So They Were Married

By Vida Hurst

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★ ★ ★

THE STORY THUS FAR: LUCETTE BURTON's formal wedding to THOMAS RANDOLPH JR., is postponed at the last minute when Lucette discovers MONICA TAYLOR has attempted suicide when learning of Tom's wedding. After not seeing Tom for some time he comes to her home and Lucette admits she still loves him. Tom convinces her to rush away and be married secretly. Lucette hates sneaking around behind her parents and Tom's mother but Tom wants to wait till Christmas to tell his mother they are married. Lucette's father surprises them kissing goodnight on the porch and demands to know what's going on!

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CHAPTER 12

Lucette was surprised at her father's unusual violence. He sounded as if he hated Tom, but it would be different when Dick realized that they were married. He loved her so much that he thought no man was good enough for her.

A hurried glance at her husband made her realize he, too, was frightened. Tom hated scenes as much as she did, but she adored the way he faced her irate parents. Tom's face was white, but his eyes met theirs courageously as he said, "I'm afraid you don't understand, sir."

"I understand only too well," Dick Burton said furiously. "And I want it clearly understood that you are not to hang around my daughter. You had a chance to marry her, but that wasn't enough. You want to have your cake and eat it, too."

Lucette looked pleadingly at her mother who had remained silent. Dottie understood her daughter better than her father did.

"Wait a minute, Dick," she said diplomatically. "Let's hear their side of it. We don't want to be unfair."

"We were going to tell you tomorrow," Lucette said eagerly.

Foreboding swooped upon her irate parent.

"Tell us what?" Dick demanded. Dottie was gripping the back of a chair as if she feared she might fall.

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LUCETTE, LOOKING AT TOM for his approval, was disappointed to see him shake his head. He didn't know her parents as she did. Telling them now was the only way.

"We're married," she said, expecting them to withdraw all objections as they had on that other occasion when she had to ask their consent because of her age.

Instead of doing so, Dick thundered, "WHAT DID YOU SAY?" Dottie sank back in the chair gasping, 'Oh, No! I knew we shouldn't have left you alone tonight. I had a premonition."

"It didn't happen tonight, Mother. We were married almost two months ago. The week before my eighteenth birthday."

Her father looked like an old man. Anger had given him an authority his lack of height denied. He was broken, deserted by everyone he loved, even his wife who was grateful that the situation wasn't worse.

"You should have told us," Dottie said mildly. 'You couldn't have gotten away with it if we hadn't been so aborbed in our new show."

Opening her arms in a stage version of an old-fashioned mother, Dottie said, 'God bless you my children and that includes both of you. I hope you'll be happy."

★ ★ ★

HAVING DONE HER BIT she returned to the role of loyal wife which suited her better. "You may as well forgive them, darling. No use crying over spilled milk."

Lucette turned to her father, but he was not so lenient. "They married without consulting us so I don't see that it matters whether we approve or not." His anger was followed be a melancholy even more pathetic. As long as he shouted and hurled denunciations, Lucette could defend herself, but she loved him too much to watch the disintegration of a kind, gentle personality.

"Daddy, please!" Lucette pleaded.

Tom said, "I'd better be leaving. I'll see you tomorrow."

"Just a minute, young man. Where are you going?"

"Home, of course," Tom snapped, resenting the question.

"No doubt there are places where you are still welcome. What about that model who tried to kill herself because of you?"

"None of your busines," Tom thought, but he refrained from saying it. Instead he answered, "If you mean Monica, I haven't seen her since."

"I hope you are telling the truth," Dick said, mollified in spite of his distrust. "But where are you taking Lucette?"

"I think she'd better stay here until I break it to my mother."

"You can't leave her here. You're married now and you'll have to be responsible for her."

"Do you expect me to take her with me tonight?"

"I not only expect it — I insist."

Only Dottie understood what agony he was experiencing, and she remained silent, not agreeing with him, but sorrier for him than she was for Lucette.

