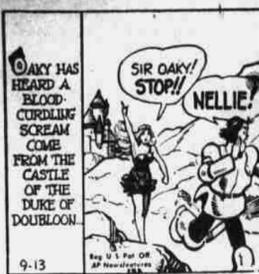


OAKY DOAKS



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Hitch-Hiker

WILLISTON

Sept. 10 - Mr. Clyde Mason, Jr. and wife, of Atlantic, visited at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Earl Wade on Labor day. They are to leave for Newton where he attends school this week. Mr. Martin Brooks and wife are visiting Mrs. Brooks' parents this week.

The Willis brothers are having right many claims taken up where he has several thousand bushels put out to fill his orders for northern markets through fall and winter.

Mr. Archie Wade and wife, a friend and wife of theirs, of Norfolk, spent the weekend with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. James W. Wade.

Miss Patsy Ballou, of Morehead City Hospital, visited at the home of Mrs. Johnnie Wade Sunday and in the afternoon visited Mrs. Lydia Wade.

Mr. Cullie Piner has improved and so he can get out some. He's been in right bad health for some little time.

Mr. R. W. Piner is in right poor health. We all wish he could get better and so he can get out again.

Mr. and Mrs. William Moore, of Rochester, N. Y., were here the weekend of Sept. 5 with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Gilkin. Mr. Staten Moore has returned to Norfolk, Va.

Mrs. Willard Bennett and son, Leon of Baltimore, Md., have returned home after spending a week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Leon B. Lewis.

Mr. and Mrs. Ira T. Willis, Mrs. Fred Baxter, Mrs. Roy Brown were in New Bern recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Ellis J. Bedworth spent Monday, Sept. 6, with their son, Ellis Jennings Bedworth in Greenville, N. C.

Mrs. Kenneth Herring and children left Sunday, Sept. 5, for Japan where she will join her husband who is stationed there with the U. S. Army.

Miss Annie Moore Piner left Wednesday, Sept. 8, for Henderson, N. C., where she will be a member of the Henderson school faculty.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde P. Willis and son are here visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Luther Willis.

Mrs. Teen Piner, Capt. and Mrs. George Lewis visited Capt. and Mrs. Charles Piner Monday afternoon, Sept. 6.

Jimmy Jiner, son of Mr. and Mrs. Norwood Piner, Dallas Neal Hill, son of Jennie Hill, left Thursday, Sept. 9, to enter the Coast Guard at Wilmington, N. C.

Mrs. Headen Willis and son, of Williston, N. C., spent Sunday, Sept. 5, here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Waddell Daniels.

Mrs. Homer Guthrie visited her parents in Beaufort Sunday, Sept. 5.

Dr. and Mrs. Guy R. Willis and children returned to their home in Durham, N. C. Monday, Sept. 6, after spending several weeks here with his mother, Mrs. Gertie Willis.

Mr. and Mrs. Grayden Moore and daughter visited her mother, Mrs. Violet Whitley in Newport, Sunday, Sept. 5.

Mrs. Lambert Guthrie is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Donnie Davis in Williston, N. C.

Mr. Grant Lewis, of the U. S. G. S., Norfolk, Va., and Mr. Reuben George were home for a long weekend.

Miss Rita Moore has returned to Norfolk, Va., after spending several days here with her mother, Mrs. Lena Moore.

Pvt. Virgil Lewis, of the U. S. M. C., Camp Lejeune, spent Labor Day weekend here with his wife, Mrs. Virgil Lewis and son.

High Pockets by Herbert Shapiro

Chapter 7 "GEORGE, you are staying?" Cathy asked. "There just ain't anything I can do about it," he said. "Leastways, for the present anyway. There's that scrap I had with Corbin. I gotta stay 'round so he don't get smart and take it out on somebody else."

"Cause Harriet's so handy with a lariat; But Harriet doesn't want to marry yet 'Cause she's havin' too much fun." "You shoulda heard Pat sing it," George said. "That was somethin' worth hearin'."

closed her book and put it down on the chair beside her. "Back rather soon," she said. "Aren't you?" "I could shake him!" she said angrily. "He's a bit too big for that, don't you think?"

MARSHALLBERG

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Chapter 8

IT was about three o'clock the next afternoon when Gay, booted and clad in a swinging and dungarees, emerged from the house. Cathy followed her to the door, eyed her critically.

"Going riding?" Cathy asked. "Thought you'd had enough of horses the other day?" "That was the day," Gay answered lightly.

Gay strode briskly to the corral gate, opened it and stepped into the enclosure. There were a dozen horses idling close by. They turned and trotted off. A single horse, Gay noted that he was fully saddled, detached himself from the others and jogged forward. He stopped in front of her, nudged her. Gay patted the animal's neck. She looked about her in sight; she caught up the reins, gripped the saddle horn and swung herself up astride the horse.

