

# LEGAL NOTICES

### NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATION

Having this day qualified as executor of the last will and testament of Anna Phillips, deceased, late of Duplin County, this is to notify all persons having claims against the said estate to present them to the undersigned executor on or before the 1st day of March 1945, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery.

All persons indebted to the estate will please make immediate payment.

This February 22, 1945.  
Abb Phillips, Executor  
Anna Phillips estate.

4-6-45. VBG

### NOTICE OF EXECUTORSHIP

Having this day qualified as executrix of the estate of Stokes Williams Newkirk, of Duplin County, North Carolina, this is to notify all persons having any claims against said estate to present them to the undersigned, duly verified, on or before one year from date of last publication of this notice, or this notice shall be pleaded in bar of their recovery.

All persons indebted to the estate will please make immediate settlement.

This the 28th day of February, 1945.  
Mrs. Willie Newkirk Gauss,  
Executrix Stokes Williams  
Newkirk estate.

C/O L. W. Newkirk, Magnolia,  
North Carolina.  
4-6-45. Mrs. WNG

### NOTICE OF SUMMONS BY PUBLICATION

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT BEFORE THE CLERK NORTH CAROLINA DUPLIN COUNTY VANCE PHILLIPS VS.

WILL GREEN AND WIFE MINNIE GREEN; WILLIE SCOTT AND WIFE ESTER C. SCOTT; CHARLIE MELVIN AND WIFE KATIE JOHNSON MELVIN; REDELL MOORE AND WIFE LULA JOHNSON MOORE; OTTO MONTGOMERY AND WIFE EMMA JOHNSON MONTGOMERY; FANNIE GILBERT AND HUSBAND JOHNNIE GILBERT; ROBERT JOHNSON AND WIFE MARY JOHNSON; V. T. JOHNSON; MILDRED LEE BUSH; JOE LEE; MARY JOHNSON AND LULA JOHNSON.

The defendants, Willie Scott, Charlie Melvin and wife Katie Johnson, Redell Moore and wife Lula Johnson Moore, Otto Montgomery and wife Emma Johnson Montgomery; Fannie Gilbert and husband Johnnie Gilbert, Robert Johnson and wife Mary Johnson, V. T. Johnson, Emmitt Lee, Mollie Lee, Mildred Lee Bush, Joe Lee and Lula Johnson will take notice that an action entitled as above has been commenced in the Superior Court of Duplin County, North Carolina, by the plaintiff above named against the defendants to sell lands for partition, and which said lands is in Duplin County, Warsaw Township, State of North Carolina, and being the same lands as described in a deed to V. T. Johnson as recorded in Book 102, page 230, of the Duplin County Registry in which the plaintiff owns a one-half undivided interest, and in which the defend-

dants are interested as tenants in common which cause of action and the interest of the parties are set out in the complaint filed in this action and that the said defendants are necessary parties; and that the said defendants will further take notice that they are required to appear at the office of the Clerk of Superior Court of Duplin County, at the Courthouse in Kenansville, North Carolina, on the 30th day of April, 1945, and answer or demur to the petition filed in said action, which has been duly filed in said office, on or before the 11th day of May, 1945, or the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in said Complaint or petition.

This the 30th day of March, 1945.  
R. V. Wells, Clerk  
Superior Court.  
4-27-45. HEP.



**PLANTATION PROVEN**  
COKER'S 100 - STRAIN NUMBER 5

ROWDEN'S NUMBER 42-C  
FIELD AND GARDEN SEEDS - -

EARLY AND FIELD VARIETIES SEED CORN  
USE ROYSTER'S FIELD TESTED FERTILIZER

TIME TO "VIGORO" YOUR TOBACCO PLANTS  
MAKES THEM HEALTHY AND STRONG

**C. E. QUINN**  
Kenansville, North Carolina  
GENERAL FARM SUPPLIES

**Hardware and Farm Implements**  
ALLIS-CHALMERS TRACTORS  
ELECTRIC WELDING, PAINTS, ROOFING, NAILS, SHOES, REATERS, FLOW GEARS, HARNESS, FARM MACHINERY PARTS AND REPAIRS

Come to See Us  
**Stodman Carr**  
HARDWARE COMPANY  
Wallace, N. C.

## Where is NORTH CAROLINA'S PULPWOOD?

Pulpwood is the No. 1 bottleneck of war production. North Carolina is one of the chief pulpwood-producing areas...and North Carolina is not producing as it should. The situation here is so bad that some mills may have to shut down for lack of Pulpwood.

