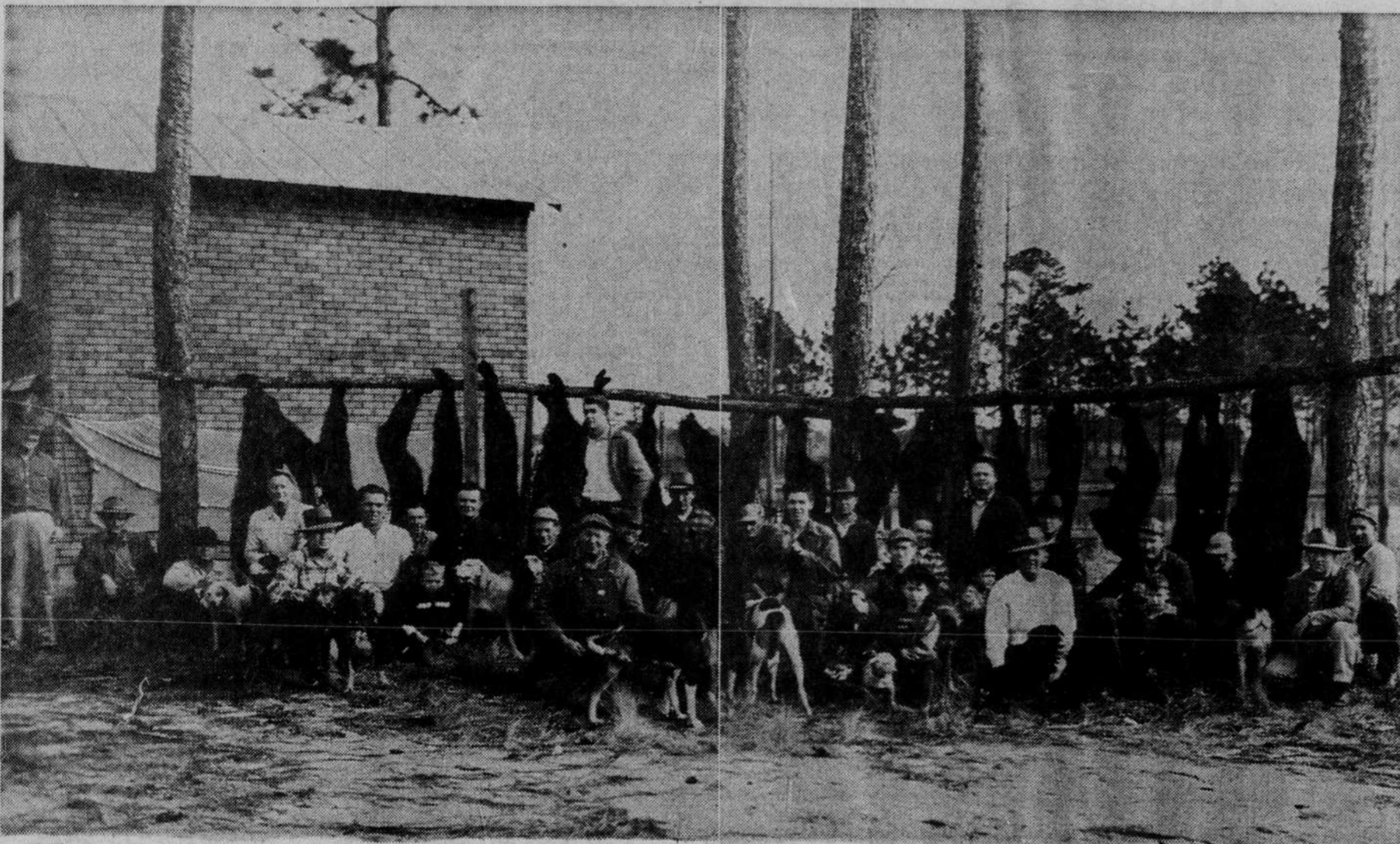


Successful Hunting Expedition



If there are any who doubt the facts of the accompanying bear story, here's the evidence from one of the Fernside hunts. He is the fellow in the dark shirt left of center in the picture, and he is surrounded by some of his fellow hunters and the pack of trusty hounds which made the results possible.

Bear & Deer—

Brunswick County Abounds In Game

By EUGENE FALLON

"A blow of the horn and a bucket of cheer. My heart's in the highlands, A'chasing the deer..." — Robt. Burns

It's that time again, and down here in Brunswick County the swim suits are laid by and summer playgrounds are deserted. There's a stir in the crisp air and men tread more swiftly, more eagerly. What's it all about?

Well, on Monday of this week the hunting season opened and the law came off deer and bear.

Hunting is more than a sport, it's a way of life. Most atavistic of pursuits, hunting is at the same time the most complex of pastimes, requiring keen eyesight, steady nerves, marathon hiking and the patience of Job. Anyone can enter a herd of antelope or wildebeest in say, Africa, and slaughter indiscriminately. But America has changed since a

fellow named Cody could (and did) set forth and slay 2,000 buffalo between dawn and sunset. The olds are more even today, and game has what the British would call a "sporting chance."

