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IF OLD BOOKS are taking up space in your storeroom, barn or attic, send me a postcard. I'll pay cash for them. DAVID STICK-KITTY HAWK. T-12-22-tfc

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PANSY PLANTS: Nice, stocky plants, 50c doz.; English daisies; Sweet William \$1.00 doz.—Roanoke Island Gardens, Manteo, N. C.

WANTED TO BUY — House and lot on ocean. Write me what you have. A. W. Drinkwater, Phone 26, Manteo, N. C.

FURNISHED ROOMS By day or week near airport. Mrs. O'Neal, PINEHAVEN INN, Phone 200-W, Manteo, N. C.

RADIO - TELEVISION Service. Parts for all makes, models. Reasonable prices.—RADIO-TELEVISION CENTER, Manteo, Phone 108-J.

LANDSCAPING. Variety of beautiful shrubs for landscaping your home and grounds. Also, azaleas and camellias a specialty. Come and see us. Roanoke Island Gardens, Phone 21-J

RELIABLE MAN with car wanted to call on farmers in Hyde County. Wonderful opportunity. \$15 to \$20 in a day. No experience or capital required. Permanent. Write today. McNESS COMPANY, Dept. C, Candler Bldg., Baltimore 2, Md. H-11-18p

TYPEWRITER RIBBONS, all makes; also for adding machines, portables. \$1 each. Times Printing Co., Manteo, N. C.

TYPEWRITER Ribbons, paper clips, copy paper, legal forms, adding machine paper. See us for your printing needs and office supplies. THE TIMES, Manteo; The HERALD, Swan Quarter; The F.M.O.T., Belhaven.

FOR SALE—One house on Airport Road. Another for rent. HOUSE ON BEACH with heat, for rent—or will sell on easy terms. Telephone 108-W, Manteo.

SEE A. W. DRINKWATER if you want to buy some good land or a good house. Lots on Beach Insurance and Bonds.

PIONEER MANTEO, N. C. Week of January 19 FRIDAY : SATURDAY BUD ABBOTT LOU COSTELLO in "THE FOREIGN LEGION" SUNDAY ONLY "SURRENDER" —with— JOHN CARROLL MONDAY : TUESDAY "THE MEN" —with— TERESA WRIGHT WEDNESDAY : THURSDAY BROD CRAWFORD in "CARGO TO CAPETOWN"

Austin Nichols GREAT OAK BLENDED WHISKEY \$1.85 pint The Straight Whiskeys in this product are 2 years or more old; 30% Straight Whiskey, 70% Grain Neutral Spirits: 20% Straight Whiskey, 2 years old, 5% Straight Whiskey, 4 years old, 5% Straight Whiskey, 6 years old. 86 proof. Austin Nichols 5 Co., Inc.

BLUE CATFISH IS MISSISSIPPI VALLEY PRIZE

That bewhiskered behemoth of the catfish family, the blue catfish, is the pride of Mississippi valley fishermen. It is strong on the fight and mild on the platter, a delightful combination.

It is the largest member of the catfish family and this is quite a distinction since this particular family includes some 1,000 species in both fresh and salt water.

Veteran blue catfish anglers will stack their pet fish alongside any gamefish when it comes to sport and good eating. The big ones don't come easy and it takes a real student of the game to out-wit them.

It goes by a variety of names: Blue Channel, Channel Cat, Chuckyhead Cat, Great Blue Cat, Great Forktail Cat, Poisson Blue.

Characteristics The bluish color and the comparatively small head, plus the forked tail and lack of spots set aside the blue catfish from its brethren. Belly is silver white.

This fish is noticeably plentiful in the Mississippi Valley and its tributaries. It is found also from southern Canada to the Gulf States and from Minnesota and Kansas to the Appalachians. Although the average is from 2 to 5 pounds, authentic figures place the largest around 160-pounds. Its flavor is excellent and highly nutritious.

Practically anything edible on the river bottom will digest in the cast-iron stomach of this fish. Worms, clams, frogs, minnows, spawn, crawfish, weeds, insects, refuse and dead fish are some worth mentioning. It is comparatively rare when this fish is taken on an artificial lure. Live or dead meat is the main standby of old-timers.

