By Herbert Shappire

said. It was Corbin.
"O-h, so it's you again, eh?,
Thought I told you t' stay off the

"You're taking a lot on your's self, aren't you?" Corbin retorted.
"I think this lady is quite capa

wants to see me or not, without

Gay turned on her heel an

started up the road. They were nearly in sight of the house when

ble of deciding whether

Circle-A?

















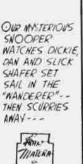






YHO HAS ECONOMICS THIS YEAR? I BE!! ALL ECONOMISTS ANOTHER OLD ARE CRABS SOUR-PUSS. BUT DEF.

Outsider Aims To Be Insider









BAH! THAT'S ONLY A POSE! HIS TRIPS ARE ONLY APPARENTE SILLY ACTUALLY HE'S GOING TO BRAZIL FOR SOME REASON HE'S KEEPING SECRET I AIM TO FIND OU WHAT THAT REASON IS. THEN CUT MYSELF MY

OVERBOARD

DICKIE DARE





NHY -- WHY

IT'S A LI'L KID

EASY DOES



MERCY! -- IF IT

HAD NOT BEEN FOR

YOU GOD WILLING

I NOULD BY NOW

BE DEAD!





AGAINST DODO'S

THREE-BLADED KATAR HIS WITS AND A PROP BLADE! SYKES. HOLDING THE PAVING EGENT AT BAY WITH HIS OWN KNIFE, IS DIVERTED BY THE VICTORY AND LIVES TO REGRET IT !...



















eablowe

Mrs. Pearl Olund has returned from Raleigh where she visited her sister, Miss Emily Taylor.

Mrs. Gordon Becton and Mrs. Ervin C. McLawhorn were in Morehead City last Monday. Mrs. Belle Anderson, of Washngton, D. C., is visiting Mr. and

Mrs. Ervin C. McLawhorn. Mrs. Roland Small and infant on, of Core Creek, who have been with her mother, Mrs. Carlton Taylor, have returned home. Little Donald Small is still with his grandmother.

Mr. and Mrs. Edsel Bell, Mrs. A. N. Bell and Carl Bell were in Beaufort Thursday for Mrs. Edsel Bell to see Dr. Salter.

Mr. and Mrs. Willie Miller, who have been visiting Mrs. Carl H. Morton and family, have returned home in Hyattsville, Maryland.

Miss Bernice Tallman, of near Beaufort, was in the community Saturday morning. Mr. and Mrs. Richerbarker, of

New Jersey and Mrs. William J. Adams, of Fort Pierce, Florida, are guests of Mrs. Clyde S. Taylor and family. George W. Ball and son, Billie

motored to New Bern Saturday morning on business. Mrs. Pearl Olund and Johnnie

Olund were in Beaufort Saturday morning. Mrs. Emma Oglesby spent last Monday night at North River with

Mrs. Primrose Gooding.

A. B. Morton, Jr. motored to New Bern Saturday afternoon to register in the 18 year old group. Rev. J. M. Jolliff, of Newport held 10 o'clock services Sunday morning at the Methodist church. Mr. and Mrs. Roy Mason, Miss Betty Jane Mason and Mrs. Vera Bell were in Beaufort Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Xenophon Mason and son. Charles, of Marshallberg, spent Sunday with Roy Mason and family.

Mrs. Burney L. Witherington and children, Phil, Beverly and Terry, Mrs. Alex Williams and daughter, Alexis, of Vanceboro, visited Mrs. W. C. Williams during the weekend. Mr. and Mrs. John Hardison, of

near New Bern, spent Saturday night and Sunday with Mrs. Emma Oglesby.

Little Cherry Dawn Hardison was guest of her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Ivey Taylor and Mr and Mrs. Carlyle Taylor during the week-end. Mrs. James H. Dickinson, of

Core Creek and her guest, Mrs. Lillian Foreman and Mr. and Mrs. Michael Whitley, of Core Creek, were here Sunday morning for church services. Mrs. Carl H. Morton, Mrs. Dallas

Sadler, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Sadler Morton, Misses Patricia and Elizabeth Morton spent Sunday in New Bern with Mrs. Augustine Piner and family Claude Taylor and Harry Ball, of

Bachelor and James B. Becton, of Beaufort, were in the community Friday enroute home from attending tobacco sales at Greenville. Cicero W. Taylor was in Kinston

Friday to sell tobacco.