(To be continued)

Crossword Puzzle

ACROSS

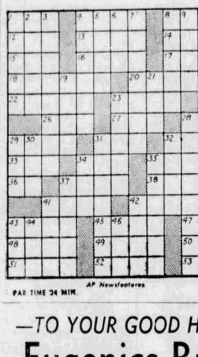
1. Constellation's brightest star
4. Tire casing
8. Small pie
12. Palm leaf
13. Heraldic fur
14. Ancient Asiatic region
15. Fencing dummy
16. Headpieces
17. Fruit
18. Covered with soap
20. Mental concept
22. Compound ether
23. Having lost blood
24. College degree: abbr.
26. Simple sugar
27. Even: poet
28. Average
29. Blunt
31. The shrew mouse: Scot.
32. Flesh of swine
33. English letters
34. Goddess of mischief
35. Remote
36. Have reality
37. Waste allowance
38. Clothes-drier
41. Precious
42. Reach a destination
43. Graceful swimming bird
45. New star
47. Young socialite: abbr.
48. Spikes of corn
49. Dry
50. Antelope
51. Feed the kitty
52. Boys
53. Superlative suffix of adjectives

DOWN

1. Thicket
2. Butter substitutes
3. Narrators
4. Globe
5. Leader
6. Cereal grass
7. Stored fodder
8. Bound with narrow fabric
9. Expanse
10. Creek
11. Viscous black liquid
19. Destructive insect
21. Lair
23. Fr. cap
24. Legal profession
25. Large clumsy boat
28. Thick soupy dish
29. Taxi
30. English river
31. Perpetual
32. Couple
34. Constellation
35. Units of capacity
37. Stretched tight
39. Makes level
40. Contradict
41. Go swiftly
42. Very eager
43. Ocean
44. Pale
46. Italian day breeze



Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle



PAR TIME 24 MIN. AP Newsfeatures 7-9

—TO YOUR GOOD HEALTH—

Eugenics Runs Contrary To Love

By JOSEPH G. MOLNER, M.D.

"DEAR DR. MOLNER: My brother, 22, is engaged to a nervous-type and heavy-smoking girl of 21. Her mother was also the nervous type and she died of cancer in her 40's.

"My mother does not want him to marry this girl, as she will likely inherit cancer, too, and bring a lot of unhappiness and maybe leave some little children for us to take care of.



DR. MOLNER

"Should not young people investigate the health of the parents and relatives of the ones they plan to marry? Making ends meet is hard enough without medical expenses.

"My mother had a friend who went against her parents' wishes and married a tubercular patient who was supposed to be cured. He took pneumonia and died, leaving three little ones her family had to raise. Her father told her not to marry him, to look for a healthy, husky guy, but she was hard-headed and ran away.

"Any advice you can give young people in this important matter might save many a heartbreak later on. — Mrs. B. K."

Madam, you've flung at me a problem that is much beyond my feeble talents. To answer this question to the satisfaction of everybody concerned, I would have to be a preacher, psychologist, diplomat and a very lucky fellow. I don't know that I'm any of these.

NOT ALWAYS HEREDITARY

In the case you bring to me today, you don't tell the what kind of cancer the girl's mother died of. Nor what kind of cancer you have decided the girl will die of. Cancer you see, isn't always hereditary!

As to the cured tubercular patient who died of pneumonia — well, I know of a man who recovered from smallpox and later died of diabetes, and also of a man who recovered from a gunshot wound and later died of being run over by a car driven by a young woman who wouldn't wear her glasses, even while driving.

In short, what's the connection?

FOR RACE BETTERMENT

I'll agree with you to this extent: It would be a good thing for the world, in the future, if the healthiest men would marry the healthiest girls. And also the smartest.

That's from the standpoint of developing the race.

And from the standpoint of getting your own son (or daughter) to enhance the family fortune, it would be advantageous if girls married the boss' sons, and boys married the boss' daughters.

But this sometimes runs contrary to love.

Yes, I know it's been said it's just as easy to fall in love with a rich girl as a poor one," but I don't believe it.

By the same token, it's just as easy to fall in love with a girl whose ancestors all lived to a ripe old age — but . . .

And anyway, somebody who is destined to die at 40 may be able to crowd 100 years of affection and goodwill into a short lifetime.

That doesn't mean I think it's wise to choose a mate who is of the nervous, jittery type. It probably isn't. But I really don't think I or you can do one solitary thing about controlling love. I believe in eugenics, but I respectfully decline the nomination to be the One to Decide Things.

