

Social :: Personals :: Parties

Telephone 44

We appreciate all news items. Phone them in.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Kee spent Friday in Seaboard. Earl Green, of Elizabeth City, is spending the summer here. Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Westcott were in Norfolk on business Tuesday. Miss Helen Etheridge, of Elizabeth City, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Sam Kee. Mrs. Helen Dough and son, Clyde, of New York City, are visiting relatives here. Mrs. Walter G. Etheridge, of Elizabeth City, visited her mother, Mrs. Emma Dough, last weekend. Miss Bessie Gray is visiting her sister, Mrs. James Heath and Mr. Heath, at their home near New Bern. Woodrow Price returned to Elizabeth City Monday, after spending several days here on business. Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Gibson and little daughter, Margaret Baxter, left Monday for Shawboro, where they will spend several weeks. Ellery Midgett, of New York City, was a visitor in Manteo Saturday night. He went to Rodanthe Sunday to visit his mother, Mrs. John Allen Midgett. Milton Midgett, who has been a student at Louisburg Junior College during the past year, is spending the summer with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Willie Midgett. Mrs. Dorothy Casey Belue is spending several weeks with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Midgett, Sr. Mr. Midgett, who has been critically ill for some time, remains about the safe.

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FISH HAWKS MAY BE FEARING HARD TIMES

Fishermen Claim They Store Croakers in Johns Ditch, Near Bridge

Twenty one giant fish-hawks have been fishing long-nets of three Dare county fishermen in Roanoke Sound which is by no means unusual, especially in their nesting season, but what puzzles the fishermen is why the hawks, working steadily throughout the afternoon, were storing their catch alive in John's Ditch pond half a mile below the bridge that connects Roanoke Island with the Outer Banks. The pond, which is about 75 yards across, is alive with croakers, all of them bearing claw-marks of the fish-hawks, and all of them alive and apparently not much the worse for having been flown half a mile and dropped into the pond. Fishermen estimate that there is a good fifteen boxes of croakers stored by the fishing hawks. It has never happened before in the experience of even Uncle Bob O'Neal or Alpheus Drinkwater. Unusually heavy catches of croakers have been taken from the Roanoke during the past week and local machinery for handling and distributing them has been heavily taxed. And the forested areas of the island, along the nesting place of fish hawks, have been alive with the screaming of the hawks now busy feeding their nesting wives. It will be a week or more before the young are hatched. The sight of a great hawk plummeting into the water and coming up with a fish is common enough. Fishing their long nets in the Sound, three fishermen, Ed Hooper, Alfred Guard and Salty Midgett, all of them reputable citizens of the island, were puzzled by the unwonted activity of the hawks. They would dive down beside the laden net, come up with a croaker, fly toward the island with it. What puzzled the fishermen was the fact that the hawks returned immediately for more. Most of the fishing was done near the boats. It was noticeable that the croakers were brought up by their tails, and then were shifted so that their bony heads were carried into the wind. After watching the spectacle for a while Mr. Guard and Mr. Midgett put out in a skiff to investigate. The croakers were being dropped into John Ditch pond, a marsh-encircled lake, fed at high tide by seeping water, but without any outlet through which a fish might escape. Upon investigation, the lake was alive with croakers. Some of them were taken in crab nets, and all of them bore undisputable evidence of having been caught in the talons of a hawk. Relatively few of them were badly lacerated. But what the hawks intend to do with them is puzzling all the local authorities on hawks and fish. Most of the hawks have nests in near by wooded areas of the island, and the conjecture is that the hawks have adopted the wisdom of the squirrels.

