

REMEMBER?

Adapted from the METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE BY BEATRICE FABER

Synopsis: Schuyler Ames returns from Nassau and takes his best friend, Jeff Holland, a hard-boiled advertising executive, to meet his new fiancée, Linda Bronson. She and Jeff promptly fall in love. Sky notices their guilty intuition and advises them to try his pet theory. They must try to forget each other. The best way is to forget to try to remember. Therefore they must see each other. But in the process of remembering Linda and Jeff get so involved that they decide to elope. Plans go awry however when Jeff is delayed by his perpetual bogey, McIntyre, a waver dollar advertising account. When Jeff finally escapes he finds that Linda has flown. Frantically he jumps into a cab and pursues her train to White Plains.

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Chapter Two

The trip to White Plains was made on three wheels and a complete disregard for life and limb. But the driver timed things well. They drove up just as Linda stepped off the train and hailed a taxicab. Jeff jumped out and ran toward her. "Linda. Wait a minute." Her tilted nose ignored him as she stepped into her cab. She started off and Jeff hopped back in his own vehicle. "Follow that car," he barked. Both cabs swung into the highway. Linda's well ahead. Jeff was tense. "Don't let that car get away." Then, from far down the road a siren was heard. Jeff looked behind as a motorcycle cop loomed in view. "Never mind the cop," he shouted, "Keep up with that cab." But all things must come to an end, even a hell-bent-for-leather chase. A freight train halted the two fugitives and the cop drew up between the cabs, glaring from one driver to the other. "Hey, you two," he fumed, "what's the idea?" "Don't blame them, officer," Jeff interceded. "It's our fault. We're eloping." "In two cabs?" The cop eyed them narrowly. "Oh," Jeff put in hurriedly, "I'm supposed to meet her in Greenwich." Jeff appealed to Linda. "Where dear?" She thought furiously. "Greenwich?" Then she remembered. "Oh, Judge Milliken. He's an old friend of our family, 224 Walnut Street." The cop was sure they were lying. It was written all over them. "Well just find out about that." He spoke to the drivers. "Two-twenty-four Walnut Street and I'll follow you." To Linda and Jeff he said sternly, "And if this is a phony, you're gonna all four of ya lead in the jug. Knock on it." Two-twenty-four turned out to be a very pretty white bungalow. The door opened and a bespectacled country judge stood there beaming widely. "Why Linda Bronson, this is a pleasant surprise. Anything wrong? Are you in trouble?" "Yes," Linda said agitatedly. "We're going to get married." She remembered the formalities. "Oh Judge this is Jeffrey Holland. We're eloping." And as if this explained everything, cops, cab drivers and all. Then she led the way in and within a few moments, Judge Milliken began the marriage service. "Dearly Beloved, we are gathered together here in the presence of God and Man to join you together in Holy Matrimony. It might have taken five minutes or five hours for all that Linda and Jeff knew. But a bit later they were looking into each other's eyes, man and wife now, and the whole world had changed color for them. Everything was tinged a beautiful rose.

But next day there was reality to face the office. McIntyre, the redecorating of Jeff's apartment—and all the rest of it. They took care of the family part of things their first evening. The second evening they decided to dine at home. They were

in the library and Jeff took his bride in his arms. "Gee, you look awfully beautiful. Will you marry me, Mrs. Holland?" The butler opened the door discreetly. "I beg your pardon. There is a Mr. Schuyler Ames outside." He withdrew and Jeff stared at Linda, aghast. "Gee, I should at least have called him." They started for the door, then Jeff stopped. "Maybe you ought to go first." She took his arm and marched him out of the room. "We'll both go first." Linda was the first to speak. "Hello Sky." She nudged Jeff and he started forward. "Hello Sky." "Hello — people," Sky surveyed them. "Congratulations." He edged toward the door. "I just dropped in to — to wish you a lot of happiness and all that. I didn't know when I'd ever be seeing you again."

