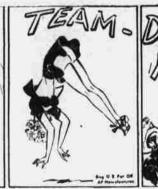
## DIANA! CHEERING AS THE CROWD GATHERS FOR THE BIG GAME







THE ANGE











THE BIG GAME

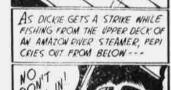








#### DICKIE DARE

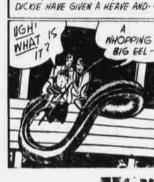




DICKIE ATTEMPTS TO THROW BACK

AN EEL HE'S CAUGHT! TOO LATE

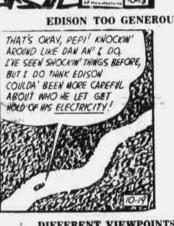
HE DISCOVERS IT'S A HUGE AMAZON



- BUT, TOO LATE, SLICK, DAN AND







DIFFERENT VIEWPOINTS















#### DAKY DOAKS











OAKY DOAKS







### **CHERRY POINT NEWS**

Power Plant

eccently been promoted to the position of Operating Engineer of the Camp Lejeune-Cherry Point Power system . . . also in our congratula-tion line are Fred Boswell and Al Shertenlieb who have both recently moved into new houses—Fred has transferred to our Department into his own mansion in the Core from PW . . . to Raymond Riggs, Creek community (raising from MT. shmoos?), and Al into the Old Project. Come see us, they say!

"week with pay, no work required" Dunn, now back on our rolls . . . getting ready for the Fall hunting and to all of the other new emseason and Ira Pelletier is back at ployees. Just when we think our work, after using up two weeks of his accumulated leave!

We now boast the services of Roy (Preacher) Miller and Claude Odell Howard, Richard Goodman Foy. Nice having you in our midst, men

Condolences are extended Lewis Mayo, step-son of Vernon Wright who died recently

Sorry to see Clyde Wood have to take time off on account of sickness in his family.

Fern Titus, Operations, and George Griffin. Communications, on the acquisition of competitive status

and to Mr. and Mrs. E. C. McLawhorn. Inspection, who anoperation!

Louise Dixon, Provost Marshal, several days in Fredericksburg... polio epidemic. "Joe" Collins says vate use. He also told us that the | Clark as a guest. new long skirts are truly bliss to Eleanor Delisle is back from of their mother.

DC where she went to take her | We are glad to hear that Mrs. Irene Bunch are mighty busy, taking sewing lessons . . . and the "bossman" in that office, Lt. Col. F. H. Collins, is the happy father of a new baby daughter.

#### Overhaul & Renair Congratulations To:

F. O. Durant, J. F. Reynolds, C M. Vellines, David Reynolds and Marvin Carcich on satisfactorily completing the WIP course . . . to Eddna Ierland, Dewey Phipps, Maxwell Simpson, Helen Clemenic, Tull Williams, William Berner, Eugene Williams, Joseph Becton, Paul Joyce, Doity Gaskill, Frederick Jones, Earnest Sewell and Ira Stephens, Jr., on well-carned promotions . . . to Hilma Black, Leo Patterson, Dallas Willis. James Beamer, Meredith Gillikin and Kathleen Sandlin on birthdays.

This is a big month for Kathleen as she celebrates her birthday and 13th wedding anniversary on the same day, to Mr. and Mrs. Henry W. Edwards on the birth of a baby daughter, Linda Marie . . . to Reba Ferebee and Dottie Mateer who have been wielding golf clubs in the matches at the country club.

Reba made the best shot of the match, and the only sub-par score, when she chipped a ball into the cup from deep in the rough for a birdie on the 9th hole . . to the eight bowling teams on their Monday and Wednesday night victories to James Wood on his new

duties as Planner & Estimator . to Albert Pokrzywa on having such a smart wife. His "little woman," Evelyn, is a song-writer and has recently signed a 6-months' con-

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permanence and greatest econo only Koolvent Lifetime Awnings for the complete answer. homes, stores, industries . . . . porches, terraces, windows, trances! Sparkling ename! col-Out-of-Town Orders Solicited

AWNINGS

KOOLVENT METAL AWNING CO. OF BEAUFORT James G. Whitehurst, mgr

Phone B 5796 310 Marsh Street BEAUFORT, N. C.

#### from-Accounting-

Hurrah for Ira Belcher who has pany to supply lyrics for their supply lyrics for their vance royalty o one of her songs which is scheduled for early pub-

Hello to Walter Williams who . to James Willis, husband of Gilda Willis, Planning Office . . . to former employees, Alex-Isaac Diffee is spending his ander Kuchinsky and Oswald employees are all settled, some of them skedaddle so its "so-long" to Joseph Cox, Sr., John Hoyle, Ethel Gillikin, Robert French, and Charles Vandiford.

