

LEGAL NOTICES

NOTICE OF SALE

UNDER AND BY VIRTUE OF AUTHORITY CONTAINED IN THAT certain Special Proceeding, entitled, "Vance Phillips Vs. Will Green and others," and being Special Proceeding No. 1998, duly filed in the Clerk of Superior Court Office of Duplin County, and by virtue of authority of the Judgment therein signed, the undersigned commissioner will offer for sale for cash, at the Court-house Door in Kenansville, N. C., on Saturday July 14, 1945, at the hour of 12:00 O'clock, the following described tract of Land, to Wit:

All that tract of land situated in Warsaw Township, Duplin County and described as follows: Beginning at the mouth of Spring or Phillips Branch on the run of Grove Swamp running up the run of said branch as it meanders about S. 21 W. 68 poles to a crook in said branch; thence S. 81 1-2 W. 34 poles to the head of said branch; thence S. 78 W. 27 poles to a stake, corner of Lots No. 4 and 5; thence with Lot No. 5 N. 10 1-2 E. about 120 poles to a stake on the run of Grove Swamp; corner of Lot No. 5; thence down the run of Grove Swamp as it meanders to the beginning, containing 31 3-4 acres more or less, and being the same lands described in a Deed to V. T. Johnson dated Oct. 8, 1906 and recorded in Book 102 page 230 of the Duplin County Registry and further being the same lands as described in a deed to Vance Phillips, as recorded in Book 427 page 394 of the Duplin County Registry and further being the same lands as described in Book 428, pages 163, 162, 187, 281 and 181 of the Duplin County Registry reference is hereby had for a description of the same.

A deposit of 10 percent will be required of the bidder on the date of sale as evidence of good faith. Advertised this 9th day of June 1945.

H. E. Phillips, Commissioner
7-13-45, HEP

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

Having this day qualified as ad-

ministrator, C. T. A., of the estate of Will Powell, deceased, late of Duplin County, North Carolina, this is to notify all persons having 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 will be plead in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate settlement.

This the 15th day of June, 1945.
M. H. King, Administrator,
C. T. A.
Will Powell estate
H. E. Phillips, Attorney.
7-27-6t.

EXECUTRIX NOTICE

NORTH CAROLINA DUPLIN COUNTY

The undersigned having this day qualified as Executrix of the will of Samuel Winfield Loftin, this is to notify all persons having claims against the said estate to present them to the undersigned, duly verified on or before the 15th day of June, 1946, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery.



"Could you change that to 'love, honor and—Oh, Boy—serve Wheaties?'"

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

This June 9th, 1945.
E. Bowden Loftin
Bettie M. Loftin
Executrices.

7-20-6t.

LABOR

It is stated that labor shortages in the woods and at the mills is the bottleneck of lumber and pulp-wood production.



For best prices and complete job on Monuments, see or write—
Rev. H. J. Whaley
Beaufort, N. C.

M. F. ALLEN JR.
General Insurance
KENANSVILLE, N. C.
KENANSVILLE'S ONLY INSURANCE AGENCY
See GLENN W. BOWERS, Representative in Kenansville

WARSAW FISH MARKET
(Next Door to A & P)
CREATORS AND MAINTAINERS OF LOWER PRICES ON QUALITY SEA FOODS
Both Wholesale and Retail
Know Your Fish or Know Your Fish Man
Wills Bartlett
Phone 230-1
WARSAW, N. C.
FREE DRESSING WE DELIVER

QUINN - MCGOWEN COMPANY
WARSAW, NORTH CAROLINA
DAY PHONE 2-4-4-1 NITE 2-6-6-1
Funeral Directors & Embalmers
Ambulance Service

USELESS COWBOY

By Alan LeMay

CHAPTER XIX

"I had hopes for you, for a while," George said. "You looked pretty good around here, once, for a couple of minutes. When first you let yourself get sucked in here, on the theory you could collect the reward—git holt of the toughest killer since Billy the Kid—whup his whole gang, prob'ly—take him single-handed, seemingly—I knowed you was crazy. But I admit there was a minute here when you near had me fooled. I come mighty near thinkin' you knowed what you was up to, there, once."

Melody was interested. "When was that?"
"When you walked out and fit it out with him—and shot him down!"
"Who? Me?"
"How you ever done it—that part they's no answer to," George said. "It'll mystify me in my grave."
"Only I never," Melody said somberly.
"Never what?"
"I never shot him, George."
"I see," George said, with bitter irony. "You never killed him. He fainted, and struck his head. The bullet you put through him never had nothing to do with it!"