In Eastern America, from New England (with the possible exclusion of Maine) to Florida, and as far west as Missouri, remains no more happy hunting ground than the southeastern portion of North Carolina. Here, game is

found yet in some profusion; ranging from quail to deer, bear and wild gobblers. In between are found, in Brunswick County, such furred and feathered things as rabbit, squirrel, raccoon, opossum, fox, mink, otter, marsh hen, doves, weasel, skunk, wildcat, among others. The law is lenient, and the open seasons are kind to both hunter and hunted.

With the season for big game just begun, let's take a look at a couple of famous Brunswick

nimrods. Mighty hunters both, but with separate specialties: deer and bear.

Frank Rabon would have been a favorite with James Fenimore Cooper, an olden scribe who wrote his way to fame and fortune with a character he called the "Deerslayer." The Brunswick County man was born in the Town Creek section, a region he has seen no reason to leave during his 68 years on earth. Rabon has slain, at lowest estimate, 450

Deer Slayer



FRANK RABON

deer. All in Brunswick.

Does he still chase the stag? "Not at present," replied Rabon. "Not until October 16," and laughed and laughed. The conversation was held just prior to the deer-season opening.

What then, was the secret of his success?

"It's easy," replied Frank. "All a fellow's got to do is spend 8 out of every 24 hours in the woods—with a gun of course, and dogs to help."

When did the beautiful sickness start?

"When I was ten," said Rabon. "At twelve I killed my first deer."

In the intervening 56 years, Frank Rabon has averaged 8 kills per season.

"I started slowly," he says in tones of confession. "I had a cheap single barrel gun to begin with, and my eye needed sharpening. Actually, after I hit my stride it was nothing to kill twenty bucks in a season."

Rabon disclosed that all his trophies fell within five miles of his home. "I don't ramble for," he says proudly. "Where's there a better place for a deer hunter than Town Creek?"

Frank uses No. 4 buckshot, a



This is the time of year when fishing in Brunswick is as good as we brag about its being. There just isn't any way to exaggerate!

That starts with the spot fishermen, who learn via the grapevine when the time is right, and flock to the coast; and it extends to the off-shore fishermen for whom the big runs of king mackerel are the main attraction of the entire fishing season. In between is the good luck that awaits the surf fisherman, particularly if he is casting off Bald Head Island or at Lockwoods Folly Inlet; or the folks who prefer to do their fishing from one of the half-dozen piers along the Brunswick County coastline.

E. C. Blake, a man who likes fishing all the way from freshwater ponds to going outside in his open cockpit runabout, says that one afternoon last week he went down the inland waterway to do a little spot fishing. "I got about a half-bushel," he said, "but I didn't stay long. Where I was fishing there were so many boats that we got in each other's way. They tell me that there were even more boats there during the week-end."

George Abbott, New Jersey resident who has made many Oc-

tober trips to Brunswick for fishing, says that on Saturday he went down to Lockwoods Folly Inlet in his boat and that he and his partner counted 25 persons standing on the beach fishing. "There were more than that many boats in the immediate area," he continued, "and there were from two to four people in each."

The only serious drawback to hook-and-line fishing this fall may be the scarcity of shrimp, which is the favorite bait. Not only are they in short supply, but they are very expensive. Makes a man—even a hot-blooded fisherman—think twice before he gets too expansive with his fish food.

Speaking of bait reminds us of something that Abbott told us the other night. He said that some of the best bait for rockfish are bloodworms. These we had never heard of before, but George said they are a sea-creature and that they are caught at low tide from rocks and crevices, particularly off the New England coast. "At one end they have a little red section," he said, "and if you break it blood oozes out. Funny thing, though, it's cold blood. But they are mighty good bait for rockfish, or strippers as they are called along the Jersey coast."

practice he does not recommend for less skillful stalkers. He keeps an average of four deer hounds and trains them himself.

Everyone has heard of "buck fever." Whereas Frank claims he never suffered from this pleasant malady in any appreciable fashion himself, his immediate family were susceptible.

"About 25 years ago," related Frank, "my oldest son, James, was attending Bolivia high school. He filled in as bus driver. One afternoon he came in and I asked him if he'd like to kill a deer before dark. Up to that time the boy had not lived."

"He jumped at the chance. Out we went in the woods. We jumped a big buck and the animal got panicky, ran towards us making leaps four-feet in the air. I drew down on him and he flopped over. Turned around and

there was my boy with his gun leveled on the carcass. 'I killed him!' James shouted in glee. I walked over, broke the boy's gun. The shell hadn't been fired!"

And Rabon recalled the day he killed two bucks with a single shot. The deer came bounding along a path, one behind the other. The shot got both of them at one swoop.

The largest deer Frank Rabon ever shot weighed 197 pounds. Rabon is convinced that deer are much scarcer than they once were in his area. And he thinks he knows why.

"The pulpwood companies," he says, "own about 40 percent of the land in Brunswick." About 80 percent of these holdings, claims Rabon, are the best hunting lands in the county.

"They are saving our timber," he admits, "even as they destroy

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