

OAKY DOAKS



9-9 OAKY DOAKS



A CHILLING THOUGHT



9-10 OAKY DOAKS



DANGEROUS DESTINATION



DICKIE DARE



Surprise In Store



DICKIE DARE



DICKIE DOESN'T MAKE THE GRADE



DICKIE DARE



A WAY DOWN SOUTH OF DIXIE



SCORCHY SMITH



Trapped At Trap Door



SCORCHY SMITH



READY FOR ROUGH STUFF



SCORCHY SMITH



SACRIFICE PLAY?



SCORCHY SMITH



BAY VIEW

Mr. Tull Williams and Miss Blanche Saunders were married Thursday in Beaufort...

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.

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

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

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 parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Carlisle Oglesby moved Friday in their new home.

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 Sunday with Mrs. Allen Graham.

Mr. and Mrs. Best announce the birth of a son last week.

Miss Carolyn Garner spent Monday night with Miss Norma Lou Skinner.

Mrs. A. L. Winberry and Miss Johnnie 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.

OH, DIANA!

IT'S THE SNUG EFFECT THAT'S TOP FLIGHT... DEFINITELY

OH, DIANA!

IT'S THE SNUG EFFECT



High Pockets

by Herbert Shapiro

Chapter 5 IT WAS nearly sundown when Phil came trudging up the path to the cottage.

"Hi," he said. "Nettie looked up. "Oh!" she answered. "Hello."

"Gosh," he said. "I'm plumb wore out."

"Been ridin' the fences all day," he continued. "That's the dog-gonest job. Gotta talk to George 'bout them fences."

"Heck," he said and laughed. "Doggoned good thing you didn't see what happened this mornin'."

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

Chapter 6 CATHY was tired. It had been a full day for her.

"I don't know what to think of him. He isn't the talkative kind."

"I like him. I admit he's different than most other men but that may be why I like him."

"I'll take Phil Martin's kind 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."

"Very wonderful," Gay replied. She moved the curtain aside and rays of silvery night light streamed into the window.

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

"What's his wife like? I haven't had more than a glimpse of her."

"O-h, Nettie's all right. I suppose. We haven't gotten along as well as we should, still I don't know that it's been all her fault."

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

"Nettie? Do you think so?"

"Oh, yes!" Gay said. "I'm sure she is."

supper, and even less while Nettie cleared away the table and washed the dishes.

"There was no response, and she shook him again."

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

"Yes, maybe I oughta. I'm so dog-goned tired, I could sleep for a week," he said.

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

IT WAS after ten when Nettie went upstairs for the night.

As she turned into the landing she heard Phil's heavy breathing.

"I guess I've never given that matter any thought. What do you think of George?"

"I don't know what to think of him. He isn't the talkative kind."

"I like him. I admit he's different than most other men but that may be why I like him."

"I'll take Phil Martin's kind 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."

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over. His left arm, weighty as an oak when he was asleep, came around her, imprisoning her.

"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."

"Then suddenly she was no longer angry with him. Instead she was sorry she had been so cold and curt."

"The next few days passed swiftly though uneventfully."

"In the big house things ran along equally smoothly."

"Radiant as ever, Gay was the most carefree person on the ranch."

"I don't ever get any more off," he demanded.

"There's always something to do," she answered with a patient smile.

"Come 'n' think of it, ain't there a hull mess o' socks upstairs somewheres, that I ain't never even worn yet?"

"Yes, in your bureau."

"Then 'r Pete's sake, chuck them doggoned things out!"

"Who said I have?"

"You're still here and I'm talking to you."

"You... you are staying, aren't you?"

(To be continued)