TO HAVE TO KEEP

Copyright by Jane Abbott
Distributed by King Features Syndicate

by JANE ABBOTT

CHAPTER THIRTY-NINE

Bill came very soon after. He ...d a box of flowers down at the ...t of the bed, bent and kissed ...ane, a long kiss on the lips. She would not lift her eyes to his face, to see the disappointment she was convinced must be written there. She held to his hand. "Have you seen the baby?"

"Not yet. I'll have a look at it when I go out. Everts says it's perfect, feet and hands and all that, and it's enough to know that, isn't it? And that you've come through all right!"

He had not gone home and slept as the nurse had told him to. Over-strained nerves and his instinctive habit of saying little when his feelings were deepest gave his voice a strained, clipped tone.

Diane dropped his hand.

"I'm going to call her Nellie."

"Nellie? Why Nellie?"

"It was my mother's name."

"That's so. But wasn't it really Helen or Helena or Eleanor? Nellie's a nickname."

"No, Nellie." She added: "It's my baby—"

"It is, darling!" Bill said with fervor. He put his lips to her throat. "And you may call it anything you like. I wish I'd known you had it in mind, though; Mother asked me about it. She's telephoning 'round for me. She sent her love and she'll be in to see you after a day or so. She insists that I stay there until you come home so I went to the apartment, put it in order and locked up—"

Diane realized, now, the tiredness in his voice. She glanced fully at him. "Bill, you look a lot worse than I feel! Was it terrible for you?"

He laughed. "Pretty bad. But it's over. Doctor Everts says you'll be sitting up in ten days, home by the end of the second week. Say, Di, mother suggests we get Annie Harkness to take care of the baby. She isn't a graduate nurse, but she's good. Mother had her for me. And a woman who's older like that would take a lot of responsibility off your shoulders—"

"We don't have to decide it just now, do we?" Diane countered.

He thought she was exhausted. He said quickly, a little contritely: "No, you're to rest, not think of anything."

She had expected to be bored by her enforced stay in the hospital, to hate the fussing over her. But she found it exciting; the nurses, rustling in, Doctor Everts on his calls, the internes, even the cleaning women, only emphasized the importance of this miracle of the baby.

Flowers came, box after box, cards, gifts. Seemingly the whole world wanted to pay tribute. One afternoon Lois opened the door wide enough to toss a tissue-wrapped package to the bed. "Scared to come closer, Di! I'm allergic to the stork!" Vanished. Roses from Danny, two dozen long-stemmed roses.

Mrs. Arden expressed her happiness that it was over and both Diane and the baby so well. Bill's father held her hand, spoke proper words of congratulation. Paula came, kissed her. "I'm glad you're calling the baby for your mother. It's pleased Joe." Diane saw tears in Paula's eyes as there had been in her father's.

Bill came in every evening, telephoned to her every morning. But Diane's high moment was when the nurse laid the baby beside her to feed. Then the white-walled room became a cloister, shutting them in together. The first time she had felt some terror at being left alone with so helpless a bit of humanity, but that was soon lost in her joy of possessing it. Soon she dared tighten her arm about it, hold the small hands in hers, cuddle the pink feet, bury her lips against the sweet-smelling golden fuzz of hair.

The warmth of its body one with hers, the baby would sleep and Diane would lose herself in blissful dreaming. No troubled thoughts could touch her now; they belonged to a world outside this she held in the curve of her arm. They belonged to that other self she had been. This self, born with the baby, had nothing to do with them.

It was, she thought, one still afternoon, the metamorphis she had expected to happen to her when she married Bill. She smiled, remembering that Paula had said it was good for a girl to have a baby because then she had something to think about besides herself. She had Nellie, now. It would be Nellie first, always.

She believed she was thinking of the baby when Bill again brought up the matter of engaging Annie Harkness and she opposed it.

"If Nellie should be sick—we ought to have a trained nurse, at least for a while, Bill."

"Annie'd know what to do, as well as any trained nurse."

With patience Diane marshalled other arguments. "It's very important to keep up the hospital training — Annie's old-fashioned, she'd want to rock Nellie!"

"You can tell her not to," said Bill, as patient as she.

"Bill, don't think I'm stubborn or just want to have my way! I really feel very firm about this." Firm, because she was thinking of Nellie. "I want to take Miss Tierney home with us. She's that pretty nurse who came in yesterday when you were here. She adores Nellie — says Nellie's the best-behaved baby in the nursery. And it's that training that is so important—"

He yielded, but not without saying: "If you don't know anything more about her than that she's pretty—we know everything about Annie!"

