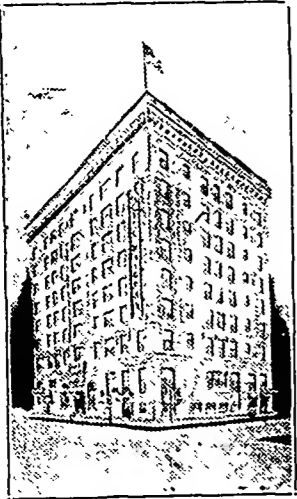


MANTEO GIRL RUNS FAIRFAX NEWSSTAND



THE FAIRFAX HOTEL in Norfolk is popular with North Carolinians because of its convenience, its quiet, and its splendid service.

Miss Lucy Smith, a Manteo girl, who is a daughter of the late Sheriff R. W. Smith, is the lessee and operator of the newsstand and cigar counter in this hotel, where she enjoys a successful business.

The Galvin hotels formerly included the Victoria and the Southland. But Mr. Galvin recently disposed of the Southland and will devote his entire time to the Fairfax.

In connection with the hotel is an excellent restaurant, a dining room popular for civic luncheons, and the Dickens Room, a charming beverage lounge opened in 1937, well worth visiting when in Norfolk.

FIRST LOCAL MAN TO TAKE PLANE UP

Wilton Joliff Makes First Solo Flight in Taylor Cub Plane

Wilton "Jolly" Joliff, popular operator of Manteo's Texaco filling station, became the first of the local flying students to solo when he took off by himself from the Manteo Airport last Thursday afternoon.

Flying the cub plane that he and four other Manteo business men own, "Jolly" made five landings and stayed in the air for about thirty minutes.

A student of pilot David Driskill, "Jolly" had flown for about eight or ten hours under the instruction of the Park Service flyer.

Although Thursday was the first time in recent years that "Jolly" has flown a plane by himself, he already had flown 39 solo hours while he was in the Navy prior to 1927.

The other co-owners of the cub plane, Martin Kellogg, Jr., Leigh Hassell, Doran Quidley, and Alvah Ward, are training under Driskill now, and several are expected to solo before the summer is over.

700 Defeated by 5,000 Seven hundred Texans defeated 5,000 Mexican soldiers in 18 minutes at the battle of San Jacinto in 1838.

NOTICE

North Carolina Dare County In the Superior Court. William E. Hall

VS Fannie Gregory Hall Service of summons by publication

The defendant in the above entitled action will hereby take notice that an action is entitled above has been instituted in the Superior Court of Dare County.

That summons was issued out of the office of the clerk of Superior Court and complaint filed on the 11th day of June 1938, which complaint sets forth grounds for an absolute divorce from the said defendant Fannie Gregory Hall on grounds of more than two years separation.

Defendant will further take notice that said summons is returnable before the Clerk of the Superior Court of Dare County at his office in Manteo, N. C., on or before the 18th day of August 1938, when and where the defendant is required to appear and answer or demur to the complaint, or the relief therein demanded will be granted.

This the 11th day of June 1938. C. S. MEEKINS. Clerk Superior Court Dare County (47-117-Jly-h)

Wolves End a Feud

Substitute a Sho-Nuff Romance in the Mountains When They Trap Girl and Boy in the Darkness



The wolves kept up their hellish cries and circled nearer and nearer, their yellow eyes gleaming through the darkness.

By WILLIAM HORNE

SINCE the first Hartley killed the first Vaughn in 1869 at a whisky still on the Little Tennessee river in the Smoky mountains of North Carolina and started the bloody Vaughn-Hartley feud that has taken a toll of a dozen lives, there has been no let-up in the bitter hatred between the two clans until that dark night a few weeks ago when Fate took a hand in the form of a pack of hungry, blood-thirsty timber wolves in the fastness of the Smokies.

It was near sundown when young Tom Vaughn tucked the squirrels he had killed into his belt and started down the narrow, winding trail that led into the gap to his home two miles south on the edge of Lake Santeelah.

Suddenly from off in the darkness came the howl like that of a dog. Tom Vaughn stopped in the path. It came again, and this time it was answered by another dismal, wild call farther away. Timber wolves!

Hears Woman Scream. The eerie cries came again, this time seemingly closer together. With these came a third cry—a cry so shrill and so piercing and so terror-filled that Tom Vaughn gasped and crouched low in the trail. For this third cry was the scream of a terrified woman, and it came from the darkness scarcely a hundred yards off to the right.

The listening man opened his mouth and gave a long, piercing yell that echoed hollowly back from the invisible cliffs behind him. He stretched his ears, listening, and presently his call was answered.