In case you've missed Tony Croce from the messenger route, he's lending a helping hand with the inventory in plant account these days.

It's detached duty at Norfolk for William Russell, Joe Morton, and rowsings

Congratulations are in order for weeks' Naval Reserve training at the same por are George Foy. Frank Huber, and Murphy (Boot) Clifton

Glimpsed in the grandstand at the Duke-Navy game were Millie nounce the birth of a son, Daniel Morse, Jesse Conner, the Ray Ben-Francis. While in this Dept., we ders, Evelyn Tope, and Betty Mcheard that Mrs. Albert Cianciosi is Elwaine . . . the M. L. Scott family doing fine following a recent have house guests from Roanoke . Laura and Carl Bullock spent

Va. that was cancelled due to the has had guests from Fayetteville the case of cokes they took on the have his daughter home from Duke oyster fry were for his own pri- hospital and to have Mrs. William

Sincere sympathy is extended girls with legs like this () or )( Lacy and Guy Jarman on the death

mother home . . . Donnie Snow and | Jerry Chudej is feeling lots better!

Navy Supply

here?) the news as it happens, move to.

Our first reports are pouring in

And the fish have even turned Whisenant and his friend Naylow Smith had nine large speckled real thing Saturday while fishing and report hacing a wonderful in Bogue Sound. Also, Whiz al- time. most caught the fish "that got Disbursing away." It was SO big it broke his

night?-Here's news, a little late, but nevertheless - Vivian Hill toured the Atlantic Coast this year with her first rion in Norfolk: from there she sailed to Baltimore; on 1" New Yor. City by train; and the trip back hem was brought to duled for Sunday. bushan'l attended a large homerelatives. Also on her way back, fisherman. stopped in to see Laura Ipock,

too cold to fish? - especially at

who is recuperating slowly. Say, have any of you folks ever been in a position that you forgot where you put your car? Well, Louise Smith went running out to the parking lot, looking, searching, peering, and peeping to find the car. Guess what? Her husband had driven it to work and was sitting out front, waiting to pick her up.

Mary and Bob Williams motored to Rocky Mount to see the Macs enjoying a 2-week vacation at Virginia Joyce and Jo Ann Gober Elroys (of course you remember Miami Beach and Chasteen Shine have been home from school, visit | Rachel and Mac) and all of them finally got to take that trip to W. ing their parents ... Dave Clawson saw the Wake Forest Carolina Speaking of traveling, game . Roger Roberson is happy to Lessie Casey saw friends and relatixes in Kinston.

> Edith Lis is celebrating her Just in case you haven't, better shop, wear dark glasses 'cause it really Good afternoon, Ladies and covery" is Albert Camus, who we Gents, this is your blabbing report hope will soon be back to work customers, they say, are saving

#### Administration

The Duke-Navy game seems to have been well attended by our

employees. Among those there up their fins at this item! John were Sarah and Jimmie Bledsoe, as well as Fern and Bill Simpson ... Nora and Marion Grimes were trout to mistake their bait for the in Fayetteville over the weekend

The bull dog which Elaine Rohline! Uh Huh! Believe me, Whiz land has is the real thing or at loves to fish; Friday night he and least he better be (she says). Barney Fones decided to dangle "Butch" recovered nicely from his appetizing midnight spacks in trip here and is very happy with front of the sleepy fish. Shiver his new home. How do we know? me timbers! Doesn't it ever get His barking told us so!

#### NEGRO NEWS

#### Isaiah Dudley

Isaiah Dudley, 67, died early Wednerday at his home at 1009 Avery st., Morehead City, Fune-

happy climar by a for in Washing of D. C. Eunice Wilte and Eddie Lane. A native of Bogue, the deceased lived in Morehead oming at Asbury with friends and City for 50 years. He was a

> Mr. Charles Hawkins left Friday, Oct. 8, to spend his vacation in Charlotte, N. C. with his son, Dr. Reginald Hawkins and family.

Mrs. Hazel Adams spent the week end home. She is teaching in Halifax, N. C.