**What Are You Going To Do About It?**

If you have any suitable woodland of your own; if you can cut and haul pulpwood from someone else's land; if you can take even a part-time job in the woods, you have an opportunity to help shorten the war and at the same time put yourself in a fine peacetime business.

The greatest source of increased pulpwood production so far has been the farm woodlot, and it is to the farmer we must look now for help in meeting the present emergency.

**Pulpwood Always Will Be In Demand**

The present huge demand for pulpwood is due to the war; but it isn't going to stop when the war stops. Many new uses have been developed for pulpwood for which there is a waiting civilian market.

Pulp and paper - already the nation's 6th largest industry - has a great post-war future. Pulpwood is the basic raw material for many of the new products that are coming. It will be a good business for you to be in after the war as well as today.

**NEEDED IN NORTH CAROLINA - 450,000 CORDS BY JUNE 30**

## USELESS COWBOY

By Alan LeMay  
CHAPTER V

"It's certainly nice of you people to take me and my uncle in," Melody said with a complacency that chilled George Fury. "I expect we can just as well stay on a while, if it's all right with you."

He let his eyes wander off into the night as he spoke, but he sensed the stillness that instantly came over Cherry de Longpre and her brother.

"Might even be," Melody went on, "me and my Uncle Roscoe could bring ourself to do a little work around here, to kind of pay for our keep. I see you got plenty horse flesh out there; maybe me and Uncle Roscoe will set in to break a few haid, come morning."

He smiled a little, contentedly, and let his eyes slide across the faces of the others to see what effect this announcement had taken. He got his answer at once.

Cherry de Longpre looked Melody squarely and blankly between the eyes. Her tone was cool and perfectly level, but there was a shakiness behind it. "Monte," she said with finality, "it's time to be on your way."

"Oh, I ain't in any hurry," Melody said.

Avery de Longpre's words came in a slow whisper. "Oh, yes, you are!" Until that moment Melody had not known that Avery's gun was in his hand under the edge of the table.

Melody didn't believe that Avery would actually shoot; at least not while everyone sat quiet. It was George Fury who scared Melody. George's hands gripped the edge of the table, and he had got his heels under him; he could unclog like a spring from that position. And he was watching Avery like a pointer. Melody knew what George was going to do. He was going to overturn the table on Avery, making the gun miss as it fired, George would hope. That would put out one of the lamps, and probably the old fool would try to kick down the other lantern, which hung from a rafter eight feet from the floor. There was a moment of paralysis.

"Take it easy, Uncle Roscoe," Melody said to George Fury.

"He's got his gun in his hands," George grated.

Cherry said quickly, "You shouldn't clean your gun at the table, Avery." She sounded out of breath.

"He's holdin' it in his two hands," George repeated.

"Where did you figure he would be holdin' it?" Melody said, "if he's cleaning it? In his mouth?"

Cherry's eyes were fixed hard on Melody, ignoring the others. "Saddle your ponies," she ordered him. "Saddle up and get out of here! Right now!"

Melody looked at her without hurry. "You look right pretty when you spark up like that," he said.

"There's a posse after you," Cherry said desperately. "Can't you get that through your head? The Poison-berry country is full of men who would be glad to kill you on sight. You'd be dead now if it wasn't for me! Now you get out of here, while you still can!"

"Shucks, now," Melody began. "You heard her," Avery spoke. Fever Crick was sitting goggle-eyed, and his jaw was wobbling; but Avery was steady as a rock.

Slowly Melody stood up, and George got warily to his feet beside him. George never took his eyes from Avery for an instant.

"Ride fast," Cherry said, "and keep going! Don't turn your horses this side of the line, if you want to live."

Melody looked at her a moment, then back to George again. He said sadly, "Well, come on, Uncle Roscoe."

Melody and George rode off into the dark at a sullen walk, resenting the push-around. Five hundred yards below the Busted Nose they splashed into a little thread of mountain stream, and let their ponies stop to drink, since the riding ahead promised to be both long and slow.

"Far be it from me," George said, "to stick a spoke in your damn wheel. Well do I realize that you're three hoots and a yelp too smart for a man to tell you nuthin'. But a half-wit Injun that got hisself in your fix would have sense enough to die by his own teeth!"

