



UNHAND HER, YOU WHITE SLAVER.....

Veta is upset when Myrtle Mae falls for Wilson, attendant at Chumley's Rest.

Scene from KMLT's 'Harvey,' which opens Friday night.

A Work Of Fiction
By Gene Alexander

Aunt Nellie Maybell And The Thief.....

(PART TWO)

As Frank walked toward Aunt Nellie's, he wrapped his arms about his body, for the night air was chilly. A full moon displayed the houses along the street in shadowy images. Frank took a seat the edge of Nellie's front yard. Reaching a shaky hand in his front coat pocket, he pulled out a bottle of pills and popped two into his mouth. Finally, he took a deep breath, rose, and silently approached his prey.

After carefully mounting the front porch, Frank quickly plastered his bony back against the house's facade. Edging his way toward the front door, he, by inches, missed the hole in the porch. The screen door squeaked annoyingly as Frank opened it. His unsteady hand withdrew a flashlight from his coat. Feebly, he turned it on, directing its beam of light toward the door's lock. "Easy pickins," he thought to himself while fumbling through his shirt's pockets for his lock-pick case. Then, after picking the lock, he returned his tools to his pocket, and slowly opened the door.

A faint flutter was felt in his chest. His lips puckered and twisted in a circle as a trickle of sweat slid down his

nose. Wiping the sweat off of his nose, he sighed and decided to take two more pills.

Frank precariously etched out the living room with his dim light. As he surveyed the dark room, he whispered, "I wonder where that old crow keeps her cash. Maybe it's in that pocketbook on the couch."

Noislessly he walked to the couch and searched the handbag. Snap!

"Ouch! Oh, oh!" he quietly whimpered, "What da heck? What in da world? A darn rat trap down in the middle of da floor?"

Castling his light toward the floor, he murmured, "Goodness. I got it all over my shoe. A meatball? Whoever heard of baiting a trap with a dum meatball? And I declare if it ain't got mozzarella cheese on it."

He cleaned the meaty mess off of his shoe and sat on the couch. While looking through the pocketbook, he continued talking to himself.

"In all my life I've never seen so many compartments in one pocketbook. They ought to outlaw such as that."

Snap!

"Oh! Oh! By gosh, she put another darn meatball rat trap in her pocketbook. Crazy woman. She ought to know that rats don't mess around in women hand bags. Umm! My finger hurts. This is sickening — meatball and cheese on a finger."

Removing the trap from his finger, he carried out his search.

"Ah! Here's something! A checkbook. Oh flim flam, no checks. What's in here? Oh, no. Why that filthy old biddy put a spit can in her pocketbook. Confound it; I got the brown gook all over my fingers. Where's the kitchen? Where's the kitchen?"

Without a moment's hesitation, he found his way to the kitchen. Still muttering to himself, he said, "Where's the sink? Here it is." Looking at his fingers, "Blame mess. Let me see. Cold water handle on the right."

He turned the water spigot on.

"Easy boy. There now."

Gently, he placed his fingers under the water.

"Oh! Oh!" violently shaking his hands. "She's got scalding hot water coming out when cold water is supposed to."

Frank, then proceeded to turn the water off.

"My gosh, the water won't turn off. Turn off you stupid spigot, Ouch! The blame handle is as hot as the water."

By now steam was throughout the kitchen. Its heat began to make Frank perspire.

"Durn it. I'll let the water run all night. This place is not fit to live in. Meatball mess on my shoe, rat trap in pocketbook, snuff spit all over my fingers. After I rob this place, I'm going to call the health inspectors on this lady. I got a darn third-degree burn on my fingers. Crazy lady. I'll never rob this place again. I wish this water would turn off. Ah, forget it — just forget."

Frank left the water running while he plundered the kitchen. Although every drawer was opened and every cabinet searched, he found no money. With great reluctance, Frank impatiently combed the other rooms in the house, except for Aunt Nellie's bedroom.

Now during Frank's search in the living room, he did not see the cat, but the cat saw him, an unexpected visitor, whom would soon receive the same preferential treatment as all Aunt Nellie's visitors.

Supplementing his courage with two more pills, Frank entered Aunt Nellie's bedroom.

When one entered Nellie's bedroom, her dresser was the first piece of furniture seen. On the left was her chest of drawers, and in front of the chest was her bed, to the right of which was a night stand, Petey's resting place.

Nellie slept throughout the entire commotion in the kitchen, only the animals knew of her pilfering guest.

At the bedroom's doorway, Frank stopped, blinked his eyes and shook his head. A feeling of drowsiness began to make him weave back and forth. However, his desire to find some money pushed his drowsy feeling aside, and, without further hesitation, he crossed to the dresser and soundlessly picked through the contents of its drawers.

"A blame nickel," he grumbled, "That's all I find so far — a blame nickel with sticky cough syrup on it. Maybe the chest of drawers will be my jackpot."

Directing the light over Aunt Nellie toward the chest of drawers, Frank caught sight of a black pouch which lay on her left next to her head. Excitement leaped in Frank's chest as he imagined how much green cash the pouch contained. (This pouch contained toilet tissue which she used to blow her nose.)

"Hot dog! I've found it. That dirty old crow sleeps with it."