here on the last plane. The telephone on his desk rang and he roared into the mouthpiece. "HELLO!" Then his voice changed to honeyed sweetness. "Oh hello Linda Darling." "Jeff." She was all patient reproach. "Haven't you left yet?" "I'm leaving right now." His eyes were wild. "I give you my word. Look, I've even got my hat on." Linda laughed. "Look over the wire and see what I've got on. Sky brought them for me. Orchids. Wasn't he sweet?" Jeff grinned. "The rat — always giving my wife orchids. Well, keep a lamp in the window honey, I'm practically there." Half an hour afterwards Jeff gave McIntyre up for good. A speeding taxi brought him home and a few minutes later he burst into the apartment. "Sweetheart!" He grabbed Linda. "Sweetheart!" Then, over her shoulder. "Hello Sky." "Mother's frantic, Jeff," Linda said reproachfully. "After all, she did invite us for our last evening dinner." Jeff shrugged good-naturedly.

friend of yours practically kidnapped me. I should have punched him right in the nose. Yeah, and there's a guy in the other room I've got a good mind to punch in the nose, too." Linda went to the door. Then she turned and raised her eyebrows loftily. "Really dear, you're making a fool of yourself." She stepped out. "Please don't embarrass me in front of Sky." The clock still hung heavy about them when they stepped into the Bronson house sometime later. Mrs. Bronson peered at them anxiously as they came in. "Jeff's sorry, mother," Linda said as they walked into the living room. "About you, Jeff?" "Yeah." And that was that. To say that dinner was a rather strained affair would be understating the matter. Everyone spoke in self-conscious jerks and even later, over coffee and brandy there was a rather noticeable air of restraint. "Say Linda, I just bought three new horses," Mr. Bronson was saying when the butler entered and went to Jeff. "I beg your pardon, Mr. Holland, you're wanted on the telephone." Jeff rose and dived for the telephone. "Yeah?" It was his secretary, Miss Wilson. "McIntyre? When did he get in?" "About an hour ago. I finally located him. I knew you'd want to come right down and see him." Jeff clenched his fist. That old sow-belly, McIntyre. He would show at the wrong time. He glanced at his watch. "I guess I can still make it. I'll start right now." He hung up and then leaped at Sky who had just appeared in the doorway. "Come on, do me a little favor will you? McIntyre finally got in town. I've got to see him before I leave. Take Linda down to the boat and I'll meet you there." Without waiting for an answer he rushed out. Linda was rigid with fury when they reached the pier a half hour later. She and Sky sat on some of the luggage. Time began to pass rather quickly. Then it was only ten minutes to go. Finally it was calling time and Linda couldn't believe her eyes as she saw the "appliance" for cars wouldn't credit the sounds of the machinery rattling, the tooting of the tugs, the liner's whistles blowing. And then, the boat was actually pulling out. Sky put his arm around her shoulder. "Come on Linda. I'll take you back home." But defiance glistened in her tears as she raised her head. "No Sky. It's no use. I'm not going back. I'm through waiting at the church."



"I just dropped in to wish you happiness," said Sky.

Sky's voice was rather thin. "Yeah, you've given me a rough idea." He turned to leave but Linda grabbed his arm. "Hey, you two— Her lips were trembling. "Say, how long have you two fellows known each other?" Sky intoned. "Since Mary Bacon's birthday party when Jeff and I and his cousin beat up Shorty Wilson." Jeff was thoughtful. "Is that twenty-one years?" "Twenty-one years," Linda's voice was soft. "And that's what I'm busting up." The beginnings of a grin touched Jeff's lips. "I feel like an awful heavy Sky." Mirth now showed itself on Sky's face too. "No, you're not. You couldn't help it. She knocked me off my feet the same way. Hey," he demanded, "Mind if I kiss the bride Jeff?" "Go right ahead son." "Let's all kiss the bride," Linda said and as Sky and Jeff simultaneously planted kisses on each cheek she added joyfully, "Just one happy triangle." Six months seemed to go by like nothing at all. Linda was sure that the cab drivers had brought them such good luck and Jeff was certain it was because he had once met a girl named Linda. The only cloud on the horizon was the honeymoon. Jeff just never seemed to be able to get away. Finally, however, the great day arrived. They had actually booked passage for Europe and were sailing at midnight. As late afternoon came around Jeff was still working feverishly at his desk. He was pretty darned mad by now. A lovely girl like Linda shouldn't have to be kept waiting. Where was McIntyre? He should have been