★ ★ ★

"Dear Dr. Molner: Is it true the calcium in milk is transformed by the chocolate in chocolate milk into a form unuseable by the human body?—E.W.

No. This is the second time in a very short period that I've encountered this question in my mail, and I wonder who is trying to stir up such a rumor.

★ ★ ★

NOTE TO R. G.: There are so many people like you who get nervous over some particular thing. In your case, it's your teeth, and you know they are all right, yet you still fret over them. I think a few visits to a psychiatrist might do a lot to iron out this little quirk.

ATTENTION ALL WOMEN! For my new pamphlet, "The Pre-Menstrual Blues," write to me in care of The Charlotte News, enclosing a long, self-addressed, stamped envelope and 5c in coin to cover handling. This pamphlet may help you!

DIXIE RAISES MORE CHICKENS

ATLANTA — Six Southern States supplie 60 per cent of the nation's production of 1.6 billion broiler chickens in 1958 compared with 51 per cent in 1953.

July Clearance Sales

Famous-name Bibles—30 to 50 percent reductions. Special purchase books now out of print.

Formerly $1.00 to 2.00, Now ------ 35c

Other odds and ends greatly reduced

Baptist Book Store

315 N. College St. Phone FR 5-1461

After The BOOKENDS

From Where I Sit:

What Has Been Going On Lately?

During the past three weeks most of the reading I have done has been short and sweet and rather cryptic.

Most of it has been something like this:

"Caution."

"Tensleep 41."

"Noodle Dome."

"Looney School."

Sometimes is has been a bit longer, maybe reading like this:

"Slow for detour 500 feet ahead."

"Open range—watch for cattle."

A bit—a very little bit—of my vacation reading has been of the newspaper variety. I did manage to learn that Gov. Long has been raising cain down in Texas and Louisiana, and that the Dodgers have been on a general winning streak, while the Yankees have been winning some, losing some.

But at no time during the vacation period just ended did I read a book, although I took several along with me, just in case there'd be a spell or two of relative quiet. Nor did I even finish the book I'd started at home and took along with me in case of that just in case which didn't occur.

I did not, in short, read anything having to do with the world of books. And in case your own reading has been slowed by vacation, or by the weather here which is decidedly different from that which I encountered, here are a few of the things which have been hapening in the world of books while we were away from it.

The pile of mail I found at my desk included a great number of catalogs from the various publishers in the land, catalogs which announce the listings which the houses will offer the reader during the coming half-year period.

It makes me unhappy to say it, but their contents didn't arouse my enthusiasm generally. I even would have to say that they aren't as attractive as they've been in many other falls, and the fall lists usually contain the pick of the publishers' selections.

A lot of new "classic" paperbacks have made their appearance, including Dostoevsky's "The House of the Dead," A Voltaire "reader", "The Screwtape Letters," a collection of great Italian short stories, three stories by Joseph Conrad in one book, and Nikos Kazanzakis' picaresque piece, "Zorba the Greek."

Although publication date is not until the end of this month, review copies of Harry Golden's new book, "For 2 Cents Plain", have been distributed. The new book by the author of "Only In America" is yours for $4 come July 27, and might be called Vol. 2 of "Only."

The British Travel Association has distributed a beautiful booklet illustrated with gorgeous color photographs, called "Literary Britain", and it is a frank but most attractive appeal for tourists from America to spend some of their time at the many literary shrines in the country including places of birth of famous writers, houses where they turned out their outstanding works, or sites which were settings for some of the great novels and non-fiction of our time.

The American Book Publishers Council sends along the information that "dollar sales of general books increased again in 1958 despite the general business recession during the first part of the year." It is the sixth consecutive yearly increase in sales recorded since the survey began in 1952. Volume for volume, sales were up by almost four per cent over the previous year.

There were two inteesting developments in the much-publicized case of "Lady Chatterley's Love," including both the book and movie versions of the D. H. Lawrence novel.

In one instance, Postmaster General Summerfield banned it from the mails, and Grove Press, the publisher, appealed the decision in Federal District Court in Washington. His decision came two weeks after Charles Ablard, judicial officer for the Post Office Department, refused to rule the book as being obscene.