Now the bed was against the wall, and the pouch rested between Nellie and the wall. So, Frank, having yet to spot Petey's cage as well as the string tied to the light fixture, tip-toed to the bed, with his light aimed at the pouch. Gradually, he bent over Nellie, striking the string as he moved. Flash! The light came on, and Frank, startled by the sudden illumination, jumped back against the nightstand. At the same time his free hand landed on Petey's cage; his little finger punching between the cage's bars. In an instant, Petey, on the offensive, attacked the finger. With tremendous fury, the little bird pecked the finger; each peck causing the finger to wiggle in agony. Again and again he struck the finger until its owner screamed, "Ouch! Ouch! What's got a hold of my darn finger?"

Violently Frank whirled around. The pugnacious bird continued to slash the finger until Frank growled, "A bird! A bitin' bird! I'll kill you!"

Petey retreated as Frank withdrew his finger, opened the cage's door, and attempted to grasp the bird. Feathers, seed, and water flew everywhere while Frank grabbed the bird. Because he couldn't catch the bird, Frank jerked his hand out of the cage, picked it up, and hurled it across the room. With a bang it hit the wall and bounced on the floor. The door of the cage jarred open, and Petey flew out the tiny aperture.

Once again, Petey assaulted Frank. His aerial attack zeroed in on Frank's right ear lobe. Savagely, he pecked the lobe while Frank swapped at him. At one point in the battle, Petey seemed to have the upperhand; his sharp beak pierced Frank's earlobe and tenaciously clung to it. Like a pierced earring, he dangled from Frank's ear. In desperation Frank wrenched the bird from his ear and threw Petey on the floor. Landing with a thump, Petey temporarily forsook the battle.

(Continued Next Tuesday)

SAVINGS WITH US! GROCERIES, PRODUCE MEATS SALE PRICES

Lowe's Foods
Home of the never ending sale.

WE ARE OPEN REGULAR HOURS

8:30 A.M.-9 P.M. (MON-SAT) 1 P.M.-7 P.M. (SUNDAY)

QUANTITY RIGHTS RESERVED NONE SOLD TO DEALERS

BIG MEAT VALUES

- U.S. Choice Round Bone Shoulder Roast **\$1.09** Lb.
- Extra Lean Ground Beef **99¢** Lb.
- 1 Lb. Jenkins Pork Sausage **\$1.29**
- 1 Lb. Jenkins Liver Mush **59¢**
- Shenson Rounds Corned Beef **\$1.39** Lb.
- 3 Oz. Swift Smo. Beef, Chicken, Corned Beef **49¢**

U.S. CHOICE BONE-IN CHUCK STEAK **69¢** Lb.

U.S. CHOICE ROUND BONE SHOULDER ROAST **98¢** Lb.

40% SAVINGS U.S. CHOICE BONE-IN CHUCK ROAST **59¢** Lb.

- 3 Oz. Swift Smo. Ham, Pastrami, Turkey **49¢**
- 12 Oz. Kraft Ind. Wrapped Cheese **\$1.09**
- 1 1/2 Lb. Kraft Ind. Wrapped Cheese **\$2.09**

- 10 Oz. Kraft Extra Sharp Cheese **\$1.29**
- Old Fashion Hoop Cheese **\$1.49** Lb.
- 8 Oz. Jenkins Pimento Cheese **49¢**

- 12 Oz. Gorton Batter Dip Fish Fillets **\$1.49**
- 8 Oz. Gorton Batter Fried Fish Sticks **\$1.09**
- Fresh Pork Steak **99¢** Lb.

U.S. CHOICE BONELESS EX LEAN BEEF STEW **\$1.29** Lb.

U.S. CHOICE BONELESS SHOULDER ROAST **\$1.19** Lb.

U.S. CHOICE BONELESS BEEF STEW **\$1.19** Lb.

U.S. CHOICE ENGLISH SHORT RIB OF BEEF **88¢** Lb.

1 Lb. Valleydale Bologna **99¢**
12 Oz. Valleydale Bologna **79¢**
Market Style Bacon **99¢**

- 1 Lb. Campfire Marshmallows **45¢** **59¢**
- 10 Oz. Wise Taco/Nacho Corn Chips **39¢** **59¢**

- 25 Ft. Reynolds Alum. Foil **28¢** **37¢**
- 10 Lb. Tidy Cat Cat Litter **73¢** **83¢**

49% SAVINGS U.S. CHOICE BONELESS CHUCK ROAST **89¢** Lb.

50 CT. EX-STRENGTH TABLETS **DATRIL 500** **99¢**

64 OZ. SIZE PEPSI COLA **79¢**

3 LB. SWIFT CANNED HAM **\$4.98**

15 Oz. Janet's Pimento Cheese **99¢**
7 1/2 Oz. Janet's Ham Salad **63¢**

& BEAUTY AIDS
4-WAY LONG ACTING NASAL SPRAY **99¢** 1/2 OZ. BTL.

FRESH PRODUCE
5 Lb. Idaho Baking Potatoes **89¢**
1 Lb. Bag Fresh Carrots **33¢**
4 Oz. Sicilia Lemon Juicers **2 For 89¢**

20 LB. BAG ALL PURPOSE WHITE POTATOES **\$1.89**

12 OZ. PKG. CHAMPION FRANKS **68¢**

5 OZ. ULTRA BAN 5000 **\$1.09**
1.5 OZ. REG. & UNSC. ROLL ON DEODORANT BAN **99¢**

FRESH CRISP HEAD OF LETTUCE **28¢**

60% SAVINGS 1 LB. HORMEL BLACK LABEL BACON **\$1.29**