





SIZZLING CYCLOTRONS!

IT'S JEZEBEL

PLEASE



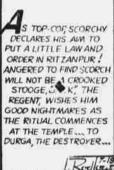


LONG LOST FRIEND





SCORCHY SMITH









GRUESOME GODDESS















OAKY DOAKS













OAKY DOAKS









HARLOWE

The 4-H Service club met Wed nesday evening at Taylor's Community Hall. A large number was present and enjoyed games and contests led by Miss Josephine Stanton of Beaufort. The group were served a water-nelon.

The members of Mrs. Walter Guy Temple's Church School class and their friends enjoyed a party Thursday evening at Miss Jean Ball's home. The young folks were served candy, nuts, cookies and iced drinks.

Mrs. Ervin C. McLawhorn was honored Friday evening by Mrs. Gordon Becton and Mrs. Rufus Ward with a "stork" shower at Mrs. Becton's house. Mrs. Mc-Lawhorn received many lovely gifts from her friends. The guests were served iced lemonade and wafers.

Wayne Blanton of Asheville came Thursday to visit Mr. and Mrs. Carlton Taylor. Mrs. Blanton and Miss June Blanton returned Sunday with Mr. Blanton. Mr. and Mrs. Joe Riddle and daughter. Becky, of Cherry Point and Johnnie and Frankie Riddle of Miami, Fla., were here Wednesday evening to see Mr. and Mrs. W. Kuch Williams.

Mrs. Ashton H. Tallman of near Beaufort was here Friday to see Mrs. Carl H. Morton and Mrs. Pearl Olund and guests, Mr. and Mrs. Horold Taylor.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hill and daughter, Karen, of Hilton Village. Va., were here Friday morning to see Mrs. W. Kuch Williams. Mrs. Earl Noe and sons of Beaufort were here Friday to see Mrs. William Noe at Mrs. Carl H. Mor ton's.

Mrs. Emma Oglesby was in Beaufort Friday on business. Mrs. John E. Taylor of New Bern has been here visiting Mr. Mrs. Everette Taylor this week

Joe Sadler Morton and Tom Adams were in New Bern Friday on business.

Mrs. Gordon Becton and daugh ter, Ann Shirley, and Mrs. Ervin McLawhorn were in Beaufort last Monday. Mrs. Willie Bradshaw and daugh-

ter, Peggy, returned last Monday from Kenansville. Mr. and Mrs. Randolph Hancock

of Mebane are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Rufus W. Ward. Mr. and Mrs. Joe Sadler Mor

ton were in Beaufort Friday aft ernoon Mrs. Ivey Eubanks and children of Beaufort were here Wednesday

afternoon to see Mrs. Roy Mason Mrs. Ben Lewis and Mrs. Wescott of Goldsboro, who were staying at Atlantic Beach, were here Wednesday afternoon to see Mrs. Ashby B. Morton. Mrs. Charlie Bell and Mrs. Geo

W. Ball were in Morehead City Friday on business. Mrs. Lloyd Gillikin. Miss Jose-

phine Stanton and R. M. Williams of Beaufort attender the meeting of the 4-H Service club Wednesday evening at Clyde S. Taylor's Community Hall. Mrs. Pearl Olund, Philip Taylor

Johnnie Olund and their guests, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Taylor and son, Joe, spent last Saturday at Atlantic Beach. Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher Taylor

and cihldren, Harry Barden, Barbara and Annie Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. George Carraway and son, Charles, of Bachelor Sunday to see Mrs. Pearl Olund and guest. Mrs. Pearl Olund, Mr. and Mrs.

Harold Taylor, Philip Taylor, Johnnie Olund, and Joe Taylor visited relatives at Bachelor nesday afternoon.

Philip Taylor spent Saturday in New Bern on business.

CHAPTER 16 THAT Sunday night supper was much like every other one that had preceded it, with Randy offering to help clear up and do dishes afterwards when Mrs. Mc-Naughten said she was going to run over to a neighbor's. Yet, somehow, it was not like the others after all.

others after all.

