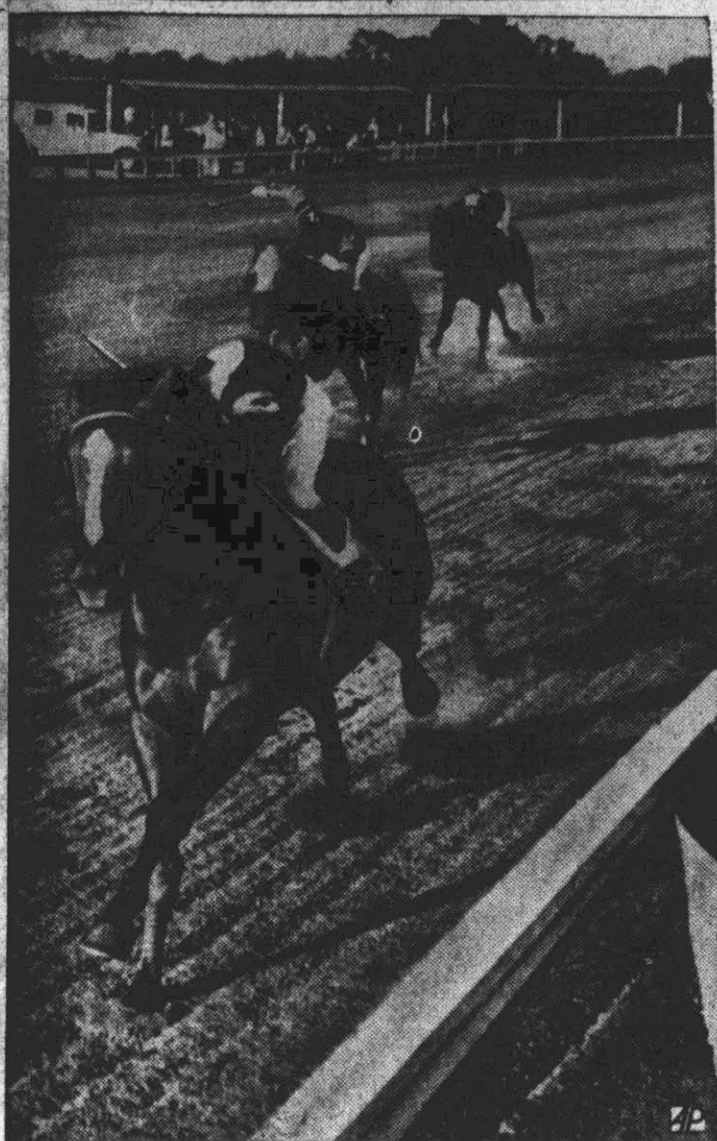
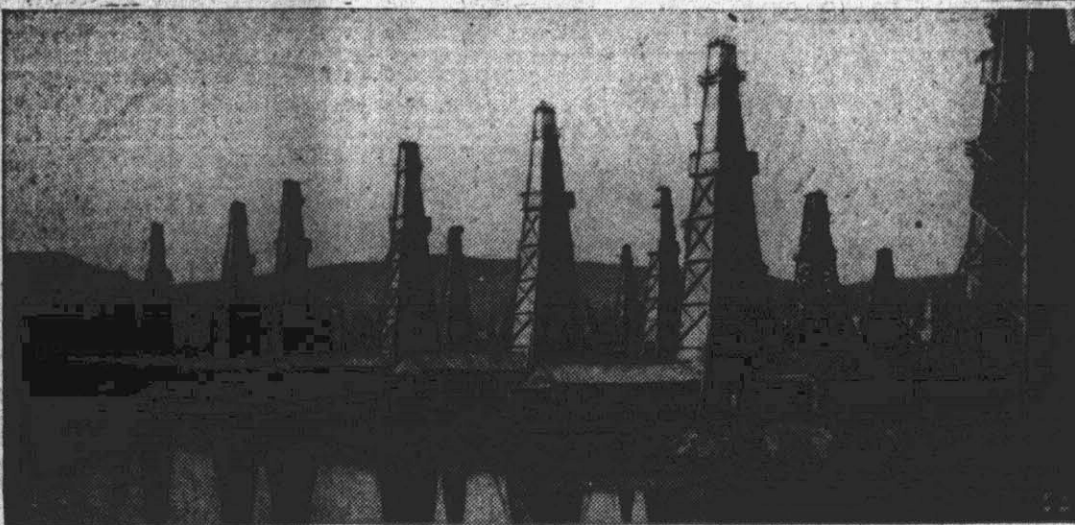