Fishing Methods The usual procedure is to loop some two dozen nightcrawlers around a size 2/0 or 3/0 treble hook, toss this, properly weighted, into a deep hole and wait for action. The heavy line either can be held in the hand or tied to a tree limb. When the catfish moves off with the bait, the angler drives home the hook and hangs on.

HIGH TIDES ON FISHING GROUNDS

Low Tides Between Hours Shown OREGON INLET FOR JANUARY Thursday 18 3:51 4:00 Friday 19 4:41 4:52 Saturday 20 5:26 5:41 Sunday 21 6:09 6:24 Monday 22 6:48 7:03 Tuesday 23 7:26 7:42 Wednesday 24 8:02 8:19 Thursday 25 8:39 8:57 Friday 26 9:16 9:37 Saturday 27 9:57 10:21 Sunday 28 10:40 11:11 Monday 29 11:29 Tuesday 30 00:08 12:24 Wednesday 31 1:12 1:27

NEW HOLLAND NEWS

Miss Adelaide Stotesbury has returned to her home in New York City after an extended visit here with Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Stotesbury and Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Berry. Mrs. Dick O'Neal and sons, Edward Allan and Richard, are spending several weeks in Wilmington with the Theo Easoms while Mr. O'Neal is attending to business in Beaufort, S. C. Mr. and Mrs. John H. Swindell and daughter, Lucinda, of Swan Quarter were Sunday night guests of Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Tunnell. Mrs. Francis Crede and children have returned to their home here after having spent the past three months in Florida with Mr. Crede. Mrs. D. S. Smith spent several days last week visiting friends and relatives in Belhaven. Mrs. Frank Fortescue, Mrs. Mildred Wright and Mrs. Jodie Swindell of Sladesville were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Lonnie O'Neal Saturday. Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Cahoon were weekend guests of Mr. and Mrs. Earl Basnight of Elizabeth City. Mrs. Eunice Crede, Misses Ane and Laura Crede were business visitors in Washington Saturday. Misses Sidney and Willie Weston and Miss Nancy Stotebury visited Mr. and Mrs. Joe Mann in Fairfield Sunday. Mrs. E. Berry and son, Charles, spent the past weekend in Yorktown, Va. with Mr. and Mrs. H. Phillips. Mrs. D. B. Watson left Monday for Trinidad where she will join Mr. Watson who is in the Navy and stationed overseas. Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Tunnell and children were Sunday visitors of Mrs. Mattie Boomer and Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Berry of Swan Quarter. Dairy cow numbers have declined 7 per cent in North Carolina since 1944. This compares with a decline of 12 per cent throughout the nation during the same period.



