

MARKED

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WNU Service

SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I—Summoned to the C. C. ranch in central Nevada, desert-wise Walt Gandy is on his way to help his old range partner, Bill Hollister. Riding through unfamiliar country, Walt is stopped short by a girl who holds a rifle in firing position. She knows him, tells him how to get to the ranch, and tells him that they will meet again. Walt is allowed to ride on.

CHAPTER II—Within a quarter of a mile from his destination, Walt is stopped again. This time by a grotesque, misshapen man who tells him to get out and then tells him the C. C. ranch is in a gulch, the closest town, for an inquest. Someone has been murdered.

CHAPTER III—Riding to the inquest in Emigrant, Walt leaves his horse at the livery stable. Before attending the inquest he asks a few questions. Cash Cameron, owner of the C. C. ranch, is in trouble. A hard-boiled man, Cash, has many enemies. Gandy's eye is caught by a roan horse tied near the doorway. It belongs to the girl who stopped him earlier in the day.

CHAPTER IV—Chino Drake, former cook at the C. C. ranch, has been murdered and Sheriff Ed Battle is trying to pin the blame on Cash Cameron. The girl is called to the stand. She is Helen Cameron, Cash's daughter. She is faintly and, as Gandy rushes to her aid, slips something in his hand. It is the bullet from Drake's body.

CHAPTER V—Walt rents a post office box and leaves the bullet in it. Leaving the post office he is accosted by a dark, swarthy man who offers him a job. He draws the man by the collar and tries to usurp Cameron's public range land. Gandy then turns him down in biting fashion. The man then tells him who whips him after a hard battle. The man is Pete Kelso, foreman of the 77 ranch, an outfit hostile to Cameron.

CHAPTER VI—Gandy is called to the sheriff's office, where he meets Hollister and Sheriff Battle. Hollister, this time, is really glad to see him. Battle tells Hollister that Cameron is through!

CHAPTER VII—Hollister and Gandy return to the C. C. There they find Cash Cameron and Bent Lavin, the criminal who who stopped Gandy on his previous visit. Paul Champion, a young cow-puncher, is with them. Later Hollister borrows two hundred dollars from Gandy.

CHAPTER VIII—That evening Walt meets Helen Cameron in the kitchen. From the first he has been drawn to her. Then she tells him that Bill Hollister is one of the finest men he has ever known. The words, though he has known her thoughts before, hurt him.

CHAPTER IX—The bawling of cattle that night brought Walt out to investigate. He thinks that bawling is caused by the smell of blood! Curious, he steps into the saddle shed. Then the shed door opens slowly in the darkness and he smells perfume. It is Helen. Angry, she leaves, but not until she warns him to forget the C. C.

CHAPTER X—Walt tells Hollister that he wants information. Hollister tells him that Cash Cameron, though he is worth a fortune, is flat broke. The murder of Chino Drake may be his finish. Gandy knows that one of the three people may be responsible for Drake's death. He also points out to Hollister that Ranger Powell, Cash's ally, killed Drake's death, has disappeared.

CHAPTER XI—Riding the range, Hollister and Gandy meet Pete Kelso and two of his hired men. Hollister wants no gun play, but in self defense Gandy is forced to slay one of Kelso's men.

CHAPTER XII—Walt and Hollister meet Cash Cameron as they leave the scene of the shooting. He is considerably upset when he learns of the gun duel, and tells Gandy that he wants no gun fighting, and that he may be forced to allow the 77 ranch to have its own way as regard to a water hole dispute rather than risk gun battle.

CHAPTER XIII—Cameron, Walt and Hollister find the body of Ranger Powell, Cash's ally. Hollister insists that Cameron hide the body. He knows that evidence points straight to Cameron as the murderer of Drake and Powell.

CHAPTER XIV—In talking with Horsethief Fisher, his confidant, Walt finds that Jeff Stoddard, owner of the hostile 77 ranch, has killed Helen, and that he once courted her openly. Then Bent Lavin stepped in and fired a few shots at Stoddard, ending his courting.

CHAPTER XV—A shot in the night demands investigation and Gandy finds that Paul Champion has fired at a figure in the night. Walt gets no place with his questioning. Every corner is a dead end. He is completely baffled by the turn of events on the C. C.

CHAPTER XVI—Sheriff Battle calls on the C. C. ranch. He has possession of the bullet that Helen gave Gandy during the inquest. He tells them that Cash Cameron's game is up and that he might as well surrender.