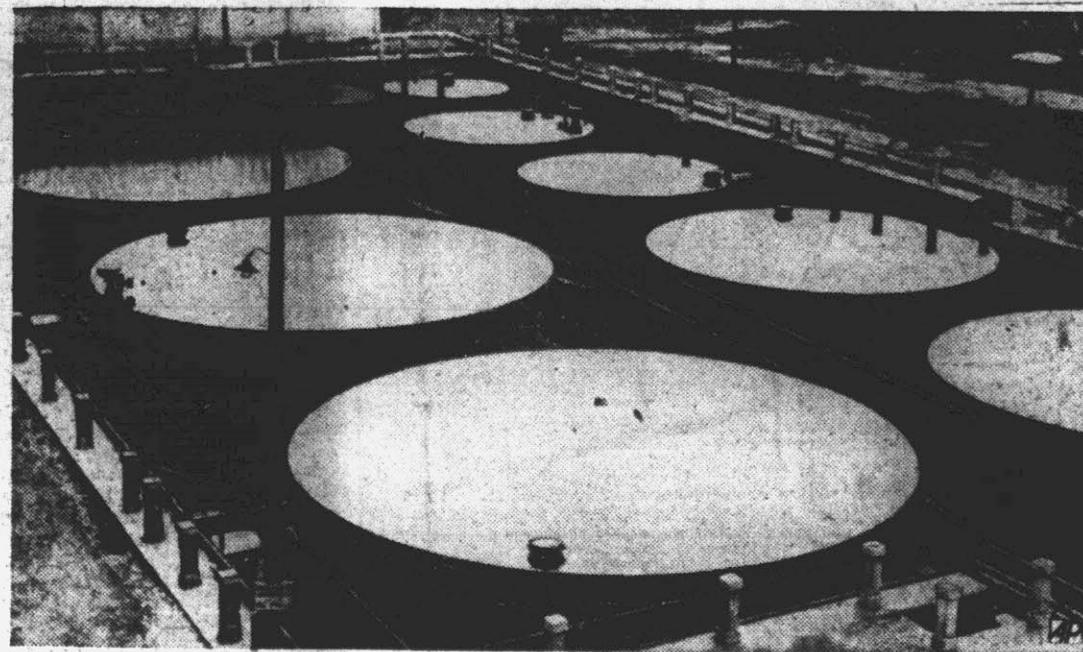
WHIRLAWAY'S JINX—When War Relic (in lead) finished first in the Narragansett Special at Pawtucket, R.I., he beat out mighty Whirlaway (second), famed Calumet Farm entry who'd been expected to make that race his 13th victory out of 18 starts this season and on a Sept. 13, too. War Relic won by 4½ lengths, covered the mile and 3-16 in 1:57 1-5.



LOOKEE!—There's a Grecian influence at hand in this white sun suit complete with hood wraparound, worn by Jean Robertson at a Los Angeles cruise and resort wear showing.



LURE FOR NAZIS?—Derricks sprout skyward above the rich oil wells of Baku, Russian city on the Caspian sea believed to be one goal of Nazis in their quest for precious oil.