Wire Stops Polish Boars

POZNAN, Poland - (AP) Barbed wire defenses are going up again in Poland. But this time they are directed against wild boars, not Germans.

The boars have been causing widespread damage to crops in Western Poland, pushing their way through wooden fences. Now the government is aiding peasants to erect barbed wire barriers.

The United States has about six per cent of the world's population and produces about 12 per cent of the world's food.

herself in his arms. "Phil!"

IT was three days since the storm, three long, drawnout "That Gay Hollis woman is a' and uneventful days. To all appearances there was nothing There was no response, no com-

ment from Phil.

Chapter 11

amiss in either the cottage or the

and suspicions in his wife.

comfortable. If only she

wardly told story.

cheek.

"That so?"

"Looks fine.

sarcasm.

tin. .

"Yes?"

"O-h, thank you!"

He disregarded her tone of

"I just don't like any messin

around. You know what I mean, so cut it out."

George continued. "You heard me tell it to Corbin. Long's you live

behave y'self or you're gonna get off it. This is the last time I'm

gonna mention it, Gay. If you don't cut out this messin' around,

I'm just gonna tell you t' pack

up and get goin', and that'll be that, b'lieve me."

She pushed past him, started away, but he reached out, caught

her by the arm and halted her.

"I hadn't intended mentionin'

"There's just one thing more,"

the Circle-A, you're gonna

heaped the remaining plates pre-paratory to removing them from the table:
"Uh-huh."

think a breath of air will do me good."

George got up from the table.

He hitched up his pants, caught George got up from the table. He hitched up his pants, caught up his hat and slapped it on his head and stalked out. He was probably a hundred yards from the house when he spied a slim figure ahead of him.

"There she is, awright," he muttered to himself. "Wonde where she's headed for?"

He saw Gay turn off toward the road that led to town.

"Must be expectin' someb'dy out fr'm town," he decided.

big house, yet the evidence of "That Corbin man," she went on again presently. "The one who runs that saloon, we-ll, he was standing outside his place when Gay came along. Cathy had "That Corbin man," strained relationships was there. As one would expect, it was even more noticeable in the cottage. Perhaps it was due to Phil gone into a store meanwhile. Any-way, Corbin said something to whose guilty conscience goaded Gay and she smiled and stopped.
You'd think they'd met before
from the way they just stood
there and talked. The next thing him into doing the very things that were certain to arouse doubts There was no telling now, no knowing just what Nettie thought of and believed of Phil's awk-I knew, he was leading her into his place and he had his arm around her waist. Cathy came out, saw them going into the Nettie had listened to Phil's recital, but she had offered no salorn, and she put down her suddenly he saw the horse, and packages and ran after them. It two figures standing beside the wasn't a minute later when Gay an imal. They sprang apart, out I she came out. Cally was furious. I heard her call Gay a com"Awright, Gay," he said curtly: nment when he had finished. Her silence had made him unar 1 she came out. Cathy was turned ous. I heard her call Gay a common fl. t. Cathy was still telling "Reckon you c'n turn around now her what she thought of her as "Just a minute," her companion "Just a minute," her companion called him an out and out liar.

The long hours alone in the cottage gave Nettie's imagination added opportunity for wild, unhampered expansion . . . but to her credit, when Phil returned for supper, she greeted him with Phil climbed stiffly to his feet. "Reckon I'll get washed and turn in," he said. "Got another a smile, even permitted him to

full day shead o' me t'morrow."

He trudged up the stairs. A
door on the upper floor closed
behind him presently. Nettie
sobbed softly, wiped her eyes
with the corner of a dish towel,
then she seemed to source here. give her a peck of a kiss on her As usual, when Phil finished eating, he opened his belt and pushed his chair back from the table, sank back in it and closed

SUPPER in the big house was a quiet affair with practically no conversation among the three people who sat at the kitchen table. When the many washing "Long as she lives on my place." I'll help 'er decide the things I think she needs help in. Get goin', Mister, before I help you get started." "All right," he said "I'll are light," he said "I'll are light his eyes. Nettie watched him out of the corner of her eye. "I was in town today," she said "I bought the material for this dress," she said. "I made it this ished, Gay got to her feet and afternoon. Do you . . . do you like went upstairs; she returned shortly

just going for a short Gay said in answer to unasked question. "I "Yeah, sure," he said quickly. "Yeah, sure," he said quickly arm.
ooks fine."
"I'm stroll," town, too," she went on as she Cathy's unasked question.