Melody wasn't listening to him. "I been tr'inkin'," he said now. "You know somethin'? I don't think this Monte Jarrad is up here at the Busted Nose at all."

George Fury's hat seemed to rise slowly on his head. "You rode in there because you think he was there?"

"Sure. But I see different, now. She wouldn't never of brung me here, except unless the real Monte was the farthest away place he could get. She's trying to use me to lead the posse off him, not at him."

George stared at him angrily. "Let's get out of this," he said gruffly, pulling up his pony's head.

"It just comes to me," Melody said. "I come up here to find out where Monte Jarrad is. And I come away without findin' out."

"Why didn't you ask them people?" George said with all the sarcasm he had. "Them's the ones that know! Are you going to set there all night, or come on?"

"Neither one," Melody said, gathering his reins. "I'm going back."

He turned Harry Henshaw, and started back up the trail.

George sat for a moment or two looking after him. His lower lip drooped pendulously, and trembled. He pulled at it with gloved thumb and finger. Then he followed Melody slowly, limping stiffly in his saddle.

Cherry and Avery stood listening to the receding hoofbeats of George's and Melody's horses. Avery took off his black California-style hat—the one with the flat top—and scratched his head with the same hand. When they could no longer hear the hoofbeats, Cherry and Avery looked at each other sidelong.

Side by side they walked out to the barn now, moving a little reluctantly.

They went into the ramshackle barn. A three-quarter moon was coming up, and the cracks between the warping boards let in thin stripes of the horizontal light; but the interior was very dark. They felt their way around a considerable hoarding of weathered hay stacked in bales, and came to what had once been the wall of a stall. The baled hay was piled against the other side of the old timbers now.

Here Avery took down a canvas wind-breaker, and pulled out the nail upon which it had hung. A hidden latch lifted, and some of the boards swung inward—a make-shift trick door.

Beyond, an unexpectedly spacious cave was revealed under the hay tiers, made by blocking up the bales only one deep, like masonry. Avery had built this, and built it fast, while his father was off chasing wild horses. Fever Crick, whose juggle tongue was trusted by nobody, had taken Avery's story that he had hauled in more hay. This crude hide-out was nothing anybody could have trusted long; the cool, brazen guts of the very idea was its only hope.

Monte Jarrad was on a pallet of grain sacks, his head propped on his saddle. He lay on his back, very still, with the slack relaxation of a man who is saving every pulse-beat of his strength. He smoked a rolled



cigarette as slender as a match, and looked at them with humorless eyes.

Monte Jarrad took no notice of Avery at all; but he looked at Cherry with a certain gleam of warmth, if anything.

Cherry stood quiet, and waited. She was thinking how different two men could be, and yet be mistaken one for the other. Monte Jarrad had the same hard-to-curry shag of sandy hair as Melody Jones, and the same eye-colored eye, the same set of bones in his face. Both had the same spare, horse-transportation build, cut to the same height, and the same weight within a pound.

That was all, though; and Cherry marveled that it had proved enough. For the man who lay wounded in the hideaway had the unimpeachable, gritty quality of gravel in a mouthful of beans. From his light eyes he looked at the world with a narrowed vision, as if squinting through the barrels of a shotgun; and a sort of permanent truculence was his key.

"Haven't you got any sense at all?" Monte asked her. He had the pepper of a man outraged by his own physical weakness—astonished, irreconcilable, at being held down.

"You know what you went to Payneville after! You was supposed to fetch holt of Lee and Virg!"

"Monte," Cherry said, "Lee and Virg positively have not showed patch or pants in Payneville. I don't know why, or where they are, or anything about it."

"And so," Monte said, "so long as you was down there, you had to figure out the worst thing you could do!"

"You're here because you're the only man I ever looked at in my life," Cherry said with all flatness, "and because I've always thought you were all hell, from before I was fourteen years old."

Monte said, "Oh."

"It's not my fault that some tramp cowboy wandered into Payneville," Cherry followed up, "and it's not my fault that Payneville mistook him for you. Word ran all over town, for you. Cotton laid for him at the Homer Corral, hoping to kill him. He hadn't been in ten minutes before a rider went walloping out of town to fetch back the posse. The way he rode, I could hear his hat whistle a block. . . . Maybe there

was holes in it," she explained, as he looked at her queerly.

"No feller looks like me. No feller looks like any feller."

"I didn't say he did. He has the same initials, is all." Then as she looked at Monte, her eyes turned strange. "He looks—he looks—something like you used to look."