J. Emmet came again and tossed a formal looking document into Diane's hands. "There's that house you wanted! Though why is beyond me. It'll fall to pieces, come a strong wind."

"But Dad—" Diane looked only startled.

"I told you I'd give you something when the baby was born, didn't I?" There was some hurt in his voice, and coming into his eyes.

She put her arms around his neck, pulled his head down to hers. "You're an old precious! But you spoil me so. A little gift! Just an estate!"

"You can have more, any time you say the word," he muttered.

She unfolded the paper when he went away. Its legal phrasing was bewildering, but she gathered from it that Diane Tarrell Arden was owner, now, of "said land and buildings thereon."

She had thought of a little boy that afternoon! But—a passion of love swept her — Nellie would swim in that swimming hole, swing from those trees, climb the sheds, run down the long lane, over the meadows! Grow sturdy in that pure air— .

"I'm thinking of Nellie," she said to Bill, that evening.

The deed was in Bill's hands. He had read it and she had told him of the afternoon she had found the house, of how much she had liked it, speaking a little urgently against the stiffening she saw on his face, the way his fingers crushed the paper in them. "And it would be wonderful for the baby, out there. I'm thinking of her!"

"You know how I fel about not living on your father! You might have made that clear to him!"

"Bill, I couldn't refuse it!" But she could not tell Bill why. It concerned her father too intimately. She finished: "It isn't so far out that you'd mind the driving. Only a little more than eight miles—"

Bill put the deed down on the bed. "It happens that three miles out the Duell Road is the county line. If I run for District Attorney I have to keep my residence in this county. So, Di, I'm afraid you must rent this newly acquired property of yours, or return it to your father." He smiled in his relief at this turn in the issue.

"Oh," said Diane, regretfully. Then: "But if you don't run?"

"Not a chance of that. It's as good as settled."

But Bill was gone in a few minutes and the baby in and there was no room in Diane's heart for disappointment.

"I guess you're glad you're going home tomorrow," said the nurse when she gathered up the baby.

Diane did not answer with the promptness most patients gave to the amiable question. Her eyes swept the small room a little wistfully. Then she said: "As long as I have the baby!"

The nurse thought that was a queer way to put it, and from a girl who, it looked, had everything.

(To Be Continued)

"There is many a barnacle-scratched rump in the Jap army today" was the classic remark of a submarine commanding officer to his crew as all hands watched enemy troops attempting to slide over the side of their listing transport.

Mendota Ends Iceberg Search And Resumes Northern Cruise

Coast Guard Cutter Fails To Locate Reported Iceberg

Special to The Star

USCGS MENDOTA AT SEA, NORTH ATLANTIC OCEAN, June 11.—The Mendota reports the conclusion of her search for the iceberg now dubbed "Dumbo" (in a position about 1,300 miles due east of New York City). On two occasions a patrol plane was dispatched from Argentia, Newfoundland, to aid in the search, but all results were negative. The elusive iceberg, when reported by the SS Esso Glascow, was estimated to be 50 feet high and 200 feet long.

The position given was directly in the North Atlantic steamer track. Because of the high sea and air temperatures encountered in this area, and because of the many ships in the steamer lanes none of which reported the berg, it appears now that the berg has broken up and melted or that it was a case of mistaken identity in a fog and that it never existed.

The Mendota has been ordered to return to Argentia to refuel and to continue on the interrupted northern observation cruise.

Sees Queen Elizabeth

On the morning of June 7, the men on the four to eight watch were treated to a rare thrill. At about 6:30 a. m., the Queen Elizabeth, steaming westward towards New York City at 28 knots, crossed the bow of the Mendota as the latter ship pursued her search plan. The Queen showed the usual courtesy of the sea when she dipped her colors to the Mendota despite the distance of almost four miles.

Drills

Advantage was taken of the splendid weather in the Gulf Stream to run through numerous boat drills, including an abandon ship drill. The three civilian hotographers, who are aboard making a documentary film on the International Ice Patrol for the State Department, took full advantage and recorded everything on film.

