SCORCHY SMITH

Dodo Dismissed

SCORCHY SMITH

BLADE TRADES HANDS!

SCORCHY SMITH

PROPPED UP

OAKY DOAKS

Friendly Foe

OAKY DOAKS

NOBODY HOME

OAKY DOAKS

A COUPLE OF EXPERTS

DICKIE DARE

Screwball's On The Ball

DICKIE DARE

KNOWS THE LANGUAGE, BUT NOT LIKE A NATIVE

DICKIE DARE

ONE HAT AHEAD

HARLOWE

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 Oluund, 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.

Mr. and Mrs. Ervin C. McLawhorn, Mrs. Charlie Bell, Mr. and Mrs. W. Kuch Williams were in Beaufort Saturday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Sadler Morton visited relatives near Washington during the weekend.

Mrs. Harry Davis, Mrs. Joel Davis and Miss Mary Elizabeth Davis were in Morehead City Saturday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Edsel Bell and son, Tommie, Mr. and Mrs. Luke Turner and son, Eddie visited Mr. and Mrs. Olive Turner at Core Creek Sunday afternoon.

Miss Mary Lou Mason left Tuesday morning for Greensboro to register for her senior year at Woman's College.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hardison, of near New Bern, visited here during the weekend.

Claude Taylor, of Bachelor, was here Sunday afternoon to visit Mr. and Mrs. Ashby B. Morton.

Mrs. Carl H Morton and her guest, Mr. and Mrs Willie Miller, of Hyattsville, Maryland; Mrs Pearl Olund and Johnnie Olund were in Beaufort Saturday afternoon.

Rev. J. M. Jolliff, of Newport, will hold 10 o'clock services Sunday morning at the Methodist church.

Joe Morton and Francis Taylor motored to Raleigh Monday to take Mrs. Pearl Olund. Mrs. Olund will spend several days with her sister, Miss Emily Taylor, who will have an appendectomy Tuesday morning at Rex hospital. Miss Taylor will come home when she leaves the hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. Rodman Taylor, of Bachelor, passed through Sunday afternoon enroute to Core Creek to visit Mrs. Taylor's mother, Mrs. Obie Turner who has been ill.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex Williams and daughter, Alexis, of Vanceboro, visited Mrs. W. C. Williams last week.

Mr. and Mrs M. C. Adams and J. C Adams attended the show at Beaufort Sunday evening. They went by Newport for Mr. M. C. Adams to see Dr. Mason.

Douglas Williams and Philip Taylor attended tobacco sales Friday at Greenville.

Mrs. Ashby B. Morton left Monday afternoon for Smithfield with Mrs. Pearl Olund. Mrs. Morton and her aunts, Mrs. P. N Ezzell of Oxford and Miss Rhetta Martin, of Smithfield, will leave Tuesday morning by Norfolk, Va, for a tour of Virginia, New York, New Jersey, Maine, Massachusetts, Canada and Washington, D. C. Mrs. Wilson, of Smithfield, accompanied Mesdames Morton and Ezzell and Miss Martin.

The Woman's Society of Christian Service met Friday evening at Mrs. Carlyle Taylor's home.

The meeting was called to order by the president. The theme song, "Thou, Whose Almighty Word," was used as the opening hymn. The Church's One Foundation was used, too.

Mrs. W. C. Williams led the worship service and discussed the new theme, "By the Light Shall the Nations Walk" and the picture, "The Light of the World" by William Holman Hunt. The picture is on cover of the new worship and program books.

Mrs. Pearl Olund gave the discussion on "The World Council of Churches," the monthly topic.

During the business session the following subjects were discussed, fall study class, quarterly reports, fall zone meeting and a new refrigerator for the parsonage. Mrs. Olund is chairman of refrigerator committee; Mrs. Pearl Olund, Mrs. A. N. Bell and Mrs. Joel Davis, resolutions committee for Mrs Effie C. Cheek read resolutions which were adopted. A copy to be sent the family, a copy to the "North Carolina Advocate" and a copy placed in record book of the society.

Mrs. A. N. Bell and Mrs. Willie Bradshaw, joint hostesses, assisted Mrs. Taylor in serving delicious lemonade and cookies.

Red Propaganda Banned

SAIGON, Indo-China — (AP)— A long list of Communist publications has recently been banned by the French authorities. Included art: Communist propaganda pamphlets printed in Russia and China in the English or Chinese languages, the works of the principal Marxist theoreticians, biographies of Communist leaders, recent speeches by the heads of the Soviet government and Chinese Communist newspapers.

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

—as—

CIRCULATION MANAGER

—in—

Eastern Carteret County

CARTERET COUNTY NEWS-TIMES

BEAUFORT OFFICE Phone B 4481

MOREHEAD CITY OFFICE Phone M 5781

High Pockets

by Herbert Shappiro

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 drenched and his boots were waterlogged. His equally rain-soaked horse plodded along wearily . . . he was too worn and winded to go any faster and Phil was too much annoyed with things in general to care.

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!"

The horse broke into a trot. Presently they pulled up in front of the building and Phil dismounted stiffly. He trudged to the door.

