

Happiness, C. O. P.

by LOREN ARNOLD
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CHAPTER FORTY-ONE

TWO JAY BIRDS, battling desperately for a piece of gristly meat fished from a garbage can, settled on a gable roof near Bill Bailey's window to fight it out. The hour was approximately 6 a. m.

"Squeee-ee-er, squeee-ee-ee-er, chirrk!" one blue jay called the other, and apparently it was an ornithological insult. The second bird cursed even louder, squeaking and shrieking to high heaven. Their wings were fluttering and they dived at each other, clattering against the roof and even against the window screen.

"For pete's sake, what the devil's going on?" Bill growled. They ignored him. Unafraid of man, much, anyway, the jays went on fighting, almost within his arm's reach. He sat up to be a spectator.

They made such an unwholesome springtime clatter of it that Jeremy Tucker awoke in the next room also. Bill heard Jeremy laugh. "I'm betting on the blue one!" Bill called.

"I say—see here, they're both blue, Bill!" "That's what I know. I can't lose."

Wide awake now, the two youths put on robes and house slippers and came out on the broad secondary porch of the mansion, a roofless porch with banisters and chairs and hammocks, commanding exquisite views around two sides of the house. They talked of the birds, watched them fly garrulously away.

"Grand morning," Bill declared, inhaling profusely. "Wouldn't mind fighting myself!" He squatted off in a mock attack on Jeremy, jabbing, feinting, ducking, grinning and cutting up like the healthy boy he was. Jeremy responded in kind, albeit a bit awkwardly.

"You ought to box, Jeremy. Ought to know how. I wish we had some gloves." "I—I say—ah, there are some. In the attic. Hanging on a nail. Quite dusty, no doubt. Mr. Weems said they were father's."

"Let's go get 'em!" The gloves were old, none too strong now, but serviceable. Bill showed Jeremy how to get them on, began teaching him the rudiments of self-defense.

"No, when you see a chance to hit—hit! Don't swing in an arc. Jeremy, if you do, your opponent'll dart straight in and smack you down. Hit straight, hard! Like this."

He demonstrated, jarring Jeremy considerably, but not painfully. "Now get the feel of it. Try a quick, hard jab onto my chest. See how it feels?"

Jeremy jabbed weakly. "Come on, man, punch!" Jeremy let go. It was a good punch this time and Bill was jolted backward, but he took it grinning. "That's the stuff!"

For a half hour they exercised, stamping, stepping, blowing, talk-

ing and laughing, and striking at each other as only youths can. Both turned pink from the exertion and the exultation as well. The morning air was cool, the exercise invigorating.

Both of them had dropped lounging robes, skinned off pajama tops, and were boxing naked to the waist. Slap! Slap! Slap! They had no timed rounds, just practice ad lib, with Bill instructing. Then their bodies hit an iron table and overturned it, and all at once they laughed and stopped to blow hard.

"Round two coming up!" a voice called. They turned to see Gayle, Mr. Merrifield, Mr. Weems and even the butler, staring at them with deep interest. Mr. Merrifield suddenly laughed heartily. Gayle, looking ever so lovely in her powder blue robe, came out and slapped Jeremy lightly on the back.

"You're dripping!" she declared. "Both of you." "If any boss asked us to work this hard!" Bill laughed, "we'd complain to the government."

Gayle observed then that Jeremy was critically embarrassed. She looked at him an instant in surprise. "I forgot!" she suddenly exclaimed. "You boys aren't dressed! I—I guess I'm not used to being prudish. But—but look, Jeremy, you promised a long time ago to teach me to swim. Meet me at the pool in 10 minutes, will you?"

She ran through the door, and Bill pushed embarrassed Mr. Tucker after her, then waited to talk a while with the older men. Gayle was at the water edge when Jeremy came there. His swim trunks, dark blue, hid far less of his nakedness than his pajama pants had concealed, but he was more at ease—so strangely inconsistent are human conventions.

Jeremy's concern for himself was suddenly diverted, anyway, by the appearance of Gayle. That devilish young lady had on the new swim suit Bill Bailey had selected for her. She had told no one that Bill chose it; she did not mention that now. She just smiled at Jeremy—and waited.

