

### Honeymoon Gold

PEGGY DERN

CHAPTER FORTY-ONE

The cottage was in darkness when Natalie reached it, and she told herself she was a fool to have her heart drop like that, just because Brooks wasn't sitting here waiting for her.

She went in, switching on the lights, assuring herself that he really was gone. In the bedroom the closet door was partly ajar and there were unmistakable evidences that Brooks had changed clothes. The tropical whites that all men here wore when they went to the mainland, were gone. Poor darling! He had been upset by that scene with the newspaper men. Then she remembered the score on the beach when Brooks had put his arms about June and kissed her, and she set her teeth hard.

She stood very still there in the pretty, colorful room, while her memory went back to the day when she and Brooks had talked about love. Brooks had been amused and cynical, had denied any belief in such a thing. "Well—maybe he didn't mean it any more than you did," she told herself shakily. "You lied, too—remember? You told him you didn't believe in love either. Maybe he was lying, too—you know!"

She tried to manage a laugh, but it wasn't very successful. And then suddenly, her eyes brightening, she went to the closet, rummaged among the delicate, cobwebby garments hanging there, and selected a negligee that was a froth of peach-colored chifon and fraile creamy lace; the sort of garment any girl would dream of having in her trousseau. In the bathroom, she ran a hot tub, poured bath salts lavishly into the steaming water, and laughed at herself for the rising excitement that went through her.

Fresh from her tub, she donned the satin nightdress that matched the negligee. She had never been more lovely in her life, and she knew it. She went back into the living room, turned out all the lamps but one, and sat down in a cushioned wicker chair to wait.

Her senses were very keen; she was almost sharply conscious of the heating of the surf on the beach; the sound of night creatures from the jungle behind the line of pines. She heard the sound of a footstep on the shell path outside, and her heart lifted. A man's steps on the veranda, and then the door. Her knees were wet with the paper—she couldn't stand it. She could only sit there in her wicker chair, her heart hammering mad, and wait.

The door opened—and her heart fell. For the man who stood there was not Brooks—but Donald Heath. His face was taut and white behind his sun-tan. His eyes were silver, but when he spoke his voice was casual, almost matter-of-fact. "I thought you should know that they've gone away together," he said.

Natalie only stared at him wide-eyed, silent.

"Your husband," he explained, answering the question he saw in her eyes. "And my wife. I saw them on the mainland just now. I took the newspaper guys across and saw them on the train to be sure they'd get off the island. And on my way back to the pier, I saw your husband and my wife getting into a taxi—all dressed up plumo regardless, both of them."

"Natalie's heart lay like a stone in her breast. For a long moment she could not speak, but at last she forced her stiff lips to essay heavily, "Then you know, too."

"I know what?" he demanded. "That they're in love with each other," said Natalie steadily.

Donald made a little sound half an oath, half an explosive, mirthless laugh. "Oh, for Pete's sake—" he began, annoyed.

"I saw them on the beach this afternoon," said Natalie, her eyes wide and sick, as though she had been dealt a blow whose pain was almost beyond endurance. "She was crying. Brooks had her in his arms, trying to comfort her—and he kissed her."

"I don't know what that meant, and I don't care. I only know that June loves ME. Nobody in the world could possibly convince me of anything else."

"You're that sure she loves you—and yet you're breaking up your marriage and sending her to Hollywood alone?"

Donald's jaw set hard and he said grimly, "I have no right to chain her down to ordinary married life—the kind I can give her. She's a genius—and genius belongs to the world, not to just one broken-down hack of a newspaper guy."

"You fool!" Natalie's voice cut like a whiplash across his words. "You poor, blind fool! Oh, you can't possibly mean that. You're just excusing yourself. You're letting her go because you don't love her."

"Don't I?" Donald's voice rode high above hers, beating hers to silence. "If I don't love her, why is it like tearing the very heart out of my body to let her go?"

He seemed to hear his own voice and it silenced him for a moment; then he managed a faint grin and made a little gesture with a hand that was not so steady. "Sorry to go melodramatic on you," he apologized. "I don't seem to be at my best tonight, somehow—"

"That's because you love her, and you're too stubborn to admit it, and because of some crazy thing that men call pride and use to torture the women who are fools enough to love them," said Natalie savagely. "If what you're doing to June—yes, and what Brooks is doing to me—is the mark of what you call self-respect, then I'd like to meet a man who didn't have any. And now—will you please get

### KIWANIANS PLAN BEACH BANQUET

#### Divisional Banquet Scheduled At Wrightsville Beach On July 18

An attendance of 125 Kiwanis members and their wives is anticipated at an annual Wrightsville Beach divisional banquet Friday night, July 18, at the Ocean Terrace hotel, Fred Little of Wilmington, serving as program chairman, said yesterday.