CHAPTER XVII—A lone night ride takes Gandy to the disputed water hole, where he discovers Helen. Furious at first, she cools sufficiently to talk to him. Then she tells him the range war is near an end. She is going to marry Stoddard, owner of the 77 ranch.

CHAPTER XVIII—When Helen leaves the water hole, Gandy discovers that she has buried the bullet in the mud. It is Hollister's! Walt returns to the ranch, only to find that Hollister has gone to see Stoddard of the 77. Walt tells Helen she will never marry Stoddard; that he loves her.

CHAPTER XIX—Walt rides after Hollister. He threads his way among the hills toward the 77. On a narrow trail he meets another rider. Shots are exchanged and Walt is injured, his horse killed. Walking, he finds bloodstains left by Hollister.

CHAPTER XX—Stumbling to a rans cabin, Gandy finds the badly injured Hollister. Helen rides up, and Walt tells her to ride for the C. C. bunch. She helps, then Hollister tells Walt his story. He had suspected Cameron was guilty of murdering Drake and Powell. Now he is sure. Stoddard is behind the murders. Walt, to his surprise, is now partner of the C. C. The two hundred dollar loan to Hollister cleared his papers. His story ended, Hollister dies.

CHAPTER XXI

HOLLISTER was dead; but what he had started to do could still be done. He had wanted to settle this trouble single-handed, without risking the lives of more C. C. people—young Champion, Horsethief Fisher, Helen herself. Walt Gandy believed he could carry it through. Some time between half-past one and half-past two, riding Hollister's black, he returned up the west cut

and topped out upon the prairie. The stiff steer hide that had been hanging on a limb of the water-hole cedar was now in a roll beneath his left arm and held by loops of his rope. His right hand guided the black away from the ravine head in a course quartering sharply northward.

The drive of 77 cattle which he had seen this afternoon would move toward the sink at about two miles an hour. That gave them perhaps five miles before they had bedded down for the night. They would still be a couple of miles short of the sink rims. Yet there was considerable chance for error, Gandy knew, in this figuring.

Here on the prairie top he could hardly see his hands in front of his face; his northward course was chosen more out of instinct than anything else. Only faintly, at rare times, could he distinguish a division between the level earth and the overcast sky, and know at least he was not riding toward a jump-off. Wind generally swept from the northwest this time of year. He kept his face into that.

Every move Walt Gandy made was mechanical, with a cold deadly calm. Never had his feelings been so close to those of a killer. He looked forward with no fear nor misgivings. The thing was merely fact—if there came a hitch in the business ahead, he would kill.

His greatest concern was that he might stumble upon the cattle and jump the herd before finding the men who guarded it. He wanted the men. One man, Jeff Stoddard.

It was perhaps an hour, half-past three, when the biting wind came laden with something besides the cold—the odor of cattle, not unpleasant to a cowman's nostrils. Gandy drew his horse in. He rested the hide roll across his saddle. His wounded left leg bothered him and he let it hang straight for a moment.

He sat absolutely still. To one uninitiated in working range cattle, it would not seem possible that two thousand head might be lying there within a stone's throw. He could imagine them with noses tucked back against bent forelegs avoiding the cold, the herd giving off no sound whatever if it was comfortably bedded. An outsider would not know, either, the lightning swiftness with which these same animals could rise and hit the ground, running. Any foreign noise could start that jump, or even the unexpected stamp of a horse's hoof too near some light sleeper.

Walt Gandy sat waiting for some time, until certain he had the bed ground located straight in front of him, off perhaps a couple of hundred paces. Stiffly he drew his left foot up to the stirrup. He shifted the rolled hide over and let it down onto the ground, leaving his rope looped about it. There might be some difficulty in finding the hide again, yet edging forward once more, he could mark the gray blob it made against the dark prairie.

A little later, certain that he was close to the bedded herd and in the route of night guards who would be riding circle, Gandy halted, slid from his saddle and dropped the black's reins.

The horse stood anchored, head lowered into the unbroken sweep of fall wind. Gandy moved back half a dozen steps and crouched down. Now from this position, melted into the earth, he could faintly make out the animal in front of him and a sector of prairie horizon lined against the overcast heavens.