#### **British Night Club Owners** Suffer in Current Slump

LONDON - (AP) - London night clubs, about the only places you can buy a drink after 10:30 p.m., are in a slump. Not so long ago people elbowed their way through the crowds, paying any thing up to \$24 for a bottle of Scotch. But that's all changed birthday this month. Happy Birth- now. They can buy a bottle of gin day! Oh say, has everyone see that used to cost them \$12 and the '49 Maroon Ford which Edith more in a night spot, for about \$6 comes to work in every morning? from their grocer or local wine

Pubs as well as night clubs are shines. - Sailing on the boat "Re- complaning about the shortage of money. Too many of their bld . Well, looks as though that their money for vacations on the er highlighting, spotlighting, fog. . . . Well, looks as though that their money for vacations on the lighting (how did that get in takes care of accounting. Shall we continent or are cutting down because they just can't afford it.

"No. Neither does anyone else."
"Uh-huh," he said, "Where've
you got this dough? In the bank?"

"No. It's in the house."
"Hey," he said quickly. "That ain't the place t' keep that much

"I didn't know how long I'd be

then he shook his head.
"No," he said. "Not that I ain't grateful t'.you f'r offerin' to lend

it to me. But, I'd rather not take

#### HIGH POCKETS

Chapter 17

McCABE gulped, swallowed and reddened . . . Loomis pushed - reddened . . . Loomis pushed him aside hastily. "Just a minute, young feller," e said. "Nobody's accusin' you

o' anything." There was a moment's silence ... George and Buck eyed each other, then the latter coughed lightly behind his hand.

"Let's get back t' what we were talkin' about," Loomis said pres-ently. "What happened after-wards? Snediker got on his horse and ride away?"

"No," George answered. "I went into the house, but I understand that Martin took Snediker over to the bunkhouse fr some coffee. Seems like it wasn't ready when they got there, so after tell-in' some o' the boys t' see to it that Snediker got some when it was ready, Martin left him there and went off.

"I see," Loomis said. "Now where'd you find Martin?" "In one o' our line rider's

"O-h, 'bout two hours ago."

"When you found Martin, did
you find 'ny money on 'im?"

"Y'mean, did I find Snediker's
roll on 'im? No."

"Did you look t' see if Martin
had it on 'im?"

had it on 'im?"
"Nope. Soon's I got back with the boys, we lashed 'im to 'is own horse and brought 'im home.".

"You ever have 'ny trouble with 'im?" Loomis asked shortly. "Nope."
"Satisfied with 'is work?"

"Yep."
McCabe nudged Loomis and the latter turned his head while the

deputy whispered to him.

"You think there's any connection between Snediker's killin', the Sheriff said, "and Martin's?"

George shook his head.

"I don't think so," he replied.
"But that don't prove much."
Loomis and McCabe held another brief and whispered conference.
"I s'ppose you can prove you ain't t
didn't leave the ranch till this dough.

afternoon."
"Sure I can." staying here."
"Oh" he said.
"Will you take it?"
He considered for a moment. Loomis hitched up his pants. "We'll go have a talk with your men," he said, "Don't go 'way. We might want to talk t' you again." "I'll be around," George said

curtly. OOMIS and McCabe turned it. and trudged off; Hanlon, who hadn't said a single word, gave George a questioning glance, then he turned on his heel and trooped away.

She shrugged her slender shoulders.

"That's entirely up to you," she said calmly. "I've offered it to you amd you haven't seen fit to accept

away. "George." "George."

It was Gay Hollis' voice; he recognized it at once and he turned just as she came up to him. "George." she said again. "I'd like to talk to you."

"Awright," he said. "Go ahead."

"Can't we go somewhere?"

"Reckon this ought ad f'r any."

bank "It's awf'lly swell o' you, Gay, and I won't f'rget it."

She smiled again, turned away.

"Wait a minute," he said and she stopped, looked at him over, her shoulder. He came up to her. "I wish you'd get it to the bank soon's you can."

"George," she said again. "I'd like to talk to you."

"Awright," he said. "Go ahead."

"Can't we go somewhere?"

"Reckon this oughta do f'r any"Reckon this oughta was aminute," she stopped, looked her shoulder. He her. "I wish you'd bank soon's you can." "Reckon this oughta do 11 and thing we gotta talk about."

"As you like," she said. "I there." 'I suppose it would be said. "I there." 'I suppose it would be said. "Yknow, the said. "Yknow, the said. "Yknow, the said. "Yknow, the said."

couldn't help overhearing your conversation with those men."
"Don't know that it makes much diff rence if you or anybody else overheard it."
"Sure." he said. "Y'know, the doggonedest things c'n happen and we've had more'n our share o' them already."

She went into the house, Min-

which diff rence if you or anybody else overheard it."

"I heard you say you needed money."

"That ain't a secret."

"Would five thousand dollars help you?"

"Yeah, I s'ppose it would. Why?"