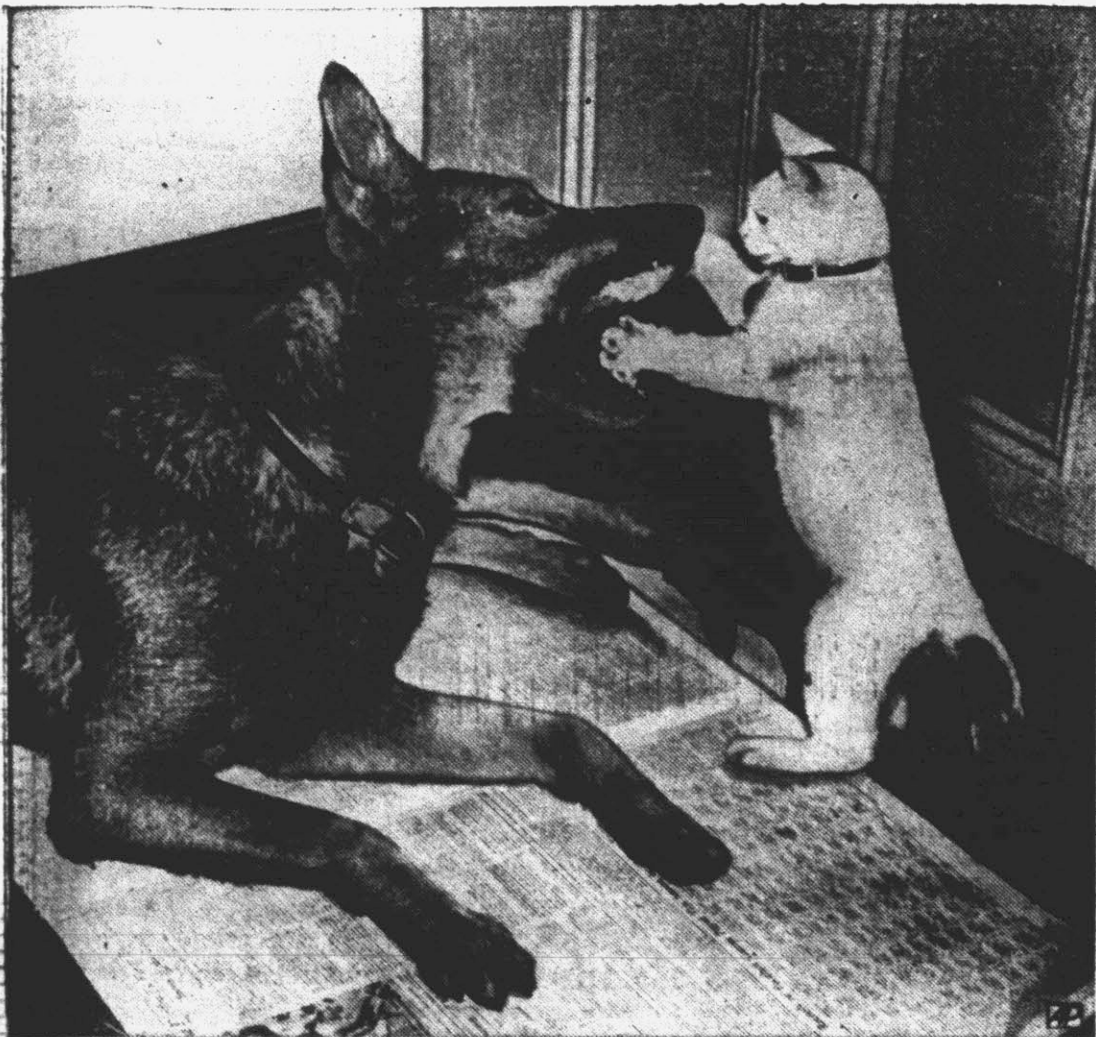


STORAGE AT BAKU—Russia's most important oil fields are at Baku on the Caspian, where these kerosene storage tanks are pictured. Germans are believed anxious to take Baku.

ASSOCIATED PRESS PICTURE NEWS



OLD TIMER'S HERE—Exterminator, famous old cup horse retired since 1924, returned to Pimlico recently, looking fit despite his 26 years. He was accompanied by Groom Mike Terry and his companion pony, Peanut, the shaggy beast in front.



JUST A PAIR OF BUDDIES—Never a cross word mars the beautiful friendship of this pair owned by widowed Mrs. Annette Rado, who runs a candy shop near New York's harbor front. They spar constantly but neither Skipper, a 3-month-old kitten given Mrs. Rado by a Dutch sailor, nor Prince, 3-year-old German shepherd, is ever damaged. Watch those jaws, Prince!



