OAKY DOAKS



DON'T GO TO THE DUKE OF DOUBLOOM'S CASTLE! YOU GOT FROM MY KING BACK ALIVE!





Unexpected Opportunity







DANGEROUS DESTINATION







Surprise In Store

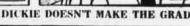


DICKIE DARE











SCHOOL? -- WELL, PERHAPS

-- I'D THOUGHT MAYBE I

COULD TUTOR YOU -- I RAN

INTO SLICK SHAFER AND --

DICKIE DARE









Trapped At Trap Door

















BAY VIEW

Mr. Tull Williams and Blanche Saunders were maried Thursday in Beaufort. His mother Mrs. W. C. Williams and Miss Bettie Williams were present at the ceremony. We are all wishing Tull and Blanche much happiness and

Mr. and Mrs. Johnny Knox and little daughter, Flora Ann, of Cherry Point, spent Monday with Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Williams and family.

Mrs. Pollie Haskett spent Sunday with Mrs. Clarence Mason. Mr. and Mrs. John Chaplain spent a while Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Graham.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C Williams. Miss Leila Haskett, Miss Bettie Williams and Mr. Owen Cottle attended services at Chocownity Sunday.

Mrs. James Skinner, Mrs. Pernel Hardesty and family and Mrs. J. T. Graham spent a while Thursday in Beaufort.

Jackie Chaplain spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Graham.

Mr. and Mrs. Tull Williams spent a while Monday with Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Williams.

Mr. and Mrs. Billie G. Lewis and little daughter, Darlene, of Morehead City, spent a while Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Small and family.

Mrs. Fannie Fodrie, of Russell's Creek, is spending a while here with relatives.

Mr. Don Garner, of Newport, was in the community Saturday on business Mrs. W. C. Williams and Miss

Bettie Williams attended the Smith-Mason wedding at Beaufort Monday evening. Miss Pearl Small spent a while

Sunday afternoon with her par ents. Mr. and Mrs. Carlye Oglesby moved Friday in their new home. We all hope that Mrs. Bessie

Graham, who struck a nail in her foot last week, will soon be well. Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Williams and Mrs. Nannie Small spent a while Friday evening with Mrs. Bessie Graham.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Haskett spent a while Sunday evening with Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Mason. We are all glad that Mrs. A. L.

Winberry, who has been on the sick list, is able to be out again. Rev. Murphy held services at Bay View Baptist church Sunday afternoon and evening.

Miss Louise Jones returned home Tuesday from Morehead City where she had been visiting relatives. Mrs. Gene Oglesby spent a while

Mr. and Mrs. Best announce the birth of a son last week. Miss Carolyn Garner spent Monday night with Miss Norma Lou

Sunday with Mrs. Allen Graham.

Skinner. Mrs. A. L. Winberry and Miss Johnise Winberry spent a while Sunday with Mrs. J. T. Graham. Miss Bertie Small spent Sunday

with Miss Norma Lou Skinner. Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Hardesty spent a while Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Ellery Hardesty.

What Do You Mean, You Lost our Dog?

PORTLAND, Me. - (AP) -Lt. Harry C. White answered the telephone at police headquarters. A man, it seemed, had found a dog in his yard. his children liked the pup and the dog liked them. Could he keep the dog? "What's the number on his license?" White asked. "51659," was the reply. "you can't keep that dog. He's mine," said White.



IT WAS nearly sundown when I Phil came trudging up the path to the cottage. Nettie heard his heavy step, but her thoughts appeared to be elsewhere at the moment. He opened the door, poked his head in . . Nettie was setting the table.

"Hi," he said. Nettie looked up.

"Oh!" she answered. "Hello." She noted in that quick upward glance that he was drawn and tired, noticed too that he seemed unusually dirtied.

"Gosh," he said. "I'm plumb wore out." There was no response from

'Been ridin' the fences all day, he continued. "That's the dog-gonedest job. Gotta talk to George bout them fences. Oughta have one feller to do nothing but take care o' th'm. S-ay, he's still around,

"Perhaps he's found something to keep him here." "Huh? What d'you mean?"

"We-ll, every time I saw him, that Hollis woman was with him." "O-h, you mean Cathy's sister? "Of course."

"Aw, that don't meen 'nything.
'Less I got him figgered out all
wrong, George don't go f'r women."
Nettie looked at him over her shoulder. "T've yet to meet the man who doesn't," she said coldly. "Especially where women like that Hollis woman are concerned."

"Heck," he said and laughed

"Doggoned good thing you didn't see what happened this mornin'. You'd be gettin' ideas about me,

too."
"I did see it," she said quietly.
"You did?"
"Yes."

He eyed her oddly for a moment.
"O-h," he said. "So that's what's bitin' you."

There was little conversation at Phil stirred . . . suddenly he rolled

into the big house had brought him. He isn't the talkative kind | swiftly though uneventfully, her added responsibilities and | Still I suppose he's all right. He's In the cottage, Nettie was herself duties . . . quite naturally she just not my kind of man. That's again. all.

who was sitting at the window "Going to sit there all night?

Gay turned in her chair.
"I'm not tired," she answered lightly. "Want me to turn out the light?"

"Not at all. Actually, I like to sit in the darkness. It's restful." Gay moved swiftly. Presently the room was plunged in dark-Cathy burrowed deep into

"Oh, yes! Bed's a wonderful place, isn't it?" "Very wonderful," Gay replied. She moved the curtain aside and

know that it's been all her fault. down at Gay, marveled at the I was pretty nasty with her over ease with which she had fallen the cottage, you know. However, asleep. Cathy tossed and turned

"Nettie? Do you think so?" into her thoughts. She was sure there was some significance attached to it and it worried her. Finally she turned over the same than the same t

supper, and even less while Nettie over. His left arm, weighty as an cleared away the table and washed the dishes. Phil was tired, He swung his chair away from the table and stretched his long legs. He sighed, closed his eyes. Minutes later he was asleep. It was nine o'clock when Nettie bent over him, shook him sently over him, shook him gently.