Mr. Little said that the meeting will be marked by the presence of seven former district Kiwanis governors, an international trustee, entertainment featuring Camp Davis talent and an address by Ray Furr, district governor of Rock Hill, S. C. Kiwanis members and their wives from Goldsboro, Kinston, New Bern, Jacksonville, Greenville, Wilson and Wilmington, towns in the seventh division, Carolina district, will attend.

This will mark the twelfth year Wilmington Kiwanis members have served as hosts at the divisional session.

Ex-Governor Frank Jones of Goldsboro will preside. Ralph Barker of Durham, an international trustee, will be among Kiwanis officials to attend.

Former district governors expected to be present include T. W. Crews of Spartanburg, S. C. Ames Haldeman of Columbia, S. C. Herbert Herwig, Dr. Charles Armstrong, Richard E. Thigpen of Charlotte, W. H. Montgomery of New York City, formerly of Wilmington, and Mr. Barker.

The local Kiwanis club will not meet today because it will participate with other civic clubs and the Chamber of Commerce in a luncheon Friday afternoon at 1 o'clock at the Cape Fear hotel in honor of the new state highway commission.

### OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. Williams



### OUR BOARDING HOUSE... with... Major Hoople



(To Be Continued)

### Letters To The Editor

(Continued From Page Four)

### PICNIC SUPPER

The Star:

Sunday night at the Woodrow Wilson hut the second formal picnic supper for the soldiers who happened in was held. The Home Demonstration club composed of eleven units prepared and served an elaborate meal as a grand finale to the July 4 celebrations. Miss Ann Mason, State and County agent and Mrs. R. L. Bostain, County Foods Leader organized the effort and the following clubs contributed the menu: Wrightsboro, Murrsville, Castle Haynes, Carolina Beach, South Wilmington, Myrtle Grove Sound, Masonboro Sound, Winter Park, Audubon, East Wilmington and Bradley's Creek.

It seemed to those of us who saw the splendid spirit that prevailed, the delightful feeling of friendliness of Wilmington, for all its strongly conservative attitude, to get adjusted to conditions wholly new to all. It might have been due to the heartiness of the fare: fried chicken, big ham sandwiches, stuffed eggs, layer cake. It might have been due to the presence of some of the county officials, or even to the presence of the parents of some of the soldiers, and the men themselves, at any rate morale bounded up and the ladies began to see that the soldiers were just boys after all, citizens in soldier dress just like their own sons, and very likable. It is planned to have these suppers sponsored by various clubs and organizations, and by the end of the summer, we shall all have got well acquainted.

JANE D. WOOD  
Wilmington, N. C.  
July 8, 1941

The four types of anthropoid apes are the gorilla, chimpanzee, orang-utan and gibbon.

### DAILY CROSSWORD

**ACROSS**

- Pertaining to Ireland
- Greek
- Nov loosely
- Receiving set
- To insert
- Unable to see
- To stanch
- Finishes
- Parts of windows
- Subside
- Bog
- Salt
- Search
- Kind of rock
- Constellation
- Pen-name of Charles Lamb
- Light sarcasm
- Lax
- Round vessel
- Noah's vessel
- Ruler of Tunis
- Oscillates
- Cease
- Knife handle
- Bound
- A dervish
- Manila hemp
- Louisiana town
- Ponderous
- Taut

**DOWN**

- Wading bird
- Rave
- Small island
- To mark

### \$69,000 SLASHED OFF COUNTY DEBT

New Hanover county reduced its bonded indebtedness by approximately \$69,000 during the fiscal year ended on June 30, according to a report by John A. Orrell, county auditor.

On June 30, 1940, indebtedness was \$956,500. This figure was cut to \$877,000 on June 30, 1941, a reduction of about 6.9 per cent.

Deducting sinking funds on hand amounting to \$167,730.46 on June 30 of this year, the net bonded indebtedness is reduced to \$709,269.54. This compared with a figure of \$799,919.50 for the net bonded debt on June 30 last year when sinking funds on hand amounted to \$186,680.50.

A supplementary "bond and coupon funds" statement issued by Mr. Orrell showed that during the past fiscal year there were in this fund receipts of \$90,774.54 and expenditures of \$111,656.25, with a balance for the fund on June 30, 1941, of \$204,281.30.