The suit was extremely becoming on her, because it was white. White, under the straw-tooney hair which the rubber bathing cap only half concealed.

It clung to her like a mold. Mr. Tucker swallowed. He couldn't quite control his voice, even if he had thought of any satisfactory greeting. He couldn't get his eyes off the bright red rosette which was her suit's sole ornament, a shimmery rose of rubber petals in the center of her breast. It was like a crimson magnet, drawing him. He swallowed again.

"You are still flushed a little from boxing," she said then. "I—I say—yes! Um huum!" That was inadequate and he knew it—no way to converse with a beautiful girl.

They walked to the water at the shallow end. "Do I just hold my breath and

jump in, Jeremy? Will you save me if I am about to drown?"

He had no idea how to start teaching her. He couldn't remember how he himself had learned to swim. He decided it best to demonstrate first.

"No," he said, in desperate seriousness. "No, you—I—you crawl like this first. Look, I'll do it in a pool. This is the crawl. It's a good stroke. I—see here, I'll just do it first."

As if in relief from his embarrassment, he turned and dived in. Then he really did swim gracefully, from the nine-foot part of the pool down to the shallow end and back again. He climbed slowly back up the ladder toward her.

"That looked awfully easy, Jeremy. You are a good teacher." And instantly she, too, dived in. Right into the deepest part. Jeremy was appalled. He understood that she knew nothing of swimming, and yet she had mistaken his conversation and tried instantly to emulate him! He almost cried out. He was literally too petrified with fear to move; he just stood, stooping a bit, mouth open, staring.

As if she were timed by machinery, however, Gayle came to the surface, struck out down the pool in a perfect crawl, emulating his every move, and making an exact copy of his "demonstration" in the water. She maintained the utmost poise and seriousness. Nor did he speak until she had finished her beautiful swim, climbed the ladder and stood near him again. She bent one knee a little in front of the other, lifted her hands ever so coyly, and looked at him.

"Now, what next, teacher? Will you teach me to dive?" Only then did Jeremy relax—in a sudden laugh of exasperation. He reached out to grab her, but she dodged. She ran, and he ran.

She darted, shrieking, through the bushes, with Jeremy in pursuit. She made for the house. Her legs, slender but strong, had the smooth co-ordination to run swiftly, but for one (perhaps for the first time) young Tucker was wrought up. He dug in. He drove his own legs, and half way across the lawn he caught her, but in that moment she tripped and both of them fell and rolled. The grass was clean and wholesome. Both of them lay there and laughed. And in Jeremy Tucker now, there was no whit of embarrassment, nothing of his scholarly reticence.

They sat five minutes in the sunshine and talked, and then they walked, swinging hands together, back to the mansion. They passed Bill Bailey on the porch, spoke and yet seemed hardly to notice him.

Certainly they caught none of the quiet resignation in Bill's dark eyes. Or was it, perhaps, not resignation to fate, but a smouldering jealousy which threatened to slip beyond his control?

(To Be Continued)

themselves to social, economic, industrial and moral demands of society, they cannot be expected in the future to take an intelligent part in every-day affairs."

Capital Gossip

By HENRY AVERILL

Daily Dispatch Bureau, In the Sir Walter Hotel.

Raleigh, June 19.—Along about the middle of April the Brewers and North Carolina Beer Distributors Committee, headed by Colonel Edgar H. Bain, issued city and county officials to go slow about issuing beer licenses, and particularly to weed out, in accordance with the law, those licensees who have been convicted of liquor law violations within the last two years.

Now it is learned, from a preliminary survey conducted by Colonel Bain, that approximately 75 objectionable beer outlets have been eliminated through refusal of local governmental units to issue licenses. This total is said by Colonel Bain to be based on reports from about half the counties, and it is quite possible that the number may be larger when full reports are available.

Governor Clyde R. Hoey has had no communication from Commissioner of Revenue Allen J. Maxwell, ill from a paralytic stroke, or from any member of the Maxwell family, indicating whether the Commissioner will or will not be able ever to return to his duties or, if so, when.

Maxwell continues on the "leave of absence without pay" status he requested in order to make the primary campaign for governor; and it seems quite likely he'll remain just that way indefinitely. Of course, the governor could act on the general impression that Maxwell will never be able to go back to his post, and clear the way for quick appointment of a successor; but this is not likely.