Melody looked at George very queerly. "I kind of thought to ask you a question, George. But this answers it. I guess. Maybe I already knew the answer. Only, I did kind of hope—You sure you didn't shoot him, George? Because you crawled to the door, you know. You crawled to the door, and you—"
"Crawled to the door," George mimicked him angrily. "I don't crawl for nobody, you hear! I stood up and walked like a human bean! Only I tripped. It knocked the wind out of me, or somethin', and I dropped her. Don't you even know when you shoot a fellow?"
"—I don't feel good," Melody said. "Of course, I really knowed; but—I guess I still kind of hoped—"
"What the hell's the matter with yew?"

Melody looked at him with pity. "The shot come from behind me. I even heard the lead. I reckon the next silliness, I'm supposed to think she went off when you dropped her, and hit dead center by accident. Fine carbine, you had, with its own eyes and everything. I never hear such—" He stopped. "Now what's the matter?"
A queer light had come into George's face. "Avery!" he said.
"What?"
"It comes back to me now. As I fell down, somebody taken and grabbed the carbine up. Avery must of— He checked abruptly, and looked even stranger. "Avery was knocked out," he said weakly, watching Melody.

They looked at each other quite a while. Melody's face had reached a low of depression such as George had never seen in it before. It made him look older; almost, George thought, as if he had sense.
"Don't look like that," George said at last. "You otter be glad. You otter be proud of her. If it was me, I'd take it for the best good news I ever see come to you yet. The only good news," he corrected.
"I throw in," Melody said.
"What?"
"You can't blame her. She knowed him long before she ever knowed me."

It took a long time for that to soak in upon George, so that he realized what Melody meant. Even after all his long miles with Melody, he found it hard to believe this final thing.
"I otter git up and whup yew," George's voice was low, but it shook. "I give yew up. Git out of my sight! I don't want to ever see yew no more. Melody, I mean it."
"All right, George."
Melody got together such of his few things as were still rattling around the ranch house. He could not find at all some of the things he thought he remembered having had, such as one-half pair of spurs, and his horsehair tie rope. He finally found his other saddle blanket, though, rolled up under George Fury's head. "Please, George, kin I have that?" When George smoked and ignored him he lifted George's head by the hair, and took the blanket anyway, while George refused to notice.
Cherry was brushing her hair, just as he had seen her do the night she had found him asleep in her bed. She glanced over her shoulder at him, and said, "Hi." And there was a considerable silence while Melody stood awkwardly in the door—and nothing happened.
His wandering eye noticed a random piece of blue ribbon, tossed aside so that it trailed over the end of the wash stand at the end of the bed, by the lamp. He had never seen it before, and didn't know whether she wore it in her hair, or what, but it was crumpled, so that he knew it had been worn. When he had looked at the ribbon for a minute he became aware, without any process of thought, that he was going to steal it.
"It beats me," Melody said, "where that hanged horse has got to, so sudden. One minute he's foraging hay in the barn, like he was moved in to stay, and next minute he ain't any place, and don't even answer my whistle."
"Did he ever?"
"Well, no," Melody admitted. He crossed aimlessly, and sat down on her bed. "He never actually done so, yet; but it always seemed like he was fixing to. It's kind of back-setting, in a way."
She didn't answer that, and wasn't looking at him, so Melody casually moved his hand to cover the end of the bit of ribbon he wanted, and

began to reel it in with his fingers. "That there call-whistle I use," he said sadly, "is the most cometh-hither whistle I can develop. I've give all kind of thought to it. It does seem like any critter ought to answer that whistle, if he's fixing to answer anything."
"You don't say."
She stopped brushing her hair, and set looking at the hair brush in a dejected sort of way, as if it had failed her.
"I don't see why you need him, right away," she said at last.
"I got to get a job. Most likely I got to travel some to get it—don't seem like I'm popular around here no more. But I got to get some money to send back to George. He'll need it, until he can work."
"He might never, you know."
"Well, then, he'll need the money all the worse."
"You know," Cherry said, not looking at him, "the country around here would be a wonderful place to start a little cattle stand. It's thin, but there's plenty of it. The Cottons only want the valley bottom. And it ain't the country's fault that Fever Critt wasters all his time running wild horses."
"—I often thought of that."
"In a few years," Cherry said gravely, "a few people could



"You're really on your way," she said, as if she didn't believe it.

have about anything, if they weren't afraid of work."
"Sure."
She was silent, and waited for what he would say.
The ribbon he was reeling into his pocket was caught on something, but he was afraid to look around to see what it was. He tried to free it with twitchy jerks.
"I guess I got to be going now," he said.
The ribbon came free into his hand. Instantly there was a shattering crash as her lamp came down. The pink china shade, with the little gilt flowers on it, which he had thought was so pretty, broke up in about a million pieces, and so did the chimney, and the glass base broke reek as it puddled across the floor and began to drip away through the cracks.
From the lean-to at the other side of the house came George Fury's faint yell: "Cherry, if yew missed him with ut, hit him agin!"
"Heck," Melody said. He sat looking at the broken lamp, and the ribbon in his hand, and turning turkey red.