CHAPTER I—Stella Moore, masquerading as Dorinda LaCroix because she has been told it will help keep alive Dorinda's aged grandfather is accosted by a man she has met before and who suspects her disguise. Dorinda died before Stella came during a shipwreck as she and her uncle fled Paris when the Nazis came, and Stella Moore has become Dorinda to the LaCroix household. CHAPTER II—Uncle Edward is disturbed at the possibility someone has penetrated the Dorinda secret. The spurned Dorinda reviews events leading up to her joining in deception. CHAPTER III—Dorinda (as she is called henceforth) has developed a real affection for the old lady she is deceiving, but finds Lana, the daughter of Edward's aunt Harriet, distasteful because of her selfishness and greed. Fay Thornydyke, in love with Edward and co-conspirator in the plot, speculates on the desirability of ending the masquerade. Romance begins to stir between Dorinda and Cleve. CHAPTER IV—Deputy Sheriff Hawley questions Dorinda as to her whereabouts after reporting the death of the salesman, Taylor, who had recognized Dorinda as Stella Moore. Taylor apparently was killed in an automobile accident, but the sheriff's office sees "some queer things" about the supposed accident. A "yellow haired" girl with Taylor's figure as a mystery woman. CHAPTER V—Dorinda considers giving up role and leaving Thornydyke residence, but respects Edward's wishes that she remain. Cleve gives her a puppy for a present. CHAPTER VI—Grandmother begins probing Dorinda's story, asks to see scar which real Dorinda received on wrist when cut by a broken perfume bottle as child. CHAPTER VII—Fay tries to avert Grandma's examination of Dorinda's wrist, but the old lady holds on and discovers there is no scar—but the pretended Dorinda is an imposter. Edward attempts to make Grandmother Thornydyke believe him but fails and she has a severe heart attack. Dr. Evans is called, warns what another sudden shock might do to the old lady. Carol, the nurse, reports to the death of Grandmother's Thornydyke. CHAPTER VIII—Carol expresses fear she'll be blamed because she took a nap while on duty. As the maid, Carrie, begins slipping covers from Grandmother's bed, Dorinda notices lipstick smeared on the pillow case and suspicion is aroused concerning how the old lady died. CHAPTER IX—She reports her fears to Edward, who ridicules them. The family attend grandmother's funeral. Dorinda plans an attack on the beach with Cleve Adams and Carrie fixes lunch for the pair. CHAPTER X—Anne Delahay arrives in time to join the beach party. She is cut off in one of Dorinda's swim suits. A boulder from the cliff above crashes down and kills Anne. Dorinda thinks she saw a flash of light when the boulder was a woman's yellow hat at cliff top just before boulder fell. Dr. Evans decides to call in the sheriff. CHAPTER XI Almost upon the heels of his words, the red police car flashed by the window. Dorinda saw three men get out, Deputy Sheriff Hawley and two others unknown to her. "Charles Poole, the sheriff, and Dr. Hanlon, the coroner," Dr. Evans identified them. They did not come to the house but headed in the direction of the beach. Fifteen minutes passed. Dr. Evans fidgeted and looked at his watch again. "I should be getting along on my afternoon calls," he murmured, and then hoisted himself to his feet, relief spreading over his round face, as Cleve came into the room. "Glad you've come, my boy. I've really got to get away. But I couldn't leave Miss Dorinda here." He picked up the black bag, opened it and selected a bottle of white tablets. He shook out a half dozen in his hand and slid them into a small white envelope. "Take a couple of these when you go to bed," he told Dorinda. "That way you'll get some sleep. You'll need it." He laid the envelope on the table. "Tell Poole if he asks for me, that he can see me later. There's nothing I could tell him anyway." Cleve came across the room to where she still stood by the window. "Poor kid," he said and put his arms around her. They sat down on the long davenport, close together, her fingers clutching at his hand. "I have to hold on to something," she told him. "But I'm all right now. I can talk about it. Did they find out how it happened, Cleve?" "They're trying to. They were examining the wall at the top of the cement around that big boulder had cracked and loosened. Of course, the wall's old and we've had lots of rain this year. But that's the only place that was weakened. It was just chance it had to be right above the rock you used for a seat." Dorinda said again, as she had said to Dr. Evans, "It was an accident, wasn't it, Cleve?" The look he turned on her was full of surprise. "Why, of course. Good Lord, honey, you don't think someone pushed the boulder over, did you?" "No, not really. Only why did it come down just then—when she was there. It might have fallen any time but had to be today, at just that minute." She felt her throat thicken. "It just happened, that's all. No wonder you've been terrified with an idea like that in your head. Why, who on earth would want to harm a nice kid like Anne? That's ridiculous, Dorinda." "I suppose it is," she admitted. "My imagination's too good, Cleve. But things happen. That man Taylor was killed—they thought that was an accident, too, at first. And Grandmother died." She couldn't tell him about the rose-colored stain on Grandmother's pillow. He'd think that was ridiculous, too. As Edward had. He put his hands on her shoulders and shook her gently. "Wake up, honey. You look as if