

THE DARE COUNTY TIMES

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CATHERINE D. MEEKINS Secretary-Treasurer

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SOCIETY OF MERCY

The International Red Cross, which was organized in 1864 as the result of work of a young Swiss businessman, to relieve suffering of all those wounded on the field of battle, whether friend or foe, has become one of the greatest humanitarian organizations in the world, doing great work in both time of peace and time of war, and today its work in the present global war is outstanding—making it truly a Society of Mercy.

The helping hand of this great organization was recently felt by a Southern Albemarle family, when it made it possible for Mr. and Mrs. Mat Berry of Engelhardt to send vitamin tablets and other items to their son Bryan, now a war prisoner of the Empire of Japan. This would have hardly been possible had it not been for the Red Cross.

Some 40,000,000 people, living in all parts of the world, belong to the Red Cross. All civilized nations are a party to the Treaty of Geneva, which makes the Red Cross an official and an international organization. The American organization with its 15,000,000 adult members and about the same number of young people, is the largest national society. Japan is second with 3,630,000 members.

As a result of the terms of the Geneva Prisoners of War Convention of 1929, the International Red Cross Committee is given the right to inspect prison conditions in the various warring countries to see that the war-prisoners are kept in clean, well-heated places, given medical treatment, freedom to exercise their religion, and to take part in sports, as well as see that they are allowed to correspond with friends and relatives, their mail being carried free, and they may receive parcels of food, books, etc.

In every country, colony and territory throughout the world, the Red Cross work is helpful to the needy and suffering. When disaster strikes, the Red Cross moves in and helps. As in the past, during this terrible, bloody war of survival that involves six continents, this international organization is proving itself a Society of Mercy.

AIM HIGH YOUNG MAN

Every boy is encouraged by his parents to make a mark in life. If he chooses to be a merchant, then they want him to be a good merchant and a big merchant; if he chooses to become a soldier, they want him to be one who wins the admiration of his officers and who rises in rank.

All boys of the neighborhood are advised by the older heads, who are interested in them, to "aim high young man." In a democracy, such as ours, the sky is the limit for strong, energetic men. They are limited only by their aims, and the will to do good and right.

Lincoln, the great president who led the Union through the War Between the States, is only one of the few Americans who climbed the ladder of success because he aimed high; worked hard; lived honestly. In our own North Carolina we have former governor Clyde R. Hoey, Congressman Herbert Bonner, and former Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels, among many others.

An anonymous poem which we found in an old reader in the book case by our desk entitled "Low Aim Is Crime" contains words of wisdom for all young Americans. It follows:

Life is a leaf of paper white
Whereon each one of us may write
His word or two, and then comes night;
Greatly begin! Though thou hast time
But for a line, be that sublime!
Not failure, but low aim, is crime.

SCRAP IRON AND STEEL

"The United States needs scrap iron and steel." It is valuable in the manufacture of war equipment because it yields a better finished product than iron ore alone. Scrap iron and steel has been already refined and therefore saves a great deal of time in the process of manufacture. These are principle reasons for the collection of the scrap iron and steel but perhaps the greatest reason is the fact that we need it to help win this war. American citizens have been asking, "What can we do at home to help?"—the collection of scrap is the answer as well as conservative measures in the use of so called other war materials.

The amount of scrap iron and steel collected too, will mean much to the farmer since present stocks of farm equipment are soon to be depleted and this scrap will also mean more machinery that the farmer would otherwise have to do without. The salvaging of useless iron and steel may be turned into useful implements of farming—thus in turn be a possible means of helping feed a starving world during the post-war period.

"Throw your scrap into the fight" is not merely just a slogan but it may mean one of the actual means of winning the war and one of the factors in reconstruction when this war is over. The president has wisely suggested that we relinquish heirlooms made of steel and iron also useless land marks ancient cannons and statues—these may do much toward saving the democracies of the world. It is the scrap in fields and ditches, in attics and backyards, that the nation is asking to be salvaged—that already in junk yards is stock piled for Victory and does not reflect upon salvage committees, if it is not immediately moved, since this is accessible any time.

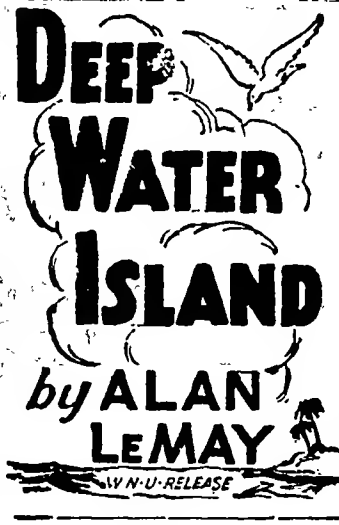
AMERICA'S NATURAL RESOURCES

In the laboratories of America, miracles are in the process of being wrought. New frontiers of science are being explored. And old and commonplace materials are being turned to new and marvelous uses.

