

# Leave My Heart Alone

BY ADELAIDE HUMPHRIES

**CHAPTER FORTY-THREE**  
KAREN DID NOT like to think about what Paul had told her—that someone in the immediate vicinity was sending messages to enemy submarines and causing the heavy toll of ships—but she had meant it when she had said that she hoped whoever it was would be caught. Yes, even if Marty somehow was connected with it, although she would not think about that, either. She would, as she also had told Paul in the quarrel she had had over Marty, believe in her friend until it no longer was possible to do so.

She allowed Buffy to have the long-promised fishing trip that had caused so much trouble and anxiety when the little boy had run away. She even allowed him to spend the night with Marty in his trailer. She knew Paul did not approve of this, but Karen not only meant to live up to her promise; she kept it in order to show her faith in Martin Haldy.

Buffy came home, after this big adventure, so radiant and so full of the wonderful time he had had that Karen was glad she had "struck to her guns," much as she disliked having to go against Paul's expressed wishes. She knew now that Buffy would never feel toward Paul as he did toward Marty, to whom he gave a sort of hero worship. Surely a man who could so inspire a small boy must be deserving of that admiration. For days after his visit to the trailer camp Buffy would talk nothing else and of no one except Marty. He said he wished he could go to live with Marty in his little house-on-wheels.

"And leave me and your grandfather!" Karen pretended to be even more hurt than she was. It did hurt a little, to think that Marty came before the boy's own relatives.

"Oh, I should come to visit you," Buffy explained, "unless you would come and live in the trailer-house, too, Karen. I told Marty I wished we could do that—you and I—and he said he wished we could, too, so you see it would be all right."

"I see," Karen felt herself blushing, foolish as that was. She wondered what else Buffy had said about her during that visit with Marty. Maybe it was time to put her small nephevy straight in regard to certain matters. Long ago she had decided to tell Buffy that she was going to marry Paul, but she had put it off. Since her wedding had been put off, too, with nothing settled even now that it was spring, maybe she need not tell him yet.

"Would you really do it, Karen?" Buffy's revealing face lighted up with that inner radiance, his big eyes adding their appeal.  
"Well, not right away. . . . Not ever, I'm afraid—at least not for long," Karen had to hedge a bit, not wanting to put out that light too quickly. "We might visit Marty

some time together, you and I—and I told him he must come over very soon to see me."  
"That would not be as satisfactory as staying all the time," Buffy said. "It is fun, living in the little house-on-wheels; I know you would like it, Karen. Besides, what will we do when Marty goes away?"  
"Did he say he was going away?" Karen felt her heart give a peculiar twist.

The little boy nodded; the light had gone out of his face. "He said that he would have to go some time and that it might be very soon now. He said that this was because his work, he hoped, would very soon be finished."

Karen knew from the way Buffy said it that the child was repeating what Marty had said, as nearly as he could remember, word for word. What that soon would be finished. What did that mean? It was a direct contradiction to what Marty had told her; he had said he did not have any work, that he was here only to regain his health. But she must not put too much stress on anything a child might repeat. It might be very soon, Buffy had repeated, too, which might mean that any time now, any day, Marty and his trailer might pull up stakes and go out of their lives forever.

Why should this thought make her heart contract even more painfully? She had enjoyed knowing Marty; she had been so different from any one she ever had known, but he was, after all, only a friend.

Only a friend. . . . Remembering that first kiss, when the moon had been to blame. . . . Only a friend, remembering that moment in the lower when they had been so close, spiritually as well as physically. Memories that she could not put aside, that kept haunting her, returning to bring new that ecstasy.

"Any one would think you were in love with this fellow!" Paul had claimed the right they had quarreled over Marty.

But of course she could not be. As Paul also had said, she had not known Marty long enough and she still was engaged to her long-time friend. But what if time had nothing whatever to do with love, or being sensible about love, as she always had tried to be; what if she no longer was engaged to marry Paul, since spring now was here and there were no plans for the wedding?

There was no use, however, Karen told herself, dreading days of wondering such things, in wondering. That sounded like a paradox, incredible yet true, which was what all of it—everything—seemed to be. The whole world; Paul and Karen; Marty himself. So there was no use in wondering. The only thing to do was to mark time and see what Fate had in store for all of them, that many temptress who had caused so many things to happen, but who apparently had left them to themselves now.

mistaken. She did not know that it was Fate that led her down to the beach one evening to seek the solitude it offered and to listen to the roar of the ocean, hoping also to untangle some of her thoughts. If it had not been Fate, she surely would not have chosen this particular evening. This particular night, when these millions of tiny brilliant stars were hidden and the sea was high and the beach dark and deserted.

