

Home lawns, just like most farm crops, need lime to reduce soil acidity or to "sweeten" the soil. The only way to determine how much lime is needed is to have a sample of your soil analyzed. Your county extension agent can provide the sample boxes and instructions for taking the sample and sending it to the N. C. Department of Agriculture Soil Testing Laboratory for analysis.

## Love Me, Love My Wife

By GEORGE B. RUSS

Effie was more than a little nervous as she sat watching Maude dial the telephone number of Woodard and Beamon Clothiers for Men. This is where Chad worked. As much as she wanted to hear from Chad, she was reluctant to call for him on his job.

Twenty years is a long time to be away from the one you really love but this is the way the cookie had crumbled. Fate had kept them apart but she had kept abreast with Chad's whereabouts. And now and then, once in a great while, she stood at a distance and watched him go by. Once she had waved to him but she had been too absorbed in where he was going that he had not noticed her waving hand as the cab sped past him; head up, shoulders back, striding alone. He was a even with his wife.

Maude's voice reeked with excitement; "come on woman! It's ringing." Then she heard Maude say into the mouthpiece; "I'd like to speak with Chad Hodges if he isn't too busy."

Effie rose slowly to her feet and walked toward Maude and the telephone, hoping desperately that Chad wouldn't be angry with her. Maude was saying, "I have an old friend of yours here who would like very much to speak to you, Mr. Hodges."

A moment later the warm, moist receiver was in her own trembling hand and she was saying nothing. Maude's voice prodded her to speak up and she spoke softly into the mouthpiece. "Chad, this is Effie."

"Effie!"  
For a moment she nearly died, suppose he had forgotten her? Effie Freeland to you, but I am really Mrs. Frazier."

"You're kidding! Where have you been, lady?"  
Effie steeled her wobbly body to prevent a crashing fall. He did remember her!

"Oh, my God!" She was eternally grateful. "Chad, it's good to hear your voice. I have been away for nearly a year. After the death of my husband, I had to leave Hayestown for a change of scenery. Get away from all I had been through for the past five years." She paused for a moment to listen to him. There was pathos in his gushing words.

"You're saying your husband is dead. When did he pass --"

She was eternally grateful for his concern. That was like Chad to be concerned. "You didn't know?"

"No. I don't read the papers. I really don't get

around much these days." The apathy in Chad's voice stirred her deeply, she wanted to be near him. "You sound as though you don't feel well."

"I have a stomach disorder. I spend most of my time nursing a queasy stomach."

"I'm sorry to hear that." Effie's sorrow was profound. She had wanted to see Chad because he, as she remembered, has always been a healthy, carefree buck. After five years of nursing a sick husband, she needed someone alive, alert, seething with energy. "Do you have ulcers?"

"I think not."

"Have you seen a doctor?"

"Yes!"

"Chad, you always were one to postpone visits to the doctor."

"I'm still fearful of those sterile guys in white."

"That's foolish, Chad."

"I know! By the way, this is a business phone -- Miss Hall has already given me the scram, Scram! look!"

"Miss Hall?"

"Personnel manager."

"I'm sorry, Chad."

"No need to take it in that tone."

"You're still a nice fellow Chad."

"Gladys doesn't think so."

"Gladys!"

"My wife."

"How is your wife?"

"Just fine. Fine as gnat's liver." Chads laughter was subdued.

"That's nice. How long have you been married?"

"Fifteen years this past April."

"You're fooling?"

"Nope! Chad tried to hide his impatience. He was pleased to hear from his old girl friend, but she had him over a barrel here in the Private Office in the presence of Miss Hall.

"Chad, I'd like to see you. I have something I'd like to talk over with you."

"Very well, you name the time and place."

"We can meet at my place. I live out on Samhain Boulevard --"

"What's your number?"

"My telephone number?"

"Your house number, lady."

"Forgive me, Chad, I'm all excitement. My number is 2625."

"I'll call and let you know something."

"I'm staying with the Boykins at present. I haven't stayed home since my husband died."

"You haven't?"

"I'll go back some day but for now, I'm visiting my friends here in town."

"I see."

"I want to see you Chad."



