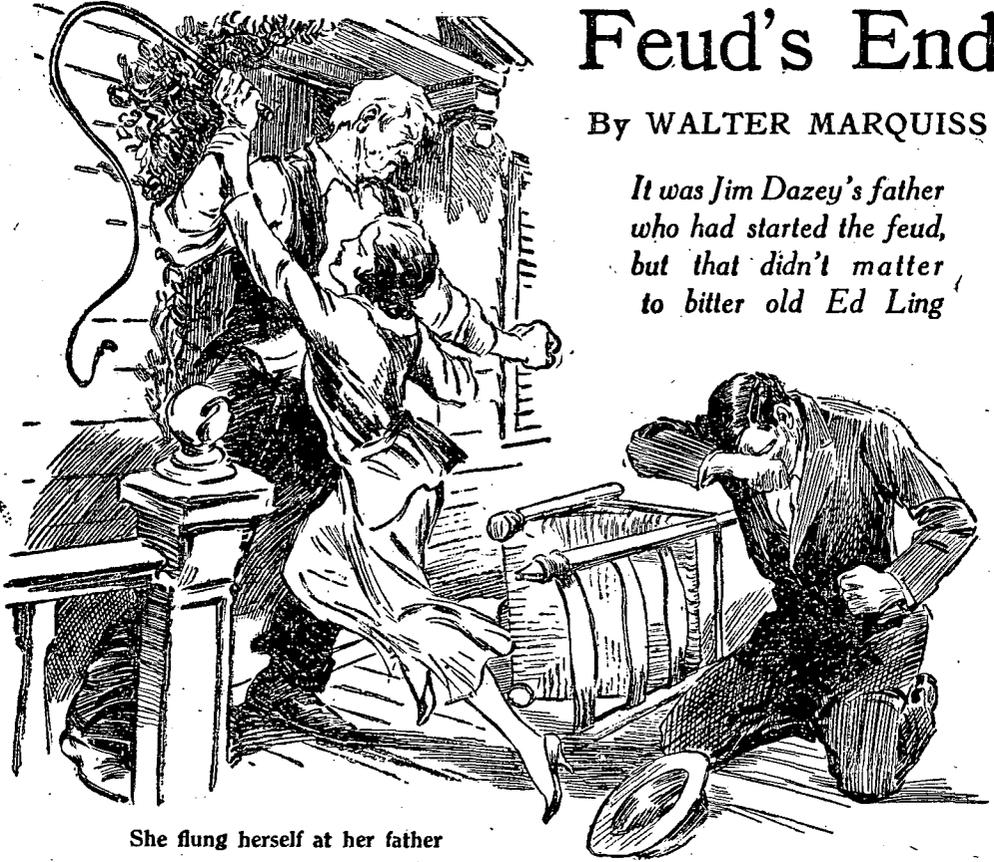


# Feud's End

By WALTER MARQUISS

*It was Jim Dazey's father who had started the feud, but that didn't matter to bitter old Ed Ling*



She flung herself at her father

**H**OW'S that? Oh, don't mind if I do ride a ways, mister. It's quite a long drill for old legs like mine. Ah-h-h! This sure beats walkin', don't it? Thank you very kindly, sir.

These vi'lets? They are purty, ain't they? I come out here, plumb four mile, 'cause vi'lets grows bigger and brighter in Hick'ry Valley, where th' leaves is deep. I wanted 'em big and bright, 'cause they're for Jim Dazey.

Guess you don't live around here, do you? 'Cause if you did, you'd know who Jim Dazey was, and about him bein' in th' horspital goin' on six weeks, nobody thinkin' he'd live after it happened. But he'll be up and out soon.

How's that? Well, it's a kind of long story, mister. Jim Dazey, he's State's Attorney down here. Youngish feller, good lookin' and strong—use' to play football in college. Smart, too. Had to be—or May Ling wouldn't never of fell in love with 'im.

May, she's about th' purtiest thing they is around these parts, with her yellow hair and blue eyes, all th' time laughin', and a friend to ever'body and ever'body's dog. Smart as a whip—she's seckatary for Jedge Bangs, up in th' county court. Kind of surprisin' th' way she turned out, I reckon, seein' what her old man was.

Old Ed Ling, he was jest plumb ornery, I guess. Wasn't hardly ever

sober, and needed killin' if a man ever did. He didn't have much use for Jim Dazey, 'cause years ago Jim's old man pulled a slick deal, and beat Ed out of th' farm he use' to live on. It was legal enough accordin' to law, I guess, but jest th' same, Ed he hated ever' last one of th' Dazeys. How's that? Yeah, I s'pose you would call it a feud, sort of.

Anyhow, you can see how he must of felt when he seen his daughter was keepin' company with old man Dazey's son. He kept still about it for a while, jest looking down his nose and glum. But one night when he'd been hittin' th' bottle, he seen Jim and May walkin' home together. And he lit in on her.

Well, sir, that girl wasn't fazed a bit. No, sir, not a bit. She jest stood up to her old man, and what she told him was plenty.

