

PROPELLER CLUB TO MEET SEPT. 11

Annual Election Of Officers
To Feature Dinner Ses-
sion Wednesday

The annual election of officers will feature the monthly dinner meeting of the Propeller Club of the United States, Port of Wilmington, at 7:30 o'clock Wednesday evening, September 11, at the Cape Fear Country Club annex on Harbor Island.

The club will elect a successor to Lieutenant Commander Lorain Anderson, retired, United States Navy, president of the club, who resigned last week to accept a call to active duty with the navy department, bureau of shipping, Washington, D. C.

Present officers include: George Rountree, Jr., vice president; David S. Harris, secretary and treasurer; Ernest C. Snead, Bruce B. Cameron, Henry E. Boyd, Sr., and Peter B. Ruffin, members of the board of governors.

Harris will submit a resume of current activities of the club which is actively fostering the furtherance of an American Merchant marine and the development of needed rivers and harbors projects in Southeastern North Carolina.

A committee composed of M. C. Brown, chairman; John Schiller, O. F. Cooper, and Jams D. Carr is scheduled to present a report on progress of the movement to secure passage of a bill at the current session of Congress providing for establishment of a U. S. naval reserve fleet unit in the Port of Wilmington.

The annual business session Wednesday night will be devoted entirely to the election of new officers, members of the board of governors, appointment of the various standing committees, and disposal of unfinished business items.

Final reports on club activities during the past year will be presented by the various standing committees, the present chairmen of which are as follows: E. C. Snead, coast guard; George Rountree, Jr., nautical school and naval reserve; Henry E. Boyd, Sr., repeal of the Wheeler-Truman bill in Congress.

E. Fleet Williams, turning and anchorage basis projects; J. Max Gregg, Sr., erection of intracoastal waterway signs; M. C. Brown, establishment of buoys at Masonboro Inlet; and W. W. Storm, expansion of shipyard facilities in Wilmington and vicinity.

The club will also hear a report from a special committee, composed of W. W. Storm, chairman; O. F. Cooper, Lewis Merritt, and Lorain Anderson, which has been cooperating with other interested organizations in the community in an effort to secure additional shipyard facilities here.

Durer Reproductions On Display At Museum

A fine collection of reproductions of works by Albrecht Durer are on exhibition at the Wilmington Museum of Art. This display offers the works of a master of engraving and etching. Durer's prints and paintings are to be found in the leading galleries of the world. This is easily understood after viewing his work. The compact and vigorous beauty of composition, the intensity of style and crisp perfection of detail is immediately felt. Every print tells a story religious or secular to the people of today, just as it did to people five hundred years ago. On display in the first floor gallery are water colors of the New England coast. These water colors capture the changing aspects of light and moving scenes, and are done in the modern manner of broad wet washes, simple design and charming colors. This exhibition is in strong contrast to the works of Durer with its fine detail meticulously executed in a masterly manner.

James Basil Mitchell Rites Set For Monday

James Basil Mitchell, of Freeman, who died Thursday night of a heart attack, will be buried in the family cemetery after funeral services are held Monday at 2 p.m. from St. Paul's Methodist church at Freeman.

He was born and reared in Freeman and was looked upon as an influential and respected colored citizen for 48 years.

He is survived by his widow, three daughters, and a brother.