He called again, his voice lowered: "Where are y'?" The answer came from the dark: "Right by th' creek—who is it?"

Soon he stood looking down into the white face of a girl. In that thick blackness he could not tell her identity. So he leaned over and peered at the light patch in the darkness.

"It's me," he answered, trying to pierce the dark with his eyes. "Tom Vaughn. Who air y'?"

There was no answer from the prone figure against the bole of the tree at Tom Vaughn's feet; merely a gasp of surprise.

Feud in the Blood.

"Who air y'?" He leaned down and peered at the white blob that was the girl's face. "Air y' hurt?"

"My ankle," came the final answer, now in a voice that was slightly husky and just a bit harsh. "It's broke, but I don't need no help o' yore's." Tom Vaughn—

The boy gasped his surprise and slowly straightened up stiffly. "Marian—Hartley—" he whispered, hoarsely, anger welling up in his voice.

"I fell down from that rock," she said then, and her voice trembled.

"Jest when did y' do hit?" He asked.

"Long afore sundown," she answered, "but don't ye mind, Tom Vaughn. I don't need airy bit o' help from no Vaughn." Her voice was trembling with hate, and at these words the boy slowly stood up, his lips tight against the report he was about to make.

Then he turned and looked down at the dim form against the tree bole. "Hartley er no Hartley," he said in a tight-lipped voice, "I got t' git ye out o' hyah, Marian Hartley. These varmints is gittin' plumb

bad, an' unless I kin strike up es fire, they'll shore git to us 'fore daylight."

Planning Escape. There came no answer from the girl, and Tom Vaughn fumbled through his pockets for matches. Finally he realized with a thumping heart that he had no matches.

He turned and spoke down at the girl. "I ain't got ary a match, Marian Hartley," and his voice was grim and hard. "An' I ain't got but a handful o' shells for my gun, neither—"

"I'd set that laig o' yore'n," he told her finally, "eff'n I had er light t' see hit by."

"Hit's pain'n' purty bad," the girl answered with a groan. "I druther ye'd git me out o' hyah, Tom Vaughn."

But Tom Vaughn couldn't do that. He was strong enough to carry the slim girl in his arms all right, but he knew that once he left the shelter of the creek bank those blood-thirsty wolves would drag him down and have both of them at their mercy.

So instead of answering her, he fired a quick shot at a pair of gleaming eyes a dozen feet away, laid his rifle down and cut some low-hanging br-anches from the oak limbs above his head.

Attacked by Wolves. As midnight passed other wolves joined the sieging band, and their arrival seemed to make the first-comers more courageous in their attacks, which now grew more frequent and ferocious.

Finally one of the boldest made a sudden lunge at Tom Vaughn. He had been standing looking back over the low creek bank when it happened, and it was the girl's quick scream that brought him pivoting about to meet the charge. He swung his rifle as he turned and felt the barrel of it thud against the animal's head.

Faugs at His Throat. Just as the wolf charged Tom Vaughn blindly pulled the trigger of his rifle. The heavy bullet tore through the savage brain and the animal fell limp at his feet.

He swung wildly about and fired a shot at random toward two more that had ventured to within six feet. He heard a yelp in answer as the bullet struck, but both animals whirled and disappeared snarling into the darkness.

Tom Vaughn had always known that a hungry pack of wolves will turn cannibal when one of their number has been killed or mortally wounded, so he grasped the dead animal by both hind legs and flung it into the brush.

The Feud Is Over. Presently he heard a low snarl in that direction. Then another and another, until finally the night was filled with growls and snarling yelps as the hungry pack fell to to devour the body of their dead comrade.

Finally, after hours that dragged like a hideous nightmare for the watching boy and the feverish, injured girl, dawn came to the swamp.

He gathered the girl in his arms and went on down the trail toward Lake Santeelah and his home.

"Ye live better a five mile from hyah," he told the girl by way of explanation, "an' 'tain't but three mile from my house t' Tapoco. I reckon as how 'twon't be no harm t' take a Hartley woman t' a Vaughn house eff'n she's broke up lach'n ye air, till th' doctor c'n be had."

Tom Vaughn married Marian Hartley at the community church near Proctor, N. C.

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ABOUT TO GIVE FORT TO PARK SERVICE

Old Fort Raleigh To Be Transferred to the Federal Government Soon

The National Park Service this week called on Representative Lindsay Warren and advised him that they were now prepared to receive a deed from the State Historical Commission and the State of North Carolina for Fort Raleigh on Roanoke Island which will be administered under the Historic Sites Act.