"Where d'you think you're going with that horse, huh?" he spluttered breathlessly. He panted to a stop in front of her, looked up reddened and swallowed. "O-h, excuse me, Ma'm. Didn't know it was you. Reckon them pants o' yours fooled me."

"Oh!" Gay said and laughed. "Were you going to ride her?" "I was," the man answered. "But you go right ahead, Ma'm," he continued. "When you bring 'er back, all you hafta do is turn 'er loose in the corral. She'll be awright there 'til I get around to 'er."

"Thank you." Gay wheeled the mare. "Oh, Ma'm!" Gay reined in again, looked back over her shoulder. "Her name's Molly," the puncher added. "She handles plumb easy and you don't hafta 'e afraid o' her none."

GAY was in bed, reading, propped up with both of their pillows behind her back when Cathy entered their room. Gay looked up, smiled knowingly, tightened her grip on the reins, nudged Molly with her knees. The mare responded, broke into an easy-gaited canter. They went downhill and the ranch dropped away behind them.

There was no sign of George and Cathy frowned when she thought of him. She wondered where he had gone, found herself scanning the range for sight of him. It was quite a bit later when Gay spied a distant gust of dust spiraling into the sky.

"That's the George now," she heard herself say. "That's the dust from his horse's hoofs." She experienced an inward glow of satisfaction at having overtaken him. The smile that appeared and hovered for a brief moment at the corners of her mouth reflected her satisfaction.

He hadn't made much of a fuss over her. That was a new experience for her; ever since she could remember, everyone had made a great 'do' about her, especially the men. With the years she had come to expect their attentions and admiration as something due her. She knew she was pretty. . . hadn't she always been told that?

GAY suddenly awoke to the realization that the mare had halted. She flicked the reins again and the startled Molly dashed off again. But fifteen minutes' hard riding availed them nothing. . . the spiraling dust had disappeared and George was still unfound. She glanced skyward. . . there was a gathering of dark clouds directly above her. For a minute she debated with herself whether to turn back or go on. Stubbornly she decided to go on.

Gay stood up in the stirrups. She scanned the range again. Southward, probably a mile away, was a small building. She wondered if George had gone there. There was a sudden clap of thunder. . . it rolled over the equally suddenly blackened range with the frightening and breath-taking crash of massed cannon fire. The mare stiffened. . . a second peal of thunder made her

scream with terror. She bolted away so suddenly that Gay was nearly thrown. She dropped the reins, never to regain them. . . frantically she threw herself forward, clutched at the saddle horn and gripped it grimly with both hands. Now the rain burst upon them. It pelted them unmercifully, with huge raindrops that seemed and sounded like drumming hailstones. Gay bowed her head. In the blackness that obscured everything, the plunging mare tripped over a half-burnt rock, fell to her knees, and Gay was hurled over Molly's head. Miraculously, she landed on her hands and knees and sprawled out on her face, breathless and stunned.

Molly struggled to her feet whimpering. She hobbled over to Gay's side, whimpered, nudged pleadingly. There was no response from the prostrate Gay. The mare turned away reluctantly, looked back once or twice, then she limped away into the enveloping darkness. Probably ten minutes later Gay stirred. She opened her eyes. . . she sobbed brokenly! hysterically, climbed to her feet, panting for breath. She turned quickly, looked about her frantically.

"Molly!" she gasped. "Molly!" There was no answering whinny, no hoof beat to reassure her that she was not alone. . . there was nothing but the dreching down-pour and the swirling rain-laden wind that lashed her and stung her. She stumbled away blindly. The wind whipped her wet hair about wildly, she tripped and fell, scrambled to her feet, stumbled and fell again. . . she got up and forced herself on. She walked and ran and plodded ahead, half-blind, ed by the rain and the wind. How she ever managed to reach the hoof beat to reassure her that she was not alone, she never knew. She fell against the door, she opened when she turned the knob and she fell inside. She struggled to her knees, twisted around and managed to slam the door shut. She sobbed again weakly and brokenly, sagged and suddenly toppled over in a limp heap.

(To be continued)

OH, DIANA!



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And How!

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SCORCHY SMITH



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The Regent Haves

NO MAN IS A MATCH FOR THAT MONSTER, DODO! WE MUST GO BACK TO HELP SCORCHY. . . BUT MR. SMITH DIVERTED THE REGENT AND DODO SO WE COULD REACH THE TEMPLE AND CARRY OUT HIS SCHEME!

FASTER! GET SMITH! . . . BUT WHERE IS THE RAJAH?

NUMB KNUCKLES OUGH-H! MY KNUCKLES! DODO'S BUILT LIKE A TANK! HE'S COMING FOR MORE AND I'VE GOT ONLY ONE FIST LEFT!!

FEET FIRST OH, SO IT'S NO BLOWS BARRED! OAKY, BROTHER. . . SNAKES! HE'S DURABLE! HERE HE COMES AGAIN!!

SCORCHY SMITH NOT YET! SH-H-H!

WHERE DID SMITH GO?!

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