jeff Boykins was a "curb stone

cutie", but, her wisdom and

knowledge and stopped "dead

Board of Inquiry is meeting on collision of Sea Witch with Esso Brussels in New York harbor. Deckhand on first tub comfortable, then, went in One of the areas of search of diversion -a change animal research that is of pace. "Mister Ben" was more than a mere thorn in the

receiving considerable attention currently is "superovulation" in beef cattle. This is an effort to develop techniques to increase twinning or multiple calving. This technology probably won't be available for several years.

steward, outside hearing room

June 5 where Coast Guard

to reach scene told the hearing-

first 11 men pulled from water

were so badly burned "we

didn't expect to see any

an increase of one pound

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survivors".

North Carolina beekeepers produced 7.1 million pounds of honey in 1972 compared to 6.9 million pounds the previous year, according to official reports. A 1 percent increase in the number of colonies plus

"Men ain't nothing but breath

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A Meal To Go - That the Family Will Go For!

In the backyard or your favorite picnic site, serve this menu that promises to become a family favorite year round: Stuffed Grilled Hamburgers and Simply Wonderful Baked Beans accompanied by assorted crunchy relishes and sparkling cold drinks. For dessert? Lazy Daisy's Banana Oatmeal Cake.

The burgers are a taste-tempting blend of flavors and textures: barbecue sauce and oregano, plus quick or old fashioned oats. Oats in ground beef provide extra goodness and nourishment, something creative, thrifty cooks have long known. Not only do they contribute extra protein, they lock the savory meat juices up inside the meat where they belong. Simply Wonderful Baked

Beans and burgers make great go-togethers. To make them, saute some diced bacon slices with onion rings until the bacon is almost crisp. Then stir in canned pork and beans with to mato sauce, along with maple-blended syrup, chili sauce and dry mustard. You're now ready to serve, but be sure you have plenty of had

The perfect ending for this

perfect cookout is Lazy Daisy's Banana Oatmeal Cake, so-called because the frosting ingredients are simply mixed together, spread over the freshly-baked cake then

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