Hildred was conscious all the while of Randy eyeing her with a new look, a perplexed look that caused that deep furrow between his sandy brows. As for her, she was unusually vivacious, telling at some length about the tea at the great house and the other guests, making it all sound quite gay and exciting, rather than dull and pompous as it had been.

"Your certainly must have en-

"You certainly must have enjoyed yourself today," Randy said, polishing a plate so vigorously that its surface glistened. "I never supposed you would, Hildy—not with people of that sort. I might say that I am very much surprised that you allow yourself to be im-pressed by outward show. To be frank I am disappointed in you. I thought you had more sense than the average young girl."

ed with outward show, as you put it; but I would not be human, or feminine, if I couldn't be thrilled at having tea at the Laniers and meeting a real-live countess."

could be friends with a man like

"You have been seeing too many sophisticated shows, Randy. Lucien is a very nice person. He is shy and sensitive and I am sure he has led a very circumspect life—even a somewhat dull one."

"You seem to think you know him very well—and in such a short time."

"Well, how did it go?" her mother saked at breakfact the

by Kathleen Harris

IN the living room Rand; stretched out on the couch, as he nearly always did; often he had said that this was one place where he could stretch out and make himself perfectly at home.

Hildred sat down in her mother's vacant chair, the lamplight making a halo of her golden hair. But Randy would not notice that -he never had. Yes, it would take more than this to waken Randy. "Please don't worry about me,"

she raid now- sweetly, much too sveetly but that would be lost on him too, the dumb darling! — "I promise not to get hurt. I shan't let Lucien's money go to my head. I assure you that this friendship is one of the nicest things that ever happened to me."
"I see," Randy said, but not as

brows went up a bit at such a sug-gestion, but his thin lips smiled. "That might not be such a bad idea, at that, Hildy!

"save it, my lad!"
"Okav I'll save it." said Randu

mother asked, at breakfast the following Monday morning. For once, Hildred had overslept to that when she came into the tiny breakfast nook still dewy eye from sleep, her mother had thing

all ready for her.

"I suppose you might say at went very well." Her daughter sent her a swift smile, as she slid in her place. She looked as spicand-span as only a nurse's uniform could make a siril look. form could make a girl look; he lovely hair was neat under cove of a restraining net, her fabe minus any make-up. She smiled reminiscently and said, "As a matter of fact, Mummie, Randy proposed to me."

Her mother almost dropped the

coffee pot. Hildred laughed. "Don't get ex-

ressed by outward show. To be frank I am disappointed in you. I thought you had more sense than the average young girl."

"But I am average," she smiled at him, her one dimple coming into view, her hands deep in the soapy suds. "Don't you suppose I get tired of being sensible at times? It's not that I am impressed with outward show, as you put

Hildred laughed. "Don't get excited, darling. It wasn't much of a proposal."

We have worked together so long," Hildred said, with sweet trony once more. "We are such pals, Randy. Why, anyone seeing us now, so cozy of a Sunday evening, would think we had been married for years!"

"So they might!" Randy's sandy brows went up a bit at such a suggiven to fancy phrases, my dear."
"All he had to say," Hildred said, not so blithely now, single

at having tea at the Laniers and meeting a real-live countess."

"I shouldn't care to have them patronize me," dandy said shortly, "Nor should I fool myself—if I were a girl—with the idea that I could be friends with a man like "save it, my lad!"

at that, Hildy!

"If you consider that you are then with her mother, whose kindly eyes saw so clearly, "were in, the color deepening in her three little words. They are customary, too, I believe, when a eyes growing dangerously bright, "save it, my lad!"

Rendy wouldn't have them with a man like "save it, my lad!" Randy wouldn't know that.

