

# LOVE LAUGHS LAST

BY ALEX GARRISON

IT WAS July, and in July the mountain, in whose bosom nestled the quaint little hotel, was heavenly. Few guests had arrived; they had the hotel and surrounding country almost to themselves.

Neither had known such a glorious six-days as those which followed. When it was over, John said: "We'll go back to New York together. We'll be married on the way."

But Helen shook her head. "We can't, John. It wouldn't be fair to either of us. Everything that has happened here has been wonderful, too wonderful. Going back might change it. We're not sure. We must test our love for your sake and mine. For the sake of the future. Test it by parting, by staying apart for a year. That's the only real way to tell."

"Of course." He understood perfectly. He kissed her. "A year, my sweet, I'll love you a thousand times more. How long will be that year, yet how glorious the reunion!" He looked away down the side of the mountain. "July 2d, next year, we'll meet in my apartment, for dinner. And after dinner we'll go out and get married."

The practicability with which they made their plans caused them both to laugh. With their arms about each other it seemed so silly, so utterly ridiculous.

But they were intelligent, mature people and both could see the logic of such a scheme. And so they parted. John went back to Philadelphia and to his architectural desk. At first it was hard, unbearable. His thoughts were constantly with Helen. Now that they were apart his imagination played easy tricks. Had she really loved him? Could it be that the plan she had suggested was merely a stratagem

to make their parting easy, dramatic? Had she been amusing herself with him? In retrospect he went over every minute of the week they had spent together. No, he decided, she must love him. No girl could give as much as she unless the giving were provoked by a deep and sincere devotion.

A sudden demand for his services in connection with the construction of a great municipal building in a nearby city was a welcome antidote to his tortured mind. Even so, several times he was tempted to write, though they

had agreed not to do so. But he didn't, remembering her words. No writing, not trying to see her because a matter of honor; yet his heart bled.

The construction job absorbed his time. It was a big opportunity, the biggest he had ever had. He threw himself into it heart and soul. Gradually he began to forget Helen. When, nine months later, the job was completed and he had time to relax, he let his mind dwell on the events of last summer. Surprisingly he found that the longing had diminished, almost vanished. He could, he discovered, go about his routine tasks, see other women, attend parties, without knowing a sense of torment because of wondering what Helen was doing. At first this provoked a feeling of guilt.

He wasn't even interested in seeing her again. Thankful he was that he had listened to her reasoning when she suggested the plan of remaining apart for a year. He sighed. Poor kid. Little did she know that her foresight was going to result in her own unhappiness.

He pictured her out west, counting the days until July 2. Now that he had come to his senses he could look at the thing clearly, could appreciate how greatly she loved him. He scowled. It was going to be hard on Helen, but it was better to be a little hard now than ruin her whole future life.

And then suddenly he had an idea. They were to meet in his apartment for dinner. Wouldn't it be better, easier for them both if he closed up the apartment and went away, wasn't there to see her? The idea relieved his conscience. He'd do just that. But where he go? Where could he hide so that

she couldn't find him? The answer came in a flash. The mountain resort where they had first met? It would be the last place in the world she would think of looking for him, because of its obviousness, if nothing else.

He arrived at the hotel shortly after dark. The lobby was deserted, save for one person, a girl sitting before the fire reading a magazine. She looked up when he entered and her face blanched.

"John! Oh, John, this is the last place in the world I thought you'd come looking for me!"

## BENNETT'S SILVER WHISTLE DELIGHTS FIRST NIGHTERS AT PLAYHOUSE

Be it Broadway or Burnsville, folks like a prompt curtain—and that's what Gordon Bennett gave us on opening night of his SILVER WHISTLE last Friday to open the drama season with a most enjoyable two hours in the Theatre.

SILVER WHISTLE is a play about a man who is interested in how old folks get along, especially in homes for the aged. This lead character is played by one Batchelor Owen who does a fair job in his characterization of Oliver Erwiner.

Due to first night jitters, the opening act was inclined to drag a bit but it was always sparked into the life as reserved by Blanche Kelly as Mrs. Hamner, the crotchety, disagreeable old gal with a heart of gold. Miss Kelly's performance throughout the play was outstanding. Acting honors among the males were grabbed by Bob Gwaltney as Mr. Beebe and Dave Stern as Mr. Cherry. This pair was a delight to watch and Burnsville theatre-goers are indebted to Director Bennett for bringing them here. The love interest

was portrayed by Jack Callaghan and Barbara Ann Watson as the Reverend Watson and Miss Tripp. This pair pulled off a couple of difficult scenes in a manner which reflects great credit upon them. In at least a couple of their scenes they tugged at the heart-strings of the audience and more than one of us wiped away a nostalgic tear.