Karen had visited it so often, although not during the past few months, that she knew her way even on such a night as this. She had not even brought the flashlight that she often carried, as most people did, now that the town was blacked out after sundown. She went past the beach house to find a log that was nearer the edge of the water. She would sit there a little while, alone with her thoughts. It never occurred to her to be afraid or the least bit nervous. This was familiar ground, private strip of beach that she had known and loved so many years, all of her life-time.

She did not know how long she sat there, half an hour, maybe a bit longer, or why she suddenly decided she had best get home. It was enough. She had gotten what she had come for, the solitude that came from being upon that vast body of water, the enormous expanse of sky overhead. The light reflected, renewed in spirit, as she always did afterward.

She walked slowly, head bent, back toward the sand, not heading toward the path that led up the high bank, but toward the tunnel. She would see if it was indeed, as Marty had advised, as if it had obeyed orders. If it weren't, she might go back that way, since it was shorter and because she had no fear in regard to that underground passage, either.

The deep sand swallowed any sound of her footsteps and the night was so dark that Karen was only aware of the darkness—a lump of ectopic matter, or a big boulder. "Stop where you are!" The shadow straightened up into the bulky outline of a man, a man leveling a revolver straight at Karen.

Fear closed her throat now so that she could not even cry out; then the man took a step forward—as recognition came from each of them—such sharp relief that Karen felt her head whirl dizzily.

"Marty!" she gasped. But what was he doing with that revolver? What was he doing lurking at the entrance of the tunnel?  
"So it's you!" he said. There was relief in his lowered voice, which he kept almost at a whisper. What are you doing here? Tell me!"  
Marty demanded to know what SHE was doing, what right she had on her own private beach, when she was the one who should be asking the question.

officials from the Fairchild Aircraft plant at Burlington came to Raleigh a few days ago to confer with special service officials about their placement schedule. The plant, L. B. Meloyne, states, "The men stayed in the SS office building. They got tired and they went down to the swimming pool and were listed in the Navy. They then went to the Fairchild plant, on the river bank, but it does give the Navy a new fighting man with six years' post-war experience as a plane pilot."

**INSPECTION**—Clarence Brannan, chief of the division of entomology, department of agriculture, reports that annual inspection of the 200-odd nurseries in the state is nearing completion. At the same time, the division reports that a "tomato" campaign is being waged against the white-fringed beetle, one of the worst pests that infest the protected horticultural plant. The beetle control campaign is a cooperative venture of state and federal departments.

**LOANS**—Indications are the fall crop of Irish potatoes will fare better in marketing than the much heavier spring crop and that war food administration has arranged a method for lending money on farms when properly bonded and stored to the extent of the "support" price guaranteed by the government. No such loans were available for the spring crop with the result that "support prices" utterly failed to support the market.

**NEGRO WORK**—State College Extension officers reported that response on part of Negro farmers to appeals for greater food production has previously been pointed out. That this year the amount of a number of Negro farms, from all sections come new crop of food to meet an urgent need of producing and saving from food crops. The Negroes in Edgecombe county have established a cash market at Hartwood and are working with their county neighbors in a similar project in Rocky Mount.

**BURLINGTON SELECTED AS HOME OFFICE OF NEW INSURANCE FIRM**  
Burlington, Aug. 27.—Burlington and Alamance counties which have earned recognition as the "History Center of the South" has been selected by the Carolina Casualty Insurance Company as the location of its principal and home office. This firm has today been granted a charter by the State of North Carolina

after having been approved by the Insurance Commission of this State. The charter authorized a capitalization of \$400,000. In addition, a surplus of \$100,000 has already been paid in by this school year of course from check, or a total capitalization of \$500,000 for the corporation.  
It is reported that the board for such an organization in the State of North Carolina was organized by P. C. Boyler, who in association with H. W. Howard and others, are operating the Boyler's Insurance Company. This for the past several years, and which is also located in Burlington.

**HUGE SCHOOL BUDGET APPROVED AT MEET**  
Raleigh, Aug. 27.—(AP)—A general State school administrative budget calling for the expenditure of approximately \$27,500,000 during the 1949-50 fiscal year was approved today by the Finance committee of the State Board of Education.  
The committee, of which Dr. Julian Miller of Charlotte is chairman, will submit the budget to the board of its regular meeting here Sept. 9.

Also approved today, subject to official ruling of the entire board, were three increased expenditures: An increase in salaries being paid to principals and superintendents of public and private school units, setting them on a parity with those of the State; increased expenditures for financial help and for educational supplies; and an increase of \$150 a month in salaries being paid school teachers.

William Wilson, controller for the board, said the increase in salaries for school teachers would cost the State an additional \$65,000 a year. There are approximately 4,200 teachers, all of whom are paid on a monthly basis.

