THERE COMES a MOMENT

by ELINOR MAXWELL

O Arcadia House Publications WNU Service

THE STORY

CHAPTER I-Mary Loring and her fa TAPTER I—Mary Loring and her far. Jim, an ineffectual attorney, meetain which brings his wealthy sister-inv, unmarried Linnie Cotswell and her end, Lella Ormsby, divorcee, for a time are Mary's mother, her younger ter, Ellen; her father's nagging maid-asister, Aunt Mamie, and Peter, the by of the family. At the depot Dr. Iuggage.

chart in the standing of the fact that she has received many rejection and the fact that she has received many rejection strength of the fact that she has received many rejection she fact that her newest story, "At Sea," would be see the editors of National Weekly. After finishing it she calls Doctor Cragg, who comes to the book store for a current novel. Falling from a ladder while getting his book, she regains consciousness to find his arms around her tells her he loves her, and then tells her he loves her, and then tells ha girl he has known all his life. Depondent, Mary decides to accept her funt Linnie's invitation. In New York she finds that Lelia Ormsby is living with faunt, who laughs at her for her plans to write, and insists that she meet as many eligible men as possible. as many eligible men as possible.

CHAPTER IV—The new week brings to letters. One, from the National weekly, with a \$100 check for her story, makes her deliriously happy. The other, from her sister, tells her that financial conditions at home are getting worse. The next day, at a party given by her aunt, Mary meets distinguished Jerome Taylor, wealthy middle aged man-abouthown, and effusive Count Umberto Balianes. The count's oily manner nauseage her. However, her aunt has made an engagement with both men for the lear future.

CHAPTER V

Mary woke with a start at seven he next morning, and, for an instant, lay in her comfortable bed. Wondering just where she was. At home in Hawkinsville? And was the slim figure beneath the covers in the other twin bed that of Ellen? Then, as consciousness came fully upon her, she realized that she was in New York, in Aunt Linnie's apartment, and that the sleeping girl beside her was Lelia Ormsby.

It was while she sat scanning the headlines of the Herald Tribune, a ond steaming cup of coffee in one hand, a third piece of jam-covered bast in the other, that Addie brought in the mail. "Anything for me, Addie?" she asked.

The Mulatto woman consulted the dames on the envelopes with maddening precision, finally extending a letter towards Mary. "Just one, honey. Looks like a man's writing,

Mary caught the letter from the from my father "she said almost my father." she said, almost as if to herself. Dad had not written to her since her arrival in New York, and she was hungry to hear, in his own words, how he was get-

It was from her father—just one page of his small, scholarly hand-Writing-neat, modest, suppressed, like the man himself. She read, with affectionate eagerness, what he

had to say.

My own little girl:
Your money-order for eighty-five dollars came today, and it is with inexpressible embarrassment, and deep gratitude that I am accepting this loan from you. There is no use trying to conceal from you that I am terribly hard-pressed, and that your generous offering has arrived as something of a god-send, but Mary, I shall pay you back. I am doing everything I can to make a contact, and hope for something good to break this week.

Don't, I beg of you, ever mention to your aunt the straitened circumstances in which I—through my inadequacy—have thrown my family. I could not bear the chagrin of having your dear mother's sister know the true state of our financial affairs, let alone suffer the embarrassment of an offer of help from

ly not to worry about us, dear. Have ood time while you may. Something, m sure, will work out for me soon. Mary placed her unfinished piece toast on the blue Spode butter dish. She could not eat any more. Her ravenous young appetite had deserted her. Poor Dad, trying to make a contact" at his age! Hoping for "something good to break week!" Begging her never to divulge to Aunt Linnie, who could No very easily spare a thousand or two thousand dollars to relieve, at least temporarily, the devastating Worry that gnawed at his heart and mind! No, she would not "let on," by word or act, how desperate the Hawkinsville situation was. She Would never betray Dad's confidence, or do anything to hurt his

Hastily, she picked up the breaktray, with its powder-blue dishes and silver coffee pot, and carrled it to Addie, who forthwith remonstrated with her for "doin" my work." Then, returning to the sunlit living room, she placed the typewriter on the table, inserted a sheet white paper and put on the glasses which Ellen said made her look typically librarian.

