

Local Notices
NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATION
The undersigned, having qualified as Administrator of the Estate of James D. Sandlin, Jr., deceased, late of Duplin County, this is to notify all persons having claims against said estate to present them to the undersigned on or before the 17th day of June, 1955, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery.

NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATION
The undersigned, having qualified as Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Mary Rhodes, deceased, late of Duplin County, this is to notify all persons having claims against said estate to present them to the undersigned on or before the 17th day of June, 1955, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery.

NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATION
Having this day qualified as co-executor under the Last Will and Testament of Addie P. Mewborn, late of Duplin County, this is to notify all persons having claims against her said estate to present them to the undersigned executors on or before the 8th day of June, 1955, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery.

MOUNT OLIVE SHOE SHOP
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NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATION
The undersigned, having qualified as Executor of the Last Will and Testament of Fred Eason, deceased, late of Duplin County, this is to notify all persons having claims against said estate to present them to the undersigned on or before the 7th day of June, 1955, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE
The undersigned, having qualified as Executor under the Will of MRS. ROVENE Q. CAVENAUGH, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against the ESTATE OF MRS. ROVENE Q. CAVENAUGH to present said claims to the undersigned for payment on or before May 26, 1955, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of recovery.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE
The undersigned, having qualified as Executor under the Will of AUBREY L. CAVENAUGH, notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against the estate of AUBREY L. CAVENAUGH to present said claims to the undersigned for payment on or before May 26, 1955, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of recovery.

ADMINISTRATOR NOTICE TO CREDITORS
Having qualified as administrator of the estate of Annie Johnson Casteen, deceased, late of Duplin County, North Carolina, this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned at Kenansville, on or before the 27th day of May, 1955, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery.

"Yaka"

By Judith Gordon Malrow
Of Beaufort

"Joe Lamb, I am glad that you have come in my office." You are just the man I want to see. The editor of the Chicago Tribune was addressing me. "I'm afraid I have had new for you," Mr. Lawrence said. "Perhaps you are aware of the fact that you are slipping." Speaking frankly and sincerely, your writing is on a decline. He added: "The uniqueness and originality that was once prevalent in your writings, is no longer there."

"I have plans for you," he assured me. "I'm going to send you to a foreign country, preferably Madrid, Spain." "I think the change will do you good, and I might add that probably your writing will improve too." "What do you think of my plans?" he said excitedly. "Oh, not oh, no chief! I refuse to go to Spain, I protested. "Well, suit yourself, he replied. "Be on board a plane at 8 o'clock in the morning, or lose your job. "What do you say now?" "All right, all right. You win, I exclaimed. "Remember be ready at 8 sharp," he shouted at me as I left the office.

The next day I boarded an airplane at precisely 8 o'clock. I was holding a piece of humanity, because I had not slept a wink the night before. I was so nervous and excited about the trip. As I took my seat on the air-liner, many questions raced through my perplexed brain. "What would I say? What would I do, when I arrived in Spain? I had a book of Spanish translations, but still I would be a stranger in a strange land. I tried desperately to amuse myself by reading, but to no avail. My mind was not on the subject matter before me. I was engrossed with thoughts of myself. I guess I'm just a bum writer I thought. Suddenly like a bolt of lightning, I came back to reality. The plane stopped abruptly. I had reached my destination.

When I got off the airplane, a guide ran out to meet me. He was a slim, dark fellow, who seemed happy just to be alive. He began conversing with me in his native tongue. "Buenas tardes, señor," "Buenas tardes," I replied. "Me llamo Carlos," he said. In English he meant, my name is Charles. I introduced myself to him in Spanish, and told him that I did not want a guide. "Adios, Carlos," I shouted. I left him standing alone. He pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment.

NOTICE
In The General County Court
North Carolina,
Duplin County,
Mattie W. Sadler
Emory W. Sadler
The defendant, Emory W. Sadler will take notice that an action as above entitled has been commenced in the General County Court of Duplin County, North Carolina, by the plaintiff for an absolute divorce from defendant on the ground that plaintiff and defendant have lived separate and apart for more than two years next preceding the bringing of this action; and the defendant will further take notice that he is required to appear at the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of Duplin County, in the northshore in Kenansville, North Carolina, within twenty days after the 29 day of July, 1955, and answer or demur to the complaint in said action, or the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in said complaint.

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stood beside my bed, with some food and water in her hands. "Eat and drink, then you will feel better," she replied. I was amazed, because she spoke English fluently. I took the food she offered me, and ate heartily. The water eased my dry throat. I began asking her questions. How did I get here? What is your name? Who taught you to speak English? "I'm a curse to my people," she said with much emotion. "They are wrong! They are wrong! I love things about me, like the stars. The stars pity me, because I live in a world where no one understands me. They are my only true friends," she said sadly. "I'm a curse to my people, because I am a dreamer."

I knew I shouldn't have called Yaka a sorcerer. I had hurt her deeply, the sad expression on her face was evidence of it. I began apologizing but she wouldn't listen to me. I told her I was a true friend. She was beyond all reasoning. Suddenly as if seized by a wild impulse she began running. I ran after her, but she disappeared into the darkness, sobbing hysterically. Soon a mule and cart came up the dusty road. I caught a ride with a gay senior, who told me he was going to the business district of Madrid. I was entranced by the majestic loveliness of Spain. I had only seen the drab rural regions, never dreaming that nearby a large and beautiful city loomed.

I spent my leisure hours sight-seeing. I was anxious to see the small shops, which helped make up the large city of Madrid. Everywhere I went, and everywhere I saw reminders of Yaka. I wanted to forget her, but I could not. From the setting of the sun, to the going down of it my thoughts were of Yaka. Whether awake or asleep, her face was before me. I knew no rest until I troubled sleep. I was truly bewitched.

The long and lonely days stretched into weeks. Finally the fatal day arrived. My three weeks were up, my stay at Spain had come to an abrupt end. I was up at dawn packing, getting ready to catch a plane for America. I will have some interesting material for a story, I thought. Mr. Lawrence will be proud of me. I will write a fabulous story about a foreign girl which will hold the general public's interest from beginning to end, I told myself. I knew in my heart that I could not write a story without Yaka. I might try, but in all probabilities I would fail. She was my inspiration. Without her my story would be a flop.

"Are you a witch Yaka?" I asked. "Are you an evil sorcerer purely casting a spell over me?" I cried cynically. Ever since I first saw you, I've been under a strange spell. "Your eyes seem to hypnotize me. I have no will of my own. You are the master of my fate," she said. "I did not mean to cast a spell over you," Yaka said with much emotion. "My people call me a witch. They say I have no heart that I love only myself. They are wrong! They are wrong! I love things about me, like the stars. The stars pity me, because I live in a world where no one understands me. They are my only true friends," she said sadly. "I'm a curse to my people, because I am a dreamer."

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GETTING UP NIGHTS
Up Nights (too frequent, burning or itching sensation) or BURNING, GLANDY URINE due to common, but irritating Irritations, try GETTING UP NIGHTS, cooling, comforting. A Million GETTING UP NIGHTS used in past 25 years prove safety and success. Ask druggist for GETTING UP NIGHTS under satisfaction or money-back guarantee.

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This 4-Door Beauty is the Newest Hit in Hardtops

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