you were a million miles away from me. You know what happened to Anne was simply one of those unaccountable accidents, don't you?" Dorinda's forehead was puckered. If she could only remember—She rubbed her hand across her eyes. "I think I know, Cleve. I'm a little dazed yet, that's all." Her eyes slid past him. "Oh, Harriet!" she said blankly. Harriet stood in the doorway, her gray eyes dull, her sorrow face wrinkled as if she had been asleep. "Are you and Cleve here alone?" she asked, stiffly disapproving. "Aunt Harriet, have you been here all the time? Were you walking along the upstairs hall?" Dorinda demanded. "I've been here several hours. I was asleep most of the time." She added primly, "I went out into the hall once. Lana'd left the bathroom door fastened on my side and I had to go outside and through her room." Dorinda gave a brittle little laugh. That showed what a hysterical fool she was—working herself into a panic of fear because she'd heard footsteps in a house supposedly empty. And all the time it was only poor harmless Harriet! "But I thought you were at the Red Cross," she insisted. Harriet's weak mouth tightened into stubborn lines. "I didn't like it there. I didn't know any of the women, so I only stayed a little while. I walked home." She came closer to Dorinda, looking curiously into her tear-stained face. "You've been crying." Alarm kindled in her eyes. "Lana—nothing's happened to Lana?" "No, no," Cleve assured her. "But there's been an accident." He told her, briefly. "The sheriff's down there now." His attention came back to Dorinda. "I wish you didn't have to talk to Poole about it today. But he'll want to ask questions. After all, you saw it happen—I wish you hadn't—and he'll want you to tell him about it." "Charlie Poole? He's coming here to ask questions?" Harriet rubbed the tip of her narrow nose. The news of Anne's death did not seem to disturb her greatly. She didn't know Anne, her detached attitude said. The girl meant nothing to her. "I haven't talked to Charlie Poole for a long time," she went on in a pleased voice. "Oh, you know him?" Dorinda's interest was caught by Harriet's tone. "Of course I know him. We went through high school together. We were—quite good friends. Charlie was planning to go through college and law school. But his father died quite suddenly. There wasn't much money left and Charlie had his mother and that bunch of sisters on his hands." She gave the reddened tip of her nose a final rub. "Just about that time I met Hunt Thornydyke who was here visiting his brother and we got married and went away." She sighed. "I always thought if Charlie's father hadn't died so soon—" Cleve broke into her reminiscences, his voice deepened to a warning note. "They're coming. Poole and Dr. Hanlon. Buck up, Rinda." She told Poole what had happened, her voice faltering at the end. Her eyes were tight little fists in her lap. "You saw the boulder as it started down?" Poole asked. "You didn't see anything else? There was nothing, no one, no other movement at the top of the bluff?" "No. No one. But there was something—I can't remember—" She put her hands over her eyes, living all over again that moment when she had seen Anne die. Her hands dropped into her lap. "I remember now. It wasn't anything. Just a flash, a spot of something yellow." Dorinda tells of Flash Of Yellow on Cliff Top "Something yellow?" Poole frowned. "Like what?" "I don't know. Maybe it was a bush in the sun, a flower. Maybe there was a yellow lichen on the rock. I wasn't really looking up there. It's just that I have a feeling I saw yellow. Maybe I really didn't see anything." "There are no bushes or flowers along the bluff. And no yellow lichen on the rocks there," Poole said flatly. He pulled a small sack of tobacco and a pack of papers from his breast pocket. He rolled a cigarette slowly and expertly. "Here's something that looks like an accident. Maybe it is. I'm not saying it isn't. But I'm not satisfied. It's too convenient—the whole setup. Everyone away from the house, servants gone, the loose place—the only loose place in the whole wall, directly above that scratch of a match as he drew it across the sole of his shoe. "And you didn't see anyone but you did see something yellow in a place where yellow didn't belong. Think about it some more, Miss LaCroix. Maybe you'll remember what it was that you saw." Dorinda shook her head. "No, as I said, it's just an impression. If anyone had been standing there, I'd have seen him. But I didn't, and of course, I didn't look again. I forgot all about it." Poole moved restlessly. "I don't like this—not any part of it. There's too many unexplained things happening around Trentville lately. That salesman, Taylor, for example. We nearly passed that off as an accident, too. They tell me you knew him, Miss LaCroix." "That's not fair, Poole," Cleve broke in hotly. "Just because he spoke to Dorinda. He might have spoken to half a dozen girls in town for all you know." "Nothing to get excited about, Cleve." Poole blew a smoke ring into the air. "I'm just saying it's peculiar. I wonder now, just how long was Miss LaCroix out of sight today before you heard her scream?" "She wasn't out of my sight at all," Cleve declared shortly. "I heard Anne cry out just when Dorinda went out into the water at the end of the bank. She took a couple of steps and started screaming herself. I can assure you she didn't have a chance to run up the steps and push the boulder down on Anne without me seeing her if that's what you're getting at." "I