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 drew back warily, whipped open his jacket, loosened his gun in its holster . . . he dug into an inside pocket, produced a match. The phosphorous head scratched against his thumb nail and flared. Phil's eyes ranged downward and widened almost instantly . . . on the floor lay the huddled figure of a girl.

"Holy cow!" he whispered in awed tones.

He stepped a bit closer and bent over. It was Gay Hollis. There was a shadeless lamp standing on a shelf directly opposite the door; he strode over, tried the wick, touched the match flame to it and it flamed with a sputtering light. Phil closed the door quickly. He whipped off his hat and jacket, slung them aside, placed the lamp on the floor just beyond the exhausted Gay. He knelt down beside her.

"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. He raised his eyes. There was a wide bunk at the far end of the shack and a folded blanket lay at the foot of the bunk itself. He slid his left arm under her, his right arm under her legs . . . he lifted her easily, carried her to the bunk and started to lay her down. He frowned in thought for a moment, finally shook his head.

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

He caught up the blanket, opened it and spread it over her. Then he knelt down, fumbled underneath the blanket and managed to compelte the unbuttoning of her dungarees. He slipped his left hand under her body, used it as a lever and raised her . . . presently he slipped off the dungarees, pulled them out from under the blanket and straightened up again. He looked around the place. There were a couple of upended boxes beyond the door . . . he strode over, draped the wet dungarees over one box and retraced his steps. Again he bent over her, remembered that she was still wearing her boots . . . after some more fumbling under the blanket he removed them, put them down on the floor. He eyed her sweater. That was going to prove even more difficult than the dungarees.

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 somethin', awright. Danged good thing Nettie wasn't here t' see it."

His shirt was drenched and it 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. When the pail fire appeared to be coming along, he put the thing down in the middle of the floor, moved it a little closer to the boxes holding Gay's sweater and dungarees.

"Reckon that oughta help th'm dry," he muttered.

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.

"Phil," he heard a voice say and a hand reached out and caught his.

"O-h," he said. "You awright?"

"Yes," Gay answered. "Thanks to you of course."

He moved away a bit.

"Don't go," she pleaded. "Sit down here beside me."

"We-ll. . . ." He sat down on the edge of the bunk.

There was a movement on the bunk and Gay pushed the outspread blanket away and sat up. "Hey," he said quickly. "I don't think you oughta do that."

"Do what, Phil? This? Her lips were against his, her arm around his neck, before he realized it. "Don't you want me to thank you?"

She kissed him softly, gently. Phil was mute . . . he knew he should have said something, perhaps done something, but he was incapable of either. Her arm came down again, but she did not move away. There was no explaining what followed. Whatever it was, Phil surrendered to its whispered urgings, willingly, even eagerly. She ran her fingers through his wet hair, then she sank down and drew him down with her.

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. He took off his wet jacket, slung it over the table that stood against the wall, hunted around by match light for a lamp. He passed the single window and the wind and rain that poured through brought him to a surprised and abrupt stop. He found upon examination that there was no window pane in the window frame.

"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.

"Reckon that oughta do it," he said and turned away.

The wind whipped it off the window and sent it whirling back at him. He slammed it down on the table. There was a bunk directly below the level of the window . . . it was wet and dirty.

Match light revealed a folded blanket at the foot of the bunk . . . George picked it up and spread it out. It was just as wet as the bunk and even dirtier. He probed the rest of the shack. The one discovery that surprised him consisted of a chair that still retained its back rest and its four legs. He dragged it away to a far corner, slammed it against the wall and finally seated himself.

"This is what I call somethin' awright," he muttered. The first thing I'm gonna do when I get back is have Phil load up a wagon with stuff an' run it out here. An' he's gonna hafta fix that danged window, too."

He was tired and presently his eyes closed.

He awoke with a start, looked about him quickly. He got to his feet, winced and made a wry face . . . his neck was stiff as were his arms and legs. He trudged to the window and peered out. The night had gone and in its stead the sky was filled with a drab light. It was nearly dawn. The rain too had ceased and now the air was heavy with the smell of wet earth and soggy damp clothes.

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

He stalked out of the shack, swung around it to the lean-to at the rear. He pushed the door open and plodded 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.

"Awright," George said gruffly. "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 jogged 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?"

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

They rode up to the shack, halted a dozen feet from it. Phil's horse poked his head out of the shelter. George's eyes ranged over the animal . . . there was a Circle-A brand on his hip. George dismounted, 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. His lips tightened. "Oh," he said aloud, turned and tramped out.

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!"

Phil Martin trudged out, stopped and retraced his steps and pulled the door shut.

"Better tell 'er to get 'er things on," George called curtly.

Phil's face was flushed and streaky.

"She . . . she's doin' that," he answered. "She won't be more'n a minute."

George flipped his cigarette away. He swung himself up into the saddle. Martin came striding up to him. Their eyes met briefly.

"You aimin' to tell Nettie about this?" he asked.

"Nope," George said evenly. "That's your business."

Phil looked relieved.

Gay came out of the shack. Phil stepped forward, grabbed his horse's bridle, swung him around. Gay marched up to them . . . she looked up at George but he turned his head, then he wheeled his horse away.

"We'd better get goin'," he said over his shoulder. "B'fore they come lookin' f'r us."

They rode for a time in silence, each of them grave-faced and thoughtful.

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

(To be continued)