She had an idea for a plot-a

simple idea, but so had been the idea for "At Sea." Mr. Buchanan had liked that well enough to accept it. Her story was to concern a little boy whose mother and father were on the brink of a sensational divorce. Just as things were reaching a crisis, he was hit, but only slightly injured, by an automobile, and this near tragedy brought the parents together again, the tale concluding in a sane and happy manner for all concerned.

Fifteen minute later, she was still waiting for an introductory line that would inspire within Mr. Buchanan an avid interest to read the rest of the story, but the portentous words were fearfully slow in coming. At last her fingers fell upon the keys, and sharply tapped out a sentence -a sentence that did not please her in the least, but which would simply have to do for the time being. She would have to get on. She couldn't sit there all day, waiting to begin.

Paragraph after paragraph slowly but surely stretched themselves over the pages, but the story unrolled with painful effort. waited too long since the last one. My thoughts simply can't get down to business. Too many things have happened to me since I wrote 'At Sea.' If only I'd begun another story the very day after I finished that! I suppose your mind's just like any other kind of machinery. You've got to keep it working all the time, or the wheels get rusty, and are hard to start up again."

Mary worked on "Their Son" again the next morning, rewriting whole sentences, transcribing phrases, deleting words that appeared unnecessary, but the conformation remained the same, and she could see no wav in which to improve it. She was not satisfied with what she had done. The story lacked something. At one o'clock, she put it aside, telling herself grimly, "I'm so saturated with the thing that I can no longer look at it from an unbiased standpoint. I'll go out for a walk. Maybe the fresh air will drive the cobwebs out of my brain, and I can get to work on it again tonight with a fresh outlook." Then, she suddenly remembered that Aunt Linnie had made an engagement for the evening with Umberto Balianci, and, with a sigh, she resigned herself to waiting until the following morning to work on the script again.

Balianci called for them at seven. just shortly after Lelia had ensconced herself comfortably in bed with Somerset Maugham's new book at her side, and a tray of delectable food over her knees. "Well, thank heavens, I'm not going out with you and Linnie tonight," she said with a mischievous grin.

"Aunt Linnie said to wear a street dress," Mary remarked.

Lelia yawned luxuriously. of course, with Balianci footing the bill! He will, no doubt, treat you to an eighty-five cent table-d'hote in some wretched place in the Village, and smugly feel that you and Linnie are in his debt for the rest of the winter. He's so accustomed to having somebody else pay the check that, when he does come across with an invitation, he darnn' well sees to it that his output of cash is of the smallest possible denomination. He's a sponger, darling, looking for a rich wife, and nobody on earth can make me believe anything to the contrary." Mary pulled on her Lapin coat,

and caught her gloves up from the dressing-table. "You do look cozy, she said, "and heaven Lelia." knows I wish I were staying at home tonight instead of going out into that horrid, raw weather. I'd have liked to work on my story.' "The afternoon paper says we'll

have a regular blizzard by morning," Lelia announced, crunching a Julienne potato with tantalizing enjoyment. "Thanks be to Allah for my bed and board! See you later, my dear, unless you get lost in a snowdrift. I doubt if Balianci has the price of a taxi!" Balianci had the price of a taxi, or

else had decided to spread himself for the evening, for, upon descending to the street, he ordered the doorman to whistle for a cab. "Corliani's," he told the driver, "in the Village.

A startled look sprang into Linnie's eyes, but was quickly, diplomatically, succeeded by a smile. "Corliani's, Balianci?" she inquired brightly. "Is that a new place?" Balianci plumped himself down on one of the small side seats, and

lighted a cigarette. "It is a place I have but recently discovered, Miss Cotswell, and the food is most excellent-cooked as only the chefs of my country can cook. I thought perhaps Miss Loring would like a bit of atmosphere-something different from what she has been accustomed to seeing and doing since she has been in New York."