In the other, the United States Supreme Court this week struck down the New York State movie censorship law as unconstitutional in returning a specific ruling on the movie version of "Chatterley." All nine justices agreed that the ban was improper, said that "the first amendment's basic guarantee is of freedom to advocate ideals," the point in case being the claim that the adultery theme of the book is contrary to moral standards. The justices further said that the guarantee "is not confined to the expression of ideas that are conventional or shared by a majority." — **Bud Cox**



"At The Dentist's," From Sketch By Dr. Franck.

—ONE MAN'S SAMPLING—

Dentist in Schweitzerland

DAYS WITH ALBERT SCHWEITZER: A Lambarene Landscape, by Frederick M. Franck. Holt. 178 pp. $4.

A great deal has been written about Albert Schweitzer and his hospital in the African jungle, but according to this author a great deal of it is inaccurate, and having been based on highly superficial visits, is written in sensational and emotional style.

Dr. Franck, a "tooth-doctor-who-draws" spent three months at Lambarene, working all the while he was there, either rendering badly needed dental care to whites and blacks alike, making sketches or writing. Even though three months may be a relatively short time he was in such close contact with the people and circumstances he felt he would like to present the picture as he saw it.

He presents intimate accounts of the life at the hospital, showing how the patients and visitors are always accepted whether or not the illness or interest is real. Families often accompany patients and remain during their stay. They are given tasks to perform while there, and are given food rations. Some patients seek the advice of witch doctors concurrently with their treatments. Animals roam about the entire area and, in keeping with Dr. Schweitzer's "reverence for life", are cared for with all solicitude when care is needed. Often patients will stay on at the hospital in some capacity when their health has been restored. The leper colony was visited by the author, patients were given dental services, and a few personalities of the colony are described.

The author has entitled one of his chapters "Schweitzer Without Halo", which might sound irreverent when referring to this renowned humanitarian, physician, philosopher, theologian and musician, but in relating a few anecdotes about this great man, the author does attempt to reveal his nature without being simmed by the aura of his greatness.

Dr. Franck, who is also known as a painter, designer and illustrator, has included a number of his sketches in the book.

—No Science Fiction?—

Flight Into Fantasy

THE STARS ARE TOO HIGH. By Agnew H. Bahnson. Random House. 250 pp. $3.95.

Mr. Bahnson, a Winston-Salem manufacturer and inventor, has turned his versatile mind and skill to writing, and come up with this package of fantasy.

Four men have a machine which, if generally available, would revolutionize transportation — and warfare. It's an anti-gravity machine, more simply described as an airship with almost limitless capabilities. It travels straight up to any altitude, in any direction at incredible speed, and has unlimited range either in the atmosphere or in space.

Thus the book sounds like, and will be generally classified, as science fiction. But the author's aim is somewhat more involved than producing a neat package of science fiction, and he would prefer not to have his creation placed in that category.

"The Stars Are Too High" is concerned with the men involved and their problem as to what to do with their brainchild.

The reader, when he considers their unlikely position, must agree: they have a problem.

This yarn's distinction lies not in any preoccupation with this scientific marvel, which is a rather large pill for the non-science fiction fan to swallow, but in the perspective it takes on man's modern political dilemma.

The characters, while not living up to creations of more polished authors, come alive and enmesh the reader in their not-so-ordinary situation. Mr. Bahnson has carefully carved these men — and there's a girl, too — to fit into this unlikely situation.

The book never threatens to become a treatise, but it does prod the reader to wonder what's happening to us. It does so while providing an evening of light entertainment. The book reads very fast. The author's style is crisp and clean, only rarely showing that it's a first novel.

Mr. Bahnson, who is a bit of a world traveler, painter, and philosopher, has shown that he can do well with words. He shouldn't stop now.



AGNEW BAHNSON

Wesleyan University Press announces, that, beginning next autumn, it will embark upon a continuing program, of publishing books of poetry. Each individual volume will be issued in two editions simultaneously, one hard-bound and jacketed, the other in paperback format.

More Fighting In Unending War

A LIFE FOR THE CONFEDERACY. Edited by James W. Silver. McGowat-Mercer. 182 pp. $4.

Robert A. Moore, from Mississippi, was a private in the Confederate Army in the Civil War. There were probaby thousands of other privates in the Rebel forces who suffered the privations inherent in war and were equally as eager to serve their cause but the difference between them and Pvt. Moore was that Pvt. Moore kept a diary from the time he joined the army until he was killed at Chicamauga.