head and back clumsily OOK, Gay," he began. "It gently. "Phil," she whispered. "Take

ain't f'r me or f'r anybody me away from here!" He held her off at arm's length, else t' try t' tell you what you c'n do or what you can't do. You're old enough to know what's right and what ain't right fr

Don't you know?"
"Then do something about it,"

now. "Phil, take me away from here, please! Anywhere at all, California, or any place you choose, just so long as we get coldly. away from here." cattle, "Yeah, sure," he said but his answer was slow and hesitant.

Phil had always been like that. The idea took hold promptly. "Sure, honey, sure. The on'y "Sure, honey, sure. The on'y thing is I ain't got 'ny money right now. We'll hafta wait a

"Then get the money!"

"Gay, honey..."

She broke away from him.

"All right," she sobbed. "I'll get someone else to take me away from here. Someone who really wants me, someone who'll be glad to have me!" this, but long's you're gonna act nasty 'bout things, here goes. This carryin' on with Phil Mar-CHE whirled past him, fled up

the night-black, shadowy road. He stared after her fleeing figure; when she had disappeared from "I'm givin' you just one warnin'. Stay away fr'm Phil. Understand?" sight, he shook his head sadly. He turned wearily, pushed through the brush again, trudged away. He swung wide around the "I hate you" she screamed. "If you think you're going to run my life, you've another thought com-ing! You . . . you . . !" cottage to the rear, peered through the kitchen window. Nettie was asleep at the table, her head pillowed in her folded George simply quickened his pace, turned in the direction of the bunkhouse, disappeared in the enveloping night light. Gay stumbled along, sobbing broken-the stairs, crept up the single "No." Phil replied. "Til ge

fast asleep. "Gay, honey, what's the mater?"

She stared at him for a brief noment.

"Phil" she sobbed and there side and she heard voices out-"Gay, honey, what's the mat-ter?"

YOU'RE GONNA FIGHT )

but George Akers and a third man, " with a thin face and white man hair

"Like I said before, Snediker," she heard George say. "I'm willin' to do business on that herd I got in the north pasture, but I eyed her questionably.

She looked up at him.

"Phil, you want me, don't you?"

"Do you hafta ask me that?

"The do business on that herd I got in the north pasture, but I don't aim t' give them four hundred head of cattle away. What's your proposition?" your proposition?'

"Then do something about it," "Seventy-five hundred bucks, she pleaded. She clung to him cash," the white-haired man said in a gruff voice. "Take it or leave

"I'm leavin' it," George said coldly. "You don't wanna buy cattle, Mister. You wanna steal 'em."
Snediker whipped out a roll of

bills. He waved it under George's nose

"What does that look like?" he demanded angrily. "You danged fool you oughta be tickled t' death that I'm offerin' t' pay you anything. In another couple o' weeks them head o' cattle won't be yourn t' give away, much less't'

"Not interested, Snediker." 71 "Martin," he said. "You're fore-man o' this half-baked outfit. Think you c'n talk some sense into this danged fool?"

Phil grinned and shook head. "He's got all the sense he not Snediker," he said. "You kn same's we do that seventy-i hundred is just half what t

herd's worth. Snediker glared at him, sho the roll into his pants pocket. George hitched up his belt.

ly. A shadowy figure stepped out of the brush, halted in the road. Gay, her head bent, collided with him, backed away from him in fright.

The stairs, crept up the single filight jafely to the bedroom, underessed and climbed into bed. It was probably an hour later when house and get goin'. I got this gs to do."

Phil grinned again. "C'm n, fast asleep."

the corral. You left your h

Nettie watched them sw past the house, then they swer from sight. Slowly she lowe "Phil!" she sobbed and threw side and she raised her head. from sight. erself in his arms. "Phil!" Midway between the cottage and the window. He held her tightly, patted her the house were three men, Phil. (To

(To be continued)

EN GARDE!

Long & Short Of

OAKY DOAKS









