

SCORCHY SMITH



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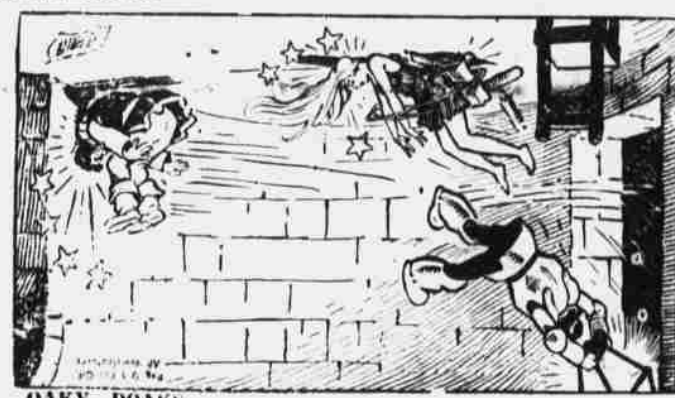
SCORCHY SMITH



OAKY DOAKS



OAKY DOAKS



OAKY DOAKS



DICKIE DARE



DICKIE DARE



DICKIE DARE



DICKIE DARE

Scorchy Seiz The Stage



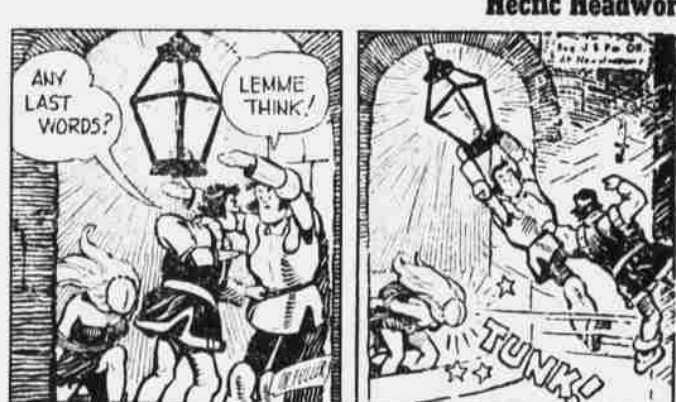
A LITTLE LIGHT ON THE SUBJECTS



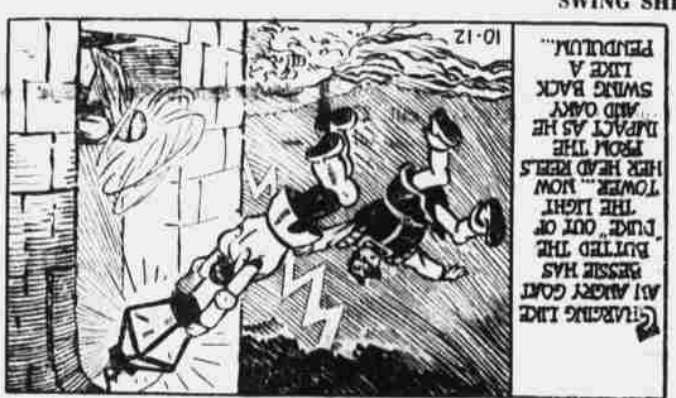
BEHOLD—THE RAJAH!



Hectic Headwork



SWING SHIFT



CAUSE AND EFFECT



Everybody's Happy



PEPI STAYS!



A SLIP OF THE LIP!



RUSSELL'S CREEK

Oct. 8 — Rev. W. E. Anderson, of Morehead City filled his last appointment at the Free Will Baptist church Sunday morning.

The Women's Home Demonstration club met last Tuesday night with Mrs. Simmie Smith. Fourteen persons were present for the demonstration, which was ideas on "Buying Ready Made Clothing."

Mrs. Roy Carraway visited friends here last Tuesday. Mrs. R. L. Gray visited Mrs. W. W. Russell Sunday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Jones and son, Thad Jones, of Bridgetown, visited relatives here last Sunday.