"Ever sence I can remember you've sneered at Jim Dazey's folks and hated 'em," she says, "till I'm gettin' sick of it and ashamed of my own father. I like Jim," she says, "and I intend to keep on bein' friends with him—"

Then Ed, he slapped her.

Well, she jest looked at him. Can you imagine it, mister—with her big blue eyes kind of deep and sorrowful, not sayin' a word, and goin' off to her room with a funny kind of jumpin' in her throat. You'd think it would make any man all-fired ashamed of hisself, but all Ed Ling done was go back in th' kitchen and take another nip out of his bottle.

**N**EXT evenin' Jim he walked home with her again, and this time she brings him right up to th' front porch with her. Ed, he seen 'em comin' and he set right in roarin' and cussin' like a crazy lunatic. He went

in and got an old blacksnake whip, and come tearin' out again. And he wrapped that whip around Jim Dazey's face with a crack you could of heard a city block away. Jim goes down on his knees, well nigh crazy mad with th' pain. If Ed hadn't been her father, there'd have been murder done.

Well, sir, you'd of thought May was a tigress, th' way she went after that whip. Ed was tryin' to hit Jim again, but she yanked it out of his hand and slung it away out in th' middle of th' yard. Then she turned on her old man. Th' way her eyes snapped was a caution, lemme tell you, and even th' likker couldn't keep Ed from knowin' it was him she was talkin' to!

"You're a low, drunken beast, even if you are my father," she says. "I've stood by you, and loved you, and been th' best daughter I knew how. Now I'm through," she says, "and I'm goin'!"

Her pa, he never seen her like that before, and he jest blinked at her. She went in and packed some of her clothes, and when she went down th' walk she was cryin', Jim walkin' with her, talkin' low and carryin' her suitcase, and one arm around her.

Well, sir, Ed he didn't sleep a lick that night. He kept gettin' up and takin' nips out of th' bottle, and mutterin' to hisself, and hatin' like only a hooch-soaked old sot can hate. Sumpum kept tellin' him May wasn't never comin' back. And Ed, he loved his daughter. He wasn't all bad inside, y' understand.

Ed, he kept broodin' and broodin' on how Jim Dazey's old man had did him years ago, and now Jim was doin' him worse. He figgered May wouldn't of left home like that unless Jim told her to.

When mornin' come, his hate had

got up to where it couldn't get no higher. He figgered th' world wasn't big enough for him and Jim Dazey to live in together. So he went staggerin' around lookin' for an old pistol, but couldn't find it nowheres. But he run acrost a rusty old plumber's hammer—you know, th' kind with a ball on one end of th' head.

We're comin' in to town now. You see where them two telephone poles is up there on th' Square? Well, sir, that's where Ed Ling seen Jim Dazey talkin' to May when he come lookin' for him.

Ed, he come through th' courthouse yard there, and starts acrost th' street towards Jim and May. He's got th' hammer in his hand, hid under his coat. He come lurchin' along, cussin' out loud, and seein' nothin' but th' feller he hates enough to kill.

All of a sudden they's a lot of yellin' and shoutin' and it's like a nightmare. Ed hesitates, kind of befuddled. They's a loud squealin' and scrapin', and he

sees Miller Brothers' big five-ton truck rushin' at him, lookin' big as a house, an' Dave Miller scared stiff tryin' to stop it. Then Jim Dazey's white face comes flyin' towards him. Jim, he's dove off th' curb, and gets Ed around th' hips like he's playin' football again. Ed goes backward kerplunk on th' pavin'. He hears May screamin', men yellin' bloody murder.

Well, sir, Ed lays there on his back, blinkin' up, purty nigh sober now. He ain't got a scratch, but when he sets up, he sees th' truck has run right smack over Jim. And May's down there in th' dirt, purty pink dress and all, cryin', Jim's head in her lap . . .

Th' horspital's up th' street a spell from this next corner. If you'll jest lemme out here, mister— Thank you kindly, sir.

How's that? Me? Oh, I don't amount to much around here, mister— except I'm goin' to be th' father-in-law of a mighty fine young feller. My name's Ling. Ed Ling.

THE END.

## *The Kilts of the Bayas*

THE Baya tribes inhabit the country adjacent to the upper course of the Sangha River, which later enters Belgian Congo and unites its waters with the Congo River. The tribesmen decorate their bodies with numerous scars, studiously carved into the flesh so as to form geometrical designs; and they also wear plain kilts which reach well above the knee.

When a Baya wants a new garment he does not bother about textiles and tailors. He just takes an ivory mallet, which is sometimes an heirloom several score years old, and goes in search of a peculiar kind of tree.

When the Baya finds a good specimen of *Urostigma*, he hammers at it until a large strip of bark detaches itself from the trunk. He then stretches that layer of bark on some big stone and keeps on pounding with monotonous, constant patience. After a few hours he has a large piece of soft, cloth-like material, which soon dries under the rays of the sun, so acquiring the resiliency and strength of a rough textile. The Baya then trims its edges with a few deft strokes of his knife and has a serviceable kilt, ready for use.

*R. du Chaliou.*