

# TOMORROW WILL BE FAIR

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Rosamond Du Jardin

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE  
Sherry and Lex talked on, leaning there shoulder to shoulder on the parapet of the old bridge. Below the water flowed quietly. Above, the stars shone. Their talk settled nothing, except perhaps some groping after reality in their own minds and spirits.

Finally Sherry said plaintively, "I'm cold, Lex. Aren't you?"

He put an arm around her shoulder casually, as a brother might have done. "Sure I am, you little nut! That's what comes of standing around on bridges in the middle of winter."

"We'd better go," Sherry's voice was husky.

She tried to discipline the shaken, traitorous beating of her heart, standing there in the easy circle of his arm. Her face, as Lex smiled down at her, looked

pale in the moonlight, the eyes wide and grave, the lips slightly parted. Quite suddenly, and as surprisingly to him as to her, his arm tightened its hold. He pulled her close against him and her arms came up around his neck. Their lips met and her mouth was soft under his, her whole ardent young body responsive to him. After a timeless moment, Lex held her away from him, his hands on her shoulders.

"Gosh, Sherry—" His voice was rough. "I'm sorry—I didn't mean—"

"I know. . . I know, Lex. It's all right."

"It's not all right," Lex said angrily. Whether his anger was directed against her or himself, Sherry didn't know. "I—can't understand it. I don't know what I was thinking of, I guess—maybe I wasn't thinking. But that's no excuse."

Sherry said again, "It's all right," and then, faintly, "It wasn't your fault, Lex."

"Are you trying to tell me it was yours?"

She slipped from under his hands and started to walk away. "Do we—have to talk about it? Let's just forget it—pretend it didn't happen. Only let's go now. I'm freezing."

Her teeth were chattering as she got into the car. Lex shut the door after her and went around to slide in under the wheel. His jaw looked grim in the faint glow of the dashboard. The motor coughed, then roared under his fingers. He could feel Sherry shivering even after the car had slid into motion.

"I'm going to stop at Pete's," he said. "You're chilled through."

Some hot coffee will do you good."

"Don't bother—please Lex—"

But they stopped at the same little roadside where Lex had taken her so often. As on former occasions, there was an aroma of hamburgers and coffee in the air, a blurred background of juke-box music, only a few other customers.

Lex's hand was firm under Sherry's elbow, propelling her toward a booth. When they were seated, he leaned toward her, his low voice apologetic. "Your lipstick's smeared. Better fix it."

She nodded and left him to go to the little washroom, with its crooked mirror and wire basket overflowing with paper towels. Her face looked back at her forlornly in the glare of the unshaded overhead light. Sherry mopped at her mouth with her handkerchief, the lump in her throat growing bigger and bigger. She wouldn't let herself think—but there seemed to be nothing she could do about the tears that overflowed from under her eyelids and coursed down her face.

When the sudden storm of her weeping was over, she dashed cold water on her eyes, outlined her lips once more with crimson and, her white scarf discarded, ran her pocket comb through her shining soft hair.

"There now—there—" she mumbled idiotically to herself. "You're all right now. You look almost human again."

And still she pushed the rushing tide of her thoughts aside and would not face them.

Lex got to his feet as she joined him once more in the little booth. There were two hamburgers on buns on the narrow table, two mugs of steaming coffee.

"Lex, the coffee looks good. But—I'm not hungry enough for anything else."

He wasn't paying any attention to her words. His blue eyes were steady on her face. "Sherry, were you crying?"

She hid her face behind her two hands. "Don't stare at me so."

"Were you crying?" His voice was husky, gentle. It touched Sherry's heart like a probing finger.

He reached out and took her hands in his, held them close and hard. Her eyes slid away from his. "If I was—it was very foolish of me."

"No, it wasn't," Lex denied. "Only—I'm sorry, Sherry. Don't you believe that?"

"Yes, of course I believe you."

"I'm sorry," Lex went on unhappily, "and I'm ashamed. Because I'm so very fond of you. Sherry—we've been such good friends. And your friendship means a lot to me."

"It means a lot to me, too, Lex."

"Does it?" His voice was eager. "And I haven't spoiled it? Tonight won't make a difference?"

"If you don't want it to, it won't."

"Of course I don't want it to. I want everything just the way it's been." He said then, still holding her hands in his across the little table, "Sherry, I wish I could make you understand the way a thing like that could happen."