Mrs. I. I. Fodrie has returned home after spending a few weeks at Bay View visiting Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Haskett.

Mr. and Mrs. McKeber Luoton spent a while Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. G. D. Purifoy.

Mr. W. R. Powell and Miss Jessie Powell spent a while Monday with Mrs. L. M. Bradshaw of New Bern.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Morton, of Morehead City, visited Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Morton.

SOUTH RIVER

Oct. 1.—Mr. and Mrs. Julian Fulcher and daughter, Paulette, of Morehead City spent the weekend with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Wallace.

Mrs. Hensy Carraway of Merrimon and daughter, Mrs. Milton Pittman, of Cherry Point visited Mrs. Nannie J. Pittman and mother Mrs. James Tosto, last Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. Ruth Eubanks spent Saturday afternoon with her mother, Mrs. Mary E. Hardy.

Alberta Pittman of Beaufort spent Sunday with Janice Norman. Mrs. Paul Cahoon brought her baby home from the hospital Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. George Tosto visited Mrs. Nannie J. Pittman and mother, Mrs. Lizzie Tosto Saturday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. William Pittman and daughter, Nancy, spent Sunday afternoon with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Willie Pittman.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Barfield and children spent the weekend at Willard with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Piner.

Mr. and Mrs. Rone Wallace spent Sunday afternoon with Mr. and Mrs. Monnie Norman.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hardy spent the weekend at Roe with Mr. and Mrs. Claud Day and other relatives.

Mrs. Reuben Wallace has been on the sick list but has got some better. Hope she will soon be well again.

Mrs. Emma Pittman of Beaufort spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. William Pittman and other relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Courtney and children spent the weekend at Willard with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Piner.

Mrs. Emma Beacham is spending this week with Mrs. Rone Wallace.

Part of the Senior choir and three of the Junior choir went to Morehead City Saturday for the broadcast with Eld. Anderson and it all was just grand.

HIGH POCKETS

Chapter 15

ONCE a month, generally about the middle of the month, it was the custom of Sheriff Loomis to "inspect" the county.

It was a word of Buck's own choosing, a word that helped lend an air of official importance to his cross-county jaunts. Actually there was little need for an inspection . . . the county was spanned by big ranches whose hired hands were usually kept well occupied, and thus, possessed of little time for trouble making.

made Sheriff Loomis' life quite bearable. There were ample grazing grounds, plenty of water, and the usual quarrels that abounded in the average cattle raising county were missing here. Still, Buck always delinquent on his inspections even though everyone knew they were just social calls, a means of breaking the monotony of town life.

At the same time, the ranchers looked forward to Buck's visits. Hospitality demanded that they devote some time to entertaining him and they were always glad of the opportunity to break away from their everyday responsibilities.

Buck was a source of news to them. He always brought with him the latest news from town as well as news from the ranches he had already visited.

For instance, the curious antics of Gabe Foster, the owner of the Diamond-Dot ranch, were always a source of merriment to the other ranchers. Gabe was always doing something, something that always delighted the rest of the county.

Buck had the latest Foster story ready for recital. Gabe, it developed, had just become a grandfather. In his eagerness to celebrate the event, Gabe neglected to notice that the label on the jug he picked up read "vinegar."

A jug was a jug to him, labels or no, so it was doubtful if he would have bothered to read the label even if he had noticed it. Gabe, who was known to drink and swallow before he tasted anything, drank a full tumbler of vinegar before he realized that he had made a mistake. It was only afterwards that he discovered the whiskey jug on the floor beside his favorite chair.

A huge swallow of whiskey seemed to have embroiled with a like quantity of vinegar . . . the tempest in his stomach refused to subside for nearly a week. When it did, Gabe was so worn out from his sudden and frenzied dashes to the outhouse that he took to his bed to regain his lost strength.

