

Visiting Nurse

by Kathleen Harris

Chapter 3
HILDRED need not have worried for fear her own mother would not recognize her because of the changes that had been effected upon her at the beauty salon. When she finally arrived home at the small three room apartment she found Mrs. McNaughten in bed with one of her attacks. Her mother was given to severe headaches that confined her to her bed some times for several days. Nerves were the only cause any doctor had ever been able to attribute them to, and since her mother was a bundle of nerves, that was as plausible an explanation as any.

The remorse that Hildred had suspected might visit her clamped down like a diver's helmet over her shinningly coiffured head. She should have come straight home; she should have been here to wait upon her mother, to bathe her throbbing temples, make her a cup of hot tea. But Mrs. McNaughten insisted that everything that could have been done, had been. "You know there's nothing anyone can do for me, dear," her mother finished, "except leave me alone until I get over this."

"I'll leave you alone then, darling," she had returned, like the dutiful daughter she always had been.

It was because of her mother's complete dependence upon her, in any more ways than financially, that Hildred had become a county nurse. The position might not pay as well as private nursing, but it was steadier with an assured and regular salary. Also, since the hours were definite too, it enabled her to establish a home for her mother. Hildred had been married and had four small children so that her house was no place for a woman who suffered as Mrs. McNaughten frequently did. Her one brother was married to a girl who refused to have a mother-in-law live with them and since this refusal was backed up by the fact that the daughter-in-law held the purse-strings, Bill, the youngest McNaughten never held a job for long and was perfectly willing to

let the wife support him—there was nothing to be done about the situation.

COULD it possibly be because of her mother—and Hildred's responsibilities toward her—that Randy took the attitude he did?

Hildred had taken it for granted that some day he would ask her to marry him. His days were so busy that it might take him quite a while to get around to it.

Until today she had been willing to wait for that time to come. She had never doubted but that it would. Randy was not a man to make love lightly to anyone. He was not very demonstrative. But she had taken such a hard tumble for him.

He had asked her to work under him and she had accepted his offer. They had been the closest of friends, as well as co-workers ever since. They spent what free time Randy had, outside of clinic hours, together. Taking in a movie one or two nights a week, or a drive somewhere—there was not much a small southern town had to offer besides these in the way of entertainment, and Randy drove her home each evening after the day's work was done, and came to the apartment every Sunday night for a cold supper and hot biscuits. He always kissed her goodnight. She had been quite satisfied with things as they were—until today.

Her mother's sleeping soundly, thanks to the sedatives she had taken, when Hildred left the apartment. So that, if her daughter still looked like a new person, she had not yet been given the opportunity to make such discovery.

When she reached the clinic Doctor Randolph Baird was not there. He had been called out into the country to perform an emergency operation on a child who had been coming into the clinic for over a year. Mamie Taylor, the middle aged woman who completed the "staff" of the clinic, though she was not a registered nurse, told Hildred that the doctor probably would not come in today.

Hildred was disappointed. She had not wanted to see Randy so

much as she had wanted him to see her, although she had already anticipated his reaction, that he would not notice any change in her appearance at all.

Mamie Taylor did not disappoint her in this. She squinted her eyes speculatively behind her spectacles, twisted her head with its thick crop of somewhat untidy gray short hair from one side to another. "What have you been doing to yourself?" she asked. "Besides trying to get bumped off, I mean. The doctor told me about that. How's your arm this morning? You look different, not just the way you got your hair. You oughtn't get yourself in such fixes; you might not get out so easy next time. I like it, though, whatever it is you did."

Mamie always talked that way. All mixed up. But it always came out all right, once you got it sorted. Hildred smiled and said, "I'm all right. The arm aches a little. I'll try not to get shot at again—at least not any way soon." At that it might not be a bad idea, as it had certainly started things rolling that might never have started otherwise. "I just had my hair done. Mamie—do you like it this way, up off my face? Makes me feel kind of naked, if you know what I mean, with my whole forehead showing and the back of my neck and even my ears—and I got some new make-up."

"You look like you're dressed enough," Mamie commented dryly. "There's nothing wrong with the back of your neck and it's no disgrace to show your ears. Too bad it hurts. The doctor said to tell you to take it easy today. I never did hold with gliding the lily but when your mouth is painted up that way it shows what a nice mouth it is and makes your teeth show up how white and regular they are, too."

"Why thank you, Mamie!" Hildred was pleased in spite of herself. It was nice to have someone, even if it was only Mamie, remark these improvements.

something about it—though what, I haven't the slightest idea. I'm going to have dinner with another man this evening."

You don't say! Mamie's eyes beamed approval from behind the spectacles. "What's his name and wherever did you meet him?"