SURE BEATS WALKING—Scooters are provided for pilots of private planes which must set down at the end of the ramp at Washington's new airport—which explains the ride. Lu Shank and Mrs. Ruth Hurst (right) of New York are getting to the terminal building, with Ramp Controller Richard Collins at the scooter controls. Miss Shank is a pilot.



WATCH YOUR STEP!—High-stepping Muriel (left) and Violet Mulvann of Red Oak, Ia., are famous at University of Mississippi football games as the drum majorette sister team—and you can see why. They spend part of their time teaching classes in baton work and so earn some of their tuition. Each won national titles at the St. Paul winter carnival.



THIS WAS A HAND THAT SHOOK THE HAND—Behind the forbidding hand of an officer at Brooklyn navy yard is the Duke of Windsor, who's about to grip the paw of a navy yard worker. The duke inspected naval operations at the yard.



GIVE A CHEER!—Those loud, enthusiastic sounds you hear coming from Louisiana State University stadium at Baton Rouge are probably due to the pert girl cheer leaders, such as June Kerlin. The girls spin, dance, kick—and lead the cheering.



SOMETHING ON HER MIND—Translated, the vocal efforts of Adam, prize-winning cock at North Carolina's state fair, may be comments on the south's growing poultry industry. Adam is owned by Mrs. Katy Whitson (above) of Raleigh.

Green Phantoms Coast To 33-0 Victory Over New Bern

GAME SEEN BY CROWD OF 1500

Locals Score First Touchdown Within Two Minutes

A shivering crowd of approximately 1,500 football fans saw Bob Carley's powerful Greenville high school eleven roll over the New Bern Bears by a lopsided 33-0 score last night in the Craven county city. The Phantoms turned on the power after the game was only two minutes old and never let up the onslaught. At halftime the locals were resting on the heavy end of a 20-0 score. This was Greenville's third Eastern Conference win in five starts.

Coach Andre Nadeau started his second string warriors. His first team was "hidden" in the dressing room and raced into the game shortly before the first tally. This trick was to surprise the Phantoms and lower their morale. However, John Spearman, the fastest human in the Eastern Conference, tore loose on a reverse play and jaunted 35 yards to pay dirt. The Greenville line blocked to perfection. Andrews caught the extra point pass.

Shortly after wingback Spearman made his run, Leonard Briley raised the crowd to its feet with a beautiful 65-yard run. Briley took advantage of good blocking and tore through the Bears unmolested. This was the nature run of the night. The extra point was incomplete but Briley took the oval over shortly afterwards for the final score in the first half. Cecil Crawford took in Hubert Musselwhite's pass for the extra point.

Still Scoring

Greenville kicked off to the Bears in the second half and the battle was resumed. Greenville intercepted several New Bern aerials and took to the air themselves. Hubert Musselwhite tossed six passes and made five perfect tosses. It was a pass to Briley that netted the locals their fourth tally. The point after touchdown was not good. Greenville ed 26-0 at this stage of the contest.

Another intercepted pass spelled doom for the Bears in the final stanza. Sugg carried the ball to the three-yard stripe and Spearman tasted pay dirt on a reverse play. Frank Rankin grabbed a pass from Musselwhite for the seventh point and Greenville ended the scoring parade.

About Those Bears

New Bern played a jam-up game even though they failed to score. On several occasions they ripped off ice runs and completed several long passes. They threatened to score in the second period when two consecutive penalties pushed the Phantoms five yards behind their own goal line. Cecil Crawford dropped back to punt and the kick was blocked, however Spearman recovered and Crawford booted the ball back to the 40-yard line.

In Greenville's line were Andrews, Crawford, Riddle, Carroll, Lee, Saled, Edwards, Scott, Allen, Ross, Smith and Taylor. The backfield players were Spearman, L. Briley, J. Briley, Musselwhite, Turner, Merritt, Sugg and Brown.

New Bern's standouts were Blades in the backfield and Robinson and Jones in the forward wall.