"I know how it happened." Her mouth curled in a little self-derisive smile. "Something—biological, isn't it? They don't teach quite enough about it at finishing school, or I'd know the scientific terms better."

"Sherry, don't—"

"Why?" she asked lightly. Her eyes came up to meet his. She made them. She made her smile loosen and become easy, natural. It was hard, but she did it. She said, "After all, a thing like that can happen to anybody, Lex. Even loving Kay as you do—well, we are friends, we're fond of each other. And you haven't been seeing Kay lately—you miss her. We just—got a little mixed-up—both

## Port City Items

Holy communion will be celebrated at 8 p. m. Maundy Thursday at St. Matthew's Lutheran church, 17th and Ann Sts., the Rev. K. V. Huddle, pastor, said there also will be holy communion on Good Friday morning at 10:30 o'clock.

There will be a three-hour service commemorating the Crucifixion of Christ at St. Andrew's, Episcopal church, Wrightsville Sound, from 12 to 3 o'clock, on Good Friday. This service will be conducted by the Rev. Richard L. Sturgis. People who come to the service can come any time during these hours and may leave as they so desire.

Holy communion will be celebrated at St. Phillip's Episcopal church, Southport, Maundy Thursday evening at 8 o'clock.

The regular business meeting of Wilmington Post No. 10, American Legion, will be held at 8 o'clock tonight at the Legion Home, Third and Dock sts., it was announced by Commander W. K.

of us. So now let's forget the whole thing, shall we?"

He released her hands with a little final squeeze. "You're swell, Sherry. Really swell."

"Thanks," she said. "And now do you know what I'd like?"

He shook his head.

"The catchup so I can eat my hamburger and drink my coffee. I find I'm hungrier than I thought."

"What a woman!" Lex grinned, passing her the catchup.

Sherry proceeded to anoint her sandwich liberally. "If you really want to make my bliss complete, you can put a nickel in the juke box and turn on something really groovy."

As he went, laughing, toward the machine, Sherry caught her lip hard for just a moment between her teeth.

And she thought, Oh, Lex—Lex my darling. I must never let you know I love you. You'd be so unhappy, you'd feel you were to blame. And it's not your fault—it's not anyone's fault. I love you because you're you and I'm me—and I can't help myself. But I can keep you from knowing and I will. Because you love Kay—and you couldn't stop, any more than I could stop loving you. And everything's complicated enough for you as it is, without adding a guilty conscience to your troubles. (To Be Continued)

Risen Savior" will be given by the choir of the Seventh Day Adventist church on Sunday night at 8 o'clock. An offering will be taken at the service for the building fund.

Paul Graham Jordan, PHM3-c, yesterday enlisted in class V-6 of the inactive Naval Reserve, local officials reported.

The annual meeting of District No. 26 of the Junior Order United American Mechanics will be held here with the George Washington Council No. 67 on Wednesday, May 14, according to T. C. Sellers, recording secretary. Plans for the annual session, which will get underway at 8 p. m., are now being formulated.

Mobile was laid out by the French in 1711.

C. L. White, state malarial control officer, will be in Wilmington today to start the program of DDT spraying in the areas nearest breeding waters, Dr. A. H. Elliot, county health officer, said yesterday.

An Easter Cantata entitled "The

Stewart, Jr. He also said that past commander's night would be observed and a special demonstration by the Drum and Bugle corps will be held on the lawn after the meeting weather permitting. Special invitations to all past commanders of the post have been mailed, Commander Stewart said.

Tom Snell, son of P. M. Snell of the U. S. District Engineers, is home from The Citadel, Charleston, S. C., for spring holidays. He left today for Greensboro to play in the Seedgefield invitation tennis tournament.

Mobile was laid out by the French in 1711.

An Easter Sunrise service has been scheduled for Sunday morning at 5:50 in front of New Hanover high school with the Rev. E. B. Fisher acting as presiding minister. The Easter message will be delivered by Dr. E. D. Witherspoon. Included on the program for the service will be instrumental music by the high school band.

An Easter Cantata entitled "The

**DAVID GRAY RESIGNS**  
WASHINGTON, April 2—(AP)—David Gray, minister to Ireland, resigned today. His cabled resignation, effective July 1, was accepted by President Truman. Gray attributed his action to "personal reasons."

**HOESS TO DIE**  
WARSAW, April 2—(AP)—The Supreme National tribunal today sentenced to death Rudolf Hoess.

wartime Nazi commandant of the notorious Auschwitz extermination camp, for the mass murder of four million prisoners.

