

UNHOLY BOND

by Cameron Doehery

Her taloned hand swept her from the table as she left the room. When the others had gone, her face was still white with dis-
 "I'm afraid we've made an en-
 "Cliff."
 He took her hand. "It was my
 ult, Janet—I should have kept
 quiet; she rubbed me the wrong
 way."
 Mr. Prentice, fastening his brief
 case smiled thinly. "There's
 something about the reading of a
 will that releases inhibitions to
 its surface. I've seen it happen
 ten."
 "But Mrs. Gremont sounded,
 well—almost threatening," Janet
 said, "Perhaps she intends fight-
 ing the will."
 "She has no grounds, Miss Har-
 ris. Mr. Hartigan knew what he
 was doing. I disapproved when
 I read it, but now I'm inclined to
 feel he was justified."
 From J. D. Prentice this was
 high praise.
 For a moment the lawyer look-
 ed almost friendly. "Well, I must
 be leaving now. I'll let you know
 when you can take possession—
 here'll be papers to sign, of
 course. Mrs. Miles has the keys
 you care to look around."
 To the right of the house was
 a formal garden kept by Mr.
 files, but to the left the twisted
 oak gave way to an orchard ex-
 tending to the river. Here the
 air was saturated with the hon-
 eyed fragrance of pear, apple and
 cherry and throbbing with the
 hum of bees.
 Cliff took Janet's hand and
 they walked down the lane of
 trees to Clear River. The water
 sparkled for a width of a hundred
 feet before waving fields of grain
 took over.
 "What will you do with it all?"
 "I don't know, I'm still in a
 haze."
 He slipped his arm around her
 waist drawing her closer to him.
 "It's too fine a day to worry—
 look at me, Lovely."
 She did so, staring deep into
 his dark boyish eyes.
 "Janet, I'm in love with you—
 think that entitles me to a kiss."
 She had known Cliff for over a
 year; she had kissed him before.
 His lips upon hers now were
 warm and seeking, but he sighed
 when he released her. . . .
 "Janet, you kiss me exactly
 as though I were a small boy
 who had bumped his head and
 had to be soothed."
 She laughed, "it's just your
 imagination, Cliff." But he had
 come so close to guessing. Why
 did she feel almost maternal with
 him? Was it because as Richard
 Eynon had said that Cliff needed
 something to wake him up?
 "By the way, Cliff, you never
 told me if Dr. Windell congratulated
 you on the operation?"
 "Well — it wasn't quite what
 I expected, Janet. He said the
 work was professional, but he
 didn't think my attitude was se-
 rious enough."
 "Perhaps he saw you wink at
 me."
 "He couldn't have," he laugh-
 ed. "I winked on the side away
 from him. Oh, Windell is a regu-
 lar old kill-joy—he doesn't have

any fun himself and he doesn't
 want anyone else to."
 "Well, a hospital isn't exactly
 a place for fun. Richard said
 that a doctor always has a dead-
 ly opponent at his elbow."
 He was staring at her pecu-
 liarly, "Richard?"
 "Dr. Eynon."
 "I didn't know you called him
 Richard."
 "I didn't until recently. We
 had dinner together last Monday,
 and the formality of Miss Harris
 and Dr. Eynon was too much for
 us."
 "Well, that's enlightening news!
 So you're dating Eynon now—
 the wonder man!"
 "Cliff, don't be childish."
 "Where did you go?"
 "The Maison Mournay."
 "Lord, that dingy, dull old
 house — not even an orchestra!
 What did you do all evening?"
 "We talked."
 "Talked! What about?"
 "Oh, please, Cliff, it wasn't that
 important."
 He asked her no more ques-
 tions, but the afternoon was spoilt.
 In spite of all her efforts
 at conversation, even flattery in
 small doses, his mouth drooped
 petulantly and his eyes were dis-
 trustful.
 As they drove back to the hos-
 pital, Cliff was silent. Janet's
 irritation increased. He had been
 helpful today; she hadn't wanted
 to face those strangers alone and
 Cliff defended her, but this un-
 founded jealousy was absurd.
 "I don't suppose you and Eynon
 got around to discussing me,
 did you?" he said suddenly.
 "You, Cliff? Why, no, we
 didn't."
 "I thought you might have per-
 suaded him to call off his reprimand.
 It seems strange he hasn't
 said anything about the operation
 —I know he and Windell had
 their heads together."
 "Perhaps he felt he wasn't ex-
 periented or old enough to criti-
 cize you, Cliff."
 "He's thirty-four — eight years
 older than I am, and he's been
 a resident physician at Cosmo-
 politan Hospital for three years."
 "Well, if you asked him he'd
 probably tell you—he might just
 happen to approve of your per-
 formance."
 She bit back the retort that rose
 to her lips. She certainly had
 no intention of repeating her con-
 versation with Richard Eynon. It
 was evident that Dr. Windell had
 tried to make matters clear and
 Cliff had failed to understand.
 She knew he had planned tak-
 ing her out for dinner tonight,
 but he rather sullenly reminded
 her, she pleaded a headache and
 they separated at the hospital
 steps.
 Janet walked to the balustrade
 and stared off over the city.
 "Tired, Janet?"
 She jerked in surprise and spun
 around. "Richard! I didn't see
 you there."
 (To Be Continued)