Coal and oil are cases in point. We think primarily of coal as a substance which provides motive power for industry and which heats homes. We think primarily of oil as a variety of liquids which propel our engines and lubricate our machinery. But coal and oil are the basis of new materials which serve a thousand other vital purposes.

The loss of our natural rubber is leading to the creation of a vast new synthetic rubber industry. Some kinds of synthetic rubber are made from oil derivatives. Other kinds are made of derivatives of coal. All the various synthetic rubbers have special and important uses. And the chemists are certain that, in time, we will have an abundant supply of artificial rubber which will be superior in all ways to the natural product.

Joy does not happen. It is the inevitable result of certain lines followed and laws obeyed, and so a matter of character. —M. B. Babcock.



SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I—Karen Waterston, convinced by her lawyer, John Colt, that she has a claim to the island estate and fortune of her grandfather, Garrett Waterston, arrives in Honolulu to attempt to gain control of the property. Here she meets Richard Wayne, "Tonga Dick" as he is known throughout the South Pacific. He is a member of the Wayne family that has been in control of her grandfather's island, Alaska, since the old man's disappearance. Although Tonga Dick never has been in contact with Karen, she attempts to conceal her identity from him. Dick offers to take her sailing and she accepts.

CHAPTER II—Dick goes to the home of his half-brother, Ernest and Willard, for a conference regarding their interest in Alaska. In the course of their discussion it is revealed that the Wayne family obtained the island for a small sum and under the direction of "Tonga Dick" who has assets of around three million dollars. The Waynes are worried that Karen may have a good claim to the island.

CHAPTER III—Next day as Dick takes Karen sailing she learns that he knows and tells her that he is taking Karen to Alaska. She wants to go back to Honolulu but he refuses to take her.

CHAPTER IV—Although she is thrilled by the sight of the deep water island, Alaska, Karen is not sure about her uncle here. Dick finds that his uncle, James Wayne, is very ill. When Dick sees him, James Wayne tells him that the pending suit for the island and tells Dick he will under no circumstances come to a settlement.

CHAPTER V—Dick tries to get Karen to reach a compromise for settling the status of Alaska but she will have none of it and tells him to discuss the matter with John Colt who has been her lawyer. He tells her that a native house-girl, Lilia, is romantically interested in him. He laughs this off.

CHAPTER VI—That night during a storm James Wayne is found dead at his desk. Dick realizes that he has died from overwork but believes some sort of shock must have been the immediate cause. He believes Karen was with his uncle at the time of his death. Dick now decides to take Karen to Honolulu.

CHAPTER VII—On the way back Dick tells Karen he loves her. They discuss plans for disposing of her claim to the island and she tells him that the matter must be settled before she can marry over this and on reaching Honolulu part on unfriendly terms, each decided to make a fight for the island. Dick is telling John Colt about her experiences with Tonga Dick who discovers that Colt too is in love with her.

CHAPTER VIII—Dick Wayne attempts a compromise with John Colt and when his offer is refused he warns his lawyer that his case is washed up and the end of Karen's Pacific adventure is in sight. Dick then goes to Alaska and examines the books of the island property and learns that over a long period of time James Wayne had been paying out large sums of money for "old debts." He calls a conference with his brothers.

CHAPTER IX—Next morning, Dick's brothers get a terrific shock when they learn that Dick is on his way to Alaska. Dick explains that the old man left the island over two years before and that he believed he was about to lose all his property. Being of violent temperament he wanted to get the matter settled before he was just dropped from sight. In the meantime Dick had been working for him. John Colt and Karen arrive at Alaska the evening.

CHAPTER X—Dick goes to Karen and tells her that he will be leaving her after all; that her grandfather is very much alive and will very shortly arrive at Alaska. He tells her that he does not know what the old man will decide to do. He may allow the Wayne's to keep the island or he may allow her to go away with him. She decides to go away with him. They decide to go and they put out to sea in his boat. They discover that the native house-girl Lilia has stowed away in Dick's cabin.