He did not have long to wait. Cowhands riding night herd don't sing altogether to amuse themselves. They want to let the cattle know they are moving around, and by the familiarity of a human voice avoid the sudden jump and stampede that Gandy himself had been wary of. In less than five minutes after he had hunkered low, he heard the swish of a rider coming through dry prairie grass, and the unmusical monotone of the man's cow-lullaby.

The rider was bearing out of the northwest along with the sweep of wind. Cigarette smoke drifted ahead of him. Then there came a pinpoint of red light that alternately glowed, faded, and presently described a downward arc as the butt was thrown away.

Gandy drew his thirty-eight, for if the rider continued direct approach he would discover the black horse in another two or three minutes. The tired animal had lifted his head, but then dropped it without nickering and now remained motionless.

The looming form was within five paces when Walt Gandy spoke without rising: "Reach up, you! Quick! And quiet! Don't spur that horse of yours, either!"

There was a split second in which the figure jerked, and if he could have located the voice, guns would have flared. Then Walt saw two arms go up. "Drop it!" he snapped. A revolver spun downward and thudded. He stood up, giving orders low-voiced while moving across the short space between himself and the mounted man. "Turn and slide down, facing me. Don't grab anything. I don't usually play ball this way. Now stand there."

He stepped up to a lean range rider of about his own height, thrust the thirty-eight in close and felt for more weapons. There were none. He reached out and slid the rifle from its saddle scabbard.

"Now," he said, "gather up both horses and walk the way I tell you."

The arms came down. "Look here."

"Shut up!" said Gandy. "From square about and go straight ahead."

In time, walking behind his prisoner and the two animals, he came to the steer hide, angled on a short distance to the left of it and halted. Rapidly he took down the man's own rope, ordered him to stretch full length upon the earth and bound him.

His voice was quiet; every action was in that cold deadly calm. "Listen, you. Carefully. Because I'm going to kill you." He paused, then finished, "Right here on the spot unless you give me the dope. Is Jeff Stoddard with the herd?"

He bent over. From flat on his back, the man glared up, silent. Gandy clicked the hammer of his gun. "Better speak up, brother. What you say won't work to hurt you any. But what you don't say will check you out. Is Jeff Stoddard with the herd or not?"

"Yes," came the answer. "Where? In camp or night-riding?"

"How do I know?"

Gandy stabbed downward. The gun muzzle pressed against hard flesh.

"Honest, I don't know!"

"Then what's your password to-night?"

The reply came more promptly. "On guard."

"And the answer to that?"

"Hands down."

"You better be sure that's right," Gandy warned, "because I'm going to try it, and if it doesn't work I'll come back and kill you."

He reached down, yanked the cold man's coat tail over his head and tied rope ends around it, muffling him.

In the course of half an hour two riders approaching warily from opposite directions across the black prairie, came to a stop.

"On guard," said one, low-toned. "Hands down," replied the other. They closed in.

"Up!" said Gandy, gun whipped into startled eyes. "Quick! No sound, you! Keep 'em like that, kick your foot out and come down facing me."

He followed to the ground, added to his collection of guns and then, aloof, drove this second prisoner back in the same direction as the first, but not within sight of each other. These men all looked alike to him, hard, long-backed, tight-mouthed. Yet his cold words brought talk enough, and he left this one as he had that other, bound flat, and head swathed in a coat. He still had no definite news of the 77 owner.

Whether his approach to the herd this time was a little misjudged, or an animal had shifted its bed out from the edge, he didn't know. A lone critter rose suddenly almost under his horse's nose.

The black wheeled. The steer plunged off in a stiff-legged jump, then circled to see what had broken into its sleep. Split hoofs had rattled unnaturally loud in what had been dead silence, and now, about-faced, the animal took a snorting breath.

Gandy waited, his horse pulled in, praying the fool steer would quiet down and not start the others. Then next moment at his back a voice said:

"On guard."

"Hands down," he answered, shifting his horse around.

Immediately the voice snarled, "What's the matter with you, you damn fool! Jumping a cow like that! Want to start 'em running?"

The rider came close, growling, "Time to change the guard. Go on in."

Gandy's gun flicked into the dim face. His words rapped the night. "Put your hands up! I mean it, you! Put . . ."

The upward flick of his gun continued on in a slashing blow at the man's jaw, and his left hand shot out and grabbed the rider's reins; for here was one who took a chance. He had tried to draw.

Gandy felt his gun strike bone. The head snapped backward. Then the startled horses broke apart and he could only grab a handful of clothing, losing both his grip on the reins and his thirty-eight as he was yanked from the saddle, still holding to the other's coat front.