"Sorry dear but getting away from the office of mine's like breaking out of jail." "Well," Sky suggested, "pile into your strait jacket while I get some cocktails started." "Your clothes are all laid out," Linda called after him. One cocktail passed and still no Jeff. A few moments later Linda hurried to the bedroom. Jeff was thumbing the studs into his dress shirt. Linda felt a rising irritation. "Jeff, what on earth have you been doing? Aren't you ready yet?" "I'm no fireman," he said. "After all," Linda said plausibly, "I'm only thinking of Mother and Dad." Jeff grasped her shoulders. "Okay Mrs. Holland I'm late and I'm sorry and I love you. Now will you kiss and make up?" He drew her into a big bear hug. "Jeff, stop it," she pushed him away and glanced down stricken at her crushed spray of orchids. "Look what you've done. After Sky was thoughtful enough to bring them—"

Jeff was stung. "Maybe you should be going on this honeymoon with him." "At least he'd be a little attentive." Jeff's temper began to rise. "As a matter of fact, I think he's being a little too attentive, hanging around here all the time." He'd never thought of it until just this minute but it sounded good. "I don't like it." "Now you're just being childish. After all, Sky's your best friend. And he's the nicest person I've ever known." "Well," she glared at her. "If you feel that way maybe you shouldn't have been in such a rush about marrying me." "I was in a rush about marrying you?" "Sure. Why you and that cop

000 to found Duke University. How did they do it? It isn't clear. But it is clear that most of them started with much less than you and I have. The most of us have an education of sorts. Al Johnson was born in Russia . . . in a hut with a straw roof and a dirt floor. Once he was so poor he didn't have a dime to buy the bottle to put some free medicine in . . . so he didn't get the medicine. But he did become so wealthy he tore up a million-dollar contract because he didn't need the money and hadn't earned it.

Were they possessed of unusual determination? . . . or was it luck? It matters little. What matters most is the fact that they started their amazing careers with much less material than the average person has to face the world.

There is comfort in the thought that the world's most successful men started as the world's poorest. It leaves hope for you and me.

CENTER HILL NEWS

Miss Nellie Blanche Stanford, a student at E. C. T. C., Greenville, spent the week-end with her parents, Rev. and Mrs. J. T. Stanford.

Little Peggy Anne Turner is improving after being quite ill with pneumonia and a mastoid affection.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hollowell and children, Bernice and Elizabeth, of Sunbury, were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Turner Sunday.

Miss Katherine Hollowell and Bill Reed, of New York City, visited Mr. and Mrs. Willie Byrum Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Emmett Parker and daughter have returned to their home near Sunbury, after spending last week with Mrs. Parker's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Boyce.

Mr. and Mrs. Roland Winslow and daughter, Ruth, of Elizabeth City, dined with Mrs. Winslow's mother, Mrs. J. M. Turner, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Cameron Boyce and Mr. and Mrs. J. I. Boyce visited Mr. and Mrs. R. O. Furry Monday evening.

R. O. Furry is confined to his room.

Mrs. L. B. Ward, of Gates, and Mrs. Silas White, of Cross Roads, were dinner guests of Mrs. J. S. Turner on Monday.

Mrs. J. P. Barnett called on Mrs. Cotter Bright White Monday afternoon.

Mrs. Cameron Boyce, Mrs. R. O. Furry, Mrs. J. P. Byrum, Mr. and Mrs. Otis Ellis, Mrs. Silas White, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Lane, Mrs. Betty Bunch, Edna Ward, Mrs. J. N. Boyce, Myra Boyce, and Mrs. Nearest Jordan visited Mrs. J. S. Turner and Peggy Anne Turner Friday.

Mrs. Archie Lane, Mrs. Pallen Lane and son, Ray, visited Mrs. N. Bunch Monday morning.