**FIGHT TALK**—Famed motion picture director John Huston (center), former boxing champion Curtis Cokes (right), and boxing coach Al Silvanti trade some stories during the filming of "Fat City," based on the novel by

"Okay, I'll let you know when, at an early date."

"If you think you can get away this weekend, I'll go home."

"How about Saturday?"

"That suits me just fine, Chad."

"Bye now!"

Effie sat staring at the pale blue, silent instrument for a long while thinking of Chad. He had sounded too good to be true. How could a person sound so intimately near and dear who had been gone so long? She had not heard his voice in nearly twenty one years. Now that she had heard his well modulated voice over the wires, she ached to have him here beside her. How was she to endure his absence until Saturday -- five long days of waiting, pinning for the only man she had ever really loved? Her husband, Paul Frazier, had been a wonderful husband but she had not really loved him. And the most exciting moments they had spent together had been those times when she had wanted to be with Chad. Then, she would love Paul, shower everything on him that she wanted Chad to have.

Chad had not been the first man in her life. There was Jones, Kirby and Sampson who had been nice to her. Any one of these men would have made her a fine husband; but for love mates, they could not reach the innermost recesses of where the chordstrings of her heart strings were anchored. She was no "replenishing Jessica." Always, she went along with whatever the man in her life, at the moment, had to offer. So long as he willingly gave of himself, she was content to go along with his shortcomings. He need have no fears because she was not promiscuous with her kisses.

How and when Chad Hodges came into her life was

of no consequences. She remembered, only, that he had fulfilled her greatest desire. Chad had uprooted her hidden emotions and she had become his slave. He had never known, fully, that he was the master of her heart, soul and body. She had kept this a secret from him because she has never felt that he was trustworthy enough to entrust her all to him. There had been other women in his life and she had been afraid that he might make a fool of her. She

had woefully failed Chad once. If he failed her now she would be getting her just reward, pay back for her fickleness of mind and heart. She had come home to die, to find comfort in her grave beside her husband. Was she asking for a new lease on life, or, a speed up to her grave by having Chad Hodges come into her life at this time?

To be continued --

G. E. chief urges end to import surtaxes.

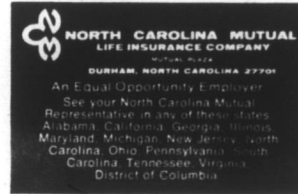
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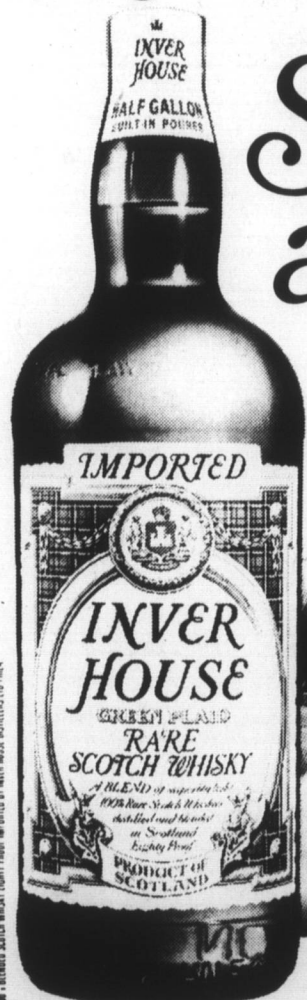


Antique white cradlephone

# INVER HOUSE

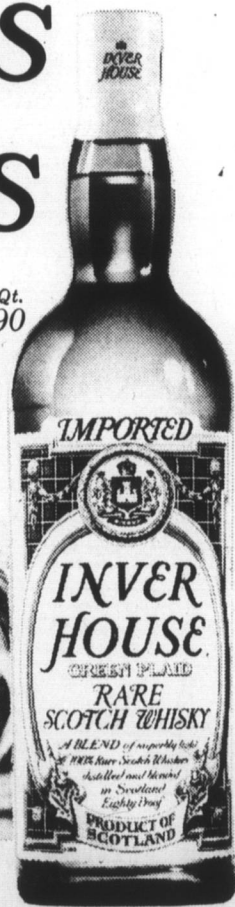
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