They struck earth together. Gandy's arms around a thick body, huge in size and heavily muscled. It was a giant of a man he had met here, and the next moves were those of a skilled fighter. Twice they rolled, clawing, and then he felt himself suddenly in a scissors lock between powerful legs. He wrenched. The legs held. Iron arms were crushing him backward. He recoiled from a savage head butt. His wounded left leg went numb; his fists lashing in curving blows seemed unable to connect.

All breath was rapidly being cut off from him and a blackness more than the night was flooding before his eyes. He braced both arms back upon the ground, trying to heave the weight from his body, managed only to rise a little without being able to turn. And then his outflung right hand touched metal. He closed upon a gun and put all strength into a blow aimed at the back of the gouging head.



It was a giant of a man he had met here.

The man was breathing but did not move. Gandy felt over him, lifting a revolver from the belt holster, and knew that the gun he had recovered first was his own thirty-eight. In a moment he located a sand of horses munching grass not far off, found the black and the other animal and brought them to the motionless form.

Calm deliberation was gone now, an eager haste flooding over him. Neither of the other two prisoners had tried a desperate break as had this one, and the savagery of his fighting seemed all at once more than an ordinary fear of capture.

The eyes were opening narrowly, pin-pointing up at him. Gandy whipped downward with the thirty-eight. "Don't try yelling! Sit up!"

As nothing happened he reached over and yanked the man upright. "I said up—clear up; get onto your feet!" He helped with a prod of his right boot toe. The man rose grggily.

"Now walk," said Gandy, jabbing forward with the gun. He followed, leading the two horses, and took a course still to the left of his other captives.

Far enough, he halted. "Stand there!"

In rapid movement he pulled the man's rope from against the saddle horn, made a loop and dropped it over the bare head, letting it fall to knee level before jerking it tight.

His jerk was sudden, the man lost balance, tripped and sprawled face down. Gandy sat on him, bound his legs, knotting the rope behind out of reach. He secured the wrists hard together, and yet allowed for slight freedom of the fingers, then cut the rope.

Feeling in the inner coat pocket, he found an envelope, drew it out and cupped a match close. Under the flick of his thumbnail the match flared once and died in the wind. Gandy did not strike another, but put the envelope back in the coat pocket.

Very deliberately he took the man's own gun and emptied it of all but one shell. He tied a ten-foot length of rope to the gun butt and laid it out on the prairie; brought the free end back toward the prone figure.

"Then he stood looking down. 'Stoddard,' he said, 'your game's up. Two dead men are going to sit beside you on this prairie top tonight, Drake and Powell, maybe one more. Now listen. Straight along this rope is your gun with one bullet. You can roll to it, but if there's nothing on your conscience stay where you are. I've caught two of your guards and now I'm going to send your herd back to the hills. After that I'll come to see what you've done about this bullet.'

He muffled Stoddard also with a coat tied around his head, then left him.

Unbroken darkness still hung over the prairie, but morning light could not be far off. Gandy swung the black into a fast walk until he located the steer hide, picked it up, mounted again and circled toward the bedded herd with the roll under his left arm.

Not long after that, any old-timers who were guarding the 77 drive must have thought they were back in Indian days, for it was an Indian stampee trick that Walt Gandy launched with the abruptness of a thunderbolt.

In a burst of drumming hoofs his black horse came down along the pool of cattle, and at the end of a forty-foot rope the stiff steer hide, now outspread, sailed and slapped the earth, sailed again and slapped a startled cow. The cow jumped, bawling. The thing sailed on, rose swooped, a gray shape that darted crazily into the air, slammed into the herd, and all the while set up a rattling and crackling of dry leather.

Two thousand head of cows were on the hoof. Their rising sounded like hail—and then they were on the run. They knew only one way, back in the direction they had come.

The earth vibrated and gave off a rolling thunder. Guns crashed suddenly up ahead. . . . guards trying to turn the herd back upon itself. But the animals were in full move. The gunfire lasted only a moment. The thunder and earth vibration continued.

Twice Walt Gandy crossed behind the galloping white-faces, until a gun glazed close and a bullet winged past. He wheeled, throwing two

signs bimby, then was carried out of range by the crush of his horse. He cut the hide loose and rode for a time following the stampee, certain at last that it could not be checked, and that these animals were headed for the 77 home range.