Among those who called at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Turner on Sunday were: Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hollowell and two daughters, of Sunbury; Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Byrum, Alma Byrum, Mrs. Rufus Smithson, Miss Lane, of Belvidere, Mrs. J. M. Turner, Miss Lillian Turner, Charlie and Wilford Turner, Mr. and Mrs. Roland Winslow, of Elizabeth City, Mrs. Otis Ellis, Mrs. Ida Reed, Mrs. Oscar Boyce, Mrs. Tom Aabell, Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Bunch, Miss Kathleen Ward, Mrs. J. D. Hobbs, Nearest Jordan, Willie Byrum, Mrs. C.

WHITESTON NEWS

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. White and Traverse White, of Hertford, spent Sunday with Miss Edith White.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph White and family, of Belvidere, were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. Luther Winslow.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Winslow and son spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Mercer Winslow.

B. L. White and daughter, Margaret Anne, of Sunbury, visited in the home of Mrs. Mary J. White on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay Winslow and children, Barbara and Betty Jean, Misses Dora and Bertha Mae White, of Hertford, were Sunday dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Winslow.

Mr. and Mrs. F. C. White, of Belvidere, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Wil-

kins and family spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. DeWitt Winslow.

Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Stallings, of Sandy Cross, were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Lucius Winslow.

Guests in the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. U. Winslow Sunday were Mr. and Mrs. Herman Wiggins, of Troyville.

William Winslow, U. S. S. Russell, docked at Portsmouth, Va., spent the week-end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Arba Winslow.

TYNER

Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Twine visited Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Byrum Thursday evening.

Miss Etta Asbell visited Mrs. Preston Dail Friday morning.

Weldon Byrum, Misses Janice and Carrie Byrum called on Mrs. G. L. Twine Thursday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Byrum were in Hertford Friday afternoon.

Cecil Byrum, Jr., visited Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Twine Sunday morning.

Miss Edna Earle Asbell called on Mrs. Melvin Burke Sunday afternoon.

Hillary Twine visited Mr. and Mrs. Preston Dail Sunday morning.

Arthur Overton, of Ahoskie, spent Sunday with Mrs. Overton.

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Chewing The Rag With Lucius Blanchard, Jr.

Confucius says—"People with apartments for rent should advertise same; otherwise man who would rent never knows where to look for vacant rooms."

And Confucius was right. This is for you people who have apartments to let . . . furnished or unfurnished. Any number of strangers drop into the office to look through the want ads in search of apartments. With tears in our eyes we drag out the latest edition, point distally to the column under "Classified and Legals" and sadly wag our greying head . . . "there are no apartments for rent in Hertford."

"But there must be apartments for rent," this from an engineer for the State Highway who came to town Wednesday and immediately set out for the newspaper office to simplify his apartment-hunting.

This engineer wanted to bring his wife and child to Hertford. They would be here for six months or more. But we could be of no assistance. It was very very sad, because we are certain there are unoccupied quarters in Hertford . . . but we didn't know where.

This Week's Sermon: We've just read a book of Dale Carnegie's Five Minute Biographies. It's amazing. We read about Doris Duke, Al Johnson, Andrew Carnegie, John D. Rockefeller.

Here's what's amazing . . .

Carnegie's folks were so poor he was born without benefit of either doctor or midwife, yet he lived to make four hundred million dollars, to give away three hundred and sixty-five million dollars, and though he was not a member of any church, he gave away more than seven thousand pipe organs to churches. He declared it was a disgrace to die rich, and made more millionaires than any other man in history, yet he never worked hard to raise his own staggering mass of money.

Rockefeller's first girl turned him down because her parents said no daughter of theirs was going to marry a man with such poor prospects as John D. His fortune has been estimated at between one and two billion dollars. He gave away \$750,000,000—more than anyone else has given away in all history. He never went to college; he was through with schools forever at sixteen, but he gave fifty million dollars to the University of Chicago.

Of Doris Duke, we were interested in her grandfather, Washington Duke. He began life over after the Civil War with two blind mules, some chain harness and two motherless boys. Doris today is the richest girl in the world and her grandfather said there wasn't "a dinged bit of fun in having a million dollars." He went to school for only four or five years, but though he felt he didn't need an education he gave \$40,000,