Cherry seemed to notice the ribbon more than the lamp. "You can have that, if you want it," she said. "You don't need to steal things from me. Couldn't you ask?"
Wordless, Melody wadded up the ribbon and crammed it into his pocket. Then, becoming aware of what he was doing, he hastily pulled it out again, snapped it straight, and dropped it on the bed.
"I swear," he said honestly, "I don't know how come I done that."
He stood up. "I'll send you another lamp," he said, "out of my first pay."
"You're really on your way," she said, as if she didn't believe it.
"What?"
She subsided, looking more discouraged than he had ever seen her. "Let it go . . . I suppose you'll let George know where he can find you?"
"We ain't speakin'."
"But you said—"
"I'll support him while he needs it. I'll do just that one thing more. But beyond that we're done. George wants it that way, Cherry. I reckon so do I."
She looked at him a long time then, disconcertingly, while he stood turning his hat round and round in his hands. He didn't know exactly how to get out of there, now that he had no more to say.
"I think," Cherry said surprisingly, "you're the hardest man I've ever knowed."
"Who? Me?"
"You're hard like a rock drill, or a bronc. You're so hard you don't even know you're hard."
"Oh, well, shucks, now—"
"How on earth did you manage to break with George?"
Melody shifted uncomfortably, deeply embarrassed. He would have

said he didn't know, except that George would be staying on there.
"Well," Melody said, "I guess I got to tell you something, Cherry . . . George remembers, now. He remembers who—who picked that carbine up, and shot it when—when I was fighting Monte."
Cherry winced as if a quill had sung in her face, but steadied instantly. She considered for a long moment, with her eyes averted.
"I did," she said at last.
"Yup, sure," Melody said. "We know that, now."
Cherry talked swiftly, in a panic. "Can't he see—can't anybody see—I had to try to—I couldn't help—"
"Cherry," he said slowly, "you ain't got any better friend than George."
"You, just said you quarreled because—"
He met her almost frantically glassy stare with steady eyes. "George is a sentimental old guy. He don't see things very clear, any more."
Every trace of expression in Cherry's face was crossed off.
"It's—it's you who hates me for that?"
"Nobody hates you, Cherry." She dropped her chin, and turned her face away from him.
"I want you to know something," Melody said. "If a fellow gets a bullet pasted at him, it's liable to be from the last place he would rightly expect it to come from." She only looked at him.
"Don't feel like that," Melody said. "It ain't fair or right for a man to expect too much of people. If a fellow gets to thinking there's some one person he can trust, that's a chance he's taking. And if later she feels called on to take a shot at him, he can't blame nobody but himself if he's surprised."

This was so far from anything Cherry had looked forward to, or planned, that at first she could not speak. Her eyelids winked fast as she stared hard at the hairbrush.
"Your horse . . ." she said at last.
"What?"
"Your horse is out of sight in the coulee, just beyond the barn."
"Now, how in time did he get there?"
"I put him there," she said.
"You did? What for?"
"Because I wanted to talk to you. But—I don't any more."
Melody shrugged. "People around here sure act queer," he said. "It must be something in the water, like George says. I noticed Harry Henshaw was kind of—Of course, that could be something he et."
He turned away; and she didn't stop him as he wandered to the door. But he hesitated, feeling unhappy, and incomplete.
"George is funny," he said. "Facts hurt George. He can't bring himself to stand for 'em. There ain't a man in the world wouldn't give the last drop of his blood for a gal that done for him what you tried to do for Monte. But maybe you'd better let George think what he wants. He's said set that you was shootin' at Monte."
He paused. Then, as she stared at him, he said, diffidently, "some way it makes him mad to have me realize that you was only trying to kill me."

Cherry dropped the hairbrush, but it landed on its bristles, without sound; and Melody did not see it, because he was getting out of there now, at his own slow pace.
He picked up his saddle, and his bedroll, and a few things he had forgotten to wrap in, but could hang from the fork. And he carried this scant lifetime requirement out to the coulee beyond the barn, where he found Harry Henshaw as Cherry had promised.
He laid his stuff down on the lip of the coulee, sat down on his bedroll, and studied Harry Henshaw. He wasn't in any hurry.
He whistled to Harry Henshaw, the seductive whistle he had practiced so long. The horse didn't notice, seemingly. The awfullest thought in the word was haunting Melody.