SHINING PALACE

By CHRISTINE WHITING PARMENTER

THE STORY

You must forgive him, Nora. The boy was going through troubles of his own at that time, serious troubles. I dare say he forgot everything else. Don't blame him any more than you can help, dear. We all do the wrong thing at times. And once in a great while—thank God—we're given the opportunity to make amends. Last night, you see, Ned realized that I was troubled. I'd been talking with Martha. She had been crying when I went up to see her birthday gifts, crying because of you. For the first time in all these years, Nora, we talked about you; and in her own, kind, carefully respectful way, she showed me myself—told me the truth that I had long suspected. "I went down at last, and sat on the old davenport where you and I so often threshed things out together, trying to think how I could find you, dear. And I should have found you, Nora, if you'd been at the North Pole! Then Ned came in. He had heard news of you—it doesn't matter how. He wanted to come himself but I refused to let him, I was so hungry for a sight of you! For you are my little girl, darling. Nothing has altered that, nor ever can. When I think what you've been through—Tell me," he broke off abruptly, "how did you manage? What kept you going? Who helped you when you needed help so desperately?" Said Nora, a far-away look creeping into her eyes: "A woman in South Africa, Father. The sort of woman we're supposed to 'pass by on the other side.' It's too long a story to go into now, but she gave me a diamond. It was very beautiful—so beautiful that, though it was saving us, I wept a little when I gave it up!" Nora paused thoughtfully a moment; then went on: "You see, Father, things were very bad indeed. All we had saved had gone into this home. There were only a few hundred dollars in the bank when we started West; but we weren't worrying. There was plenty to see me through my confinement, and more was promised. We had never felt so sure about the future—so light-hearted. "And then—the avalanche! For weeks the doctors thought Don would not live. For months he could not leave the hospital. He lay on one of a long, long row of narrow beds—nothing to hear but sounds of sickness and clamor of city streets—nothing to see but four bare walls; and he so loves beauty! Only to think about it tore my heart in two. And the pain—grinding, unceasing, wearing away his splendid strength as water wears away the stones upon a beach. I think all that he wanted then was to die, Father, to end the struggle; but remembering what I had to face alone, he kept on fighting. "It was very terrible. I couldn't even run in to cheer him at odd times, for he was in a ward. I couldn't buy him a single flower. For the money was going—melting away so fast it frightened me; yet how could I leave the babies to earn more even if I had known some way to do it? Constance Venable, who would have shared her last crust with us, was far away. I had no one to turn to. I sold some of the trinkets you'd given me; but could not get half their real value and what they brought only staved off the inevitable for a little while. "And then one night when I was counting the endless hours, it came to me like an inspiration that my diamond was worth money—real

money. It saw us through. Dad—kept us going—brought us back home when Don was able to be moved. Such a joy to be where he can watch the sea and feel the wind on his face! Almost from the first minute he started gaining. He's writing again now—a book—but the work goes slowly. You see, there is still much pain, and his nerves aren't steady. But he tries so hard to get the better of them, Dad. He's so courageous. Her voice died down as if tears threatened again; and James said, his own voice husky with emotion. "See here, Nora. I realize that you can forgive me a great deal because you understand. You know that though I was too stubborn to admit it, I have always loved you—missed you unspeakably. But how will your husband regard me now? In his eyes I have betrayed a trust—let you bear burdens too heavy for your shoulders. Can he forgive too, or—"

"In just a moment," broke in Nora softly, one hand thrown out in an expressive gesture, "I—I think we'll know." James raised his eyes. The curtains at the door had parted, and standing before them, his hair blown back in the familiar way, stood Don, his boys beside him, his baby daughter clinging to one hand. Even that first quick glance told much to Nora's father. He saw that the once straight shoulders sagged a little, as if the effort to stand erect was now too great. He saw that the wind-blown hair was white above the temples—the eyes seemed deeper set—the cheekbones higher. But he saw also that the lines on Don's thin, tanned face were born of suffering, not self-pity; and that his head still lifted buoyantly as of old. Unconquered! The word, so singularly fitting, sprang into James Lambert's mind as he arose. Unconquered! That was Don Mason. Never again could office walls imprison him. He had got beyond them. There was a silence; then Don said gently: "Well, sir?" Only two words, but to the old man they were a challenge, and he met it generously. Though his eyes smiled, his voice was wholly serious. "I lay down my sword. The enemy surrenders to the better man." And then Don laughed, a laugh that seemed to bring the clean, gay spirit of adventure into the room. Impulsively he started forward, but stopped, remembering; while James saw with quick compassion that one foot dragged. "The enemy?" Don echoed. "I think not, sir." He glanced down, meeting the puzzled young faces that were lifted to him. "Children," he said, "attention! Salute your grandfathers. The old King has come home!"