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## SPECIAL TERM OF COURT

Notice is hereby given that the Governor of North Carolina has called a special term of the Superior Court, for the trial of criminal cases only, for the County of New Hanover, to begin on Monday, the 21st day of April, 1947, and continue one week, or until the business is disposed of. The Grand Jury is required to attend this special term of court.

**Addison Hewlett, Chairman,**  
**Board Of County Commissioners**  
**Of New Hanover County.**

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SOLID WOOD DOORS—DEEP SINKS  
BUILDING PAPER—WOOD SHELVES  
WOOD CLOTHES CLOSETS  
1/2"-3/4" PIPE—LAUNDRY TUBS  
MISC. PLUMBING ITEMS

INSPECTION DATES: April 2, 1947, to consumation of sales. Bids received at War Assets Customer Service Center, hours 10 a. m. to 12 noon, April 10-11th. Awards 3 p. m. and sales consumated immediately. Deposit of 10% required with entering of bid. To be sold "where-is-as-is."

Property to be removed by buyer in 10 days. Awards will be made in preference order established by housing expediter regulations and the surplus property act of 1944, as amended. Wholesalers, retailers, and other non-priority buyers may enter bids in this sale. Inspection by bidder essential, no catalogues of this property will be issued.

Subject to standard sales conditions of War Assets Administration reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

Under Jurisdiction of Charlotte Regional Office  
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**WAR ASSETS ADMINISTRATION**



CN-111-1

# Marjorie Markes

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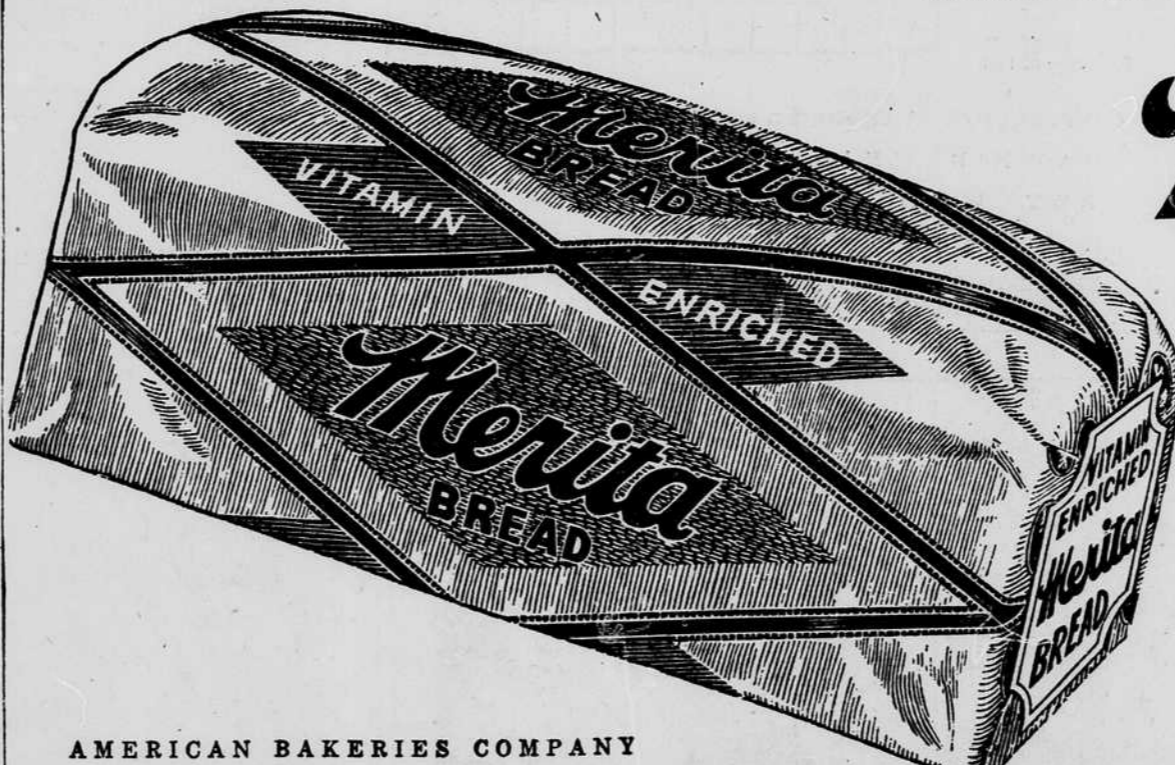
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