Corliani's was crowded, garish, and shabby, and the bare wooden tables were set so closely together that it was almost impossible to wedge a way through them. Sputtering candles, set in wine bottles, furnished the only illumination, and the air was heavy with the stale, accumulated smell of garlic and cig-

Mary wondered, during the long, spasmodic serving of the meal, if they were going some place later on, but her speculations as to that were soon brought to an end by Balianci's saying, a tentative tone in his voice, "The weather, it is execrable. Should we not be happier

to remain here for the evening?" Miss Cotswell, who had scarcely touched her food, replied that perhaps they would, lit a cigarette, and tional Weekly. She had arrived ex-

d has eyes equally befloor show and ig the evening, he mit ! Try's as it lay on t to his lins and SO beart ful.

thou bt. haven't at "You a reminding large Mali

never be gilded Miss Cotswell eye at this mon conveyed to him by her e that his remarks were not al her liking.

Eventually, at eleven o'clock, she rose. "We must be getting home," she said tersely.

Balianci managed to squeeze into the same seat with the women on the homeward trip in the taxi, and to take advantage of the closeness of the quarters by pressing his shoulder rather too tenderly against Mary's. "He can't be doing it on purpose," Mary told herself. "It's simply that this seat is so narrow."

Miss Cotswell turned abruptly, just as they reached the elevator in her apartment house, and extended her hand to Balianci in an undeniable farewell. Later, in the privacy of her apartment, she said to her niece, "Umberto was loping right along with us into the lift. No doubt, he intended to come up for a nightcap, but I couldn't stand another moment of his company. Dreadful evening, wasn't it?"

Mary, warming her chilled fingers before the dying fire on the hearth, smiled. "Maybe it was for you, Aunt Linnie. You're so accustomed to nightingale's knees on toast that I can imagine how low-life you consider a place like Corliani's. As for me, however, it was rather fun. Remember, hot chocolate and salted crackers at Bowen's drug store have been the high points in my night life for years! I'd never tasted real Italian food before, and I was even intrigued with some of the rather strange-looking creatures that practically sat in our laps."

For some inexplicable reason. Mary woke at six the next morning. Lelia and Miss Cotswell were, of course, still asleep, and even Addie could not be heard stirring about.



She settled herself in an armchair and began to read.

The script of "Their Son," which she had tucked away in the bottom drawer of her bureau the day before, sprang to her mind, and with a sudden spurt of energy, she decided that now, in the early hours of this cold morning, with not one sign of life to disturb the calm, was the time to read it over. She could look at it from a fresh viewpoint, and, no doubt, discern in its structure glaring flaws which she had been too weary to notice the day be-

A second later, she settled herself in an armchair before the living room window and began to read 'Their Son." It really went rather smoothly, she told herself. The

phraseology was perfect; her choice of words, beyond criticism.

"I shan't do another thing to it," she decided. "It's as good as it'll ever be, and it may be far better than I think. I'm going to submit it to Mr. Buchanan today, and it's got to sink or swim." With eager fingers, she slipped it into a large, manila envelope, and, securing Aunt Linnie's fountain pen from the tray of odds and ends on the desk, wrote across its front in large letters, "Mr. Phillip Buchanan, The National Weekly."

"I'll take it to him myself," she thought, "and if he's not there, just leave it with his secretary. I wish it were later. I don't suppose these editors ever think of rolling into their offices until at least ten. Well, I'll just have to take a long bath, eat a long breakfast, and spend an hour getting dressed. Maybe that'll consume the time between nowand then!"

CHAPTER VI

It was half past ten, and Mary sat with flushed face and icy hands in the reception room of The Nasat back resignedly in her chair. actly at the stroke of ten, and, aft. our pages, he's given, as far as

lanci divided his er giving her name to the efficient receptionist, had been told that Mr. Buchanan was in, that he was occupied at the moment, and to sit down, please.

