

HYDE COUNTY HERALD

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CHARLES BOND, Editor FRANCES WESTON, Adv. Mgr.

Devoted to the interests of Hyde County, and the Eastern Section of Eastern North Carolina, State's Richest Agricultural Area. Famous Region of Fishing and Hunting.

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PUBLISHER'S NOTICE This newspaper urges its readers to send in news items about matters of general interest to its readers. Letters must be signed however, as evidence of good faith. A charge of one-half cent a word is made for publishing obituaries, cards of thanks, resolutions of respect, etc.

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AN OPPORTUNITY FOR CONGRESS

It is a highly significant fact that the comparative conservatism in fiscal matters shown by the last Congress has invigorated business. The refusal of Congress, especially in the closing weeks, to endorse more fiscal lunacy has, in the view of various authorities, become a tangible influence in the interest of industrial recovery.

That being true, think what would result from a genuine economy program, based on a realistic survey of the nation's great tax and deficit problem. Think what would happen if our lawmakers said flatly that no additional taxes will be imposed—that the day of unbalanced budgets must end—and that a real start will be made toward orderly reduction of the debt, and to balancing outgo with income.

The consequence of such a policy would be to open up great new reservoirs of productive investment—and to put an army of unemployed men and women to work. For nothing can be so discouraging to industry and commerce as a continuous policy of "deficit financing" by government. Nothing can do more to increase the vast ranks of the jobless.

THE WORLD'S FAIR AND THE AMERICAN SYSTEM

This year America is being treated to two magnificent world's fairs, at New York and San Francisco. Millions of citizens are visiting them. And to the thoughtful visitor, these fairs must appear as a great deal more than colorful and exciting shows—they are living testimonials to our traditional economic system based on the freest possible play of individual initiative and enterprise.

around you, wherever you live—in the stores, the industries, the service companies in your town or city. All of America is a great and continuous fair, exhibiting proudly the fruits of the American system.

AFTER FORTY YEARS

This newspaper congratulates Editor Harry F. Deaton and his associate, Frank Rreeze on their splendid 40th anniversary edition of last week. It is a great thing for a newspaper in a small town to have persisted for 40 years, and to our mind it is a striking tribute to its value and service to the community, speaking more eloquently than anything that can be said about it.

The front page announcement of the publishers in this edition is a little sermon in itself, and we take pleasure in reprinting it. We hope that we may keep this paper going 40 years. They say:

When the first issue of the Mooresville Enterprise went forth on the 8th day of September, 1899, it was confronted with many difficulties. First, we were equipped with a Washington hand press and a very small amount of body and display type, which had been leased "on trial," as it were. With the backing of Hon. A. Leazar and several other citizens prominent in Town, county and State affairs, we were encouraged and later purchased machinery and equipment sufficient to carry on, and have added from time to time until the Enterprise today is known far and wide and has a clientele of which we are justly proud. We have made many friends during the forty years we have struggled to keep the home fires burning, had many experiences to cast down the heart—and yet, with all adversities, there has been a reward in the fact that our friends have been steadfast. The publishers of the Enterprise have left nothing undone that we could possibly do, to give Iredell county the best weekly paper in this section of North Carolina.

The publishers of the Enterprise appreciate to the fullest the hearty support given it during the many years that have passed. We have gained the ill-will of a few citizens for the reason that the influence of the paper did not advance their personal interests, when matters were more far reaching and affected the entire community in which the paper circulates. If we erred, it was but human, but whatever was said through its columns was for the good of the community, in our humble opinion. We have ever fought for the right of the entire citizenry, for the upbuilding of the community, for every progressive movement that has made our Town a wholesome place in which to live. We have never used the columns of this paper for the abuse of any citizen or to cast aspersions upon even the suspicious.

We are grateful to our friends who have sent us congratulations upon this occasion, our fortieth anniversary. That is a long time for one concern to live—especially for newspapers.

We hope to continue to serve the community for many years to come and we live in the hope that we may continue to retain the friendship and good will of the thousands of readers. To them we promise our best efforts to inform and entertain through our columns.

"The government has tried every scheme except the right one to revive business. Business does not want to get further in debt; it looks forward to the day when there will be renewed confidence in the future and particularly the government's fiscal policy, and freedom from persecution. Any other attempts to appease business are superficial aids which only prolong the day of reckoning."—Esterville, Iowa, News.

Engelhard Church Renovated

Rev. C. K. Wright was unable to hold his semi-monthly service at Engelhard Sunday because the interior of the Methodist church there is being renovated.

CHILD OF EVIL

OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN WNU SERVICE THE STORY

CHAPTER I—Beautiful, young Kay Forrest has been employed by Christine Maynard, photographer, to pose for a series of pictures, the background of which will be exquisite Cathedral Gardens, famous Southern resort. Unknown to her, one Jeff Butler, mean, unscrupulous "swamp angel," has led a friend to spy on the two women. Kay, of necessity, is scantily clad while posing for the camera studios.

CHAPTER II—Kay frequently stays with Mrs. Ruth Hamilton, her son Barney, of whom Kay is very fond, and her daughter Margaret. Mrs. Hamilton, a remarkable woman, conceived the idea of the Gardens following the death of her husband. One night, after a local dance, Kirk Reynolds, a ne'er-do-well gambler of Beverly, a resort town, and Kay go for a ride. Kirk's car collides with that of Harvey Jackson, and during the ensuing argument Kirk whips out a gun and kills the young, popular engineer.