CHAPTER XI—Dick and Karen quarrel and she accuses him of having made love to the native girl before this and angered, orders the ship to return to Alaska. Meanwhile, Hokone, Lilia's native lover, who has been aboard ship without Dick's knowledge, attempts to kill his sweetheart and end his own life. He falls and is rescued after he has jumped overboard.

CHAPTER XII—On the way back to Alaska, Dick and Karen continue their quarrel and part there with each very angry at the other. Garrett Waterston's boat has been blown into the sea. The old man is sick. John Colt's pilot tells Dick that the lawyer and Karen are anxious to leave Alaska.

CHAPTER XIII—Dick takes the island doctor out to sea and he denies this and they find the old man very ill with a fever. Waterston wants to learn all he can from Dick about his adventures. Dick says he would give a great deal to have just one look at her. Dick promises he will bring Karen to him. As he is about to leave the ship to get her he sees that Colt's ship with Karen aboard has started for Honolulu.

CHAPTER XIV—Even yet, behind the beach of Alaska, continued the music and dancing which was an extension of the wake for the death of James Wayne; relaxing now into an emotional debate which had forgotten the reason that it began. Consequently the crew of the Holokai, held on the vessel when they had expected to go ashore, was in resentful and surly mood. From that frustrated and dark-skinned crew any skipper could expect a sullen handling of lines and gear, and the uneasy, heavy-weighted obedience of men who like nothing about their work. But this time as Dick Wayne swung aboard the Holokai something different happened.

Tonga Dick came aboard relaxed and smiling, and every move that he made was lazy. The easy droop of his whole figure would have seemed, at first glance, to be that of a man upon whom anybody could impose. And yet, as soon as he stepped aboard, a peculiar and unexplainable discipline came over the whole length of the Holokai. The crew forgot the doings behind the beach, and the drinking they had missed, and the girls they had missed; suddenly they wanted nothing except to be out of range of the

inevitable explosion.

Tonga Dick didn't see any of that. He didn't notice the unaccustomed smartness with which Dick Kanakas got out of his way; nor the naval precision with which Inyashi attended him—not too close. The rail felt unnatural as he swung over it because his hands were cold and trembling; and he was seeing nothing except the wavering lights of the Seal, probing out through a channel which no one aboard her knew.

The tall rollers that came across two thousand miles of Pacific were breaking low upon the coral reefs. No one could make his way through there who had not been born among those reefs—not as the tides lay now. Certainly Captain Ramey, bad navigator and weak pilot, could not find his way through. Dick watched the Seal swing perilously in the rip of the tide; he waited confidently, even hopefully, knowing what kind of rock was reaching to the Seal's plates. Presently, he believed, he would take the people off the fendering Seal, and put them back where they belonged—where he had told them to stay. He waited for the reel of the Seal's lights, the sick check of her motion which would mark the physical concussion between John Colt's will and the actualities of land and water.

There was a moment, suspended in half-breath'd contest, in which he knew the Seal could not live—that the one-eyed Ramey had made one mistake too many. Then, unaccountably, by a whim of the sea, the Seal shook off the reef through a course in which no vessel had ever succeeded yet—and was free in open water. Even the broken-toothed coral seemed to have failed Dick Wayne.

"Take your anchor up," Dick said. His voice was so low that Inyashi, waiting near as he was, had to ask him to repeat.

"Weigh your anchor, and give me the Diesel! What is this? Doesn't anything I say ever stick any more?" The Seal was in the open sea; but now the Holokai was coming out, brought by a shorter and easier way. When Dick Wayne had brought her through the treacherous and angling channel he got his hip against the wheel, letting the Holokai buck brokenly against the cross chop.

"Inyashi," Dick said, "that is our boat."
"Our boat, Captain?"
"I'm going aboard that boat and bring her back," Dick said. Something special showed in Inyashi then. Sometimes people wondered why a squinty little yellow man, who looked like a clerk in a Japanese dry goods store, should be right-hand man to Dick Wayne. If they had been watching, they might have found out something about that now. Inyashi's face wrinkled in a peculiar grin; it was deferential still, but a peculiar drawing of the lips made the eye teeth show, so that all at once, without ever stepping out of his place, Inyashi was something else than he had been before.

"Are all the Kanakas aboard?" Dick asked.
"All five, Captain Dick."
"Bring 'em here."
The crew of the Holokai didn't look like much as Inyashi brought them up to the wheel which Dick still held. These were slovenly-looking men, not very well washed. Their faces were dark; the hair of some of them had a crinkly bush; the noses of some were nothing else but flat, and the lips noticeably thick. A Polynesian who, on a surfboard, seems the image of a god, can look like scum in dungarees.