**JUNIOR SENIOR DANCE TO BE HELD AT U. N. C.**  
Chapel Hill, Aug. 27.—The national student dance of Carolina University, held in the Springs quarters and scheduled for Oct. 19, has been announced today by the dance president, Bob Burrough of Durham, N. C., and Ralph Starnum of Durham.  
The decision was made due to the fact that many seniors are now in the Navy. The dance, which opened here July 1 and which will be closing on Oct. 1, is a week-long affair.

### SCOTT'S SCRAP BOOK

By R. J. SCOTT

THE AVERAGE DREAM LASTS ABOUT 5 SECONDS

WHAT IS FADDOY FACE?

UNHUSHED RITE

### THE OLD HOME TOWN

By STANLEY

### THIMBLE THEATRE—Starring Popeye

Now the doctor may faint all he wishes, Popeye.

Tell me, Doc, ya seem to think the sea-dust is important? Yes.

How important, Doc?

Well, you might say sea-dust is the most important thing on earth.

In fact, the man who has come seadust owns the earth!

Listen, mister Popeye—I can tell you all about seadust.

### Wimpy's Ship Comes In.

### BLONDIE

(Registered U. S. Patent Office)

I'm tired this evening, I don't know whether to tackle this house or not.

SUPER

### A Flying Tackle!

By Chic Young

### ETTA KEIT

By PAUL ROBINSON

### ONE MAN TASK FORCE

### THE GUMPS

### AROUND CAPITOL SQUARE

By LYNN NISBET  
Daily Dispatch Bureau  
In The Sir Walter Hotel—Raleigh

**HIGH-HAT**—The group of distinguished Virginians and Carolinians who went to Washington this week to seek revision in tobacco ceiling prices didn't expect to be welcomed with 21-gun salutes, but they did expect a more courteous reception than they received. The honorees who head up the Community Credit Corporation showed very plainly that they didn't appreciate a bunch of little fellows carrying rifles and United States flags during the presentation of the complete gift. And appreciation was reciprocal, for Governor Broughton, Governor Haden and the elected representatives of the people didn't like the high hat attitude of the appointed bureaucrats.

**PESSIMISTIC**—Governor Broughton said upon his return to Raleigh he had little hope of any relief. The delegation did accomplish something. It obtained a public confession from Meredith Kohlberg, U. S. representative, that OPA had made a mistake in not understanding the difference between unbleached and bleached and the graded-tied offerings on Carolina markets. That was one of those "moral victories" that mean little, because Kohlberg said he didn't see how anything could be done about it now. The sacred standard of the original order, admittedly unfair, must be maintained. Maybe something can be done about the matter next year.

**PROMISE**—Only promise the Carolina-Virginia folks could get was that a definite answer will be given "as soon as possible." Governor Broughton expects the answer before Saturday night. He has only a faint hope it will offer any higher prices for Carolina tobacco.

**BLUFF**—Some farmers are talking about calling the tobacco companies bluff if the OPA doesn't give a higher price for graded leaf. They threaten to put tobacco on sale without sorting, and tell the buyers to take it or leave it.

**REFUSED**—Some ungraded leaf was offered a few weeks ago to South Carolina and the buyers walked away. Meanwhile they were paying for graded piles the same they had paid Georgia for unbleached tobacco. It costs from three to eight cents a pound to grade and tie tobacco. Farmers see no reason why they should be expected to stand that cost. Pending final answer from Washington, offerings of better grade leaf are expected to be light and if the Wash-

ington answer is what is feared and expected to be, the argument will be between the growers and the buyer as to who makes the grade.

**SOIL-SAVING**—When representatives of all the soil conservation associations in the state assemble at State College next week they will be privileged to hear a North Carolinian who has become one of the world's recognized authorities on the subject. Dr. H. H. Bennett, an Anson

SAILOR, a couple of persons

### KNOW YOUR FOODS . . . by Mary Bell

Undeserved social taroos against foods have been common. For example, Europeans at one time considered coffee an intoxicant. Its sale was restricted.

Today, thousands upon thousands of women who once were prejudiced against margarine now use NU-MAID—the "table-grade" margarine, noted for its mild, sweet, churned-fresh flavor.

Famed as a delicious spread, NU-MAID is also used by good cooks when they want extra-fine cakes and pies and for frying and seasoning.

\*TABLE-GRADE\* NU-MAID is 97% DIGESTIBLE, RICH IN THE "PEP-UP" VITAMIN "A," AND A HIGH ENERGY FOOD (3300 CALORIES PER LB.) TRY NU-MAID TODAY—YOU'LL LIKE IT.

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