think Miss LaCroix has told you everything she remembers," a soft voice interposed. "Maybe after she's had a rest and a night's sleep, she'll remember more. That happens, sometimes," Dr. Hanlon, seated in a shadowy corner, spoke for the first time since he had come into the room. Dorinda, turning her head toward him, saw a heavy man dressed in a loose brown suit, vest unbuttoned over a convex belly. His prominent eyes, matching his suit, were the soft brown of a spaniel's. He nodded to her reassuringly, his lips pursing in a smile. There were voices in the hall, excited voices. Carrie, her gaunt face flushed and anxious, appeared in the living-room door. Her sunken eyes sought Dorinda, ignoring the others in the room. "Are you all right, Miss? I been worrying so. The hospital never called me. And my boy wasn't hurt at all." A sudden flash of interest lit Poole's face. "You say your telephone summons was a false alarm?" he asked, his drawl quickening into terseness. "I don't know. Maybe it was a Carrie's eyes shifted from Dorinda to the sheriff. One big hand flew to her face, pressed against her mouth. Carrie's eyes shifted from Dorinda to the sheriff. One big hand flew to her face, pressed against her mouth. Carrie Was Lured Away By Fake Hospital Call "Mr. Poole," she breathed. She looked frightened. "What are you doing here? Has something happened? Has someone else been killed?" "Someone else?" He caught up her words swiftly. "Who was it that was killed in the first place?" Carrie made a visible effort to compose herself. "I didn't mean nothin'," she said sullenly. "Only we've had a death in the family—and I got this phone call. And you're here." Poole's eyes narrowed. "You didn't sound as if that were all you meant. But what about this telephone call? Tell me about it." "There ain't much to tell. Mr. Greer took the call. He came and told me. They said it was the hospital at Westport calling and that my boy had been hurt in an auto accident and for me to come right away." "And you didn't talk to the hospital yourself? Did you hear the telephone ring?" "No, I was upstairs. But Mr. Greer came up and told me. And he said if Miss Dorinda didn't care, he'd drive me up to Westport." "And you went?" "Yes, I had the lunch-packed for the beach picnic and I took it down and asked Miss Dorinda if I could go. I didn't feel so bad about about leaving her because Miss Delahay and Mr. Adams were with her. And Mr. Adams said he wouldn't leave until me or Mr. Edward came back." "You were afraid to leave Miss LaCroix alone? Why? Trentville is generally considered a pretty safe place." Carrie's fingers were making little pleats in the front of her dress, pulling her cotton waist tight against her flat breast. "Well, I don't know. Only Miss Dorinda's so young and pretty. And you read in the city papers about funny things happening sometimes. I just didn't like to go away and think of her being by herself. Anyway, Mr. Edward wouldn't have liked it." "I see. Well, go on. What happened after you left here?" "We drove up to Westport just as fast as we could and went to the hospital. There's only one up there so we couldn't miss it. And they said they didn't know anything about an accident. And they hadn't phoned and my boy wasn't there." She sucked in her breath sharply. "So we went around to where he worked. That's Davidson's machine shop. He'd been working all day and couldn't figure what we were talking about. And finally we came back home." Poole picked up his hat from the floor beside him. He turned it round and round in his lap, his fingers plucking at the narrow grosgrain band. "And is it your idea that someone was trying to get you away from the house?" Carrie looked startled. "I didn't say that. I guess maybe someone else got hurt and they got the wrong number. It could'a been that way." "It's possible, of course. I'll have to find out if there were any accidents in Westport today. Or if there were any telephone calls to this house from Westport." (Continued Next Week)

BRINN (Continued from Page Two) in the vicinity of his three score and some years he visited a son in Florida, and that while out for a short stroll one day he became interested in the country thereabouts and without reckoning against the rapid passage of time suddenly discovered that he had walked nearly twenty miles without stopping. Who can say that this has been exaggerated? In all probability it is true. His Pal Awaits Him There are many other interesting tales about Richard Brinn, but space is limited and so are the facts. There is one fact which should be inserted here, however, and that is that when Dick arrived at his home after being lost, or in other ways inconvenienced, in the Little Dismal and fighting his way through those many, many hard miles of swamp and ice and briars and every conceivable hardship, he found at his mother's hearth Jim Turner. That same Jim Turner who had promised to pick him up at the camp. The same Jim Turner who had arrived at his mother's home several days before Christmas and had not mentioned anything at all about Dick's planning to come home with him. Fortunately, for Jim, he had vanished when Dick became well two or three weeks later.

BIRTH ANNOUNCEMENT Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Herman Watson, II, of Tarboro announce the birth of a son, Hubert Watson, III, January 3 at Edgemore General Hospital. Mrs. Watson is the former Miss Clara Allen of Wenona. When buying or selling — Use the Classifieds.

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