

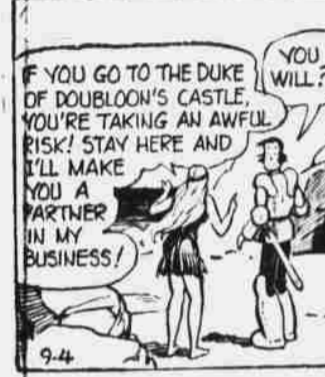
OAKY DOAKS



OAKY DOAKS



OAKY DOAKS



DICKIE DARE



DICKIE DARE



DICKIE DARE



OH, DIANA!



OH, DIANA!



OH, DIANA!



An Important Matter



The Greater Hazard



The Day Saved--Or Just Wasted?



Lambs Are Leading The Slaughter



School's Out!



Hideout



Caught



Sez Who?



MARSHALLBERG

Mr. and Mrs. James Stamey and Mrs. Mary Stamey, of Lexington, N. C., have returned home after visiting Mrs. Warren Lewis...

Mrs. Ruby Woodruff, of Newport, N. C., and Miss Helen Dobson, of Wilmington, N. C., spent the weekend here with Mrs. H. G. Cuthrell.

Rev. and Mrs. Lee Phillips and daughter have returned home from Washington, N. C.

Mrs. A. E. Holme and son, of Jacksonville, N. C., has returned to their home after visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Gillikin.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Cameron, of Miami, Fla., have returned home after visiting her sister, Mrs. Sam Harris.

Mrs. Evans, of Asheville, N. C., recently visited Mr. and Mrs. D. R. Lewis.

Mrs. Waldron Fulcher, of Morehead City, N. C., was here for the weekend with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Will Murphy.

Rev. and Mrs. Lloyd Davis and daughter, Doris of Baltimore, Md., have returned to their home after spending two weeks here on their vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Russell, of Portsmouth, Va., have returned home after visiting her sister, Mrs. Bertie Davis.

Mrs. Walter Chadwick and son, of Straits, N. C., has recently visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Will Murphy.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Davis spent last week visiting their daughter, Mrs. Guy Daniels in Norfolk, Va.

Mrs. Nellie Hancock, of Morehead City, is visiting Mrs. Rudolph Dowdy.

Mrs. Myron Harris and children returned home Saturday from Beaufort where she visited her parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Lewis, of Pinta Gorda, Fla., are here visiting his sister, Mrs. Lena Moore.

Miss Wanda Hill and Miss Janice Pake attended the Lost Colony at Manteo, N. C. over the weekend.

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Willis and Johnnie Belle Willis, of Morehead City, N. C., spent a long week end here with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Willis.

Mrs. Bertie Davis, of Baltimore, Md., left Wednesday for her home after spending the past two months here.

Dr. and Mrs. Guy R. Willis and children, of Durham, N. C., have been here the past two weeks visiting his mother, Mrs. Bertie Willis.

They had as their guests of Mrs. Willis' father, Mr. Atkinson of Baltimore, Md., Mr. and Mrs. Bishop of Baltimore, Md., and Mr. and Mrs. Llewelyn of Durham, N. C.

High Pockets by Herbert Shapiro

Chapter 2

GEORGE AKERS lay flat on his back on the bed in his room on the upper floor of the 'big' house. He stared moodily at the ceiling, raised his head when he heard the swift beat of an approaching horse's hoofs.

Cathy Ballard emerged from the cottage and started down the path that led to the house. The man eyed her interestedly... he stepped forward to meet her. George, watching from the window, saw her swerve toward the back door, saw the man intercept her and say something to her. Cathy flushed, pushed past him and went into the house. George frowned... in another moment he was striding down the stairs.

"Who's that feller outside?" he asked. "That's Mister Corbin," she answered over her shoulder. "Oh," he said. "What's he want here?"

"You," she said simply. "My principal purpose in coming here," Corbin said, "was to talk with you about the ranch." "You wanna buy it? Why?" "Why would any man want to buy a ranch?"

"To work it," George answered calmly. "But I can't see you doin' ranchin'." "Come, come, Akers. Either you want to sell it, or you don't. Now which is it?"

"I won't sell it if anybody 'cept a rancher. Besides, I don't like to do business with anybody I don't like." "I see," Corbin said slowly. "You don't like me. Is that right?"

Corbin's frown deepened. "I don't know whether you've been told this or not, I hold the mortgage on the Circle-A." "Awright... I know it now." "Interest is due shortly. I take it you'll be ready to pay it?"

"Come around and ask me when it's due." Cathy came out of the house and trudged up the path to the cottage. Corbin's eyes followed her. "What'd you say 'er 'b'fore?" George asked.

"Why, nothing. That is, nothing of importance." "That's what I figured, Mister. I understand Tex told you 't stay off the Circle-A. That goes double now."

CORBIN turned abruptly, swung himself up astride his horse, wheeled the animal.



The rope sprang to life and shot away with the awing speed of a darting snake.

"The next time you see Cathy, you might remember 't kinda watch your tongue. If you don't, you're liable 't get yerself into a heap o' trouble, Savy?"

Corbin's line thinned. He pulled backward suddenly. The loose ends of the reins flashed upward and downward, almost in the same swift movement, and swished across George's face. Corbin whirled his horse around, spurred him, sent him thundering away.

George sidestepped nimbly, pivoted and smashed him fully in the face. A terrific, swishing punch that almost tore his head from his shoulders, lifted him off his knees. George stepped back and Corbin toppled over in a limp heap. The Circle-A punchers crowded around the panting youth. He pushed them away, hitched up his belt.

"Get him outta here," he breathed. Phil Martin, a broad grin of delight and satisfaction on his face, stepped ahead of him when they reached the house, yanked the kitchen door open, held it wide, and followed George inside. Cathy came in at their very heels.

"It'm," she said, stepped back and rolled up her sleeves. "Sit down." George obeyed. Quickly and deftly she filled a basin with water from a huge pitcher, reached for a bottle on the top shelf of the dish closet.

"This will smart," she said. "However, as long as you were able to stand up and fight back after getting your face lashed, you should be able to stand this." George did not answer. Martin, tongue in cheek, watched the proceedings for another minute, then he backed very quietly to the door, opened it noiselessly and slipped out. He was grinning again when he strode away toward the corral.

(To be continued)

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