staff of the famous Croatan Inn at Kill Devil Hills, and a U. S. Post-Office of that name is located in the Fort Twiford store with Mrs. Twiford postmistress. Charles M. Baker at Kill Devil Hills is developing his choice of ocean front lots, near the Wright Memorial tract he donated the Government. At Nags Head the First Colony Inn is ready and glowing for a big season. The Nags Head under the capable management of A. F. Wade, an experienced hotel man, is ready for business.



Love...

EMERGING FROM TRAGEDY

The minister's brooding reticence concealed the secret of a terrible tragedy. Jonathan Farwell had hugged it to his bosom since Dale was a baby. To the boy Elaine was a saint—but when Dale told his father of his love for Lee, the tragic story of his mother was revealed. The lives of the young lovers seemed about to be wrecked when the white hand of Elaine reached out of the past and smoothed away all doubt and misunderstanding. Read this gripping romance!

'HEART'S HERITAGE'

Begins Next Week, June 3rd and Don't Forget

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THE DARE COUNTY TIMES BOX 55 MANTEO, N. C.

PITTSBURGHERS COME BACK FOR MORE DARE FISH

Bert Kline and Party Each Land Channel Bass At Oregon Inlet Monday

They always come back. Bert Kline, Editor of The Homestead Daily Messenger, a suburban Pittsburgh newspaper, came to Roanoke Island to fish early in the month bringing with him his son, and two friends, Walter Jones and Edgar May. Mr. Kline had excellent fishing, and was so pleased that he went back home and wrote lots of nice things about us. Then he came back last week, bringing more friends, John C. Forbes, Russell McWhinney and Leo L. Half, prominent Pittsburgh business men. On Monday afternoon, while out with Capt. Ryan Midgett, they each landed a large channel bass. We could say lots of nice things about Mr. Kline, but the following extracts from his own column about his first visit, will tell his story better, and give the reader an idea of what a fine man he is. There are many men who go to Manteo and Nags Head for the blue fishing which is starting now and runs for about a month, the fish getting larger and harder to land each day. But our party, headed by Captain Channel Bass Kline and with Walter Jones, Jr., and Edgar M. May as first mates, ran into the schools of channel bass which range from 25 pounds up. So big do these fish get that sometimes it is said, the boats are equipped with winlasses to drag them over the side! But in all reality and truthfulness, if you will believe a fisherman, the channel bass get as large as 60 or 70 pounds. And talk about fight!! Bluefish may fight and be good struggle for their size. But then so are

trout. It's just like comparing a good little football team to a good big team. The bigger the fish, the better the fun and especially with these channel bass that jump clear out of the water and try to get the hook from their mouth.

We'll never forget the first strike we got. But we lost him. It wasn't five minutes later that the second one struck our feather lure and he was really hooked. It took a good five minutes to land him with plenty of struggle and no little pulling on his part. The third day was the crowing day for Captain Channel Bass. He pulled in six big ones, the biggest weighing close to 30 pounds and that one was on display in Mack's fish market but by now it is probably cooked and eaten. A total of twelve big ones, weighing from 25 to 30 pounds, were caught on the final day of fishing and much of the credit goes to Captain Ryan Midgett who followed a school of the finned critters for about 10 miles. In fact, Capt. Midgett followed the fish so far that he thought we'd be lucky to get back to Manteo on the gasoline we had—for we had traveled halfway down to Cape Hatteras along the coast, a distance of about 30 or 35 miles. The Captain was a fisherman and his son, Jackson, was the life of the party. For Jackson took orders from the Cap'n and was hopping up to the prow and down, again before he had a chance to find the fish. Our thanks are extended to Sheriff Victor Meekins who made arrangements for the party. The sheriff also runs the Dare County Times, a weekly newspaper, so we may have something in common after-all. We are not a member of the Dare County Chamber of Commerce or the Manteo Merchants Association or the Nags Head Builder-Uppers, but we can advise all fishermen who like to catch big fish and like to have a fight on their hands to catch them—to go to Manteo or Nags Head, N. C., where the fish are big enough to make you wish you hadn't hooked them. One member of the party, we can't remember who to credit the remark to, had it right when he said: "I don't know whether I hooked the fish or the fish hooked me. For a while I wondered who was going to win. I didn't know whether I'd pull him into the boat or he'd pull me out of it."

