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App. Words -450.

Lover.

Ira Millette.

~~Sid Gray~~ ~~and colorless~~ as his name, glanced at her over his morning paper. After all these years she was still very beautiful. Her big brown eyes set wide apart in her fine head were clear and met his glance squarely and coolly. She continued to eat quietly. Her every move showed her fine breeding. She seemed content just to be near him.

He did not speak, as he arose, folded his paper and walked slowly out into the sunshine. It's clear brightness reminded him of the day, twenty years ago this month, when he had first seen her. She was the center of attraction then. ~~And Sid had not attempted to reach her side.~~ Pressed in the center of all those eager admirers, she had been almost covered with flowers, and even then, as young as she was, she seemed so cool and unruffled, so perfectly at ease amid all that adoration, as though it were perfectly natural and only what was her due. No, Sid didn't get very near her but he fell in love with her, and then and there determined someday to have her for his very own.

So he struggled along, saving every possible penny with only that one thought in mind. He knew that only with money, plenty of money, could he have her.

As he struggled through the years, he watched for her name in the news and read each mention of her with avid interest. But, as time went on, there was less and less attention paid to her and her triumphs.

Sid thought of what his folks would say when he brought her home.

His mother would mumble, under her breath, "I bet she never did a real days work in her life, 'Beauty is as beauty does', I allus say".

His father would slap him on the back and say heartily, "with a broad wink," "You always did pick class. Like your Dad, you always admired a beautiful form".

His kid brother, still in high school, would wisecrack, "She's the berries alright. Watch she doesn't run out on you."

Certainly they would all grow to love her, but of course not the love he felt. With a deepness that seemed like pain.

Then, after many years, he had made a small fortune, enough that he felt he could go for her. She had belonged to many men in all these years, but he didn't care.

to the place he had built just for her and he had sweated with pride as he thought, now she is mine, all mine.

Now standing there in the clear bright sunshine, he looked down at the folded newspaper where his thumb marked a brief item. He read it aloud; " Twenty-three year old Bessy B., only filly ever to win the Kentucky Derby, was sold today to Sid Gray, unknown race horse enthusiast."

New System

460 ~~2~~ ~~40~~ ;
Walter
81 Pleasant St

6082 R
2

Xtra heavy malleable

Weldless machine

$2\frac{1}{2} + 9\frac{1}{2} = 12$

24 in pipe

J. H. Ferguson

315 St

Silverberg St

Rennick Kojer
3 pipes (2)

Stanley Koshela
3 pipes (2)

Art Conduvey
Fyrm 2 00

Frank Daviletto
Fyrm 2 00