

LEGAL NOTICES

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Having qualified as Administrator of the estate of H. J. Boney, deceased, late of Duplin County, North Carolina, this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned at Rose Hill, North Carolina, on or before the 8th day of May, 1946, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery.

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

This 1st day of May, 1945.
Inez J. Boney, Administratrix of H. J. Boney, deceased.
6-16-6t, ICB

NOTICE OF SUMMONS BY PUBLICATION

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT

DUPLIN COUNTY,
NORTH CAROLINA,

ELIJAH EVERETTE
VS
ELLA EVERETTE.

The defendant, Ella Everette, 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 said defendant for an absolute divorce on the grounds of two years separation, and which cause of action is set forth in the complaint filed in this cause, and that the defendant is a necessary party to this action and that the said defendant will further take notice that she is required to appear at the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of Duplin County, at the Court House in Kenansville, North Carolina, on the 20th day of June, 1945 and answer or demur to the petition filed in said action, which has

been duly filed in said action in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of Duplin County, on or before the 12th day of July, 1945, or the plaintiff will apply to the court for relief demanded in the said complaint.

This 21st day of May, 1945.
R. V. Wells, Clerk,
Superior Court.

1-15-4t, NBB
NOTICE OF SUMMONS BY PUBLICATION

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT

DUPLIN COUNTY,
NORTH CAROLINA,

SARAH KATHERINE BISHOP
VS
EDWIN BISHOP

The defendant, Edwin Bishop, 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 said defendant for an absolute divorce on the grounds of two years separation, and in which the defendant is interested and which cause of action is set forth in said complaint filed in said action, and that the defendant is a necessary party to this action; and that the said defendant will further take notice that she is required to appear at the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of Duplin County, at the Court House in Kenansville, North Carolina, on the 20th day of June, 1945, and answer or demur to the complaint filed in said action, which has been duly filed in said office, on or before the 12th day of July, 1945, or the plaintiff will apply to the Court for relief demanded in the complaint.

This 21st day of May, 1945.
R. V. Wells, Clerk,
Superior Court.

6-15-4t, NBB

LETTERS FROM BOYS

This letter was received by the parents of Sgt. James Miller of Warsaw:

Germany, May 8.

Dear Folks:-
Well I know you have been wondering a lot about me in the last few months, but there is no need to worry now.

We were liberated by the Russians April 22, and got in American hands Sunday.

I wrote you a letter then but they said this one you would get in two or three days, so I had to write it all over.

First of all we are waiting to be



"Could you change that to 'love, honor and—Oh, boy—serve Wheaties!'"

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Rev. H. J. Whaley,
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Beauty Plus...



Valerie Garbins has a petite figure, clear blue eyes, chestnut hair and a Dutch look. She looks like a photographer's model but works as a technical engineering aid for American Airlines, Inc. She is shown stepping down the passenger ramp she designed for the airline and which will be manufactured on a mass production basis after the war.

flown to a place in France where we will get on a boat or maybe a plane and go home.

They say we should be home in about three weeks.

We got here yesterday and they deloused us and gave us showers. The best bath I've had in a long time.

The conditions here aren't too good, but a heck of a lot better than we are used to.

They have a Red Cross with picture shows etc., and treat everyone fine.

The main trouble is, there are so many men being sent back.

I hope that you have a garden with turnips in it. It's too early for other things, but maybe there will be turnips and chickens.

I just saw the headlines and it says Nazis quit in great big letters. That caused a big celebration at home no doubt.

We heard that they had quit yesterday but it looks better in the papers.

The writing bad but I haven't been doing much of that sort of thing lately or anything else for that matter. I used a fountain pen last night and surprised myself, it was much better than this.

Boy, the planes are landing all around us. If they keep it up we will probably leave in the morning.

I have been worrying a lot about everyone. You know what I mean, am wondering if every body is all right.

I was with two boys from near home, but they left me and I don't know if they got back home or not. One is Kenneth Lanier from near Jackson's Cross Roads, the other, Stokes Westbrook, from

Westbrook's Cross Roads. Well I could go on saying nothing but there's no use in that. So had better stop.

