

SCORCHY SMITH



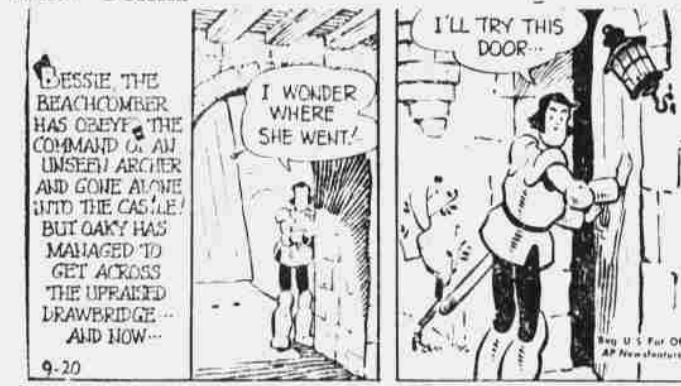
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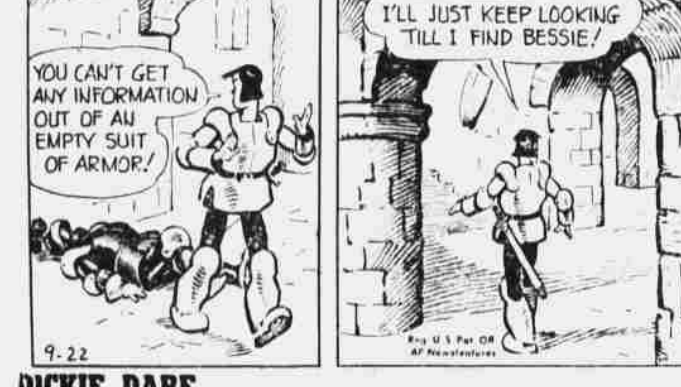
OAKY DOAKS



OAKY DOAKS



OAKY DOAKS



DICKIE DARE



DICKIE DARE



DICKIE DARE



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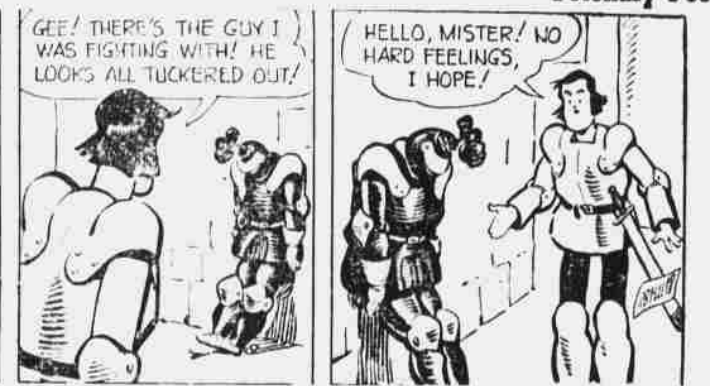
BLADE TRADES HANDS!



PROPPED UP



Friendly Foe



Nobody Home



A COUPLE OF EXPERTS



Screwball's On The Ball



KNOWS THE LANGUAGE, BUT NOT LIKE A NATIVE



ONE HAT AHEAD



NALOWE

Mrs. Harry Davis and Joel Davis were in Morehead City Thursday to see Mrs. Clara Pelletier, a patient at the hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. Willie Miller and Mrs. Carl H. Morton motored to North River Wednesday evening to see Mrs. Sid Merrill who has been ill.

Mrs. Ashby B. Morton and son, A. B. Jr. spent Thursday in Beaufort.

Claude Taylor, of Bacheloor, passed through every day last week enroute to New Bern to serve as a juror.

Francis Taylor and Joe Morton were in New Bern Thursday on business.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Mason and Miss Betty Jane Mason were in Beaufort Saturday on business.

Mrs. Pearl Olund, Johnnie Olund and Philip Taylor were in Beaufort Thursday afternoon.

Little Miss Cherry Dawn Hardison, of near New Bern, visited relatives here last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Willie Miller were in Beaufort Friday evening.

When Yale meets Brown on Sept. 25 in the Bowl, the Elis will be seeking their 516th football victory.

It takes more men to televise a baseball game than to field a team. Television uses 10 men to cover the games.