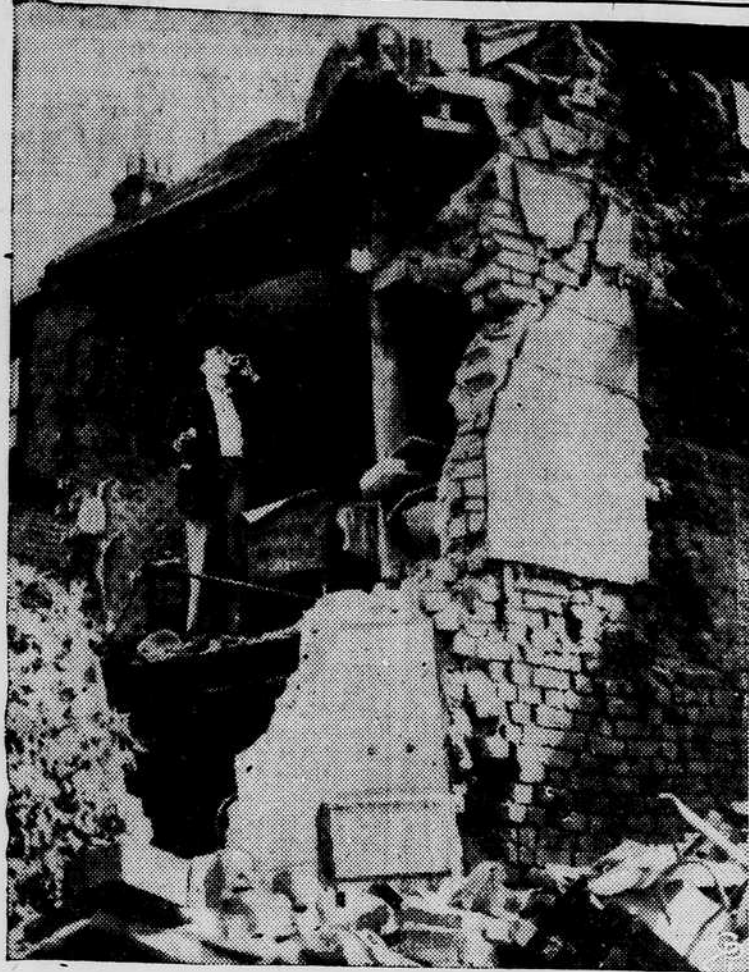
RAVENS NEEDED

The Rev. W. H. Eubank, evangelist for the Presbyterian synod, has returned to his home in Wilmington, after being virtually marooned with his congregation in the Jefferson Presbyterian church for three days.

Mr. Eubank was conducting a revival meeting at Jefferson when the Yadkin river overflowed, cutting off communications and flooding the countryside. He and his congregation were forced to remain in the church until the water subsided. Services continued, he said. Food was brought from nearby houses through waist-deep water.

"It's the first time I ever preached with a three-day old beard," Mr. Eubank said. He plans to leave soon for a 10-day meeting in Farmville.

But It's Still Home



This man saw his home wrecked by a Nazi bomb, but it didn't stop him from climbing up amid the ruins and nonchalantly getting a drink. This photo was passed by the British censor to show how calmly the average English resident is taking the air raids.

SERIAL STORY

LOVE ON THE LINE

BY PAUL FRIGGENS

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NEA SERVICE, INC.

CAST OF CHARACTERS
CARRIE LANE—an eastern girl who came into the frontier west to find a home.

MARK DEUEL—a homesteader who keeps his business to himself.

ASHTON OAKS—a land agent with town lots to sell.

YESTERDAY: Mark finds Carrie and Mrs. Taylor unharmed in a cellar. Rain comes in time to save the homesteaders. The next day, riding back to town, Mark meets Oaks. Without warning, Oaks shoots. Mark returns the fire, kills Oaks' horse before he falls. Oaks, believing him dead, takes his horse. As he leaves he sees Mark stirring.

CHAPTER XII
They sent for Carrie right after they brought Mark back to town; that is, Ma Parmley sent Newt Gale for her, and Newt drove Carrie in from Rock Creek himself. Newt used the same high buggy in which he had brought her over from the stageline only a few days before and the same curious crowd was on hand to greet them; only the throng was bigger, quieter, Carrie noticed this time.

Pale, and obviously nervous, she stepped down from the buggy and swished through the path that opened for her. At the door of the Sioux Springs House, Ma was waiting to greet her. With a low little cry, Carrie rushed to Ma's generous arms and a second later was sobbing on her shoulder. "Is—is he hurt badly?" Carrie managed to choke out at last. It was good to cry on someone's shoulder after the events of the past week. Ma had taken Carrie to the "privacy" of the hotel sitting room, and there had let her have her cry out before seeing Mark.

"Well, he can't take in no dance this Saturday night," Ma said at last, "but he can stand visitors." She laughed, released Carrie. "Matter of fact, I think he could see one now—the right one."

She winked broadly in her warm, hearty manner, led Carrie, still sniffing from the room and down the hall. At the first open door, Ma paused, whispered, "Now, you're the doctor," and pushed Carrie gently but firmly inside.