Love,
James.

Citizens Of Warsaw

AND VICINITY

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W. E. Belanga.

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WALLACE, N. C.

USELESS COWBOY

By Alan LeMay

CHAPTER XIV

"I'll bust him down, all right," Royal Boone said. He was just warming up to his work.

"Sure you'll bust him," Stocker said with an ironic slur to it. "But when?"

"Right quick," Boone promised. He blew on his knuckles.

Stocker straightened Melody up to take the blow. But he said, "I ain't so sure. You ain't got all night. If them Cottons is close as I think they be."

"Wait, Roy," Thingan said. "We got to try something different."

"What's the reason we do?"

"Because you're going to knock him out, thataway. Then what good is he?"

"What good is he anyhow?"

"I thought of something," Thingan said, talking quickly now. A desperate hurry was in his eyes. "What was the last thing he said, just before he balked on us?"

"He said he knew where—"

"No, no, that ain't what I mean," Thingan said, cutting off with almost frantic impatience. "He said he could get his hands on the express box in less'n a minute, didn't he? And right after that he makes a kind of a false start—but not toward the door—and he says, 'the box is right over—'"

"And there's where he drew back," Stocker said.

"Yes," Thingan said with bitter sarcasm. "We recall he drew back, but he was right on the ragged edge—he even started to move toward it—and not toward the outside! Fellers—that express box is here in this dump!"

"You're wonderful," Stocker said sourly. "Pick it up, then, and let's go." He slacked his grip on Melody's arms experimentally, then, as Melody stood there, let go the prisoner's elbows. But he kept a purchase on Melody's belt.

Thingan paid no attention to him. "He was standing right over here," he began, taking position in imitation of Melody.

"Over what? He never said."

"Over here, you fool! That's what he meant!"

"All right then," Boone blared at him, "he says 'Over here, you fool,' meaning you, I guess, and moves toward the blank wall. Hell! Let's get on with the way we was doing. Hold him, Mormon."

Both Stocker and Thingan ignored this. "Boot in that door!" Thingan ordered, indicating the root cellar.

Boone obeyed. The door, being unfastened, banged wide. Thingan caught up a candle, and both he and Royal Boone jammed into the root cellar, virtually at once.

Stocker started to drop Melody and follow, but caught himself in time. When Melody moved tentatively, Stocker prodded him in the ribs with his gun muzzle, and said, "Huh uh."

Melody looked at Cherry. He knew now that it was only a question of very little time, whether the Cottons came or not. Tens were running down Cherry's cheeks, and this astonished him.

"Don't," he said. "Don't bawl. There ain't much more of this left."

She leveled him a glance of last-ditch encouragement as her lips formed the words, "George Fury."

Melody shrugged. George had probably assumed, Melody thought, that they had all got free.

Thingan and Royal Boone came piling out of the root cellar again. Thingan stood pulling at his lower lip, his eyes so avid as they searched the room that he looked drunken.

"Pull this up," he ordered, kicking the bunk.

Roy Boone tore the bunk out by the roots in a couple of splintering heaves. Nothing was under it but a considerable rat's nest, and a litter of such trash as had found its way there.

Melody saw that Cherry had sidled nearer the door; she could almost reach it, from where she now stood, if reaching it would have done any good. You could always get through it. "Still figuring," Melody thought, "still trying. She never gives nothing up."

Royal Boone was methodically testing the packed clay floor, under the place where the bunk had been, chipping at it with his high heel.

But now Sheriff Roddy Thingan whirled upon that deep window embrasure in the adobe wall. Light had come to him, sudden and complete. He laid hold of the great slab that covered the cache, and heaved.

Nothing happened.

Incredibly, without any reason, the slab stuck where it was. Thingan tried a few more wrenches, this way and that, but nothing gave.

"Ain't no use heaving at that," Roy Boone said. "It's all sewed down with cobwebs."