Susan Durham portrayed Miss Hoadley an inmate of the old folks home very well. Some of her drunken scenes came through very well. Neal Thornton who played Miss Sampler, an old lady who has buried three husbands, was believable only in spots. She slipped from her characterization too often, especially in her voice. Margy Sullivan in a smaller role as Mrs. Grohs performed nicely. The Emmett character, played by Armand Alzamora, was interestingly done, and this critic will wait until he has seen Al in subsequent shows before passing judgment upon him.

Gwaltney and Stern in their Second Act scene and Miss Kelly in the entire show made the evening well worth while. These three will appear in subsequent shows and you will

enjoy their portrayals.

The cast was rounded out with bit performances capably played by Stuart Arrington, Elvira Frondeck, Richard Bullman, and Michael Casey.

The set, designed by Barrie Greenbie, was lovely and was complemented by the costuming of Ruth Young and the lighting effects of Sue Goodman. All in all, this fellow Gordon Bennett put on a show for us and Burnsville is grateful to him. If the following productions can equal Bennett's effort, our citizens are in for a wonderful season.

Friday and Saturday of this week Lester Moore tries his hand with Outward Bound in which you can welcome anew many of the same actors who won a place in your heart with their performances in Bennett's Silver Whistle.

—Elmer Claughton

## Wilson Branch Decoration Set

The date set for a decoration at the Wilson Branch Cemetery is August 10, the second Sunday. The decoration will begin at 2 p. m., with Revs. Jany and Earl Blankenship as speakers.

# DALE CARNEGIE

AUTHOR OF "HOW TO STOP WORRYING AND START LIVING"

## The Help of a Wife

TOP SERGEANT Sam A. Chambers, Oklahoma City, Okla., says that he discovered what is the most important thing in life to a man. He doesn't worry about the little troubles that come into his daily life; he just does the best he can with them, holding to a deep abiding faith in God and believing in his own ability to look out for himself and his family.

Not that he thinks himself perfect; not that he doesn't often fall far short of his aims; not that he doesn't fail woefully at times. But he tries to practice the rules of Christian living as laid down by what he terms "the world's only perfectionist," Jesus Christ. He pays his debts, tries to keep on good terms with his neighbors, and to give the best in him to his job. And by the law of average, he usually "gets his" and he refuses to worry.

Now, what do you think is the one outstanding contribution to his lack of worry? It is cheerful, helpful Mrs. Sam Chambers. When Sam is faced with a problem, he doesn't have to fight it topped with a wife's antagonism and derision. His wife believes in him, knows he will win, or if by some chance he doesn't, she knows he will do even better next time, and usually he does. Two of them to face his problems, not one fighter plus a bitter discouraging opponent.

So, says Sam, he has learned that the most important thing in the world to a man is his family, and their attitude toward him. If his wife and two little girls continue to think well of him, he will always be inspired to do his best. If they think he is a pretty, fine fellow, it may keep him on his toes, but he's going to aim mighty hard at being what they think he is.



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## ACROSS the DESK

ideas from other editors

The Bulletin Free Press, Denver, Colorado, believes it has found the one great trouble with our country. In a short editorial entitled "Few Statesmen," the Free Press says:

"The one great trouble with our country today is that we have few statesmen . . . We have a great swarm, a great hoard of politicians; but it is only now and then that we find a man who is large enough truly to deserve the name—statesman. The large majority in public life today are there not for the purpose of serving the best interest of those whom they are supposed to represent, but they are there purely for self, for self-aggrandizement in this form or that, as the case may be."

### Smoke That Cigarette

Commenting on gadgets, the Phoenix Home News, Phoenix, Arizona, had this to say recently: "One device recently patented would select a cigarette, light it and give it a puff so that an automobile driver won't have to take his eyes off the road when lighting up. The device fits into an automobile panel.

"The inventor says that motorists should not attempt lighting cigarettes themselves when driving, since such a procedure is dangerous on the modern highway. Thus, invention which selects, lights

and takes a puff of the cigarette desired.

"It occurs to us that the idea may cut down on driver-distraction but that the only way to assure complete concentration in heavy traffic is for the driver to refrain from all other activities. Perhaps a machine that selected a cigarette, lit it and, instead of taking one puff, smoked it completely and then tossed it out the window, might be the answer."

### Irresponsibility

The Brownsville Telegraph, Brownsville, Pennsylvania, had this to say recently of responsibility in government:

"Freedom automatically entails responsibility. One of the chief marks of the slave is that he does not need to be responsible because he has lost his authority over his own actions. And when the free man becomes irresponsible, he soon becomes a slave. Today the people of the United States are threatened by actual tyrannies from without and potential tyranny from within. But neither of these menaces so seriously threatens our liberty as our own irresponsibility. Whenever we subordinate the general welfare to self-interest (which is the essence of social irresponsibility) we weaken another stone in the foundation of our freedom."

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