The guys in the front lines of any war rarely have an opportunity to record their experiences for posterity; the officers do — G. Moxey Sorrell's "Confederate Staff Officer" is a case in point—but not the enisted man. Pvt. Moore was an exception. He was interested in everything around him, had an eye for pretty maidens, the elements whether stormy or fair, the animals both domestic and wild, and an amazing flair for describing the strategy of the battles in which he participated.

Pvt. Moore, CSA, was not one to complain; he made a good soldier to the end. His curiosity about people and places crops out repeatedly in his diary, and his honest day-to-day chronicle brings out the qualities of character and devotion to the cause that led to his promotion to he rank of third lieutenant just two months prior to his death.

SEA DEVIL OF THE CONFEDERACY, By Edward Boykin. Funk & Wagnalls. 306 pp. $4.95.

"Sea Devil" is the amazing saga of John Newland Maffitt, written — of all people — by Edward Boykin, a graduate of West Point! But he does a beautiful job in recounting the exploits of the skipper of the famous Confederate ship "Florida" beginning shortly after Abraham Lincoln ordered a blockade of over 3,000 miles of coastline to stop the flow of materials from all over the world into Confederate hands.

With a wealth of experience behind him he took over the "Florida" which had been built along with a sister ship, the "Alabama," in England. In due course he proceeded to become the scourge of the seas, as far as the Federal Navy was concerned, raiding those ships which dared to deliver the materials of war to the Confederacy and becoming himself one of the most fabulous blockade runners in history.

No amount of effort, even Maffitt's, could stem the tide of ultimate defeat of the Confederacy. But before defeat was admitted, the ability and courage of this legendary blockade runner and sea raider left a trail of destruction of Union shipping that engendered a fear of John Newland Maffitt and his beloved "Florida" that lasted right up to the day when she went down to join her victims.

DAREDEVILS OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMY. By Oscar A. Kinchen. Christopher Publishing House. 171 pp. $3.

One of the more interesting things in connection with the flood of books about the War Between the States is their narrowing down to the discussion and documented background of specific actions or battles of that bitter conflict. "Daredevils of the Confederate Army" is such a book which tells in detail one of the lesser known incidents which involves the raid on St. Albans, Vermont, by a small but dedicated company of Confederates. Their mission was twofold: first, to give the Yankees a taste of war in retaliation for the merciless destruction of people and property in the South by Sherman and others; and secondly, as a diversionary tactic to force the Union command to draw away some of the soldiers facing the rapidly failing Confederate cause and station them near the Canadian border to discourage any further raids.

Lt. Bennett Young, CSA, from Kentucky, was commissioned for the assignment which under his leadership partially succeeded but not to the extent hoped for. In carrying out his orders, Lt. Young and his raiders became involved in a legal jurisdictional battle between the United States, the Canadian government, and the Confederate States of America that overshadowed the raid, the war, and even the principals themselves.

Oscar Kinchen, on the faculty of Texas Tech College, is an authority on Canadian history, having written a number of acceptable works on Canada. In his research on "Daredevils of the Confederate Army" he concentrates less on the historical fact of the St. Albans raid and more upon the legal hassle that developed as well as a follow-up of the boys who took part in the raid insofar as records of their activities, if any further, is concerned.

Author Kinchen, in this book at least, has the gifted knack of making history palatable to both sides without sacrificing any of the excitement of the famous raid and its legal aftermath.

Noticed In Passing

THE STRANGE ORDEAL OF THE NORMANDIER. By H. L. Tredree. Little, Brown. 231 pp. $3.95.

This is a true account spanning the years by the hand of a man who sailed in the Normandier, of a ship which almost became another of the ghost stories from the nautical world.

The coaler Normandier sailed during the first World War and made many trips across the Atlantic, all of them uncomfortable. But the final voyage was the worst, when most of the crew died and all but two were struck down with terrible fever contracted at Dakar. Of the two who kept on, one was the author, then a young wireless operator.

His tale of heroism was all but lost with the world celebrating the end of that great war. Now, 41 years later, comes this book, not too well written, with much unneeded travail and travelogue, but in all, a decent sea story for readers of the deep — who will recognize the sincerity of the work.