Monte didn't go into that.

"Avery and I did the only thing we could have done," Cherry went on. "The whole thing was a bad cut, that's all. Except for him, the posse would have dusted right on through to California, I suppose. As it is, they'll be back here by tomorrow night. They'll comb this basin until a coon-cat couldn't hide in it. The only thing I could think of doing so long as they're dead set on thinking he's you, was to help them think so—and send him tearing on his way. He's plenty stupid; but even he knows he's in trouble, now. He'll pound out of this country as fast as horse flesh can take him. The posse will be days catching up with him."

"He hit Ira Waggoner," Cherry said.

"Why?"

"Didn't come out with no reason," Avery said.

"Damn it, he must of said something!"

"I swear, Monte, he never said 'Hurrah,' or 'Excuse me,' or nothing! He just walked up to him, and boom—he's endways. I never see such a business."

"It was a picture," Cherry confirmed.

"Naturally," Avery pointed out, his tone aggrieved, "everybody knew that you was the only one would have the nerve to hit Ira. Even Ira think it was you. He just picked hisself up and offered you a drink." Avery looked puzzled.

"Offered him a drink," he decided.

"I should have known Waggoner had no sense," Monte blamed himself. "Why was he a stage driver if he had any sense?"

"Sure, Monte," Avery said again. "It was Lee and Virg picked him. Monte said, 'Waggoner was supposed to see that the shotgun messenger got left behind at Stinkwater. He was supposed to drive the stage alone. It's Waggoner's fault that the shotgun rider got his. It's Waggoner's fault that I'm lying here!'"

"Sure, Monte."

"And it's his fault now that the posse's on top of me again."

"Sure, Monte."

"Quit saying that!"

"Okay, Monte."

"Don't you see," Cherry said, "that the posse will only take off after this tramp cowboy?"

As they stooped and wormed their way out of the hide-out under the hay, Monte called Cherry back. She turned reluctantly, anxious to be away.

"There's something you might better know," Monte said, "and guide yourself according."

"Never mind this wrapping nobody around no finger," he said. "Unless you want to get them shot right in the stumminck. Understand?"

Cherry looked at him steadily, for quite a bit. She pinched her lids together, but when she opened her eyes they were dry. "I don't know about you," she said at last. "Some days, I don't think you try."

Nobody was in the lighted kitchen of the Busted Nose as George and Melody returned to it, leaving their horses hidden in the brush. Fever Crick, who now seemed to have passed out, was snoring in the lean-to; but otherwise their reconnaissance raised no one. Avery and Cherry de Longpre had disappeared.

"I'm thinkin'," Melody said. "The girl knows where Monte is. So she's the one I got to find out from."

"So naturally all you got to do is ask her," George said.

"Well, no; that's the part I ain't got figured yet," Melody admitted. "I don't rightly judge she'll say. That's where the hitch comes in."

"Oh," said George. His eyes were flicking around the kitchen, tirelessly hunting a ray of hope. "Ain't there some way to git you out of this?"

"Oh, now George—don't start all that again. I'm tryin' to find out somethin'."

"Then we might jest as well try to git 'er done," George said grimly. George had come to the foot of the ladder nailed to the wall; it gave access to the loft above the kitchen. "Don't make a sound," he whispered; and suddenly skinned silently up the ladder into the loft.

When George had disappeared, a considerable silence followed, during which Melody had no clue to what George was up to, nor what was happening. Melody began to show nervousness for the first time. He called up the ladder in a reaching whisper. "Hey, George!"

There was no answer from above. Perhaps nothing in the world is so creepy as calling into the dark to some one you know is there, and getting no reply. And now Melody heard the voices of Cherry and Avery, outside; they seemed to be some distance off, but coming closer rapidly.

Melody Jones swung up the ladder in a couple of long pulls, and stuck himself half way into the loft.

"Come on! The rest of the way!" George spoke close to his ear.

"Quick!"

"One thing," George whispered, "they'll never be agurin' on us here."

"Nobody but a couple of ratchet-balls would wedge theyselves in here," Melody said, bumping his head again.

"Eesh!"

**TO BE CONTINUED**

**Tire Certificates Dated Prior to Dec. 1 Are Now Dead**

Ray J. Jones, Chairman of the local WP&B today advised all holders of the certificates dated prior to Dec. 1, 1944, that these certificates become invalid on farm implements.