Swimming In Water 15,000 Feet Deep

That afternoon, swim call was piped. After so long a period in the frigid waters of New England and Newfoundland, the officrs and crew responded enthusiastically and enjoyed half hour of swimming and diving in the 63 degree water. A high diving exhibition featuring swan dives from the 35-foot high wing of the bridge was put on by Lt. (jg) David D. Fritts, USCG, 2418 Third St., N. E., Washington, D. C.; Clarence J. Barton, Radarman, third class, 1227 E. Whitner St., Anderson, S. C.; Charlie D. Davenport, fireman, firse class, Box 232, Williamston, S. C.; and Richard A. Marchand, seaman, first class, 21 N. Clinton St., Poughkeepsie, N. Y., with no fear of striking bottom which lay some 15,000 feet below.

No word concerning the Mendotas' return to Wilmington, N. C., is as yet available.

DDT used for mosquito control will do less harm to aquatic life if applied as a dry dust rather than as an oil solution.

Set sail for sheer enjoyment with Ginger . . . with sparkling Canada Dry Ginger Ale. Its dewy-cool goodness perks up spirits, refreshes your taste! *Go steady with Ginger — go steady with Canada Dry!*

Don't Miss TWO PAGES OF PICTURES ON Quonsets*

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

IN THE SATURDAY EVENING POST JUNE 14 ISSUE

An Advertisement to All America

See them! Read about them! Then ask yourself whether Quonsets aren't the answer to your building requirements. We'll be glad to help you adapt the Quonset 20, Quonset 40, Quonset 24 or Quonset Multiple to your particular needs. Just reach for your phone, or write.

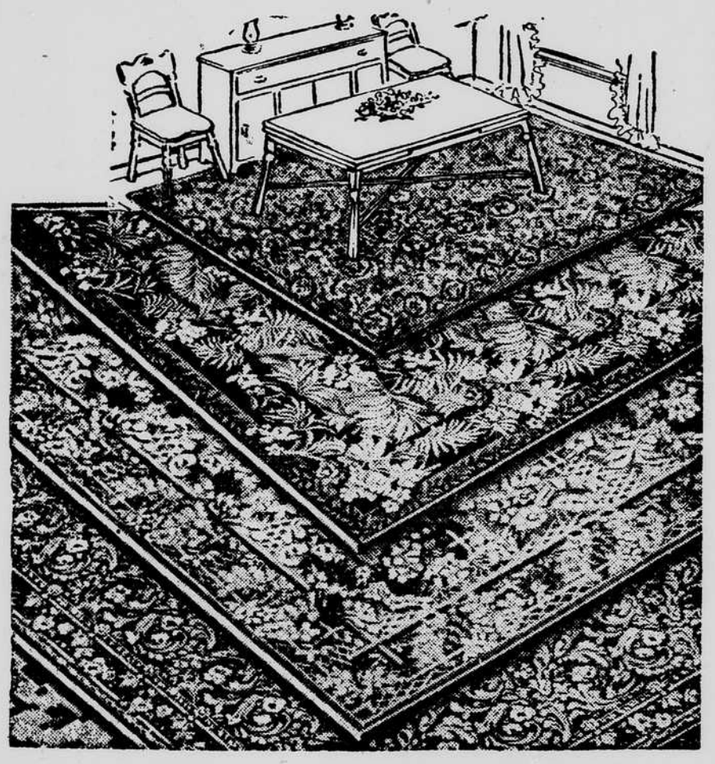
MATTHES STEEL PRODUCTS CORP.,
1815 Castle Street · Phone 2-1465
P. O. Box 608 · Wilmington, N. C.

"QUONSETS" ARE PRODUCTS OF GREAT LAKES STEEL CORPORATION

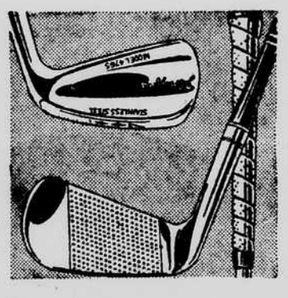
LATE ARRIVALS
FRIDAY AND SATURDAY SPECIALS

SEARS RECORD DAYS

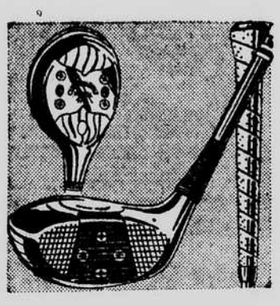
Our Best Quality Enameled Surface FELT BASE RUGS
9' x 12' Size
10.98



Compare these prices for these outstanding values in floor coverings!. Long-wearing felt-back enameled rugs in beautifully colored exclusive patterns. Easy-to-clean surface resists fading, soil and wear.