"Mark," Carrie cried, and rushed to the bedside. Newt Gale calmed the curious crowd, told everyone the whole story. When Ed Taylor drove into town an hour after Carrie, Newt was still holding forth at the lively stable. Minus Newt's cuss words, and unrepeatable designations of Ashton Oaks, and condensed to mere essentials, the story went something like this:

The morning after Mark Deuel had passed Sioux Springs House and saw Ashton Oaks helping a girl in white from a buggy, he received a message. It was mailed from the nearest telegraph point and brought in by stage, so its contents were two days old. But it brought the news Mark had wanted.

"Emory Ashton man you describe," read the wire, and Government Agent Mark Deuel knew at last he was on the trail of a land swindler sought in seven states. Mark had been ordered to find Ashton, alias Oaks, six months earlier, had picked up the trail, lost it. Now, finally, he had found his man again and Washington had confirmed his identification.

With decisiveness, he shoved the scribbled message in his pocket, walked down to Newt Gale's lively stable. There Newt had told him "a gentleman by the name of Ashton Oaks" had rented a buggy, all right, the night before, was renting it again today.

Events moved fast, unexpectedly after that. At the land office Mark learned "Ashton Oaks," or "Emory Ashton," was booming fic-

titious town lot sales, a few jumps ahead of the homesteaders. Then Mark hunted down a settler who identified Oaks as the agent who sold town plots in an eastern settlement with elaborately lithographed maps of a town that did not exist. Still later he learned this was the same Oaks who was advertising lots of the "proposed" state capital on every train out of Chicago.

Then Carrie came to Sioux Springs. Before he was ready to close in, Carrie had brought Mark Deuel and Ashton Oaks together in the hotel when Oaks openly had tried to sell lots to Carrie, and Mark, his chivalry overriding good judgment, had stepped in to stop him.

That was a lucky break for Mark, because Oaks was deceived. With his sudden, open interference in the hotel, Mark had thrown Oaks off guard. If ever Oaks guessed Mark's identity, it was probably that of a mouthy young homesteader who didn't know his place. That was borne out later when Oaks, at the bar and at the dance, still resentful, attacked Mark. And Mark, biding his time, had seen that Ashton Oaks had gone on being resentful and unsuccessful.

It was Newt Gale who had pointed matters up. (Newt related this part proudly, telling how Deuel had taken him into confidence.) Locking up his lively stable at midnight, Newt had seen Ashton Oaks leaving the land office by the rear door and he had told Mark. With thousands of dollars in fees passing through the land office every day, Mark realized Ashton Oaks was also planning open robbery.

It was robbery, he knew, the moment Oaks' horse pounded down on him on the prairie outside Sioux Springs. Mark stiffened, slowed his horse ever so slightly to stop Oaks, but it was too late. Oaks, probably now suspecting Mark, shot, and Mark tumbled to the hot earth.

He raised on his elbow only long enough after that to see Oaks take his horse and then pain blotted out his sight and darkness dropped over the prairie. It did not lift again until he was back at Sioux Springs House and a doctor brought over from the stageline had removed the bullet. Then they told him they were sending for Carrie.

"Carrie, Carrie," he had mumbled once or twice, and Ma Parmley, who had been called in with the first excitement, had told Newt to bring her.

Oaks was dead. He had abandoned attempts to open the safe, decided on a daring daylight holdup of the land office. Leaving his horse at the rear of the building, he had walked into the office at noontime with a drawn gun, lined up against the wall with the agent, while he rifled the safe. Then he had galloped off with \$12,000, striking due north toward Rock Creek to throw pursuers off his track. Instead, he had met Mark Deuel.

Five minutes after the holdup a posse was organized, spread out, picked up Oaks easily. He was overtaken a quarter mile beyond Mark, and killed when he fired on the posse.

They were still talking when Ma Parmley tiptoed up to the door, looked in on Mark and Carrie half an hour later. Carrie, beside the bed, was holding Mark's hand. Mark was stroking her hair.

"Remember this morning at Taylor's?" Mark was smiling, and looking up at Carrie like a schoolboy in mischief. "When I said I might have some news to surprise you?"

