

SCORCHY SMITH



THE EVIL OF JACK THE REGENT LIVES AFTER HIM... MOST OF HIS FANATICAL FOLLOWERS CAROUSE IN THE TEMPLE OF THE GODDESS OF DESTRUCTION...



WE TAKE DESPERATE CHANCES! IF THOSE LAWLESS REVELERS IN FRONT OF THE IDOL LEARN THAT THE REGENT CRASHED IN HIS PLANE...

SCORCHY SMITH



GOOD THING THE RACKET FROM THAT PARTY DOWNSTAIRS WILL DROWN ME OUT... I MUST BE MAKING MORE NOISE THAN A MILKMAN ON SUNDAY MORNING.



MR. SMITH'S PLAN IS A LONG CHANCE... BUT IT IS BETTER THAN MOBILIZING YOUR SUBJECTS AND WAGING A BLOODY REVOLUTION!

SCORCHY SMITH

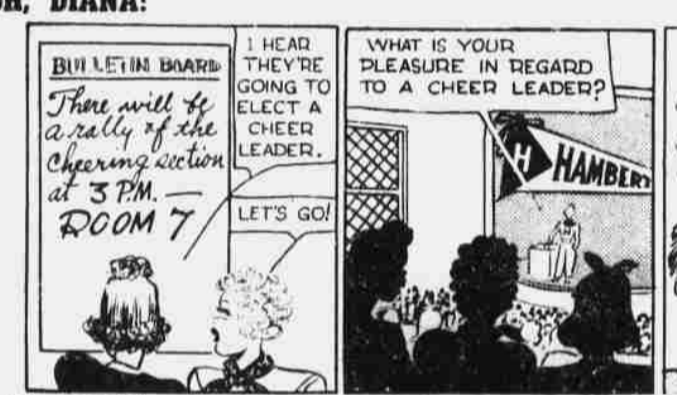


SO THIS IS THE OBSERVATION ROOM, NOW FOR THE LIQUID REFRESHMENT!



TRICKLE, TRICKLE LITTLE STREAM! OCTANE, PUT US ON THE BEAM!

OH, DIANA!



BULLETIN BOARD: There will be a rally of the cheering section at 3 P.M. ROOM 7.



WE WANT DIANA! THANKS I'LL DO MY BEST... I MEAN TO MAKE THEM YELL.

OH, DIANA!



J'EPERS... I'M TOO TIRED TO WALK HOME... I'M GOING TO THUMB A RIDE.



CONGRATULATIONS DIANA! IT LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE ELECTED.

OH, DIANA!



LOOK THAT FRESHMAN WITH HIS UTTERLY LUSH CAR IS STOPPING AT DIANA'S HOUSE.



GOOD-BYE, AND THANK YOU SO MUCH, MR. PENNYPACKER.

OAKY DOAKS



WHILE A TERRIFIC STORM LASHES THE CASTLE OF DOUBLOON A DREADFUL DRAMA IS COMING TO A CLIMAX IN THE LIGHT TOWER...



SEE THIS LANTERN? NO SHIP CAN GET SAFELY PAST TH' ROCKS OF DOUBLOON IF IT AIN'T LIT!

OAKY DOAKS



G-GOSH, DUKE! I HATE THE SEA- AND EVERY SHIP THAT SAILS IT!



IT DID PLENTY!... IT ALWAYS MADE ME SEASICK!

OAKY DOAKS



HAH! TH' STORM IS GETTIN' WORSE- AND WITHOUT THIS LIGHT SOME SHIP WILL SOON BE ON TH' ROCKS OF DOUBLOON!



STOP! YOU'RE KILLING MY DAUGHTER! G-GOSH ALL HEMLOCK!

OAKY DOAKS

Going Up

BACHELOR

HIGH POCKETS

By Herbert Shapiro

Oct. 1 - Mr. and Mrs. Ira Ball, of Miami, Florida, who have been visiting Fred and Emmett Ball, returned home last Thursday. Monsel Elliott and sister, Miss Estelle Elliott, of High Point, spent the weekend in the community. Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Smith attended the Carolina-Texas football game at Chapel Hill Saturday and spent the weekend with their son and daughter-in-law at Greensboro, N. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Wayne West and children have moved to their new home in Newport, N. C. after spending the past two years on Dr. Harry Civil's farm at Adam's Creek. Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Smith, Jr. were in Morehead City Tuesday evening to see Mrs. E. C. McLawhorn and young son in the Morehead City hospital. Mr. and Mrs. Jack Thomas and son, Ricky spent Saturday in New Bern.

Mrs. H. N. Harris has returned home from New Bern, having been with her mother, Mrs. H. D. Gaskins who has been ill and is improving. Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Taylor and Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Smith were in Kinston Thursday. Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Smith, Sr. visited friends in Newport, N. C. Sunday afternoon.

Mr. Jimmy Smith and son, J. L. Smith were in Beaufort Monday. Mrs. Blythe Noe and children and Robert Smith, of Beaufort, visited Mrs. John Smith Sunday. J. L. Smith, Jr. and Fred Smith were in Greenville Thursday. Harry Ball is a patient in the Morehead City hospital.