Lessing J. Rosenwald Gives Library Of Congress Gift Of Rare Books

WASHINGTON (AP)—Lessing J. Rosenwald has just given the Library of Congress another priceless gift of rare books.

The son of the late Julius Rosenwald, Chicago Philanthropist, began a fabulous collection of books and prints more than 25 years ago. In 1943 he deeded his collection of books to the Library of Congress and his prints to the National Gallery.

The new group of magnificently illustrated books and manuscripts will be on display in the Library's exhibition hall throughout this summer.

Among the books are a number of the volumes printed in the 15th Century by William Caxton, the first English printer. Mr. Rosenwald now has 16 of the 100 books which Caxton printed. One of these, the "Game and Playe of Chess," is the second book to be printed in the English language. It is a morality book, using chess pieces as examples and showing how their counterparts in real life should conduct themselves on a high ethical plane.

Another interesting item is the world's only copy of "Helyas, The Knight of the Swan," printed in London in 1512 and said to have cost more than \$19,000. There is also a 12th Century manuscript

New Zealand to Blow Up? Some Day We'll Know

AUCKLAND, New Zealand (AP)—Thirty New Zealand scientists are debating whether much of New Zealand may blow up.

Meeting at Rotorua, they are concerned with the future of thermal and volcanic regions, and some weighty questions are being raised.


Will Rotorua, the center of the thermal area, disappear in a terrific eruption? Will the geysers and hot springs dry up? Is volcanic activity from Ruapehu moving toward the south? Is the North Island of New Zealand really safe to live?

Mr. Rosenwald's collection of prints and books is now running into millions of dollars. The rare books, which number well over 1,000, are kept in an air conditioned wing of his residence, near Philadelphia, free from noise and dust.

Elaborate devices are set up in his Alverthorpe Gallery at Jorkinstown, Pa., against possible theft or fire. One of these is an electric beam, put in operation through the night. If someone crosses its path an alarm rings in a neighboring village, bringing forth the police.

The annual loss of soil fertility through erosion and leaching is estimated to be about seven times the amount used by crops.

"It will take 100 years before any degree of certainty can be contained in the answers to those questions," said Director M. Ongley, of the Geological Survey Department. "Now geologists don't know."



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Chapter 4
HILDRED, being young and pretty and newly awakened to a personal interest in herself decided she would tell Mamie, in a round about way, at least, some of the thoughts that had so troubled her she had been unable to rest.

She said, "do you think a woman knows when a man loves her. Mamie sat down, on the straight. Or does she have to tell him—show him some way, opening his blind eyes—make him wake up? Is there such a thing as taking too much for granted—on both sides, I mean—if true love is really there?"

Mamie sat down, on the straight-backed chair. She said, "Don't know as I know what you would call 'true love,' except in story books and picture shows. Never have time for them myself. My first husband was a hard worker and I respected him and married him 'cause I knew he respected me and would help me and my family all he could. He died—killed in a factory accident. But I knew he loved me if he never had time for fancy words."

Hildred nodded; she knew something of the hard struggle this rugged woman had had.

"My second husband was no account—drank all the time till I had to throw him out," Mamie continued. "He could sure make a body think he was burning with love, but he was burning like the price of another drink. Yes, you gotta tell 'em, as well as lead 'em. It don't pay for her to let him take her for granted, like you say, never. Why don't you come right out and ask the doctor when he means to get married to you, Hildy?" She terminated her own reminiscences with a question that was almost too abrupt.

"I could hardly do that," she said. "I guess you are right. I just have taken too much for granted. Maybe the doctor has, too. But I woke up yesterday. I'm going to do

something about it—though what, I haven't the slightest idea. I'm going to have dinner with another man this evening."

You don't say! Mamie's eyes beamed approval from behind the spectacles. "What's his name and wherever did you meet him?"

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Give The East Its Governor

The 50-Year tradition of the Democratic Party of North Carolina should NOT be adjusted for the political ambitions of any man.

Kerr Scott lives in the West and he cannot rightfully claim to be an Eastern candidate. Alamance County has always been considered a part of the political west.

Thomas M. Holt was elected lieutenant-governor from Alamance County as a Westerner. The last three lieutenant-governors from the West have come from counties farther East than Scott's Alamance—Elmer Long of Durham, Sandy Graham of Orange and Reg Harris of Person.

In 1944, Mr. Scott, now seeking the governorship as a candidate for the East, sought support to run for the U. S. Senate against Bob Reynolds of Buncombe, as a candidate from the West.

With Mr. Scott it is apparent East is West and West is East as the political whim of the moment dictates.

Don't break this 50-year tradition! Vote for Charles M. Johnson, high man in the first primary, and the only candidate from the East in the race for Governor.