Mr. Warren has forwarded the report and map to Governor Hoey and has asked that the deed be executed as early as possible.

Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Wright, Jr., and son Charles returned to their home in Wendell, Monday after a week-end visit her with Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Vogler.

HUNTING AND FISHING

(Continued from page one)

of Roanoke Island, and he and his friends spend a great deal of their time fishing for croakers. In a little skiff they row a couple of miles out in Croatan Sound, and they seldom come back without good catches. Using cut bait they sometimes catch croakers ranging up to three pounds.

Charlie Perry took a party to Oregon Inlet Monday, but because one of the group was susceptible to seasickness, they anchored and fished for Spanish Mackerel instead of trolling; Result: 16 mackerel.

Mrs. Nell Midgett at the Lost Colony Inn told us about a Mr. C. H. Daniels of Greenwich, Conn., who made another nice catch of Spanish Mackerel. Down for a week-end he made his good catch Sunday, and returned to New England Monday morning, entirely satisfied, he said, with his expedition to southern fishing grounds.

Lester D. S. Fittler, Assistant Secretary of Lee & Perrins, sauce manufacturers, spent several days here last week fishing with Capt. H. C. Smith. He was accompanied by Mrs. Fittler, and they had good luck part of the time, landing

many blues, and channel bass.

Two of the most likeable and folksy fellows to land here in many a day fished with Capt. Lee Dough of Manteo the past week end. R. W. Humphrey, one of the Deputies Attorney General of Pennsylvania, who lives at Ellwood City, and R. A. Dambach, lumber dealer of Evans City came in on Friday. They didn't worry about the poor catch that day, but took in Ras Wescott's casino at night, and plugged away at the inlet on Saturday.

On Thursday afternoon, Capt. W. A. Cautren, sub-district inspector of CCC went fishing at Cape Hatteras, using 18 thread line, and landed a 50-pound channel bass, with fresh mullet bait. The fish was 49 inches long. Seven in all were caught that day by the two men in the party. Capt. B. A. Brimball, company Commander, caught four and Capt. Cautren three.

THE BEACHCOMBER

(Continued from page one)

men that they begin to crack up when the pressure gets too heavy. They can't carry more than just so much load. But Bradford Fearing is designed differently; take the load off his back and he sort of slacks off. Put the pressure back, and he settles down to another season. The comparative inactivity of the season so far had left him sort of limp, but the minute the pressure got to a certain poundage, he perked up, and now he is about back in the phenomenal stride that carried him—and Lost Colony—through last summer—Mr Warren should have called him the Human Diesel.

All the way to Buxton and back I wondered whether Chancy Meekins didn't know any better or just didn't give more than three-eighths of a whoop what happened. Or maybe he was so engrossed with this and that along the way that he was unaware that a lot of senile decrepitude had hold of the stick of the Stinson he was riding in. But he didn't bat so much as an eye.

Uncle Chance and I have been plotting a trip down the banks for some months, and it fell out that the had to be an air picture done of the theatre at Fort Raleigh. That's about the only way you can get all of it on to one piece of film. So we took off, with Bill Newton piloting the crate. Uncle Chance started out on the front seat, but the window by the rear seat didn't lend itself to photography. So we shifted. That didn't bother him any.

After we circled the Fort 21 times and finally got the right angle on the theatre, we still had an hour or so we could spare. It had been some years since I had undertaken to fly anything more than a kite but old habit got the

best of me and I asked Bill Newton to let me have it. He did. Well, anyhow, a Stinson will almost fly itself if you let it alone. We throttled back to an even 100 miles an hour and started toward Buxton. If we wanted to take a close look at anything, we went. It took one hour 't to go down and circle Hatteras Light a few

times and come back and let Uncle Chance have a similar look at Wanchese. He hadn't done any considerable flying before, and by all the usages, he ought to have been fidgety, and with me flying, he might have been plumb squeamish. I thought he just maybe didn't give a dam, or—well, he's probably a pretty good sport.

TAX NOTICE!

All persons who have not paid their taxes, will take notice, that after July 1st, 1938, I will be compelled to levy on your automobile or other personal property and to garnishee your wages.

So please come in and save yourself extra cost and me the embarrassment of having to levy on your car, boats, nets or other personal property.

Final Notice

All Real Estate Taxes not paid by July 1st, 1938 will be advertised and sold. Land sale, will not be further postponed this year.

PLEASE PAY AS SOON AS YOU CAN AND AVOID ANY UNPLEASANTNESS ON YOUR PART AND OURS

D. V. Meekins TAX COLLECTOR

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