Benjamin Franklin took an asbestos purse with him to England in 1724 "to prevent money from burning holes in his pockets."

We Take Pleasure In Announcing The Appointment Of Mr. Alton Gaskill

MARSHALLBERG, N. C. -- PHONE MARSHALLBERG 191

CIRCULATION MANAGER

Eastern Carteret County

CARTERET COUNTY NEWS-TIMES

BEAUFORT OFFICE MOREHEAD CITY OFFICE Phone B 4481 Phone M 5781



Chapter 9 PHIL MARTIN huddled within his rain-soaked jacket and its soggy upturned collar. His hat brim was shapeless beneath the downpour, his pants were waterlogged. His equally rain-soaked horse plodded along wearily...

"Hey," he said, touched her arm. "Hey!" There was no response from the girl. He turned her over gently on her back. She was breathing and he felt relieved.

clung to him. He found a battered pail in a dark corner of the shack, brought it out... with his gun butt he smashed the two remaining boxes, put the pieces of wood into the pail, used two of his precious remaining matches to start the wood burning.

He rode on for a time in silence, a bulky figure with a bowed head. His weary horse stopped suddenly, and Phil's head jerked upward. Fifty feet ahead of them was a dark structure.

"What in time..." Phil muttered. He jerked the reins sharply. "Go on!"

"Nope," he muttered. "Can't put 'er down the way she is. Gotta get them wet thing o' hers off first."

He poked his head inside, but it was too dark for him to see anything. He stepped into the shack, stopped when he stumbled over something that lay on the floor.

He caught up the blanket, opened it and spread it over her. Then he knelt down, fumbled underneath the blanket and managed to compel the unbending of her dungarees.

"He unbuttoned his own shirt, took it off... held it up for a moment; there was a makeshift table in one corner and he dragged it across the floor until it was close to the crackling pail, spread his shirt out on the table with the tail hanging down.

HE squared his shoulders, drew a deep breath... he drew up her sweater, gulped and colored. Quickly he eased it over her head, backed away and came erect. He turned, marched off, and draped the sweater over a second box.

"Boy," he mumbled and shook his head again. "That was tnethin', awright. Danged good thing Nettie wasn't here 't see it. His shirt was drenched and it

mounted, trudged around the shack to the front, jerked the door knob. "Hey," he called, then turned the knob and the door opened. He pushed it open wider, stepped over the threshold. There was a stirring in the bunk at the far end of the shack and he turned and looked in its direction.

Chapter 10 GEORGE AKERS took refuge from the storm in another line rider's shack some miles farther east. He burst into the place with a sigh of relief after stabling his horse in the sturdy lean-to behind the shack.

"That's that," he said. He caught up his jacket, slung it over his shoulder. "I'm gonna make tracks 'r home, get me a lotta hot grub, then I'm gonna hit the hay and sleep 'r a week."

He pulled the door shut behind him, started off toward his horse, slackened his pace and finally stopped altogether. "Well!" he said. "What d'you know 'bout that!"

"O-h, fine," he muttered. He retraced his steps to the table, caught up his jacket and carried it to the window, hung it over the glassless frame.

George stalked out of the shack, swung around it to the lean-to at the rear. He pushed the door open and plopped inside. His horse neighed a greeting. George eyed him, touched the walls, looked down at the straw and hay on the ground. The animal neighed a second time.

"Quit crowin'. So you were warm an' comfortable in here while I half froze 't death in there. Awright, awright."

George saddled up, led the horse outside. He slung his wet jacket over the saddle horn, swung himself up, dug his booted feet into the stirrups, reached for the reins.

"Go on," he commanded. The horse jugged away. The wet ground muffled his hoof beats.

SUDDENLY the horse jerked his head up and whinnied. George sat up again. "Huh?" he asked. "S'matter now?"

Red Propaganda Banned SAIGON, Indo-China (AP) -- A long list of Communist publications has recently been banned by the French authorities.

There was a shack directly ahead of them and George looked it over carefully.

"Phil," George said. "You'd better tell 'm that the three uv us spent the night in the shack. There ain't 'n' point in hurtin' Nettie anymore'n you have already." (To be continued)