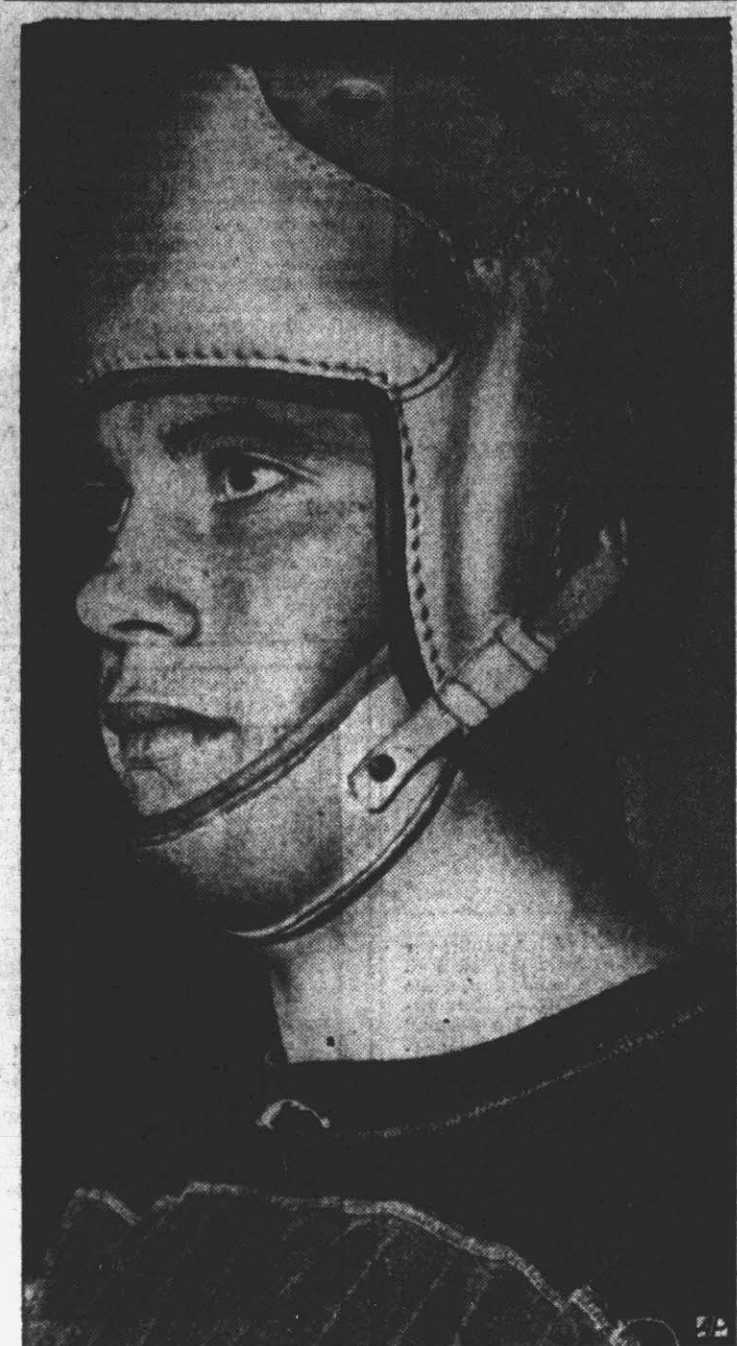
Score by quarters:
Greenville 13-6-6-7-33
New Bern 0-0-0-0-0

Reds Down Greens By Score Of 18-13

By CHARLES BROWN

Yesterday morning at Training School, the Reds defeated the Greens 18 to 13 in a thrilling running duel.

Walter Lee, new sensation back for the Reds, made two long runs for touchdowns, the first for 40 yards and the other for 100 yards.



BRACE YOURSELF—Frankie Sinkwich, Georgia backfield star, hopes this brace protects his broken jaw, lets him play on.

Is it Love? by MARGARETTA BRUCKER

Chapter 23

Wed But Not Wed

Johnny was going overseas and leaving her. Was that the way of a man in love, or was he a man in love?

He was a soldier. The thought terrified Sue Ellen. Johnny was a soldier. He might never come back from overseas—he might be killed—

She fell asleep and dreamed of Johnny on shipboard and in danger. She had never told him that she loved him. She wore his ring, but she wasn't his wife—

Someone knocked and she said: "Come in," and sat up, with her hair spread out in a shining web about her neck and her eyes as green as the green of the dressing gown which covered her shoulders.

"Hello," said Johnny.

"Hello."