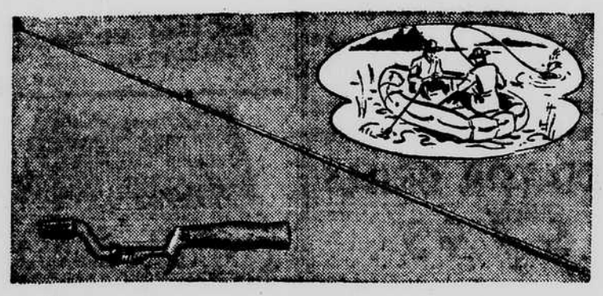
Five Matched Irons — Bulla Tournament Model 37.95
Turf-cutter flange type head; true temper steel shafts; hickory-grained sheath, calf leather perforated grip. Numbers 2, 5, 7, 9 and 10.



3 Matched Woods — Bulla Model 32.98
Pro-designed, persimmon wood head. Aluminum sole plates with maple plastic insert. Scrulock face; chrome plated. Nos. 1, 2 and 3.

Roller Skates — Ball Bearing Wheels 3.29
Streamlined J. C. Higgins skates. Easy-going ball-bearing wheels. Steel frame adjusts from 8½ to 11¾ inches. Rubber shock absorbers.

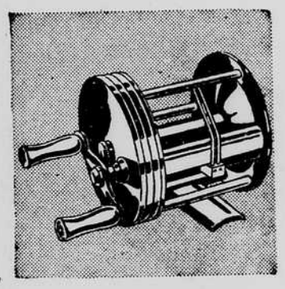
1-Gal. Spigot Jug — Aluminum Cup 4.95
High in quality—low in price. Blue baked enamel finish. Adjustable aluminum stopper. Steel outer shell. Machined brass spigot.



J. C. HIGGINS ROD 5.98
3½ Foot Length
An excellent rod at a low price. Has lots of "whip-action." Solid cork grip, aluminum handle. With cloth case.

Remington .22 RIFLE
- Model 511-A
- Bolt Action
- Clip Magazine

20.95
Sold On Easy Payments



Bait Casting Reel — 100-Yard Capacity 6.98
Level wind 3-piece construction. Chrome plated high grade brass. Balanced S-shaped crank. Aluminum spool. Adjustable click. Duo-pawl.

3½-Ft. Split Bamboo Rod 4.98
Fishing Tackle Box 3.49

"Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back" SEARS "Use Sears Easy Payment Plan"

307 No. Front St., Wilmington, N. C.—Dial 2-2621 — Store Hours— 9 to 5:30 P. M.—Wed. 9 A. M. to 1 P. M.—Sat. 9 A. M. to 6 P. M.

GET THAT GIFT FOR DAD FROM EFIRD'S

Father's DAY

THE BIGGEST and BEST HAUL OF THE YEAR

June 15th is Dad's day to receive wonderful gifts from you—selected from our collection of what the best dressed men wear.

MEN'S BEACH ROBES
8.95
Made of smart cotton designs, with belt to match. The ideal robe for beach or summer wear anywhere.

MEN'S BATHING SUITS
3.50 to 7.50
Gantner, Miami styles, tropical designs and knits. Also the Floatees which guarantees protection against sinking.

MEN'S DRESS PANTS
4.95 to 12.95
Shark skins, tropical worsted, rayon, gaberdine. All colors. With pleats or plain.

MEN'S SPORT COATS
14.50 to 19.50
All wool. Variety of colors and styles in solids, plaids, herring bone. Very sporty.

MEN'S SEMI-DRESS PANTS
2.98 to 5.95
Made of cotton and rayon, seersucker. Stripes, solids and small checks. Plain or with pleats.

MEN'S SPORT PANTS
79c to 6.95
Knits and broadcloth materials. Solids, plaids, stripes and tropical designs.

MEN'S PAJAMAS
3.95 to 4.95
In solids, stripes, pasley and plaids. Strongly constructed. Smart designs.

MEN'S EMERSON STRAW HATS
6.00 to 7.50
Sailors and Panamas in a variety of styles and shapes to select from.

OTHER STRAW HATS
97c to 1.95
White pajama checks. Grippers. Full cut and comfortable.

MEN'S SHORTS
60c

Efird's DEPARTMENT STORE
Wilmington, N. C.