"Yes, yes," said Carrie, a bit breathless. "Well," Mark went on, "here it is." He pulled Carrie closer with

Marine Corps Enlists Five Young Men Here

Five young men from the Wilmington section enlisted in the U. S. Marine corps during the past week at the local sub-station, Sergeant George F. Frederiksen, recruiting officer, reported yesterday.

They included: Leo Dawson Ward, 18, son of Mr. and Mrs. Van Ward, of Whiteville; James B. McLelland, 18, son of Mrs. Lillie McLelland, of Chadbourn; Hugh Hinnant, Jr., 18, son of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Hinnant, Sr., of Carolina Beach; Francis L. Ludwig, Jr., 18, son of Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Ludwig, Sr., of Carolina Beach; and Edward L. Holt, 22, son of Mrs. Olive C. Holt, of Burgaw.

They were transferred to the marine training station base at Parris Island, S. C., for preliminary training prior to active duty assignments with some ship, torpedo station, navy yard, naval ammunition depot, or foreign station.

Private Julian M. Dobson, of 15 Church street, is taking a 20 day leave of absence from Battery H, fourth defense battalion, fleet marine force, at Parris Island, Sergeant Frederiksen said.

Dress Review Winners Listed By Miss Mason

Winners in the semifinals of the dress review for New Hanover county 4-H club girls were announced yesterday by Miss Ann Mason, home demonstration agent, as follows:

Senior group, first, Ruth Bostian, of Audubon; and second, Dorothea Quesh Jones, of East Wilmington; junior group, first, Jeanette Dexter, of Bradley's Creek; and second, Barbara Leewenburg, of Winter Park.

Winners in the senior and junior groups will compete in the final county contest October 1. Miss Mason said the girl winning first place will represent the county at the state 4-H club dress review at State college October 4.

Jeanette Dexter, of Bradley's Creek, will exhibit her bedroom curtains at the state fair in October, having won first place in the county curtain contest.

Schick Test Clinic Planned For Sept. 13

A Schick test clinic will be held at 3 o'clock Friday afternoon, September 1, at offices of the consolidated board of health in the courthouse, Dr. A. H. Elliot, health officer, announced yesterday.

The clinic will be held primarily for those children not having certificates and whose parents wish them to take the test to determine whether or not they are immune to diphtheria, Dr. Elliot said.

Hewlett Will Head Cape Fear Artillery

The Cape Fear artillery met Friday night and elected the following officers to serve after the company was inducted into federal service and until its return.

Herbert W. Hewlett, president; Almond G. Adams, vice-president; Curtis Johnson, secretary; Edward R. Blake, treasurer; Donald R. Jenkins, Edward M. Hawkins, George C. Jackson, Jr., and William J. Farrow, members of the board of directors.

his one good arm, till her lips neared his and her hair was sweet in his eyes. "Carrie," he whispered. "Carrie, I want you always."

He kissed her, kissed her again and Ma Parmley, never intending for a moment to eavesdrop, flicked her eye and tiptoed back down the hall.

Carrie buried her head in his arm for a long moment. Mark pulled her closer.

"Mark," Carrie said at last, and there was a bit of a sob in her voice. "I want you, too—always, wherever we are."

"That won't be very far apart," Mark cut in, boyish again. "Won't be far? What do you mean?" Suddenly Carrie was all curiosity.

"I mean," grinned Mark, "that I got that homestead I was looking for that day when I was out to Taylor's."

"You—with a homestead?" Carrie was incredulous. "But where?" "Miss Lane," said Mark Deuel, "next time you look over that homestead of yours you'll find your land runs smack into mine, just west of Rock Creek."

"Joins—joins mine. But when did you get it?"

"I got it," Mark said, "about one minute after you signed up for yours, that day in the land office. I guess I was in love with you right then, Carrie, and didn't know it."

"Ooh," said Carrie, "and to think I built my saddy with you knowing all the time..." She stopped, breathless.

"Well, we'll just build another," Mark grinned. "I've got to build one to prove up on my land and so do you. We—we could build one right on the line—for two of us," he stammered.

"And that," said Carrie, "would be love on the line, wouldn't it, sweetheart?"

(THE END)

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