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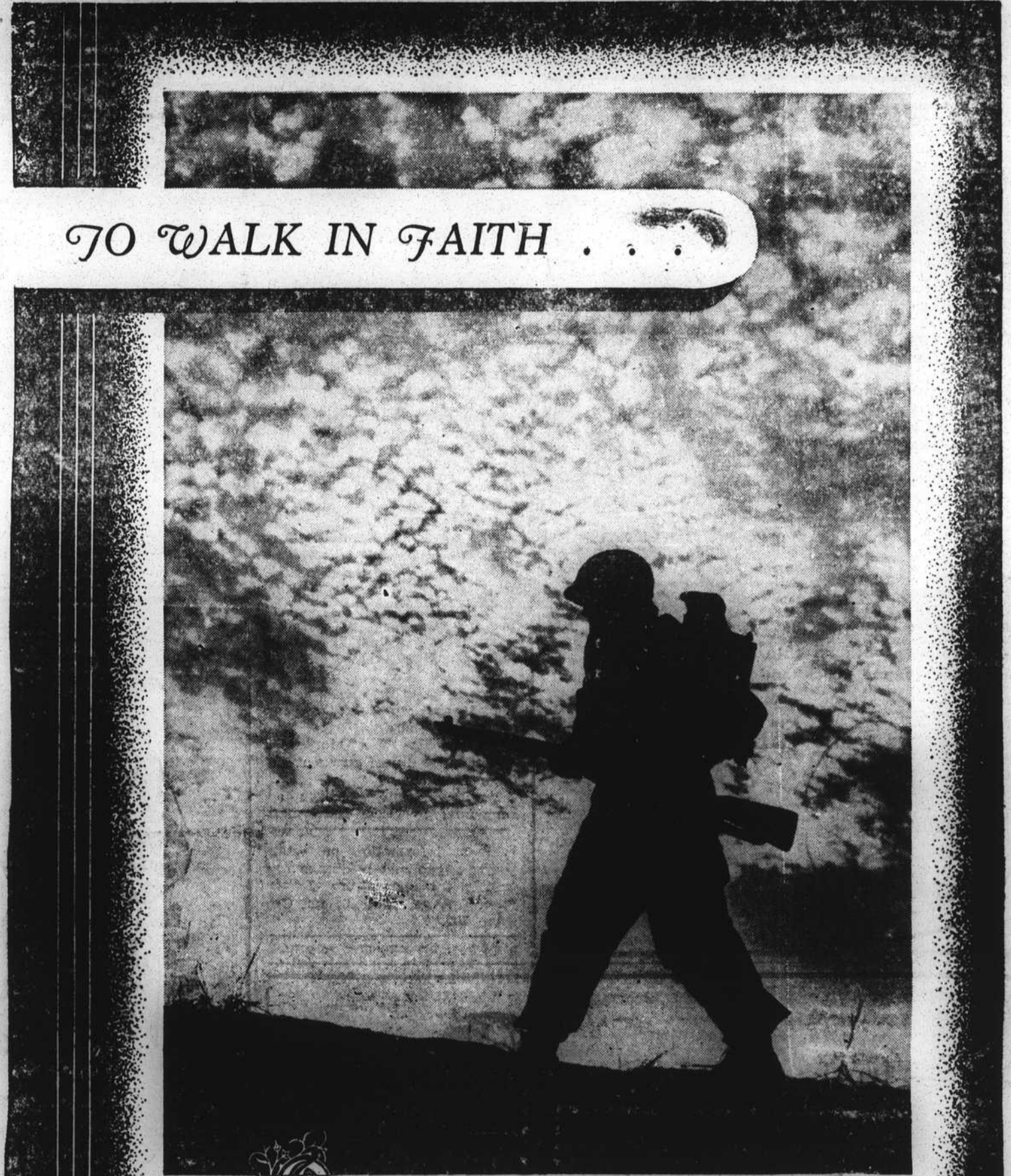
REFORMS SHOULD BE MADE THROUGH LEGAL CHANNELS