Two other persons had now en tered the reception room; a goodlooking young man with an intense air; a swarthy girl of twenty-five or "But I'll be next," Mary told herself excitedly, her hands like blocks of ice beneath their tan suede

The other callers had disappeared through mysterious doors and Miss Hickenlooper, the secretary, was now speaking through one of the telephones in response to a buzz that had resounded throughout the reception room. "All right, Miss Loring," she said. "Your turn now."

Mary jumped to her feet, dropping her purse as she did so. Miss Hickenlooper raised a supercilious eyebrow. "Your purse, Miss Lor-ing," she said coldly. "And you'd better take your coat with you."

"Hateful woman!" Mary thought, her face suffusing with a deep red. 'She probably knows I'm excited."

"To the right, please," Miss Hick-enlooper was saying. "Office at the end of the corridor." "Thank you," Mary said coldly and, elevating her chin ever so

slightly, stepped through the door that led into the working quarters of The National Weekly. Offices opened off to the right and left of the long narrow hall but,

with eyes straight ahead, she made for the one at the end-the sanctussanctorum of the lot-the office of Phillip Buchanan. She stood in the doorway an instant before the man at the desk became aware of her presence. He

was scanning a typed letter, and a deep frown made a furrow between his eyebrows. He looked austere. and Mary, none-too-assured at best, felt increasingly nervous. He was younger than she had expected to find him, perhaps thirty-five, and his hair looked sunburned, as if he had just returned from a fishing trip in Florida, which, indeed, he had.

Suddenly, he glanced up, and seeing her standing there, rose hastily from his chair, a puzzled expression on his face. He was taller than one would have judged, seeing him sitting down, glaring at that letter. He was as tall as Chris. "Is this-Miss Loring?" he asked, and the fear that he had inspired in her was instantly dispelled. His voice was kind, young-with the faintest trace of a Harvard accent.

She smiled at him. "Yes, I am Mary Loring."

"You took me rather by sur-"Oh! But I thought Miss Hicken-

looper announced me!" "She did, of course. I mean that I was hardly prepared for a debutante. 'At Sea' has the wisdom of

years in its theme." "I'm twenty-two," Mary replied,

as if that explained everything. Phillip Buchanan smiled, and his teeth seemed very white because of the contrast they made with the tan of his face. "All of that? Do sit down, Miss Loring. I'm so glad you dropped in. I've wanted to tell you how very much we liked 'At Sea.' It's scheduled for publica-

tion April fifteenth." Mary seated herself in a chair which faced him across the desk. the envelope containing her manuscript held tightly beneath her right arm. "Oh! Not until April?"

"Not until April?" Mr. Buchanan repeated. "Why, that's giving your story an early publication! Don't you know that our material—at least as far as fiction is concerned-is planned months in advance? In fact, we shelved a story we had arranged to publish on that date in order to make room for yours. By the way, have you written anything since you sent us 'At Sea'?"

Mary produced the envelope containing her precious script, and placed it on the desk before him. 'Indeed I have, Mr. Buchanan, and here it is. Another short short."

Phillip Buchanan glanced at it. put it on a pile of papers at his left, and then casually lit his cigarette. "That's fine. I'll turn it over to Mr. Johnstone today."

Mary's eyes clouded with disappointment. She had supposed that Mr. Buchanan, himself, would read the story-perhaps this morning while she sat there in his office "Mr. Johnstone?" she repeated

"Yes, one of our readers." Then, evidently sensing her disappointment, he explained, "You see, all material submitted to The National Weekly goes through a regular routine. Mr. Johnstone reads it first, separates the wheat from the chaff; hands on the possibilities to Mr. Arbuckle, who in turn does a bit Winkle. He then okays what he any individual connected with the dents in November was \$12.11. considers best suited to our needs and sends it on to me. A sort of survival of the fittest, as it were!"

"Heavens, what a test!" Mary replied, that elusive dimple playing at one corner of her mouth. "I'm surprised that anything ever reaches your desk! I had supposed . . "."

"That I read everything that comes to the office? Lord, no! I couldn't wander through all that trash! However, you may rest assured that your story—what's the title, by the way?"