Jack Benson, a veteran hand on the Dot-O-Dot was another favorite. Buck reported that Jack had met with something of an accident. There were immediate expressions of sympathy, and equally insistent demands that Buck tell them more. Jack, he related, had dozed off in his bunk with a half-smoked cigarette clutched in his hand. He had awakened to find himself on the floor, the bunkhouse had himself on a frantic dash to escape from what appeared there might become his own funeral pyre, Jack dived through the bunkhouse window.

Unfortunately someone had neglected to inform Jack that after some eight or ten minutes, being with a windowpane, a new pane had just been installed in the gaping window frame. Mike Brady, Jack's employer for more than twenty years, was very much annoyed over the incident, not so much by Jack's burns, cuts or bruises, but over the loss of Jack's services during round-up time which was almost upon them. Jack was very much put out, too. Brady had docked him for the time needed for recuperation, and for the cost of the glass, plus the transportation charges.

Of interest too to the ranches was the news that a new general store had been opened in town. The appearance of a newcomer always aroused interest.

On these jaunts, Loomis was generally accompanied by his first deputy, lanky, red-headed Pat McCabe. Loomis was an untiring talker, while McCabe was the listener type. Loomis, it was reported, could talk from sunup to sundown; Pat, it was reported, could listen to him with apparent interest as long as Buck talked. No one seemed able to understand how Pat endured Buck's repeated recitals of his days as a cattleman, or of his earlier life as a lawman when he was pressed

into service to "take over" for his father who was then Sheriff of a small border town and who was bedridden at the time as the result of a gunshot wound suffered in a brief encounter with a band of rustlers. Buck always liked to tell how he recruited a party of vigilantes who looked to him, evidently because of his father's guidance. Buck, according to his story, led an attack on a shack in which the rustlers had holed up, then with two Colts in his hands, he burst in the door, plunged into the shack and traded; being shot for shot with the outlaw leader, blasted him to death. The other rustlers, incidentally, were hung on the spot. Sometimes Buck neglected to mention this final detail . . . that was probably due to the fact that he was too busy to be bothered with a hanging.

"SEEMS like I'll never be able to forget that day," Buck mused as they rode along. "You'd think it was only yesterday when it happened 'stead of nearly thirty years ago. It's funny, y'know, how some things kind stick in a fella'er's memory."

"Yeah," Pat said. "Ain't it though? But what beats me, Buck, is that you didn't hold back, not even for a single minute, even though you know along that them fellers were killers."

Buck laughed softly, modestly, just as he had done so many times before after the same recital, and in response to the same remark. Pat had heard so many times before. As always, too, Pat grinned and shook his head.

"Doggoned good thing," he said, "that you didn't stop to think of what you were doin' or maybe you wouldn'ta done it."

Buck always grew grave when Pat said that. "O-h, I dunno about that, Pat," he said. "Y'know, when a fella'er's gotta do somethin', reckon he just goes ahead and does it."

Pat considered for a moment. "Yeah, I suppose that's right." A brief period of silence always followed. It gave Buck a chance to commune with his memories. He looked up with surprise when McCabe jerked his horse to a sudden stop.

"Sneediker ain't sendin' anybody fr anything," he said curtly. "He's dead."

George's eyes widened. "He was here on'y this mornin'." Loomis granted again. "What you mean?"

"W-a-l, Buck began. "First off, Sneediker didn't kill 'imself." There was no comment from George.

"Second, he was robbed." "I see," George said slowly. "Akers, Sneediker came to see you about buyin' some of your cattle. He make you 'n offer?"

George nodded. "Where did all this price talkin' take place?" McCabe asked. "George turned and pointed. "Right over there," he said. "Not more 'n an or maybe fifteen feet 'm 'n where we're standin' right now."

"Who was there?" the Sheriff asked. "Just you and Sneediker." "Martin was with us." "Fr how long?"

"Fr 'm the beginin' right down 'til the time we finished talkin'." "An' Martin's dead, too," McCabe mused.

"Akers," Loomis said. "I understand Sneediker made some threatenin' remarks to you. That right?"