CHAPTER 17

MAYBE, Hildred thought, on her way to the clinic, her mother was right. Maybe she ought to accept Randy just as he was—not hope to change him. He had actually proposed to her though last night—because it had come so suddenly and pierced so deeply—she had not viewed it as dispassionately as she could in the clear light of an early southern morning

But surely every girl, no matter who she was — rich or poor, society deb or county nurse —had a right to hold out for her dreams. They might never come true. But surely they too were worth fighting for ing for.

If only there was something she could do — if only something would happen to make him say "I love you." It would have to be something drastic, as she had decided before. If only she could make Randy believe she was going to marry someone else—that would do it, if anything could. But there wasn't anyone else except Lucien—and of course he was out of the question. cept Lucien—and or out of the question.

out of the question.

Yet when Lucien phoned in a few days, as he had said he would, about Jimmy, the first thing he said to Hildred was that his mother had taken a great liking to her. "She thought you a very nice girl," Lucien said. "She said ahe knew you would be good for if me, just as I told you you are."

Hildred could hardly believe it, yet she knew that Lucien would not have told her that unless it was so.

Hildred's heart sank a wonder ful idea—in theory. "That would a gift from me, of course, since ful idea—in theory. "That would have long been wanting to suggest some such present—"

"Mummie would not accept would solve everything, without a doubt. But I'm afraid it won't be as easy as you make it seem, Lucien."

Hildred could hardly believe it, yet she knew that Lucien would not like obstacles put in his way, or so much as the possibility that there could be any.

"Well," she would have to be would. Her mother went 'be she would have to be she would hav

we must does not answer what we must do about Jimmy's future. But I think I have found the an-swer, Hildred—in fact, I'm sure of it."

was the very person to do it.

command of any situation so that miracles need not exist. "We must get someone to adopt the boy. So that he won't have to go back to the Home. He must be surrounded all the time with love and understanding, as you said, my

plantation — it also contained a large model farm that would delight the heart of any small boy— and friendly again. "We might and there were all kinds of animals, and a fine swimming pool. She could not possibly have refused or withheld her approval. Yet that did not solve the bigger problem of her promise to Jimmy. And triendly again. We might take on the task, you and I together, since we prefer a boy like Jimmy to a dozen simpering little girls or squawking babies. But seriously, Hildred, you must not problem of her promise to Jimmy. her thoughts even across the telephone wires. He said, "I know that that does not answer what we must do about Jimmy's firm."

Apparently Lucien could read idea sound. I still believe there will be some way provided to make it work out."

"I only hope and read idea sound."

"Please leave it to me," Lucier swer, Hildred—in fact, I'm sure of it."

"Really Lucien!" Her own voice shook a little, as such a miracle seemed unlikely. Yet if one could be performed, no doubt Lucien was the very person to do it.

was the very person to do it.

"It's simple, really." This was his authoritative tone, taking command of any situation so that miracles need not exist. "We must miracles need not exist."

"I'm sure your mother woul not mind." Lucien always had ready answer; he was not used to being thwarted in anything or a any time. "Couldn't she have friend in to stay with her? O perhaps she would like to g somewhere for a little change, a a gift from me, of course, since,

"Liz is interested in Jimmy, too," Lucien said further. "She suggested we have him here, for the next weekend, instead of you the next weekend, instead of your the next weekend. the next weekend, instead of you taking him to your apartment. That is, of course, if the idea is agreeable to you and meets with your approval."

Again Hildred was so astounded she could hardly credit her own hearing. "Why, that would be wonderful!" she exclaimed. Imagine Jimmy having the privilege of roaming at will on the big Jimmy."

not adopt little boys who are at the ling Hildred she felt in need of the awkward rather than the cute a change, though Hildred was dered if Mummie did not have something else up her sleeve. So the curly hair. Or bright-eyed instants are please don't think I discredit it, or am ungrateful—but I'm afraid it just won't work—not for our of roaming at will on the big Jimmy."

(To be continued)

OH. DIANA!





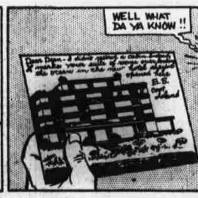




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