OTWAY

Mr. and Mrs. James Williams of New Bern called to see Mr. and Mrs. O. W. Lewis Thursday a while. Miss Helen Gillikin, who is employed at Portsmouth, a. is spending a week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Adren Gillikin. Mr. S. W. Lawrence and Mr. T. P. Lawrence went to Beaufort Friday on business.

Mrs. Mercury Johnson and children of Harkers Island are visiting her mother this week, Mrs. Myrtle Gillikin. Miss Lucille Gillikin who is employed at Portsmouth, is spending her folks this week. Mr. and Mrs. Uzzell Lewis visited Rev. and Mrs. Lollis Friday night.

Mr. Floyd Lawrence visited Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Lawrence and family Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Hardison of Grantsboro were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Brinson Lewis this week. Mrs. Elroy Bandy visited her sister Friday evening, Mrs. Tilton Lawrence.

The PTA held its first meeting Friday at the schoolhouse at 2 o'clock. The meeting was called to order by Mrs. Vannie Willis. Mrs. Lionel Gillikin is secretary and Miss Gibbs treasurer. Other members include Mrs. Nell Lewis, Mrs. Alvie Gillikin, Mrs. Lola Gillikin, Mrs. Myrtle Gillikin, Mrs. Lina Gillikin, Mrs. Donald Brooks, Mrs. Beulah Dowdy, Mrs. Guyon Lewis, Mrs. Brady Gillikin and Mrs. Hardy Lawrence. Money was raised for the purpose of setting gifts for a Halloween party. Elder Rhue, of Winston-Salem will hold services at the school house Saturday evening at 3 o'clock.

The Ladies Aid held its meeting at the church Friday night. Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Hardison of Grantsboro were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Brinson Lewis this week. Mrs. Elroy Bandy visited her sister Friday evening, Mrs. Tilton Lawrence.

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PHIL MARTIN and John Snediker marched along in silence. They had almost reached the corral gate when Phil turned to the cattlemen. "You got a lotta ridin' ahead o' you b'fore you get back t' your place," he said. "How 'bout havin' some hot coffee with me b'fore you get goin'?" "Awright, Fact o' the matter is, Martin, I ain't had a thing yet t'day."

"Come on then," Phil said. He nodded toward the bunkhouse. "Over there." They entered the bunkhouse to find that a fresh pot of coffee had just been put on the fire. Phil watched the coffee pot for a moment. "One o' you fellows see that Mister Snediker gets 'imself some coffee," he said. "I'll come back f'r mine later on."

He nodded to Snediker, strode out of the bunkhouse, went back to the corral and saddled his horse. Minutes later he rode out of the enclosure and clattered away in a westerly direction. A couple of punchers loped up, nodded to him, swung off toward the bunkhouse. Phil nudged his horse with his knees and the animal quickened his pace. Presently they were going downhill and the ranch buildings fell away behind them. Phil spurred his horse, sent him racing ahead. But after a mile or so, Phil suddenly pulled up, twisted around in the saddle and looked back. When he was evidently satisfied that he was in a southerly direction, sent him pounding away. It was probably an hour later when Phil checked his mount, slowed him to a canter. Directly ahead of them was a hill. They went up its grassy slope at an easy gait, topped the crest and rode part way down the other side. Phil reined in, dismounted, jerked his rifle out of the saddle boot. He trudged up the hill to its very top, took off his hat and dropped it in the grass, then he sprawled out on his stomach with his rifle at his elbow. From where he lay he

commanded a view of miles and miles of the open range. In the distance, westward again, lay the Circle-A. He scanned the country tryside carefully, studied every movement and billow of dust. His lips tightened suddenly. In the distance he spied a lone horseman.

"Reckon that's him," he said half aloud. He reached for the rifle, realized it would take Snediker half an hour to come within rifle range and he checked himself. The minutes passed slowly. Snediker was less than half a mile away now. Phil steadied himself. It would never do to fire too soon. He forced himself to wait, then as he watched with sweat-filled eyes and pointing to the foot of the hill. Phil's hands tightened around the rifle, and he raised it halfway to his shoulder, checked himself as before. The cattlemen's horse started up the slope. Snediker was barely twenty feet from the top of the hill. The rifle aimed to jer' up, it roared straight, dangerously, and the peaceful, sunny silence of the range suddenly was shattered. He gulped, peered down at Snediker. The cattlemen lay sprawled out on his face, one arm outflung, the other arm bent under his body. His hat lay just beyond him. His horse had stopped. He turned his head and he looked at his master with an expression of surprise in his brown eyes. He moved, nudged Snediker but there was no response.