"Maybe it was the other way 'round," McCabe said. "A frown darkened George's face. "What's that s'posed to mean?" he demanded.

McCabe smiled fleetingly. "That you threatened Sneediker," he said.

George eyed him for a moment. "Mister," he said evenly. "I was on'y knee-high to a grasshopper when I found out that it didn't pay t' go 'round accusin' folks of things less I had somethin' 'n back up what I was claimin'. How would you like t' have your teeth kicked down your throat?"

There was a grunt from the Sheriff.

Chapter 16

"SMATTER?" Buck demanded. "See that horse over there?" McCabe asked, pointing. Loomis followed Pat's finger, then he nodded.

"Uh-huh. What about 'im?" "He's saddled and on the loose. Wonder where 'is rider is?" They sat in silence for the next minute. The riderless horse finally raised his head and whinnied shrilly. Buck straightened up in the saddle.

"Come on," he said and loped forward. Pat followed at arm's length. They rode up to where the other horse waited, then the animal turned and trotted away.

"I got 'n idea he wants us to follow 'im," Buck said. "Again they rode after the other horse . . . they loped southward for a time, then still following, they went down an incline and pulled up when their guide stopped near a gully.

Buck swung himself out of the saddle. Pat followed suit. Together they trudged over to the gully, peered down. Buck stiffened suddenly. "Smatter?" McCabe demanded. "What do you see?"

Buck pointed to the ground. There was a trail of blood and they followed it silently. A minute later they found the body of John Sneediker.

IT was about four o'clock that afternoon when Sheriff Loomis, Deputy McCabe and a third man, a stockily-built man with a leathery face and a thick, sun-browned neck that looked like a tree stump, clattered into view from the direction of the road that led to town, cantered past the bunkhouse, glancing fleetingly at a group of Circle-A punchers who were idling in front of it, swerved their mounts and rode

off toward the big house. George Akers came striding around the house from the rear. He stopped when he saw them . . . at a word from Loomis the three men rode up to him, pulled up directly in front of him.

"Howdy," the Sheriff said. "You Akers?" "That's right," George answered. Loomis dismounted . . . at a nod from him Pat and the third man dismounted, too. "You the Sheriff?" George asked.

Buck flipped his jacket open . . . a silver star that was slightly tarnished was pinned to his shirt front. "You fellers sure got here in a hurry," George said. "Don't think it's more 'n an hour since I sent one o' my men t' get you. You musta traveled some."

Loomis and McCabe looked at each other. "You sent fr us, eh?" Buck mused. "Why?" "My foreman, Phil Martin's dead."

The Sheriff frowned. "Y'mean somebody killed 'im?" "Dead?" he repeated. "Nope. I think he killed 'imself."

"What makes you think so?" "He was sprawled out on his belly with his gun in his right hand. There was a bullet hole in his heart."

Loomis looked relieved. "Then he c'n wait," he said. "This is my deputy, Pat McCabe." George and the red-headed Pat nodded to each other.

"This fellaer," Loomis added, turning toward the third man. "This fellaer's name is Ianson, a foreman o' the Sneediker outfit."

"Don't tell me your boss sent you over t' make me another offer," he said with a tight-lipped smile.

There was a grunt from the Sheriff.

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There was a grunt from the Sheriff.

(To be continued)

OH, DIANA!



OH, DIANA!



OH, DIANA!



OH, DIANA!

Their Date Bait's Late



THEIR DATE BAIT'S LATE



THEIR DATE BAIT'S LATE



THEIR DATE BAIT'S LATE

WHAT A ROMEO—OR CAN'T!



WHAT A ROMEO—OR CAN'T!



WHAT A ROMEO—OR CAN'T!



WHAT A ROMEO—OR CAN'T!

HI GANG!



HI GANG!



HI GANG!



HI GANG!

A SPUNGE'S DELIGHT



A SPUNGE'S DELIGHT



A SPUNGE'S DELIGHT



A SPUNGE'S DELIGHT