"Someday," he said to himself, "you'll be an old man, past use for nothin'. And suppose then word comes in, some way, so's we know then that George was right. Suppose we find out, some way, she really shot at Monte. Then you'll get these plucking cactus spines. You'll set there a long time . . ."
He stood halfway up, hitching his chap belt, but sat down again. "She would of give me some sign," he suggested to himself uncertainly. "She would of said something. She would of told me." He reached down for his soogans.
But he never picked them up. He stopped in his tracks, shocked out of motion by the impression that Harry Henshaw, ignorant of whistles, had turned and whistled at him. Then, as he stared at the dozing pony, Cherry spoke behind him.
"No wonder he doesn't come," she said.

He jumped, and spun around. "What? Oh, it's you."
"Yes," Cherry said. "That whistle can't be any good. You don't even answer to it yourself."
"Who? Me?" Melody was utterly befuddled, now. "Cherry, I swear, it seems like he otter come. I think a fur piece, figuring up that whistle. That there is the most cometh-hither whistle a man can think up, I do believe."
"Is it?" Cherry looked him square in the eye, and whistled at him.
The doggonest thing of all happened then. Harry Henshaw came up and stood nearby, looking self-conscious.

[THE END]

The South's Great Future
DEAN PAUL W. CHAPMAN, of the University of Georgia, is a close student of Southern and national trends. His article in *Sales Management*, extracts from which appear on this page today, predicts a great future for the South after the war.
More and more people are making similar forecasts.
—Editorial from RICHMOND (VA.) TIMES-DESPATCH

UP AND DOWN THE COAST LINE

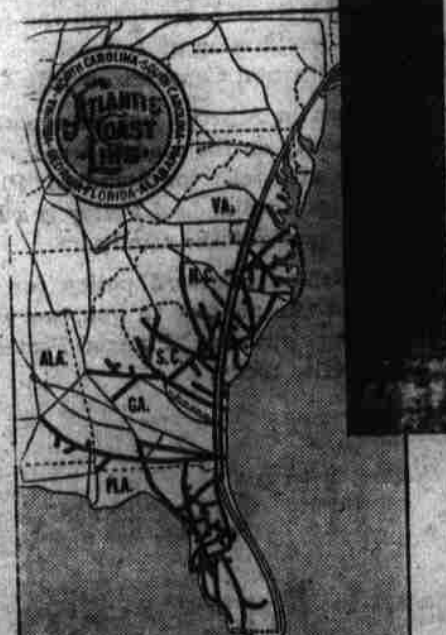
AMERICA'S NEW INDUSTRIAL FRONTIER

If you are interested in industrial plant sites or distribution facilities in the Southeast, we shall be glad to recommend suitable locations. Our research staff is also available for timely and comprehensive studies with respect to industrial possibilities in our territory. Your inquiries will receive prompt and confidential attention. Address J. M. Fields, Assistant Vice-President, Wilmington, N. C.

ATHENS, Ga.—Paul W. Chapman, dean of the College of Agriculture, University of Georgia, is author of an article in the magazine *Sales Management* in which he foresees vast postwar marketing expansion in the South.
In the article, entitled, "New Marketing Opportunities I see Developing in the South," Dean Chapman outlines 10 reasons why he thinks the South will lead the nation in the postwar upsurge to business, agricultural and industrial prosperity. They are:
1. More paved roads.
2. More airports and planes.
3. More rural electrification.
4. More irrigation.
5. Increased use of power and machinery.
6. Increased need for farm buildings and equipments.
7. Larger farms.
8. Livestock expansion.
9. Marketing supplies and equipment.
10. Small industry equipment.

great during the past 10 years. It will go forward much more rapidly in the future. With anything like full-scale employment in the United States as a whole, the rate of economic advancement (in the South) will be phenomenal, even under adverse business conditions . . .
As a potential Southern purchasing power, Chapman cited the fact that the Federal Reserve Bank of Atlanta has issued more new money—in relation to previous issues—that any bank in the entire Federal Reserve System since 1940; and the Federal Reserve Bank at Richmond stood second.

The Georgia agricultural expert listed the following industries as leading the way to a record era of Southern marketing expansion and general economic prosperity following the war:
Box factories, handle factories, post treating plants, mill-work plants, excelsior plants, naval stores, grist mills, paper mills, rayon plants, seafood canneries, feed mills, glass factories, potteries, hatcheries, brickyards, cement-block plants, quarries, rug making, farm tool plants and tanneries.



ATLANTIC COAST LINE RAILROAD



BUY WAR BONDS NOW

SERVING AMERICA'S NEW FRONTIER

-TYNDALL FUNERAL HOME IN MOUNT OLIVE
Funeral Directors, Embalmers
Ambulance Service, day or night
Home of Wayne-Duplin Social Association
Phone 71

FARM ITEMS
Veterans of this war are given preference over nearly all other purchasers of new farm machinery through an order issued by WFA.
DDT is known to kill a greater variety of insects than any other insecticide.