

SCORCHY SMITH



Black Jack

SCORCHY SMITH



SCORCH TALKS BACK TO JACK

SCORCHY SMITH



NIGHT RATES

OAKY DOAKS



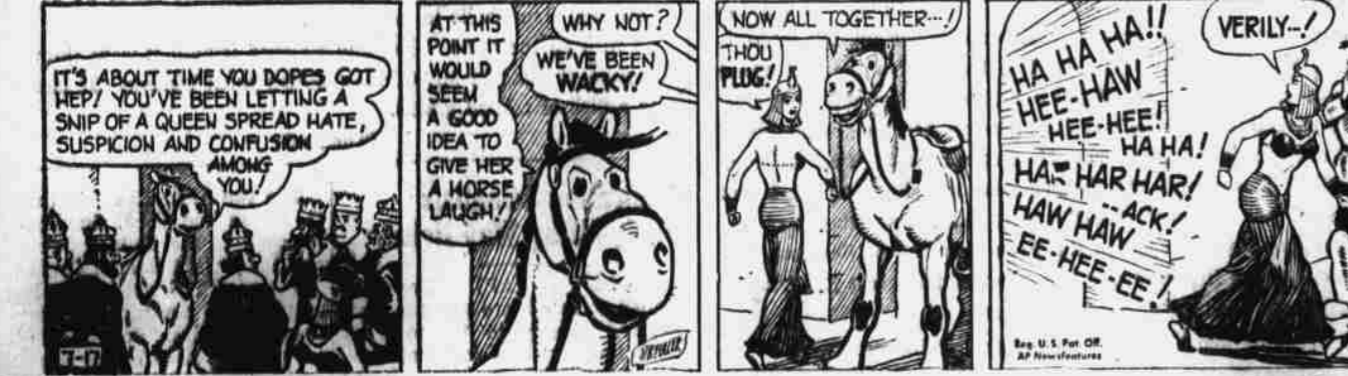
Psychological Moment

OAKY DOAKS



WORDS OF WISDOM

OAKY DOAKS



OUTWITTED OMAHA

OH, DIANA!



Some Fishing

OH, DIANA!



CUTE COTTAGE ON COOT ISLAND

OH, DIANA!



POP SMELLS SOMETHING

SEALEVEL

Mrs. Edwin Piner and baby son, Edwin Keith, who has been spending some time here with her mother, Mrs. Addell Salter left last Sunday morning by auto for Lewis, Delaware to be with her husband who is fishing there.

Mr. Eugene L. Gaskill, of Chapel Hill, N. C., spent the July 4th week end here with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Gaskill, Sr.

Elders John Thompson and Frank Milner of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints of Harkers Island and Sealevel has been transferred to new fields to carry on their missionary work.

Rev. Garrison Gaskill, who is employed by the Madix Asphalt corporation had the misfortune of getting a nail stuck in his foot a few days ago.

Mrs. Horace B. Gaskill underwent a serious operation at James Walker Memorial Hospital, Wilmington last Friday. Her husband reported her condition as satisfactory.

Mrs. Joseph Salter, of New Bern, spent the weekend here with her mother, Mrs. Virginia E. Gaskill.

Mrs. Gaskill and baby granddaughter, Leona Kay went home with her to spend several weeks.

Mr. James T. Gaskill, of Norfolk, Va., is spending several weeks here with his wife and children.

Mrs. Moody Rose and daughter, Janice stepped in Beaufort Saturday.

Mrs. Jerome Fulcher, of Stacy, spent the weekend with her aunt, Mrs. Guilford Gaskill.

Elementary schools were founded in England before the Reformation, but received impetus by the founding in 1699 of an organization to promote schools for children.

Visiting Nurse by Kathleen Harris

CHAPTER 14 MUCH to Hildred's surprise Randy phoned that Sunday morning to ask if there was anything he could do to help out with Jimmy's visit.

"He's going for a drive with mother in the country this afternoon. So there really is nothing you can do, Randy, though it is mighty nice of you to ask."

"I'm glad it's working out so well," Randy returned heartily. "I suppose I am to come for supper as I have every Sunday night?"

Hildred said, "Yes, of course. But don't come any earlier, Randy. I won't be here. I'm having tea this afternoon with Lucien Lanier and his mother."

"There! That ought to be a block-buster!" "You're having... Lucien Lanier, did you say?" Randy's tone now disclosed that she had achieved a direct hit.

"Yes, that's what I said," Hildred took delight in making her tone nonchalant. "Lucien had been anxious for me to meet his mother... she is the Countess de Macena, you know."

"I didn't know you knew the Countess' son." "Lucien was the man who rescued me the day I got shot," Hildred explained.

"Indeed," The inflection in Randy's tone was such a mixture of conflicting reaction that no one could have told exactly how he reacted to that.

"Lucien is so understanding and nice, and such a gentleman! I've never met anyone like him, Randy, in all my life!"

"I don't suppose you have," Randy returned. He cleared his throat—so maybe he had choked before. "Maybe you don't want me to come for Sunday night supper tonight. Though if you'll come home later on I would like to see you, Hildy. There are some things

only I can work it out so that it will come out all right for Jimmy."

"I promise you it will. I promise you I shall help," Lucien's firm grasp tightened on her soft hand. His dark eyes looked deeper into hers.

"I knew I could depend upon you," Hildred returned, her blue eyes looking back, deeply into his.

"I will think it all over," he was saying now. "I will call you in a few days. There will be a solution, never fear. Only you must promise me, my dear, that you will make this my responsibility. You know I have taken a great liking to the little fellow."