"I've got that much and I haven't any need for it."

"He eyed her for a moment. She waited for him to answer.

"Where'd you get that much dough?" he asked.

"From my husband," she replied. "It's yours for as long as you need it."

"I see," he said slowly. "Cathy know anything about this?"

"I see," he said slowly. "Cathy know anything about this?"

"I heard you on eeded marked, at George as she went past him. He followed her with his eyes saw her open the corral gate, saw her open the corral gate, saw her step into the enclosure. Pressently she came out, astride; a horse. She settled herself in the saddle, tightened her grip on the reins, and rode away. His eyes shifted . . he had caught" a glimpse of three men striding away from the bunkhouse. They swerved presently, headed toward the house. He frown to hitched up his pants.

"Wa-al." he muttered. "This oughts be it."

He eyed her questioningly. "Then he must know about this,

"Of course."
He rubbed his chin with his

right thumb. Gay turned toward

"Goodbye," she said over her shoulder. "And thank you." ''' "bye," he said. "And thank you."

mustn't he?"

#### Chapter 18 THE bank was an unpretentious

affair, a rather ordinary, even drab-looking establishment that wisely made no claims to anything save its purpose in the community's life. The sun and the rain had obliterated the original coat of paint . . . now the wooden structure wore a curious mottled brown color that was, as one townsman described it, neither townsman described it, neither here nor there. Even the sign that hung over the bank's doorway had suffered . . . there was a wide gap in the letters that formed the word, 'Bank.' A brief study of it disclosed the fact that the letter 'n' had disappeared. A close-up view of the institution's window revealed a red-bordered placard standing in majestic aloofness in the very middle of the window space; it read, 'Jed Oliver, Owner, President and Manager.'

When Gay came in Jed was of the columns.

"Td like it credited to the account of George Akers, 'she said suddenly.

"O-h," he said. "George Akers, eh?"

"Yes."

He thumbed through the ledger again, stopped when he came to a page filled with entries in the very middle of the window space; it read, 'Jed Oliver, Owner, President and Manager.'

When Gay came in Jed was

When Gay came in Jed was busy thumbing through a worn ledger. When he finally looked up he pretended to be surprised to find her standing at the counter . he smiled at her, closed the ledger and pushed it aside. "What can I do for you, Miss?"

He had already decided that she was without doubt the pretti-est girl he had ever seen.

est girl he had ever seen.

"Td like to deposit some money," she said.

He smiled again and Gay's eyes followed the tips of his mustache.

"We like people who deposit money with us," he said. "Specially when they're pretty."

He reached for the ledger, drew it closer, opened it, flipped over some pages, finally found a blank one, then he picked up a pencil. "Name, please?"

"Hollis," she answered. "Gay | "Gay Hollis," he said and looked up again, "Miss, I suppose?" "Missus." Hollis.

His eyebrows arched. "I'm a widow," she said and he eemed relieved, "How much do you want to de-posit?" he asked, poising the pen-cil above the page.

cil above the page.

"O-h, five thousand dollars."
He entered the amount in one of the columns.

"Td like it credited to the account of George Akers," she said suddenly.

"O-h," he said. "George Akers, and in the counter. He stiffened suddenly and his eyes widened and entered it. "Better take out the page I wrote for you before I find myself out five thousand."

He flipped the pages over until he came to the one that bore her name, smilled up at her, and ripped it out.

"That's the guideset way" he sheriff's desk, his booted fee

it out,

"That's the quickest way," he said. "The money, if you please."

She made no movement .... suddenly he realized there was a suddenly he realized there was a neat package of bills on the counter and he smiled again, a bit sheepishly, picked it up and counted it carefully.

"Five thousand it is," he said. "Thank you, Mrs. Hollis."

"Oh," she said, stopped and looked at him.

"Yes?"

"Does Mr. Akers have to be told who made the deposit for him?" she asked.

"Doesn't he know anything about this?"

"Oh, yes," she said quickly and colored. "He gave it to me for this purpose."

"Out"
"When'll he be back?"
"Soon," Tod answered and grinned. "I hope."
"Well, suppose you had to ge him in a hurry. What would you do about it?" Jed demanded. "You grinned up at him again. "Wouldn't do anything," he replied unruffled. "Wouldn't know where to look fr him."
"Will you tell him I want him when he gets back?"
"Yeah, sure," Tod said.
Jed wheeled and strode out?
"To be continued."

anded breathlessly.

mis' second deputy, was seated at the Sheriff's desk, his booted fee

propped up on an opened drawer Tod looked up. "Where's the Sheriff?" Jed do

(Te be continued)