"You see that boat up there?" Dick said.
None of them said anything, and their faces were unresponsive. The question was rhetorical. Whatever these brown-skinned men might miss in this world or the next, they never missed anything on the face of the sea.

"We're going to come up close on that boat in a minute," Dick said. "We're going to swing so close to her that maybe we'll smash her rudder off. I'm going aboard, and I'm going to take her back to Alaska. After I've gone aboard, the Holokai is going to stand by for maybe ten minutes. Within ten minutes the machine boat will turn and go back. If it doesn't turn—"
Dick Wayne stopped a moment, while he turned the Holokai more carefully into the wake of the Seal's lights.

"Then, Captain?" Inyashi prompted. In the undistinguished yellow face the canine teeth were showing in Inyashi's peculiar new smile.
"It," Dick said, "the Seal does not turn in ten minutes after I have boarded her, the Holokai will come alongside the Seal and lash fast."
"And then?" Inyashi said again.
"One way or another," Dick said. "I'm going to take the Seal back to Alaska."

Dick Wayne didn't even look at the faces of the Kanakas—he knew what was there. They were looking at each other then; but not in suddenness nor rebellion. The faces of these men were thick-skinned as leather, weathered by a thousand tropic suns; but now there was a curious drawing up of the faces of the first man and the third—different from a smile, and at the same time nothing else—as if the deep-skinned leather had been drawn up by inner cords.

If any haole had anything these men could understand, Dick Wayne had it; and they understood him now. Without looking at them at all, he knew that they would take the Seal, if he aimed the Seal, no matter what else happened after that. Dick had to grin a little, but not without affection, as he recognized that he was perfectly equipped

tain or what these men could be counted on to do.

"Get your buffers out to starboard."
The Seal was all out, and as Dick already knew, Ramey's boat had a surprising turn of speed; but there was nothing she could do to get away from the Holokai, in the open sea. The Holokai had been built for sail, but she had taken to her power with a surprising surety, so that under her Diesel she went over the water like a thrown shell. Definitely and steadily, with an arithmetic accuracy, the Holokai came up on the Seal; and nothing that men's intentions or present emotions might do could effect that steady overtaking. She could overhaul the unhappy Seal tonight simply by a mathematics of oil and iron contrived by forgotten designers, some of whom were dead.

"I have to go now," Dick said to Inyashi.
"You mean—you mean—"
"Take the wheel, and throw her so close that you pick her wheelmen's teeth with the buckle of your belt."
"What are you going to do?" Inyashi demanded.
"I'm going to leave this rail, and go aboard this other boat," Dick said.

"Tonga," Inyashi said, lapsing into the name under which he had first known Dick. "If I miss the swing, even by inches—it just can't be done."
"You go ahead and do it. Take the wheel."
The Holokai's deck crew were lounging against the weather rail as Dick left the wheel. They appeared to be resting; but Dick caught the gleam of a long knife in the belt of a boy who looked the laziest of all.

"Stay back," he warned them. "Stay back until your time comes!"
Nobody moved on the deck of the Holokai as Dick went over the rail of the Seal. Everyone of those searing men must have known what inspiration was in Inyashi's hand as he drew the Holokai past the Seal, against the restless swell of the countering sea. But they stood, waiting their turn, while Dick made his jump across better than a fathom of open water; and, gaining the Seal's deck, signaled Inyashi to stand clear.

The one-eyed Captain Ramey was waiting at so nearly the exact spot where Dick took the deck that he had to jump back when Dick came down over the rail.
"What's this. What is this?"
"How would you like to turn your boat?" Dick said.
"Listen—wait—listen!" There was a frantic expostulation in Ramey's

voice, not without its note of appeal. "You can't do this! What are you going to do? Damn me, you can't do it! You know I hardly ever get a decent charter, and when I do, do you have to butt in, and—"
Everyone upon the Seal had known that the Holokai was coming from behind, had seen Dick Wayne come aboard. There was a ring of faces, now, all around Ramey and Dick Wayne. Through the quick fog that action makes he saw that John Colt, too, was there.
"You can't do this," Ramey said again. "I'll hang you higher than a kite in any court—"
Dick saw now where Karen Waterston was. She was leaning against the bulkhead of the cabin, detached still, with an unreadable face.
"You don't even know what I'm going to do."
"Sure, I know," Ramey said with as much black malice as can be put through one eye. "Go ahead and do it—and see what happens to you! Will you, now?"
"You have your choice," Dick said. "You can turn back, if you're willing to turn back."
John Colt spoke then. He said, "I really don't understand—"
"Shut your head," Dick said crudely. He spoke across them all, to Karen who stood against the bulkhead of the cabin; and although he did not raise his voice, no one could have mistaken to whom he spoke.
"You're going back now," Dick said. "You're going back, and you're not even asking why."
John Colt said, with a singularly