"I know—and it's so wonderful of you," Her look thanked him further, saying how much she felt, in gratitude, for his understanding and help.

Again she thought that it was lucky to have a friend like Lucien. SHE told her mother about her short talk with Lucien and his promise to find a solution for Jimmy.

"I had a very dull time," Hildred could be truthful about it now, which was a relief—how she hated to have to pretend she was enjoying herself when she was not!

"It was all so formal and boring. No wonder poor Lucien is often bored nearly to death! You know, Mummy dear, from the first I have felt sorry for him, in spite of all that money he inherited."

"I doubt if his mother would believe that!" her mother commented, dryly. "But you must guard against too much pity, my dear—it is akin to love, you know!"

"There will never be anything except friendship between Lucien and me," Hildred replied quickly. "I'm pretty well satisfied with my youngest daughter," her mother returned gently. "Lucien's mother—if she is a Countess and as grand as you say—has missed a great deal. I do not envy her in the least."

"I expect she would not believe that, either!" Hildred laughed. Then she sobered, remembering that she had still other matters that must be attended to this same day. She said, "You'll need a loaf of bread for supper—Anything else you can think of, darling? I'm going to slip on a sweater and run to the store. I'm going to stay there until Randy's coupe is parked outside. In other words, dearest, your loving daughter has started a war of her own."

Her mother's eyes twinkled. "I guess it is going to be quite a battle! You against Randy, is that it? Yes, that's a clever idea, to keep him waiting, not to be sitting here waiting on him."

"As I have for almost three long years," her daughter said in. "Think how many Sunday nights he has dropped in for supper, always to find me doing that waiting act. No wonder he takes me for granted, outside of clinic hours as well as during them."

"Men like Randy are that way," her mother agreed. "They depend on their women—but they can be depended upon, too, never forget that. I'm going over to Mrs. Archer's as soon as supper is over," Mrs. McNaughten added. "That will give you a clear field, darling. I'm afraid I've been on the battleground too much."

"You have not!" Hildred was indignant because she was aware of how her mother might feel about being in the way. When she was always so tactful and sweet! Randy must accept her mother, if he ever woke up to want to accept the daughter. As of course, being Randy, he would. But just think what a man like Lucien could have done for her mother!

She would have to hurry or Randy would pass in his coupe. That would be a good thing to give Randy, when she could. The part about her mother. Maybe this battle was going to prove quite interesting. A man worth having is worth fighting for. (To be continued)

Legal Notices

ORDINANCE AUTHORIZING \$7,300 OF BONDS OF THE TOWN OF BEAUFORT FOR FIRE FIGHTING EQUIPMENT

BE IT ORDAINED by the Board of Commissioners of the Town of Beaufort, North Carolina:

Section 1. That pursuant to the Municipal Finance Act, 1921, bonds of the Town of Beaufort, of the maximum aggregate amount of \$7,300 are hereby authorized to be issued for the necessary expense and purpose of making repairs to fire fighting equipment of the Town and for acquisition of fire fighting apparatus for the Town.

Sec. 2. That a tax sufficient to pay the principal and interest of the bonds herein authorized shall be annually levied and collected.

Sec. 3. That a statement of the debt of the Town has been filed with the Clerk and is open to public inspection.

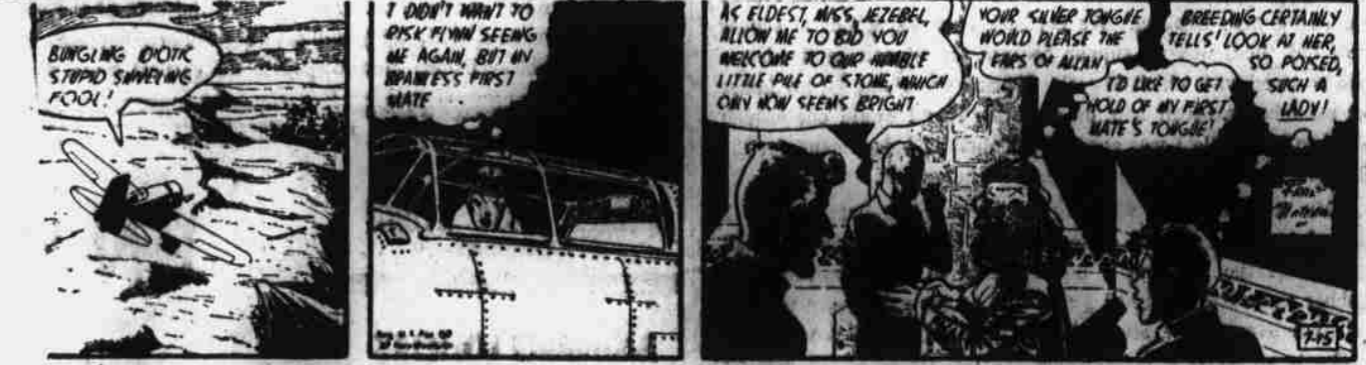
Sec. 4. That this ordinance shall take effect thirty days after its first publication unless in the meantime a petition for its submission to the voters is filed under the Municipal Finance Act, in such event it shall take effect when approved by the voters of the Town at an election as provided in said Act.

The foregoing ordinance was passed on the 1st day of July, 1948, and was first published on the 6th day of July, 1948. Any action or proceeding questioning the validity of said ordinance must be commenced within thirty days after its first publication.

William L. Hattell, Town Clerk

2t J6-13

DICKIE DARE



The Perfect Little Lady

DICKIE DARE



A NATURAL

DICKIE DARE



THE BROCK WILL BE MUTUAL