"Their Son," Mary replied. "You may rest assured that 'Their Son' will be given a sympathetic reading. We like your style, and the realistic manner in which you handled the situations in 'At Sea.' Once an author has appeared within

we're concerned, a place in the sun. In fact, on second thought, I'll probably just turn this over to Mr. Van Winkle—not put it through the mill.' He glanced abruptly at the dull gold watch strapped to his wrist. "Lord! It's nearly one o'clock, and I have an engagement with Ford Hansen at two. How about having a spot of

lunch with me, Miss Loring?' Mary's hands clutched convulsively beneath the protection of the coat which lay across her lap, and, to her embarrassment, her face flushed scarlet. Phillip Buchanan, the editor-in-chief of the most popular magazine in the United States was asking her to have a "spot of lunch" with him! "Why, thank you," she managed to reply. "That will be fun."

Buchanan leaped from his chair, and went towards a cupboard at the far end of the rdom. "All right," he said. "Let's go." And opening the door, he dragged out a camel's hair top-coat, and slid into it. "I want to talk to you about a series of shorts, and this is a swell opportunity."

Mary felt dizzy with excitement as she and Phillip Buchanan, closet-



Mary felt dizzy with excitement.

A Parable

he to his furnace:

HEAT."

The Times

A certain man had a furnace

and his house grew cold. Said

"NOT ANOTHER LUMP

OF COAL DO YOU GET

TILL YOU GIVE MORE

. . . the poor man froze —

—and so did the merchant who

cut down his newspaper adver-

tising budget to "save

expense."

PHONE 44

ed in one of the silent elevators of the building which housed The National Weekly, descended twenty floors to the lobby. Mr. Buchanan was taking her to lunch! Mr. Buchanan wanted to talk to her about a series of "shorts" for his magazine. She mentally estimated how many words she could write a day: how many hours it would take to revise and polish what she had written. She must not be hasty or careless. She should, she figured, al-

. I.I. W. alyanly

sitting, perhaps, for perfect retyping of the script. They had reached the lobby, now, and were heading for the street door. "I say," Mr. Buchanan began, "you don't mind barging all the way down to the Lafavette do you? My appointment with Hansen's

low herself two mornings for the

original composition, two additional

mornings for revision, and a fifth

in that neighborhood." Mind! Mary would have gone to Chinatown, or Great Neck, or Tim- cF17-tf. buktu with him, had he suggested one of those spots as a lunching place! "I don't mind at all," she returned. "I've wanted to see the Lafavette ever since Greta Garbo appeared in 'Romance.' "

Mr. Buchanan looked puzzled. "'Romance'? Oh, yes, I remember now. All about a young minister who fell in love with an actress! That's right. Some of the scenes were supposed to be laid at the Lafayette. Well, I don't know that you'll find a great deal of the atmosphere of the sixties remaining, but it's a good place to eat. Come on, we'll hop a taxi."

Once in the cab, he settled himself comfortably back against the leather cushions, as if to snatch a bit of rest while the opportunity of fered, lit a cigarette, and said, "Well, tell me something about yourself, Miss Loring. You're from some small town in the West, aren't pJ27-4t you?"

Mary glanced shyly at the clearcut lines of the man's profile. He looked rather bored. No doubt his taking her out to lunch was only a necessary evil as far as he was concerned—the courteous gesture made by a publisher to one of his con-

(Continued next week)

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Northbound Southnound Read Down Read Up Leave Leave 9:00 a.m. Hatteras Ar. 5:30 p. m. 9:20 a.m. FRISCO 5:00 p. m. 9:40 a.m. BUXTON 4:45 p. m. 10.20 a.m. AVON 4:15 p. m. 10:50 a.m. SALVO 3:45 p. m. 11:00 a. m. RODANTHE 3:30 p. m 11:50 a.m. Oregon Inlet 2:30 p.m. 12:35 p.m. Whalebone 1:55 p. m 12:45 p. m. MANTEO 1:45 p. m. Effective until further notice. HAROLD MIDGETTE, Mgr. Rodanthe, N. C.

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