

DANCE — DANCE — DANCE

**NAGS HEAD CASINO**  
**Saturday Night Dance**  
 To The Music of  
**Clarke Godfrey**  
 And His 11 Piece Swing Orchestra

Featuring  
**Miss Honey Lane**  
 Vocalist

DANCE — DANCE — DANCE

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**THE LOST COLONY**

(Continued from Page One)  
 too, maybe. They stand there and gape at me. I am compelled to ignore their presence. When possible I go on writing as if it were only mosquitos out there.

About half of them look mystified and go away. They had been looking for a museum, or the museum. They stare at me as if I were a mummy, or maybe a tame turtle. According to their natures and their origins, they make observations. If I had a stenographer or a dictaphone or something concealed over there under the window the proceeds of it might be a liberal education of some sort. Maybe I could make it serve for a Ph. D. thesis and get to be called Doctor.

They've called me everything else. One lady said to another lady that maybe it was Sir Walter Raleigh, and another—well, maybe I hadn't better go into that . . . They wonder if there were wire screens in the windows back yonder when John White lived on this island, and if there was a telephone, and if there were tourists.

One day there was a watermelon, a sort of left over from some festivity that they had in here. To the window wandered a lady who had probably exhausted all the available masculine attention back home, and over about the Casino. She had a roving eye. A very roving eye, and it roved around the house until it came to the watermelon. She inquired archly if I were about to serve watermelon, or did I just keep it.

She then thought that I was a mummy . . .

Well, the film beat me to the draw, and the bell that rings when the Spaniards enter the inlet—I can hear it from all the way down there—beat me by a little and I didn't look so much like a mummy getting down there . . .

Not that there was any need of my going, except I have not yet, in 61 performances when I was on the island, missed the final march of "The Lost Colony." It—well, I don't miss it. Now that the amplifying machinery works, I want never to miss it again, when the ghosts cry out in the night of the deserted fort after the wilderness has swallowed them, and the lights come up as the agony of the March into the Wilderness recedes.

And Mr. Jernigan, well, I'd have to dodge Mr. Jernigan, because I had sworn a more or less mighty oath that I'd have this truck ready for him when he got out of the show tonight. I missed him altogether, what with being surrounded by all sorts of my favorite people. They are Coast Guardsmen.

There are two things that drag me from where I am when that bell rings to assemble the company for the march into the wild. One of them is the overwhelming climax of the show itself and the other is just people coming out of the show. I like to look at their faces. There are strange things written on them.

Miss Margaret Hanna and Miss Audrey Meads of Elizabeth City are spending the week at the Atlantic View Hotel.

Mrs. Monk Gillespie is spending some time with her husband who is playing with Van Keys Orchestra.

Miss Jimmy Southgate of Durham has been the week end guest of Miss Many Frances Buchanon.

Miss Elizabeth Young of Richmond spent last week at the Arlington Hotel.

Mrs. R. E. McLean and party of Washington, N. C., are spending a few days at Parkerson's Hotel.

Dr. L. D. Baker and family of Duke Hospital are spending this month at the Weldboro cottage.

Miss Nancy Jernigan of Ahsokie entertained several of her friends last week at the Britten cottage.

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