She would never hear that little word without thinking of him. Never.

from his own goal line. Bobby Smith went over for a touchdown to give the Reds three touchdowns with no extra points. For the losing Greens Jimmy Gibson, Hogan Gaslin, and Howard Proctor starred with Howard Proctor putting across two touchdowns and one conversion.

The Third Street Blue Devils meet the Training School Wolfpack in the Junior League at Training School Tuesday at 4 p. m.

In the afternoon Training School defeated West Greenville 21 to 17 in a passball game.

The stars for the winners were Howard Proctor, Jimmy Brady and Jimmy Cox. For the losers Jimmy Morion, Beegie Whitehurst and Graham Baker.

These two teams met again at Training School Monday at 4 p. m.

all her doubts were gone. Whatever Johnny planned would be the course to follow. There would be time enough later for loquacious. He went away with her promise to meet him in 20 minutes. She could hear him whistling a marching song as he left her. The whistle died away and she sat on the edge of the couch and stared at her slippers.

Wonderful to be in love, even though the man you loved didn't know it. Someday he would know, and then—she turned and lay with her face buried in the pillow, shaken by the thought of what that day would mean to her.

"No Regrets"

While they ate their dinner, Johnny explained that they would arrive in a small Ohio River town about ten o'clock in the evening. She could remain there and cross over into Kentucky the following morning. They would return after the wedding and take a train for Cincinnati, from which point they could catch a limited for Memphis, about noon.

"Your aunts will be surprised."

He smiled at her across the table. Sue Ellen said: "Aunt Car will be delighted. You have quite won her heart, and even Aunt Pleas cannot understand how you can be a Yankee. That is the greatest compliment a southerner can pay you."

The train was late and it was 11 o'clock when they descended in the face of a blizzard. An icy sheet which cut their faces and made them cling together as they stood impatiently waiting for a small-town taxi.

It was half past 11 when they entered the over-heated ornate lobby of the town's only hotel.

"I'm going on," Johnny explained. "You register here and I'll stay across the river. I'll make all the arrangements and be back for you about ten in the morning. Get a good rest—don't worry. No regrets?"

The eyes she turned to him were shining. "No regrets." "Good. See you tomorrow." He took her hand and her fingers clung to his and again that gleam in his steady eyes hinted that something soon they would not be parting. She would belong to Johnny then. Right now her love was hidden. It was a secret she would carry until that day. A day when all the upset and uncertainty of her love affair with Riv would be behind them. When Johnny would know that what she felt was no passing infatuation because he had been kind but something deep and real.

"Good night," she said softly. She stood and watched Johnny leave. His military overcoat turned up to his ears his head bent against the storm as he opened the door and wind and snow and sleet rushed in to meet him.

She slept that night. A deep and dreamless sleep, from which she awoke with the sun shining brightly through the long hotel window. She bathed and dressed in her warmest dress, a leaf-green wool

with wooden buttons. With her fur coat over her arm, she went down to meet Johnny.

He was waiting in the lobby. "Hello."

"Hello."

"Susan Eleanor Fairhope Harris. Not bad," he decided. "Not at all bad. What do you think?"

She could only smile. Something arose in her throat and choked her this November morning. All her surroundings were strange, but Johnny was not strange. It seemed the most natural thing in the world to be sitting across from him at breakfast. "East," he ordered. "Getting married is serious business and we may have a late lunch." He consulted his watch as he drank his third cup of coffee. "We'll have just two hours, but I've gone through the preliminaries, which are pretty sketchy. Kentucky is a popular place since the draftees started rushing down south to take advantage of a state where there is no three-day limit."

"The marriage will be legal?" she gasped.

He threw back his head and laughed. "You'll be legally married," he assured her. "You'll be Mrs. Johnny Harris, U. S. A., until you decide to take a trip out to Reno to dissolve it."

Before she thought, she said: "But I don't plan to do that." Then



GRIDIRON SPECS.—End Lewis Smiley of Michigan State college at East Lansing, Mich., faces the football schedule with more ease of mind, now that he has a special pair of unbreakable glasses set in rubber frames, for game wearing.

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the color spread across her cheeks and up to the brim of her smart green felt hat.