decent pose. "Are we to understand—?"
"You wouldn't understand this. An old, dying man wants to see what his grandchild looks like. I give you guaranteed that he will. The girl is going back."
"If you mean Miss Waterston," Colt said, "she is going where she chooses to go."
"Sorry."
The sound of the sea was all around them, but within it there was a peculiar silence, in which nothing human had anything to say. John Colt stepped forward across the swaying deck, into that ring of faces.

"This isn't a hundred years ago. We're not in the days of Captain Cook; we're not even in the days of Henry Morgan. We're not living in the old days, Wayne."
"No," answered Tonga Dick, "but this is the sea."
"Am I to suppose—"
"I don't care what you suppose. I have to take Karen Waterston back to Alaska."
"This is an outrage," Captain Ramey put in. "I'll fight this through every court of admiralty that—"
"You will be very happy," Tonga Dick said, "not to raise your head before admiralty at all. How would you like the admiralty courts to hear what happened at Lord Randolph's Island?"
"You mean to blackmail me?" Ramey screamed.
Dick Wayne grinned. "You bet your life I'll blackmail you—if it's any good to me."
It was singular the way Ramey faded, after that.

"I'll have you for this—this is piracy," John Colt said. "I can bring charges such as will—"
"Such as will get you laughed out of the islands. It's too bad, but those will have to wait. Turn your boat, Ramey."
"Hold your course as you go," Colt ordered.
"Are you going to turn, or not?"
"And what if I don't?" Ramey muttered.

"The Holokai has orders to come alongside, lash fast, and board, in just about another two minutes. You can turn your boat, or my crew will turn your boat, I don't care a damn which."
"He's bluffing," Colt said. "Hold your course, and I promise—"
"No, he isn't," Ramey whimpered. The little one-eyed skipper looked as if he were going to break down and cry. "I wouldn't put it past him to do it, by God! And if those crazy-headed Kanakas of his start running wild—"
"You won't like that, will you? Well—here they come!"
The Holokai was swinging nearer now; by her deck lights they could see Dick's Kanakas, eager at the rail.
"Oh, dear God in heaven!" Ramey blubbered.
The Seal turned back.

(Continued next week)

PERSONAL MENTION

MANTEO PERSONALS

Gene Twiford and granddaughter, Rita Jean Conway, of Norfolk, have returned to their home after visiting Mrs. Twiford's mother, Mrs. C. P. Meekins, and Mrs. Louise Forehand spent Tuesday in Norfolk.

Mrs. R. C. Evans returned Monday from Norfolk, where she spent the week end visiting relatives. Mrs. Flossie Price and Miss Mildred Price have returned to their home in Manteo after visiting their son and brother, 1st Lieut. Price, and his family at Camp Pickett, Blackstone, Va.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hayman had as their guests Sunday, Mrs. Joe Hayman and daughter, Mrs. Walter Etheridge, of Elizabeth City. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Morgan and children, Jack, Yann and Betty, and Pat Davis spent Wednesday in Elizabeth City.

Mrs. Stanley M. Paul of Charleston, S. C., was the guest of Mrs. A. W. Drinkwater last week end. Miss Sadie Hendley has returned from her home at Wadesboro, where she spent her vacation.

Mrs. E. L. Warren and children, Luther and Susan, of Elizabeth City, spent the week end here. Worn Midgett of Norfolk spent the week end with his mother, Mrs. Neva Midgett.

L. R. Meekins of Norfolk visited his brother, C. S. Meekins, and other relatives, last week end. Billy Tarkington arrived home last week from State College in Raleigh to visit his parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Tarkington. He has as his guests Claud Hayden of Charlotte and H. K. Eagle of Salisbury.

George Creef of State College in Raleigh is spending a month's vacation with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Creef. He has as his guest Sam Huffstatler, of Haw River.

Miss Sibly Daniels was a visitor in Norfolk Saturday. Harry Smith, who has been seriously ill with pneumonia, is able to be out.

G. E. Mann of Manns Harbor was a visitor in Manteo Saturday. Mrs. David Hill and daughter, Gwendolyn, of Elizabeth City, are visiting Mrs. Hill's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Wescott.