"Phil." There was no response, and she hook him again. "Phil."

He stirred, raised his head, slow-

"Huh? S'matter?" "The bed's open. Why don't you upstairs and turn in?"

He yawned, covered his gaping nouth with a b z hand, stretched imself. "Yeah, mayte I ourhta. I'm so

dos, oned tired, I could sleep fr a week, he seed. He scratched his lead, rubbed his nose... he climbed to his feet, yawned again. "How
'bout you? Ain't you gonna turn
in too?"

"Not just yet. I've got some
darning to do, then I'll be up."

"Not like last night, y'hear?"

T WAS after ten when Nettie I went upstairs for the night. As she turned into the landing she heard Phil's heavy breathing. Rays

But he was warm, and presently the warmth of his body reached her and she was more comfortable. She closed her eyes. Instantly her mind was filled with disturbing faces and scenes. In all of them Gay Hollis' face appeared. Her eager, dancing eyes seemed to be seeking someone... her warm. seeking someone . . . her warm, tempting lips parted for a moment, puckered and swept downward, swerving past Nettie to reach Phil's. Nettie tried to drive the vision out of her thoughts. She was jealous and she was angry, first with Phil for despite the fact that with Phil for despite the fact that he had been an innocent party to the kissing, his participation in it brought him within the range of Nettie's anger. She was angry with herself, to . . . she hadn't meant to let Phil know how she felt about it, and now that he knew, she was miserable. He stirred again, moved a bit closer to her. He smelled of soap, but it was a clean smell and she offered no objection.

when tupstairs for the night. As she turned into the landing she heard Phil's heavy breathing. Rays of yellow lamp light streamed into the passageway from the open bedroom of the door. She tiptoed around the bed, stopped for a moment to lower the wick in the lamp that stood on the bureau against the far wall. Noiselessly she topened the closet door of the passageway from the open bedroom of the trouble the passageway from the open bedroom of Then suddenly she was no longer reached the bureau to turn out the Now there were no disturbing light. She undressed in the dark-thoughts. Gay Hollis' face did not ness, made her way to the bed and got in. The sheets were cold and she huddled beneath the blankets. asleep.

Chap r 6

CATHY was tired. It had been a full day for her. Moving into the big house had brought took over Nettie's work as housekeeper and cook. Her nightgown on, she drew back the blankets, got into bed, looked over at Gay

Cathey asked. "It's eleven o'clock, you know."

light?"
"Do you mind?"

the blankets, sighed so content-edly that Gay laughed. "Comfortable?" she asked.

matter any thought. What do you dozed off, think of George?"

"I don't know what to think of

any time.'

"Nettie might not like to hear you say that."

"When a plain, unattractive woman marries a man who is younger than she is, we-ll, she should expect most anything. I never could understand such marriages, They . . . they don't make sense." "When a plain, unattractive never could understand such mar-

These was no reply from Cathy Gay settled herself in her chair. Cathy turned over on her side, and closed her eyes. She was tired, but sleep did not come easily. Gay's remark rang in her ears and it disturbed her. She she moved the curtain aside and tasturbed her. She rays of silvery night light streamed into the window, "The light's out in the cottage."

"Phil has to be up early, That's part of a foreman's job,"

"He's nice, isn't he?"

"Yes, he is."

"Yes, he is."

"And the disturbed her. She cars and it disturbed her. S

"Yes, he is."

Minutes later the two sisters
"What's his wife like? I haven't lay beside each other. There was had more than a glimpse of no further talk between them.

"O-h, Nettie's all right, I suppose. We haven't gotten along as well as we should, still I don't did not come to her. She looked it's hers now, so I suppose we'll get along lots better."

"She's older than Phil, isn't she?"

"She's older than Phil, isn't she?"

"The she's older than Phil, isn't she's face kept forcing its way into her thoughts. She was sure

"I guess I've never given that side, closed her eyes fiercely and THE next few days passed

In the big house things ran along equally smoothly. In Cathy's ca-

"I like him. I admit he's different than most other men but that may be why I like him. Anyway, he's had a hard time of it and I think it's made him quiet, even bitter."

Martin's kind

Given:

As for Cathy, she was never an end there was never an end seemed there was never an end to her work. It was late evening when George sauntered into the house, stopped and looked sharp-

> Finally she looked up.
> "Don't you ever get 'ny time
> off?" he demanded. "There's always something to do," she answered with a patient smile. "These are your socks."

He grinned boyishly.
"Come t' think of it, ain't there
a hull mess o' socks upstars
somewheres, that I ain't never

even worn yet?"
"Yes. In your bureau."
"Then i'r Pete's sake, chuck
them doggoned things out!" He grinned again. She him for a foment.

"I wish you'd smile oftene she said. "It does things for you This time he made no commen "George," she said and pause "Yosh?"

"I'm awf'lly glad you've changed your mind about leaving the Circle-A."
"Who said I have?"
"No one," she answered calmy.
"You're still here and I'm taking that to mean that you're staying.
You . . . you are staying, aren't you?"

(To se continued)

Mom Weakens

OH, DIANA!

DE. DIANA!

















SNUG AND NOW I DON'T LIKE IT!