"You're a thoroughbred," said Johnny. "Shall we go?"

Kentucky, with the Ohio River a sheet of ice behind them and the hills blurring into blue in the distance against the bright winter sky. Narrow village streets and a shabby little office where Johnny picked up the license. Then a soft-spoken Methodist minister who eyed them gravely. "You, John Harris, take this woman to be your lawfully wedded wife—"

Johnny's "I do" was deep and reverent.

"You, Susan Eleanor Fairhope, take this man—"

She looked up and for an instant the expression in Johnny's eyes blinded her. Some of the emotion she felt crept into her voice as she made her response.

They were married. Johnny's ring on her slender finger and then his arms were about her holding her tight. His lips were hard and firm against her soft mouth for a moment. "The preacher expects this," he whispered in explanation.

She wondered what her lips had told him. He gave no sign. He slid a bill into the preacher's hand. He was as matter-of-fact now as though he were back explaining the rotation of crops at Belle Acres.

He was doing nothing to alarm her and she loved him for it, even though she wished that he might guess what her marriage meant to her. She had grown up wishing for security and foolishly thinking security was a material thing. Now she had a security which was like an armor, something vital and real, which would last as long as life lasted—if Johnny really cared and if what he had done had not been done solely to offer assistance to Aunt Car.

Almost she was jealous of Aunt Car. She would be jealous of anyone who came before her in Johnny's affections.

More About Deedora

Did he love her? The thought obsessed her. One moment she read love into every glance from his dear grey eyes. She next studied his face anxiously until every feature became so familiar to her she could close her eyes and see him clearly. She watched him, and then when he surprised her eyes fastened upon him, she forced herself to be light and casual as she discussed their marriage.

What a fool he must think her when he knew that only a few days before she had rushed to Washington to make Riv marry her. Now she was married to him, and how could she convince him that in that short time her heart had changed? Or had it changed? Rather, hadn't she been blind and too stubborn to see what she had felt for Johnny even back in Tyler Springs?

They left Kentucky and drove back across the river to collect her bags. They were just in time to catch the train for Cincinnati. Another quick change and they boarded the Memphis limited.

For the first time Johnny revealed his plans for their future as they sat together over a late lunch.

"I have to report to camp immediately," he told her, "and get things simplified for you. I shall be at Camp Shelby a month, possibly two, and then I expect to get an important commission which may take me abroad. No one can be sure, but my father believes that's the way it will be. That will make it easier for you. You will have time to think over what you want to do in the future. If you meet someone you want to marry, you only have to tell me. If you should want to revive your affair with Moore—I'll try to understand."

"Riv is married to another girl."

Afterwards she realized that this remark did not express what Johnny wanted to know. It might even indicate that she was sore at heart, for he withdrew his hand from hers.

He said thoughtfully: "Frankly, I believe that Deedora cares for Riv more in spite of all her assertions that she hates him. Probably her present condition makes her bitter—"

She started at him in blank astonishment.

"Deedora is going to have a child," he told her bluntly.

She felt terribly shaken. Riv had been a coward not to tell her of his marriage, but the fact that he would plan to break off with Deedora, urge her to marry him as soon as he could get a release from Deedora—"It can't be true," she stammered.

"She told me the evening you came out to see her."

He changed the subject quickly.

To Be Continued

NOVEMBER 11 PROGRAM
HERE IS COMPLETE
Continued From Page One

tee chairman, A. B. Corey for the Pitt county post and LeRoy Rollins of the Farmville post, and announcements made.

ECTC Wins

The Pirates of East Carolina Teachers College yesterday continued their winning streak by handing Bergen Junior College of New Jersey a 13-7 defeat.

It was the first time the Bergen eleven had gone down in defeat this year and the victory for the Pirates left their record unblemished.

The closing ceremonies will begin with a special arrangement of "The Star Spangled Banner. Retiring of the colors and the formal dismissal by the presiding officer will conclude the program.

The local radio station WGTC will broadcast the program and other stations in this section also have made inquiries regarding broadcasting the address by Mr. Daniels.

Immediately following the program, a barbecue dinner will be served on the college picnic grounds for all ex-service men, members of the Auxiliary, Gold Star Mothers, members of the local unit of the state guard and special guests.