Miss Miriam Ferebee has returned from Norfolk, where she spent a week with her mother, Mrs. J. E. Ferebee.

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PERSONAL MENTION

Misses Maxine and Helen Meekins left Sunday morning to spend a week at Morehead City with their father, E. E. Meekins. Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Robbins of Elizabeth City visited relatives and friends in Manteo during the week end.

L. A. Alley is spending a few days in Burlington. Leslie Austin of the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill is spending several weeks' vacation with Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Meekins. Mrs. Carson W. Davis has returned to her home in Manteo after receiving medical treatment in Norfolk for several weeks.

Miss Doris Jones left recently for Aurora, where she is a member of the school faculty. Mrs. Sam Kee, who has been confined to her home by illness, is able to be out.

Luther Daniels of Norfolk visited his aunt, Mrs. Nannie Midgett, last week end. R. H. Atkinson and Sam Midgett have returned to their homes in Manteo on five days' leave from the U. S. Coast Guard, before beginning active duty with the Communications Division.

Misses Helen and Zenovah Etheridge of Norfolk spent the week end here with their mother, Mrs. W. G. Etheridge. Mrs. Etheridge left Sunday for Houston, Texas, to join her husband, Lieut. Walter G. Etheridge, of the U. S. Coast Guard, who has been stationed there for several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Jones and children, Ray, Jr., and Michael, left Wednesday to make their home in Norfolk, where Mr. Jones has been employed for some time. C. D. Quidey of Norfolk was in Manteo on business Tuesday.

Miss Natalie Gould left Wednesday for Chapel Hill, to resume her work as secretary to Dr. Ralph McDonald, after a month's vacation in New York, Cape Cod and other northern points, and Manteo.

SALVO NEWS NOTES

L. Y. Gray has returned from Duke hospital where he has been for the past 18 days receiving blood transfusions. His condition has improved, he is home for three weeks after which he will return to the hospital for a medical check-up.

Mrs. Calvin Midgett of Waves was here Sunday visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. Y. Gray. Velma Whidbee has returned from Manteo where she has been spending some time with Misses Alma and Ina Williams.

Richard Gray and Luther Hooper, who work on a dredge at New Castle, Del., are spending some time here with their families. J. R. Douglas, who has been very sick for the past two weeks, is able to be out.

Rev. and Mrs. J. D. A. Autry, Mrs. L. Y. Gray, Mrs. P. G. Farrow, Mrs. W. E. Whidbee and Mrs. Calvin Midgett have returned from Duke hospital in Durham where they went to give blood for L. Y. Gray.

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Midgett of Waves were here Sunday visiting L. Y. Gray. Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Gray and Mrs. Elroy Midgett of Waves were here Monday at the home of L. Y. Gray.

Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Gray, Mrs. P. G. Farrow, Mrs. W. E. Whidbee and S. G. Austin were at the Hatteras hospital one day recently, where Mrs. L. C. Gray received medical treatment. Mrs. Burgess Hooper is very sick at this writing.

STUMPY POINT NEWS

Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Midgett and family of Norfolk have returned home for the winter. Miss Myrtle Payne has returned home after spending a few days visiting in Norfolk.

Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Daniels and Mrs. Willie Etheridge of Waves were the guests of Mrs. George Payne Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Boone and niece, Alice Joyner, of Rocky Mount, spent the week end here visiting friends and relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Hooper of Norfolk spent Saturday here visiting friends. Bryon Nixon of the U. S. Navy is spending some time here visiting friends.

Rev. and Mrs. A. L. Maxwell and C. E. Payne spent Tuesday in Manteo on business. Carroll Payne has returned home after spending a few days in Manteo visiting his aunt, Mrs. M. W. Maness.

Miss Rennie Nixon of Norfolk is visiting here this week. G. V. Payne spent Tuesday in Manteo on business.

MANNS HARBOR NEWS

Miss Belle Thompson of Baltimore, Md., recently spent a few days here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Thompson. Julian Gallop is home, waiting for his call to the Coast Guard in which he has enlisted. He has been working in the Norfolk Navy Yard.

Lloyd Midgett of Manteo spent the week end here with friends. Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Jones and daughter, Madeline, Miss Louise White and Lloyd Midgett motored to Morehead City Sunday to visit Mrs. Jones' son, Howard, who is in the Navy there.

Mrs. Annie Mae Midgett is improving after being bitten by a (Please turn to Page Three)