Off on his left, southward, a new ripple of gunfire sounded, and he heard unmistakably the fog-horn voice of Horsethief Fisher, and another that was like the baying of a Texas bloodhound. The C. C. riders had come! Bailey too, and his bunch!

He drew down, resting his winded horse, with a hollow feeling all at once, and he sat, alone as far as his gaze could penetrate the prairie top, while the ripple of guns moved on west and the thunder of cattle grew more and more distant.

Morning grayed at his back. Someone was coming. He wheeled and saw Paul Champion leaping toward him.

The boy came up. "Why didn't you let me in this? Look!" He held up his forty-five. "I ain't fired a shot!"

Gandy reined over to him and grinned. "That's all right, boy. Who's come? Everyone?"

"Sure. The boss got back, too. He's somewhere."

"Did Helen . . ."

Paul turned quickly in his saddle as if just remembering something. "Helen was—there she is." He pointed to the gray dawn. "Walt, if she'll be all right with you I'll go find me some trouble!"

"Go ahead," said Gandy. "If there's any left." He swung to the ground and was standing braced against the black horse when Helen Cameron reined and dropped beside him.

"Walt!" she cried. "Listen, do you know? Lavin told me. I made him talk. It was . . . Walt . . . it was Stoddard!"

"Wait a minute," he calmed her. "Wait now. Then tell me just one thing. Did Stoddard kill Ranger Powell?"

"Yes! And Chino Drake!" She choked, starting up.

"Wait," said Gandy, putting out a hand to her.

In a moment her words came evenly, in full control: "I'm all right now. When I told Bent Lavin that Bill Hollister was not going to live, he talked. It's too terrible, but he has been so jealous of dad, and Bill too, that when he knew Chino Drake was playing traitor, he wouldn't tell us. Walt, it was Drake who took Bill's rifle from the rack and gave it to Stoddard. And Stod-

ard shot Powell with that gun! After that he couldn't let Drake live. Don't you see? He killed Chino and then put the gun back in our house himself and the whole thing looked like the C. C.'s doing."

She broke off; going on then with effort. "All this time Sheriff Battle has had the cast of some tracks. They were Stoddard's! But Battle was trying to prove they were Bill Hollister's."

"I know," said Gandy. "Bill laid himself open to suspicion by having those boot tracks flooded out. You know by this time, don't you, that he felt he was shielding your father?"

She nodded. "I knew that only last night—there at Outpost cabin. Oh, if Dad and Bill had only talked! Each thinking his silence was protecting the other!"

"But, Helen," Walt demanded suddenly, "you must have known that Lavin was deep in this thing. Paul found him prowling around Powell's body and took a shot at him one night. You certainly heard that shot. And Bent Lavin was the only man who didn't say he was off somewhere else."

"I did know it!" she cried. "I felt all along that Bent Lavin knew too much. But I thought it was something against Bill Hollister. I've been trying night and day to get it from him. He is so deaf he couldn't have heard any of those Drake or Powell shots, but he has eyes that never miss a thing. Walt, I had every reason to believe he held information against Bill Hollister, and had turned that information over to Jeff Stoddard."

She finished in a sudden rush of breath, "Stoddard can't get away! We can't let him slip out now!" Gloved hands reached for her saddle.

Gandy held her. "He won't. You stay here. Don't leave. I'll not be gone long." He turned and gathered the black's reins and had drawn himself up into one stirrup, when from eastward across the prairie came the rolling vibration of a pistol shot. One, no more.

Helen blanched, gasping. "What was that?"

Walt stared into the gray morning; it was a minute before he said: "Couldn't mean anything much. But I guess if you'll get on your horse, we'll ride back together. We'll find Fisher, and he can pick up the loose ends here. Then you and I can go on in."

(Continued next week)

A tiny four-year-old was spending a night away from home. At bedtime she knelt at her hostess' knee to say her prayers, expecting the usual prompting. Finding Mrs. B. unable to help her, she concluded thus:

"Please, God, 'scuse me. I can't remember my prayers and I'm staying with a lady who doesn't know any."—Christian Advocate.

It is no consequence of what parents a man is born, so he be a man of merit.—Horace.

PARK OFFICIALS VIEW HATTERAS ISLAND IDEAL FOR DEVELOPMENT

(Continued from Page 1)

will be the early acquisition of the park. Certainly then, we should hope to see within a few years, an excellent road traversing its whole length.