MANTEO BALL TEAM WILL PLAY BLUE DEVILS SUNDAY

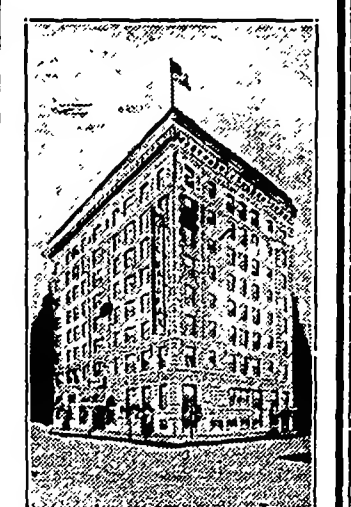
The Manteo baseball team will meet the Blue Devils of Norfolk Sunday afternoon at three o'clock. Manager W. B. Midgett has announced that the games will have to stop if they are not patronized, and he urges the local people to come out and give the home team good support.

Advertisement for OCTAGON soap, featuring a coupon and the text 'SAVE THE COUPONS'.

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Octagon Cleanser, 2 for .9c
Octagon Chips, 2 for .18c
Octagon Granulated, 2 for .18c
Crystal White Soap, 3 for .14c
Hollywood Beauty Soap, 3 for .14c
Crema Oil Soap, 3 for .14c
Klex (Pumice) Soap, 3 for .14c
CITY MARKET
Manteo, N. C.

Advertisement for Hall Finishing, featuring 'Hall-Quality Finishing' and 'Hall-Tone' products.

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DARE BEACHES OPEN SEASON SATURDAY, 28th

Big Crowds Will Come This Year As Result of Last Season's Advertising. Formal opening of the Dare County beaches of Kitty Hawk, Kill Devil Hills and Nags Head, tomorrow, Saturday, May 28th will anticipate the largest summer patronage ever known at the resorts. Chiefly because this is the first season to profit by the immense advertising given Dare County last summer by the famous Paul Green drama, "Lost Colony." Beach businessmen are expecting huge crowds early in the season. The Nags Head Beach Club, under the management of L. L. Overton, has been put in readiness for Saturday's gala opening. The High Hatters have been backed for the music. "Ras" Westcott's casino has been open a month. And successive Saturday nights have shown this place will remain a leader in popularity on the beach. Corbell Morris who last season, was manager of the Nags Head, this year manages "The Breakers," rooming house and home of good eats, owned by C. E. Parker of Corolla. Miss Marie LeRoy is with the

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GRAHAM WOODHOUSE

Announces for Clerk of the Superior Court of Currituck County. I have been solicited by many friends in the County to become a candidate for the Superior Court Clerkship and I am hereby announcing for said office, subject to the action of the democratic primaries of June 4th, 1938. I shall greatly prize the support of the voters of the County and if nominated and elected I shall strive to merit the confidence you will have placed in me. I was born and reared in Currituck County and went over the sea to fight for my Country and before and after this trip I had always, and am now consistently and cheerfully supporting the nominees and principles of the Democratic party. May I again ask your support. GRAHAM WOODHOUSE GRANDY, N. C.

Advertisement for First & Citizens National Bank, featuring a check and the text 'The value of cancelled checks as receipts is one good reason why you should have a checking account at this bank.'

The value of cancelled checks as receipts is one good reason why you should have a checking account at this bank. First & Citizens National Bank Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation ELIZABETH CITY, N. C.