Ordinarily budget discussions, in which the commissioner has been wanted to take a lead, do not begin before October, and there seems no reason to give the ailing official any sort of "bum's rush" in order to name somebody to the place.

In 1917 George Eliasson was an un-naturalized alien living in Bluefield, West Virginia; but when the United States entered the World War he was one of the very first volunteers. He fought in France and after the war became a full-fledged American citizen.

Now he runs a restaurant here in Raleigh—a "diner" just across the street from the Sir Walter; but he's as belligerent as ever. "We ought to go in two years ago, we ought to go in year ago, we ought to go in now. I'm wanting to fight more now than before."

Governor Clyde Hoey has told news men how much North Carolina's debt will be reduced during his administration. That's some \$26,662,000.

Another interesting figure on the Hoey regime (though it wouldn't be very important) would be an estimate of the number of words he has spoken in the hundreds of addresses he's made since he became governor.

He told your reporter that it's almost certain he has averaged speaking publicly a quarter hour every day of his term; though of course there have been days on which he did not speak at all.

Giving him an average of 100 words a minute, which is being conservative, that would be 1,500 words a day for four years, or 1,461 days; making a grand total of 2,191,500 words, or enough to fill several large volumes if reduced to type.

IN MEMORIAM.

In the early morning hours of March the Twelfth nineteen hundred forty, God in his Divine Wisdom, Saw fit to call from this earth, to his reward in Heaven, our dear friend and Brother George A. Harris.

Be it resolved that we bow in humble submission to the Divine will of Him who doeth all things well, for we know that our loss is Heaven's gain.

That we extend to his dear Companion Mrs. Lucy Boyd Harris and children our deepest sympathies and offer them our assistance in any way that can be made possible.

That a copy of this resolution be entered on the minutes of Henderson Lodge No. 229 A. F. & A. M. a copy sent to the Henderson Daily Dispatch, the Orphans Friend, and to the family of our departed Brother.

ROBT. A. BLAYLOCK, F. E. PINNELL, J. B. GEE, Committee.

IN MEMORIAM.

Brother R. M. Sanders. His long life in, contribution to, and fellowship with our order will forever be remembered by those who knew him.

He was faithful to the tenets of Masonry and was a regular attendant at the lodge meetings as long as his health would permit.

He lived in his true Masonic circle but worked and walked on the square.

The beauty of his life was a goal and his manners an example. Let us strive to emulate his virtues and seek that enjoyable level of livelihood that was his.

He has earned an honorable discharge from our Temple to that one "not made with hands eternal in the heavens". The sting of separation is acute but the thought of his victory over death is consoling.

Your committee will ask that this expression of our feeling be spread in the minutes of a page dedicated to his memory and a copy sent to the family.

C. E. GREENE, H. R. MANGUM, G. A. LOWRY, Committee.

Urges War Power



Sen. Claude Pepper

Suggestion of Senator Claude Pepper of Florida to the Senate that President Roosevelt be granted "full war time power to prepare and defend America" is only meant for duration of present emergency, he said. He recommended the President be empowered to suspend laws and government regulations.

Pilots of Crashed Bombers



Here are the pilots of the army bombers which collided in mid-air and crashed less than a block apart in Queens, N. Y., killing the eleven men aboard. Left, is First Lieutenant Paul Barlinzanne, 29, former All American football star at West Point. Right, is Second Lieutenant Richard M. Bylander, of Westbury, L. I.

Kiwanians Discuss Problems of Youth

Minneapolis, June 19.—Community wide social service of Kiwanis clubs during 1940-41 were prompted today in an effort to assist in understanding youth problems, according to Glenn L. Cronaugh, of Omaha, Neb., chairman of the boys' and girls' work committee for Kiwanis International.

"Such surveys will reveal the cause for juvenile crime and make apparent remedies for assisting unemployed youth," said the service club leader.

The youth conferences at the convention were crowded by thousands of parents, educators and doctors, who were asked to keep faith with American youth and provide opportunity.

The work with boys and girls, Mr. Cronaugh criticized, must not be thought of as an underprivileged child activity. "It must be remembered that 90 per cent of our young people are normal, healthy human beings," he continued. "But unless they are given assistance to adjust



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