PHIL stepped closer to him, bent over him, then touching him gingerly with his hand over on his back John Snediker was dead. There was a black-rimmed bullet hole squarely between his sightless eyes. Fresh sweat broke out on Phil's face and hands. He put down the rifle, moved it away from Snediker's outflung hand, knelt down in the grass, and put his own hand into the cattlemen's pants pocket. When Phil arose a moment later, Snediker's roll of bills was clutched in his damp hand. Quickly he shoved the wad into his own pocket. He bent over Snediker again, braced himself, then with a mighty effort, hauled

roll," he said, and she laughed happily. "Oughta be seventy-five hundred bucks there, mebbe even eight thousand." He came up behind her, wrapped his great arms around her, buried his face in her hair. "Happy?" he asked. "Oh, yes!" she replied. She turned away from his arms. "Phil, let's go to California." "Awright," he said. "Anywhere you like."

"Ain't you even curious t' know where I got all that dough," he said, "after telling you last night that I didn't have any?" "I know you had it. You were just testing me. That's all." "Oh," he said. "I'd better start back," she said. "Cathy will be wondering if I don't get back shortly." She turned toward the door. "Bye, darling," he said. "Wait a minute," he said, and she stopped, looked at him over her shoulder. "Yes, Phil?"

He strode across the shack floor to the door, stood with his shoulder against it. He looked at her. "I think you oughta know where I got that dough," he said quietly. "O-h, Phil, must we go into that now? Can't we talk about it some other time? It's getting late, you know, and I don't want Cathy to get suspicious and spoil this for us." "Gee, I killed a man this mornin'. That dough I got in my pocket is his. Leastways, it was his."

SHE stared at him with widening eyes, then the color drained out of her face when the full impact of what he had just said struck her. "You fool!" she screamed. "You fool! You great big clumsy fool! I wouldn't have any part of you if you had a million dollars, all your own, too! Go back to your precious Nettie! I don't want you!" His arm flashed up, and he

slapped her across the mouth. She staggered away from him, fell against the table. She came erect almost immediately. "Open the door please," she said. He turned slowly, gripped the door knob. He was motionless for a moment then he twisted the knob and the door opened. Cathy stormed for a moment out of the shack. He watched her mount her horse, saw her whirl the animal around and send him racing away. Phil sagged brokenly. He turned and disappeared into the shack. The door closed of its own accord. Gay was probably a hundred yards from the shack when a pistol shot shattered the morning air. She jerked her head to a stop, twisted around in the saddle and looked back. She pulled her horse around and dashed back to the shack, ran to the door and flung it open. "Phil!" she sobbed as she burst in. She stopped in her tracks and stared hard with fear-widened eyes. "Phil!"

There was no response from Phil Martin. He lay on the shack floor, a big, awkwardly sprawled-out hulk of a man, his left arm doubled up under him, his right arm outflung. Clutched in his right hand was his Colt. Gay pressed her clenched fist to her mouth to stifle the scream that arose in her throat. "Phil!" she whispered. "Phil!" She tiptoed around the table, peered down at him. She frowned. She was evidently debating something. Then she moved toward him again, swiftly and purposefully. She bent over him a second time, put her hand into his pants pocket. She straightened up shortly, thrust the roll of bills into her sweater, then she wheeled and went out. She retraced her steps, pulled the door shut, ran to her horse, mounted him, sent him racing away. (To be continued)

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DICKIE DARE



I KNOW HOW YA FEEL, NAGS--IT'S GREAT TA KUN HERE REACHIN' BELEM IN TH' AMAZON. BUT--

THE \$50 QUESTION



IT'S HECK TA THINK ABOUT PEPI LEAVIN' VS THERE--HE'S SUCH A NICE GUY!

THE TIPOFF



--AN' FROM TH' LOOK ON PEPI'S FACE, HE'S NOT LOOKIN' FORWARD TA LEAVIN' IS EITHER!

A PLAN AFOFT



JREAD MEETIN' THAT SENHOR MACGRAVE IN BELEM. HE PAY ME FIFTY DOLLAR FOR TO FIND OUT WHY THEY MAKE THIS VOYAGE. BUT STILL I DO NOT KNOW--

DICKIE DARE



HEY, GANG, IT'S--

DICKIE DARE



SO YOU PLANTED A KID ON SHARPER'S BOAT AN' NOW WE'RE SWEATIN' OUT A REPORT, SO WHAT!

DICKIE DARE



HOW DO WE KNOW TH' KID YOU SHUT UP? AND MEMBER THE DOGS, MAYBE IT'S PEPI!

DICKIE DARE



YES, KID, GO ON--

DICKIE DARE



THIS IS A SWEET CHANCE BESSIE! TOO BAD WE CAN'T GET LOOSE! I'LL GET YOU LOOSE, SHIR OAKY! WATCH ME!

DICKIE DARE



HEY, GANG, IT'S--

DICKIE DARE



THAT IS ALL I KNOW, SENHOR. THEY TAKE THE RIVER BOAT AND THE FIRST BE THE 'CANARA.' SHE IN PORT.

DICKIE DARE



SO YOU PLANTED A KID ON SHARPER'S BOAT AN' NOW WE'RE SWEATIN' OUT A REPORT, SO WHAT!

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HEY, GANG, IT'S--

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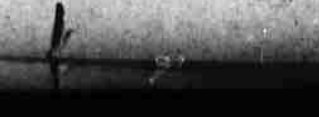
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