The day's festivities will begin with a parade starting from the armory promptly at 10:15 o'clock, proceed down Evans street to Five Points, thence along East Fifth street to the college. Taking part in the parade will be the college band, ex-service men, High School band, the local unit of the State Guard, Girl Scouts, Boy Scouts, members of the Colored Legion post, and a colored band.

The local colored post will participate in the parade, but have arranged their own program otherwise. Members will assemble at the Baptist church at the corner of First and Greene streets at 9:30. Immediately following the parade they will go to the Fifth Street Community center for their program. Dinner will be served at 12:30 and the program will be concluded from 3 to 6:30 with a band concert and matinee dance.

If you like MILD cheese flavor here's the kind to get

● Velveeta spreads like butter... slices when chilled... melts and toasts to perfection. Delicious! Contains milk protein, milk minerals, vitamin A and vitamin C.

THE CHEESE FOOD THAT'S DIGESTIBLE AS MILK ITSELF

DAN DUNN - SECRET OPERATIVE, 48

SO YOU'D LIKE TO HAVE ME WITH YOU IF I WUZ A CROOK, EH? WELL, SUPPOSIN' I TOLD YOU THAT I'M WANTED AN' THAT THERE WUZ A REWARD OUT FER ME--WHAT WOULD YOU DO. TURN ME IN P?

I SHOULD SAY NOT!

IN FACT, IF THAT'S YOUR SITUATION I BELIEVE I MIGHT BE OF SOME HELP TO YOU--AND YOU'D BE JUST THE MAN FOR US.

WELL, MAYBE I AM JUST THAT--BUT I'M WARNIN' YUH, I WANT SOMETHIN' THERE'S PLENTY OF DOUGH IN FER ME, SEE P?

YOU NEEDN'T WORRY ABOUT THAT--TELL ME WHO YOU ARE AND I'LL GIVE YOU SOME INFORMATION THAT'LL KNOCK YOUR EYES OUT!

WELL, I GUESS I C'N TRUST YUH--I'M FRISCO JACK--WUZ WITH FAGAN IN SAN FRAGEL BEFORE HE WUZ KNOCKED OFF--EVER HEAR OF FAGAN P?

FAGAN P? I'LL SAY I DID--HE WAS ONE OF TH' SMARTEST GUYS THAT EVER RUN A RACKET!

THIMBLE THEATRE-STARING POPEYE

YER SHIP IS SINKIN'--WHAT'LL WE DO NOW, CAPTAIN?

YOU BE THE CAPTAIN TILL THE STORM BLOWS OVER

PERHAPS IT IS ONLY ONE BIG WAVE, OLIVE. YOU MUSTN'T BE AFRAID

WHO'S AFRAID?

WE ARE ONLY A FEW MILES FROM LAND, BUT THE LAND IS DIRECTLY UNDER US

IN THAT CASE, I SUGGEST WE START BAILING

ARF ARF

BLONDIE — by Young

WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THERE?

I'M SHAVING

WHY ARE YOU SHAVING? YOU HAVE NO BEARD!

I'VE GOT A BLACKBERRY JAM BEARD

POSTAL ODDITIES

ONE CAN VISIT THE FOLLOWING PLACES: BEMUDA, SCOTLAND, SPAIN, EGYPT, SUOMI, SWITZERLAND, HOLLAND, BELFAST, WARSAW, OHIO, ROME & CAIRO, WITHOUT EVER LEAVING THE STATE OF GEORGIA!

CLEVELAND BOB FELLER
PITCHER OF CLEVELAND, RECEIVES MORE MAIL THAN ALL OTHERS IN HIS HOME TOWN!

THIS HANGER (15X20 FT.) HOUSES TWO FULL-SIZED AIRPLANES! HOW? ANSWER NEXT WEEK.

Reg. U. S. Pat. Office 334-546, May 5, 1936, by National Federation of Post Office Clubs

Van Meter, Iowa, other than being a grand place to live, is the home of Bob Feller, Cleveland Indians star pitcher. Mrs. Glenn Miller, Postmaster, advises that Feller receives more mail than all of Van Meter's 404 residents put together.