"You figure," Mormon Stocker said with insult, "the old man can't even tear a cobweb up?"

"Them cobwebs been there for years," Boone explained, in vacuous good faith.

"You don't tell me," Stocker said. Thingan's voice was low, quick, breathy and shaky. "Work on him, Roy," he said fervently. "Work on him! I'll have him talk or—"

Roy Boone stepped gladly toward Melody, but Mormon Stocker swung Melody out of the way. "Stop it!" Stocker said.

"Stocker, if you've gone soft—"

"Soft hell! You ain't getting no where! Cut out this bashing his brains out. Git some wood in here. Build a fair—a good hot fair. Stretch his pants over it. Heat his spurs red-hot, and we'll write his name on him! He'll talk—he'll talk

like—like—he'll talk plenty," he finished.

"Too slow," Boone objected.

"Try it," Thingan decided. "Try it anyway." Fear of defeat was riding him. "We got to take a chance on it. Git some wood in, Roy. A little otter do it."

For a moment Roddy Thingan sat on the edge of the shifting slab, a strange blank expression making his face siller. Then the slab let go altogether, and thundered to the floor. The sheriff slid with it, sitting down hard and suddenly at the base of the wall. He sat there idly for a moment, his legs spread wide in front of him, one pants leg hitched up to his knee.

He turned quite slowly, as his brain almost visibly began to move again. He sighted the black cavity the falling slab had revealed. In a curious, unhurried way, he craned his neck to look into it.

Then suddenly he was scrambling frantically to get to his feet, his hands clawing at the wall to help himself up. His voice exploded in a bawl.

"They's a dead man in there!"

A strangled grunt sounded in Mormon Stocker's throat as he dropped Melody and plunged toward the cache.

The voice of Royal Boone rang out strong and crazy; he was already beside Sheriff Thingan, crouched over the black hole in the adobe ledge.

"It's Luke Packer!"

Cherry de Longpre snatched Melody by the wrist so hard that she almost threw him, as he stood there gaping. She already had the door open. Somehow, with a surprising

use of her slight weight, she managed to sling him through the door ahead of her. As he slowed up and caught his balance he could hear her furious whisper.

"Run, run, you damn fool! Run or, I will kill you!"

Melody Jones looked about him for Cherry, then, but she wasn't with him now. He hunted around for her, a little aimlessly, not daring to sing out; and he couldn't find her. At first he couldn't find the horses, either. He found a place he thought he had left them, but they weren't there; and when he recognized that he was in the wrong place he could no longer be sure what he had done with them.

He whistled softly the call he used for Harry Henshaw. The gelding had never paid any attention to it before, but Melody hoped that this time he would at least paw or something, in this emergency.

Instead, a soft answering whistle sounded in a different part of the scrub; and when he shook off the first fantastic impression that his horse had whistled back at him, he knew that Cherry had answered him. He ran toward her, trotting stiffly to keep his high heels from turning his ankles; but she didn't whistle again, and he couldn't find her.

He did find the ponies, though. Monte's carbine was still on his saddle, so that he was armed again now, and mounted. He left two of the ponies tied there, and scouted aimlessly through the manzanita; wondering what was sensible.

Far-off up the mountain, perhaps a mile and three furlongs away, a double pistol-shot sounded, as two guns fired almost together.

Monte Jarrad sat well back in the shadows as George Fury walked into the ring of the freight. Monte's gun was in his right hand, where it rested across his knee. The gun was cocked, but it swung nose down, idly, not raised.

Monte looked at George Fury in a puzzled way tinged with admiration. This was mainly because he didn't understand how George got here, let alone how he dared come here to begin with.

"Who sent you?" he asked without expression.

"I come on my own," George said.

"How'd you find this?"

"It's a reasonable question," George admitted.

"I figured you was up here," George said, "because I figured it

was your shot killed Luke Packer. So—"

"Dead, is he?"

"Plenty."

Monte Jarrad granted noncommittally.