One index to the wisdom that has characterized the planning of the whole thing, is the thought in exempting from the park area, the present villages, with sufficient land about them to permit normal expansion for a long time to come.

This means that the residents may continue to build homes, and carry on without restriction, all their present gay activities.

But the proper protection and policing, and conservation methods that are anticipated, will mean that the forests may thrive in strength and beauty, that the beaches will become green with grass and shrubbery, and finally trees, and that the wild-life will be sufficiently sheltered, and allowed to increase.

The many would-be hunters who might come in, will not be allowed to take without restriction, the game on which many who are residents depend for food and sport.

Men who own boats or who are hunting guides, will be listed and permitted to earn good incomes by accommodating visitors. Hotels, filling stations, stores, bathing areas, and other places that make pleasant days for visitors will thrive on new business brought by a high class of people who are genuinely interested and do not come for idle gaiety or disorder.

As an example of the type of visitors who come to see the interesting things in our section of the State, it is interesting to note this unusual fact.

Of the more than 200,000 people who came into Dare this summer, there has not been a single killing, a suicide, a fatal accident a drowning, nor great damage of property.

These people have brought no burdens to our local units of government, for there have been no prisoners to feed, no charity cases to care for, and nothing unpleasant or regrettable.

They have been delightful, courteous, and friendly people to meet, who often leave us something constructive to think about, and who depart with all bills paid, and who have left in the communities thousands of dollars that would never have come here in any other manner.

We have only touched the surface of the possibilities for attracting to this region more and more each year from the 140 millions of people in our 48 states.

The future is just as big for us as we wish to make it, but it will call for nerve and vision and a sincere spirit of cooperation.

We will live to see the day, when the most important parts of the three counties of Currituck, Dare and Hyde will be the heretofore little thought of, and little valued seashore sections. Under the park service will come their day in the sun, and they will outline in radiance and splendor, and even in utilitarian worth to the counties and State, the heretofore more favored regions.

Like the story of the lecturer who told about the "acres of diamonds," we too have discovered our greatest assets are in our own back yard. It has been our nature too long to value only that which was easiest to reach, that we have been mighty slow to watch the worth of the thing that is now waking up.

We might easily call the once isolated beaches, the Rip Van Winkle of the North Carolina coast. We might for a further and more apt comparison, call it a "sleeping giant."

But now we know that it has been a sleeping giant, and we know too, that a clamoring populace, discovering its unsuspecting wonders, is banging at the door for admission. The Carolina coast is stretching its limbs and getting ready to go to town. When it gets there, we are going to have a time keeping up with it.

BUXTON NEWS ITEMS

Mr. and Mrs. Corbette Burrus and son, Winston, of Norfolk, spent ten days at Buxton and Hatteras visiting relatives and friends. Mrs. Syble Onslow of Boston, Mass., is the guest of her mother, Mrs. Caddie Gaskins. Miss Pauline Rollinson is in New York City visiting Miss Alma Payne.

Cnesley Midgett has returned to Wilmington, Del., after spending a few days with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Midgett.

Mrs. Melissa Gray has returned from Portsmouth, Va., where she visited her daughter, Mrs. Bill Williams and family.

Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Midgett spent the day in Manteo with his mother, Mrs. Guthrie Midgett before she left for New London, Conn., to visit her daughter, Mrs. W. W. Ballance.

Mrs. Christina Scarborough and daughter are visiting relatives at Cape Charles, Va.

E. R. Midgett and son, Boyce, have returned from Norfolk.

Wallace Gray is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Gray. Mrs. Janet Finnegan and children are spending some time here.

Mrs. Lilla Quifley is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Mack Swain in Norfolk.

Mrs. Nellie Barnett and children have moved to Elizabeth City where she will enter her children Signa and Andrew, Jr., in school.

Mrs. Angelina Farrow has returned home after visiting her daughter, Mrs. Celia Carson in Corolla, N. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Jennette and children of Raleigh, spent some time here this summer visiting relatives and friends.

Mrs. Durwood Hardisty and baby left Monday for Norfolk to visit her sister.

Rufman Gray of the U.S.C.G. is spending his leave with his family. Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Gray and children of Arkansas are visiting Mrs. Gray's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Gray.

Miss Estella Midgett has returned home after spending some time in Norfolk with her brother, Ralph Midgett and family.

Mrs. Irene Austin returned home last week from Jersey where she visited her brother, Jarvis Barnett.

Mrs. Lu