It is inconsistent in a democ-
 racy to assume that two
 wrongs make a right. True, there
 are many laws that should be
 amended and some that should
 be repealed. The remedy, there-
 fore, should be not by force, but
 by a vote of the people.
 In former days it was the gen-
 eral policy to bring about changes
 by might rather than by the prin-
 ciple of right. For centuries man,
 though created in the image of
 the Creator, failed to do differ-
 ently from the lower forms of
 creation. To achieve his ends he
 resorted to the most barbarous
 methods imaginable. Human life
 was second to the greed for land
 and money, for fame, or for po-
 litical power.
 The first radical departure from
 these heathenish practices was set
 up by the Prince of Peace about
 two-thousand years ago. Since
 that time some strides and suc-
 cesses have been made along this
 line, but the world is far from
 the desired goal.
 From the landing of the Pil-
 grims this nation has been a sort
 of a Beacon Light for all the na-
 tions of the world, but before we
 could really call this country a
 nation we had to fight through
 four colonial wars and a revolu-
 tion.
 Valley Forge, Yorktown, the
 Declaration of Independence, and
 the formation of our Constitu-
 tion are key words in the strug-
 gle we have made to put our na-
 tion in possession of the heritage
 of "equal rights to all and special
 privileges to none," and
 thereby settle our differences by
 legitimate means.
 It is true that we have some
 boss rule, that capital and labor
 are often at daggers points, that
 race riots loom on the horizon,
 and that strikes and other spas-
 modic troubles at this particular
 time paint a dark picture. But,
 as the front nation in the world
 in science, education, and Chris-
 tianity, have we come to the
 point where we shall use the bay-
 onet, shot and shell to settle our
 differences, especially when many
 of these differences are merely
 honest differences of opinion?
 While we take off our hats to
 those boys who have given their
 "all," and to those who offered
 to do so, would it not be wiser
 for them (and most of them will
 gladly do so) to help bring peace
 out of chaos under the law rather
 than have the Germans, Japs,
 and other enemies of democracy
 to point the finger of derision at
 us as a nation, and tell the world
 that democracy is a farce and that
 what we claim to stand for is as
 "sounding brass and a tinkling
 cymbal?"
 One special thing for us to
 learn is that this is a heterogen-

ous world made up of different
 races, creeds, clans, and colors,
 and that it is as impossible to per-
 fectly harmonize all these individ-
 ual differences as it would be
 to harmonize the positive and the
 negative forces of electricity, or
 to reverse the law of gravita-
 tion.
 It is self evident that the divine
 purpose is to transform the low-
 er strata of society into a higher
 one, but that it should not be done
 abruptly. It must be done through
 and by education. The spark
 could, and should be started in
 the home, but the flame should
 be fanned in the school room
 all the way down from the pri-
 mary grades through the colleges
 and universities. This should be
 supplemented by the press and

from the pulpit throughout the
 whole world. By this means the
 day spoken of by the prophet
 would soon be ushered in when
 the implements of war would be
 changed into those of peace and
 happiness throughout the world.
 C. M. DICKSON,
 Silas Creek, N. C.
 Sept. 9, 1946.

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VETERANS OF FOREIGN WARS

(N. C. State Department)

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