"I already figured out you was wounded. So I knowed you'd be cold, like any wounded man. So I look in the near places where a fire could be hid, and here you be."

"Smart—maybe," Jarrad said.

"Uh-huh. My name is George Fury."

"I know who you are. You're the old buck that's been palming himself off as my uncle."

"And you're the cheap gun-fighter that has framed up a sap of a boy to take your medicine for you," George said.

Monte Jarrad looked him over with some puzzlement. George Fury did not look dangerous enough to face Monte Jarrad with a comment like that. He wore one boot and one sock frizzled to the shape of a spat. He was hatless, and his thin hair was full of leaf-twigs, and other trash. His knees were muddy, and his shirt torn.

"I don't look nothing like your half-wit uncle," George said.

"What do you want here?" Monte asked him now. The question carried a strangely detached curiosity, as if Monte Jarrad had already decided what disposition he was going to make of George.

"I come here alone," George began.

"I know that. I been listening to you blundering around here for an hour. I could of picked you off any time, just as easy as now."

George reddened a little this time, but he let it pass. "The sheriff and some of his posse are already down there at your cache. That's what that shooting was you heard."

Monte Jarrad's eyes showed a sharpened flicker as George used the word "cache." But he only said, "I figured that."

"They ain't found your express box yet," George went on. "When they do find it, they'll find Luke Packer's body. Because I loaded the corpus in there, on top of your dang box."

"How did you find it?"

"The gal showed us."

Monte Jarrad watched him with amusement, and a faint admiration. "So they caught that there imitation of me," he said.

"Seems like so," George Fury admitted. "I thrashed around and tore some of 'em up, and come away. But Melody's no way quick, in a thing like that. Not quick, and not lucky. He seems lucky, many a time, but he ain't. So they still got him by the neck, I judge. In a little while more they'll find your dang cache, and when they do, they'll find the corpus of Luke Packer. About then, them Cotton friends of yours are due to show. So now they got Melody Jones four ways from the ace; he ain't got no more show than a one-laided buck at a pants-kicking."

"You don't mean to tell me," Jarrad said, greatly entertained.

"Yes," said George Fury.

"And you took all this trouble, just to come up here and tell me this!"

"I come here to make a reasonable demand," George said, biting off more jerky. "This here boy is only a boy, and he ain't got the sense he was born with—that's a living fact. He don't know which is up, or what the score is, or what's good for him. I'm the first to admit all that, and freely tell him to his face, for his own good. But leave me tell you one other thing."

"Make it short," Jarrad said. He readjusted his position, moving carefully, as if his wound might be stiffening again.

"There ain't a mean hair in that boy's head. He never does no harm to nobody in his life, nor thunk of any. He's in this because of you, and because your gal hauled him into it, and made out she needed him to help her. You and her rigged up all this between you. So there ain't but one right thing you can do, now. You got to whistle up your bullies, and go and get him out of this."

"I swear," Monte Jarrad said, "I don't believe my ears!"

"Or anyways make an honest try," George finished.

"You come up here to pull a sob like that?"

"That's what I come for, partly," George said.

"You mean to tell me you didn't know the answer you'd get?"

George Fury tore off one more bite of jerky, looking down at Monte Jarrad sardonically. "No," he said. "No, I wouldn't lie to you like that." His words sounded odd, coming muffled from a full mouth. "I knew the answer I'd git."

"This beats me," Monte Jarrad said. His breathing was quickened and broken by a silent laughter.

"Git to your feet," George said, chewing.

Monte Jarrad stared at him, unbelieving; but the twisty laughter left his face as if he had been struck.

"You heard right," George Fury said. "I'm taking you down there, Monte."

Jarrad still stared at him, thunderstruck, unable to conceive of this.

"They're going to hang you," George said; "and it ain't going to be in effigy, with the effigy consisting of Melody Jones. You cheap gun-throwers don't make no impression on me. I've seen you come and go. So git up out o' that—before I make your carcass!"

TO BE CONTINUED



Melody spilled back against the wall, hard.

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