

Closing Hours For Dispatch Of Mail At Edenton Office

Schedule Published To Assure Quickest Possible Service

In order to be assured of the quickest possible service at the Edenton Post Office, Postmaster C. E. Kramer announces the following closing hours for outgoing mail from the local office.

6:30 A. M.—Star Route to Aulander, N. C., intermediate points and points to the South. (All classes of mail)

11:45 A. M.—Norfolk-Raleigh Train No. 1, to Raleigh, N. C., intermediate points and all points to the South. (All classes of mail)

12:45 P. M.—Norfolk-Raleigh Train No. 2, to Norfolk, Va., intermediate points and all points to the North and West. Air Mail connection. (All classes of mail)

2:00 P. M.—Star Route to Aulander, N. C., intermediate points and points to the North. (All classes of mail)

2:00 P. M.—Star Route to Suffolk, Va., intermediate points and points to the North. (All classes of mail)

4:45 P. M.—Star Route to Rocky Mount, N. C., intermediate points and points to the North, South, East and West. Air Mail connection. (First class mail, only)

5:45 P. M.—Star Route to Norfolk, Va., intermediate points and points to North. Air Mail connection. (First class mail, only)

In order to be assured of the quickest possible service, on parcel post matter, parcels should be mailed before 11:30 A. M., so that they may be dispatched on the same day that they are mailed.

"To avoid delay," says Mr. Kramer, "be sure that sufficient postage is applied on air mail matter."

Careful Marketing Of Cotton Is Urged

Every cotton grower should fine out the grade, staple, and exact value of bale before selling, says D. H. Stancil, cotton marketing specialist for the State College Extension Service.

Stancil points out that current cotton prices are higher than most farmers can remember, and growers in some sections have been so pleased to hear of "40 cent cotton" that they have eagerly accepted this amount as soon as it was offered.

In some cases, the specialist says,

this may be a mistake. For example, during recent weeks cotton which was bringing 40 cents a pound in one area of the state was bringing 41½ to 42 cents in other areas. Prices of middling and strict middling cotton have varied this month from 40½ to more than 42½ cents a pound.

"Forty cents a pound may seem to be a good price for cotton," asserts Stancil, "but every farmer should find out what grade and staple he has and what it is worth before selling."

Stancil adds that although a definite cottonseed price has not been established in most areas, indications are that prime seed (grading 100) will bring more than \$1 a bushel.

A-Pirating We Will Go

(Continued From Page Nine) could take him—the mighty Blackbeard.

On the night of the 21st of November, Lieut. Maynard arrived outside Ocracoke Inlet and dropped anchor. Blackbeard, on the "Adventure", was lying at anchor about 3 miles from the mouth of the Inlet, behind treacherous shoals which he knew Maynard would have to negotiate before he could attack.

Ashore, in the village, some sort of celebration was taking place, and the sounds of merrymaking and revelry drifted across the water to Blackbeard's ship, and to seaward where Maynard lay anchored. Simultaneously, both Maynard and Blackbeard decided to go ashore, but for different reasons. Blackbeard desired only to get drunker than he was and join in the merrymaking. Maynard wished to engage a pilot to guide him through the Inlet and the dangerous shoal water, where on the morrow he knew the fight of his life was to take place. The fight might have begun and ended there in a few minutes, if the men had met that night on Ocracoke.

As most of the inhabitants of Ocracoke—as many North Carolinians were—were sympathizers of Blackbeard, Maynard was unsuccessful in engaging the services of a pilot. He

returned to his ship and began preparations for tomorrow's engagement.

The morning of November 22nd, 1718, dawned. The sky was slightly hazy and foggy, but it gave promise of soon clearing. There was little wind. Maynard's gallant little "Pearl" thrust her prow into Ocracoke Inlet, and slowly surged forward. At one time the wind fell completely off, and Maynard had to supplement his sails with sweeps and towing; but he made progress toward Blackbeard's "Adventure", although slow.

Slowly but surely the intervening distance between the vessels grew shorter and shorter. Sounds of voices, and the metal clink of armament in preparation for the fight, floated over the water.

When the vessels came within cannon shot distance, Blackbeard was the first to open fire, his cannon belching flame and smoke that mushroomed over his deck. Maynard instantly replied, and with both ships blazing at one another the quietness of the sandy wastes of Ocracoke was shattered into a thousand fragments and the inhabitants were startled into the realization that a sea battle was taking place before their eyes.

A pirate does not like to stand still, the passive target for bullets and shot. He likes action; he prefers to take the fight to the other fellow. That was why boarding an enemy's ship was standard battle-technique among buccaneers and pirates, and that was what Blackbeard decided to do now. He had no stomach for Maynard's broadsides, which rent his sails, splintered his decks, and wounded and killed his men.

With 20 of his crew, armed with cutlasses and knives and pistols, Blackbeard rowed toward the "Pearl", and yelling and cursing, swarmed over the sides and filled her decks with

the fury of fighting, savage men. Back and forth they surged, hacking with cutlasses, stabbing with knives, and shooting with pistols. Blackbeard himself fought with the strength of a maniac and the ferocity of an enraged tiger. He had made his appearance more frightening by thrusting slow-burning cannon matches into his matted beard. Blood, mingled with powder smudges, ran down his grimy face.

With swinging, dripping cutlass he strode up and down, dealing death right and left, until he came face to face with Lieutenant Maynard. The Lieutenant was an expert swordsman and he neatly parried every attack and thrust that Blackbeard aimed at him. Blackbeard, knowing that he had met his match, in desperation drew his pistol and fired point-blank into Maynard's face. He missed. It was then that Maynard leaped in, and in a surprise lunge, quickly ended the fight.

The terrible Blackbeard lay dead at Maynard's feet, bleeding from many wounds. With their leader dead, the rest of Blackbeard's crew lost their taste for battle and surrendered. Maynard boarded Blackbeard's ship, "The Adventure", and found there a giant Barbadoes Negro on the verge of blowing up the powder magazine and all hands along with it. He was promptly made prisoner.

Maynard, with Blackbeard's head stuck on the bowsprit of his vessel, sailed first to Bath, where he exhibited the grisly memento of the encounter at Ocracoke; and then he sailed away to Hampton Roads. His prisoners, Maynard delivered to justice in Williamsburg, where they were fairly tried, found guilty of piracy on the high seas, and hanged.

Although in the operations of Blackbeard, there were many implications of graft and dealings between

him and Governor Eden, there were few repercussions. Tobias Knight, Secretary to the Colony, was definitely implicated, having at one time secreted Blackbeard's loot in his barn. There was never any direct proof of Governor Eden's complicity with Blackbeard, but it was almost a sure thing that he had a finger, or even his whole hand in Blackbeard's pie.

Governor Eden's actions were not those of an entirely innocent party; for he acquiesced in Blackbeard's affairs and gave him passive aid by refusing to take action against him. That should not have been the attitude of the Governor of North Carolina, when its citizens were clamoring that he at least take official steps to apprehend Blackbeard.

But Eden was not alone in conniving with pirates—the Governors of Massachusetts and New York and several other States did the same thing. It seemed to be the general order of things in those rough and ready days; many things were common practice in Colonial times that would not be countenanced now. Even Blackbeard should not be dealt with too harshly . . . for, after all, he was the product of his environment and his times.

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