The reports indicated that bonds outstanding against the county have yearly maturity dates ranging from 1942 until 1960. The \$917,000 outstanding in bonded indebtedness includes \$629,000 in bonds, \$175,000 in sinking fund bonds, \$95,000 in new courthouse bonds, and \$18,000 in county home bonds.

### LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

HELLO, TOM--NICE TO SEE YOU--I SENT FOR YOU TO FIND OUT HOW THINGS ARE IN THE OFFICE--

FINE, MR. WARBUCKS--DON'T YOU WORRY ABOUT A THING--EXCEPT GETTING WELL--THE BOYS ALL MISS YOU--

EVERYTHING GOING FINE, EH? WASN'T THERE A LITTLE TROUBLE BREWING IN THE PLANT A WHILE BACK?

HA! HA! WELL, YES--BUT BILL SLAGG TOOK CARE OF THAT IN A HURRY--THAT IS FELLOW'S A HUMBINGER

TAKING HOLD O.K., EH? I HEAR THE MEN LIKE HIM--BY THE WAY--HE'S IN FULL CHARGE--WHAT'S HE BEING PAID, NOW?

ER--I WANTED TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT THAT--HE'S STILL ON THE PAYROLL--AS A CLERK--SAME AS WHEN HE STARTED--

WHAT? IN FULL CHARGE AND STILL GETTING ONLY CLERK'S STARTING PAY? WHY, HE HAD AUTHORITY TO RAISE HIS SALARY TO ANY AMOUNT--

YES--I TRIED TO TELL HIM SO--HE GOT VERY MAD AT A TIME I THOUGHT HE'D FIRE ME--

### WASH TUBBS

SMACK!

MARRIED... CAROL MCKEE AND WASH TUBBS!

THE TUBBS FORTUNE, CONSISTING OF THREE SUITS, AN EXTRA PAIR OF SHOES, AND AN OVERCOAT....

### GASOLINE ALLEY

SALLY'S A WONDERFUL GIRL, SKEEZEK. I'VE TRAVELED AROUND WITH A LOT OF 'EM BUT NEVER FOUND ONE LIKE HER.

SHE ISN'T FRIVOLOUS AN' JUST OUT FOR A GOOD TIME. SHE'S GOT BRAINS AN' MORE GOOD QUALITIES THAN YOU CAN SHAKE A STICK AT.

SHE ISN'T ALL THE TIME TRIVIN' TO GET YOU TO SPEND MONEY ON HER, YOU KNOW SHE'S THE FIRST GIRL--

SKEEZEK, ARE YOU LISTENIN'! SOUND ASLEEP!

### THE GUMPS

CAN YOU IMAGINE A MAN WHO'D OCCUPY A PHONE BOOTH THAT LONG? IS THERE ANYTHING IN THE WORLD THAT TAKES SO LONG TO EXPLAIN?

EXCUSE ME--I'M IN A HURRY--YOU'VE HAD THAT PHONE TWENTY MINUTES, AND YOU HAVEN'T SAID A WORD.

I'M TALKING TO MY WIFE--

### BRICK BRADFORD

YOU MAY LAND--IN SAFETY--NOW THE GUARDS KNOW THE SON OF THEIR CAPTAIN IS ABOARD

WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL US ABOUT THE SOLAR GUNS WHEN WE HELD YOU A PRISONER?

BECAUSE YOU WOULDN'T HAVE BELIEVED ME!

AND, AS A PRISONER IN BONDS, I COULD NOT HAVE SENT THAT MESSAGE! SO I ASKED YOU TO SET ME FREE TO SAVE ME FROM A FANCIED DISGRACE!

AKKA--YOU'RE O.K.! I'M GOING TO LIKE YOU, FELLA!

THE FEELING IS MUTUAL, SIR!

### CITIZEN

Wilmington, N. C.  
July 8, 1941

### THE KNOT IS TIED

By Roy Crane

### THE BLACKOUT

"Nuff Said!"

**CRYPTOQUOTE**--A cryptogram quotation

BZC BYDC, XBYEWF, VWG XEDWG UTWG  
 XZC BZC UTVG BZVB SVW CUHYVSC  
 CRDVIJQ FYCVB BZTFX VWG XUVJJ-  
 PEZWXEW.

Yesterday's Cryptoquote: AEHOR THAT WHICH IS EVIL: CLEAVE TO THAT WHICH IS GOOD--NEW TESTAMENT.

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