CHAPTER III—Kay is completely stunned by the tragedy. Kirk threatens to drag her into the thing if she tells even her father, a doctor, she agrees to remain silent. However, the next time she goes out with Barney, she tells her circumstances make it necessary for her to marry him, so she cannot be forced to testify against him if he is accused of Jackson's murder. They drive to Beverly, and during the ceremony, she determines to find out how to put an end to it.

CHAPTER IV—Mrs. Emma Forrest, Kay's mother, looks upon herself as being completely righteous. She is firm, positive and demanding. Her father is exactly the opposite, kindly and unassuming. While at home Kirk Reynolds calls her, and she goes to see him with him despite her family's protests. He tells her the circumstances make it necessary for her to marry him, so she cannot be forced to testify against him if he is accused of Jackson's murder. They drive to Beverly, and during the ceremony, she determines to find out how to put an end to it.

CHAPTER V—Barney tells her she loves him, but is married to Reynolds. She refuses to tell him why she married him, but he promises to try to understand. Meanwhile, Miss Sonia (Babe) Henkel, Beverly beauty operator of Kirk Reynolds, berates him for marrying Kay, and intimates friend of Kirk Reynolds, berates him for overlooking a responsibility to her.

CHAPTER VI—Jim Owenby, landscape engineer in Iredell, calls to her. He is sure Kirk has married Kay so she cannot be brought in to testify against him. He is afraid of what might happen if he and Barney confront Reynolds.

CHAPTER VII—Barney is forced to go to the Gardens for drinking. He is warned that the unscrupulous and wicked look for a way to even the score, but is not worried over the possibility. He knows Butler is absolutely trustworthy, and he realizes that the shiftless swamp angel may have it in his power to cause trouble all over the county.

CHAPTER VIII—Sonia Henkel is angered when Kirk tells her he intends to bring Kay to live with him. She thinks this will keep people from talking about the murder of Jackson. He has been lured to do this by the fact that Reynolds calls Kay, who, despite Barney's protests, can do nothing but agree to accompany him.

CHAPTER IX—When Kay has finished packing, her father and brother, Andy, call at the Gardens to talk to her. They leave and Reynolds fails to show up. The next morning his body is found in a nearby lagoon. Kay is frightened by the possibility that Barney, Owenby, her father or brother may have killed Kirk. The sheriff questions them, and they deny knowledge of the killing.

CHAPTER X—Doctor Morris, loved by every resident of Beverly, has been vociferous in his defense of Kay. He dislikes the gossip that has been spread concerning her marriage to Reynolds, and regarding her posing for Miss Maynard's photo studio, and tries to stifle the flow of loose talk.

CHAPTER XI—Sonia Henkel calls on Prosecuting Attorney Dixon, demanding that the murder of Reynolds be brought to justice. She tells Dixon she is sure that Barney killed him, and asks him to take immediate steps. He is unable to do this, lacking both inclination and evidence. Meanwhile Kay is staying at home with her parents. Barney calls, takes her riding, and tells her the only thing that prevents them from getting married immediately is that people would believe he killed Kirk, and that he was marrying her in order that she would not be forced to testify against him.

CHAPTER XII—Kay is informed that the money left by Reynolds goes to her as a matter of law. She refuses to take it, and offers it to Babe Henkel, who will have nothing to do with her. Meanwhile, Bobbie Watts, pool hall hoodlum, has discovered a picture of Kay in a New York newspaper. He snatches it on the pool hall window. Andy, Kay's brother, discovers it, and promises to whip the man who put it there.

CHAPTER XIII—Watts, to maintain reputation as a tough, calls at Andy's filling station. During the course of the fight Doctor Morrison, who has appeared on the scene, is seriously injured by one of the roughnecks. In the days that follow, all Beverly is worried. Beloved "Doc" hovered between life and death, bringing to a crisis those things which so upset Beverly.

CHAPTER XIV

For perhaps five minutes after the departure of Sheriff Grim, Babe Henkel said nothing more. Dan Creedon watched her sympathetically. Eventually he spoke, and his voice was kindly. He said, "Snap out of it, Babe."

She turned smouldering eyes upon him. "The louse!" she snapped. "Griffin? You're crazy. He can't protect us any more because they won't let him."

"I ain't thinking about that, Dan. I'm talking about running us out of town."

"Well . . . He shrugged. "There's nothing to do but scam. "She came closer and leaned over the table, her eyes boring into his. She said, "That's what you think."

"Sure I do."

"Well, you're wrong."

"What, for instance?"

Babe was tense. She said, "Dan—you ain't gonna take this sitting down, are you? You ain't willing to blow without anybody even having been punished for killing Kirk?"

He shook his head. "I don't like to, if that's what you mean. But listen, Babe—me and you, we can't buck a whole town."

She said, "Barney Hamilton killed Kirk."

"I suppose he did. But everybody in town thinks he had good cause."

"Well, I don't. You see, I wasn't hard-boiled with Kirk. I was pretty crazy about him."

"Sure you were . . ."

"If I had been bumped off, Kirk wouldn't have checked out without doing something about it, would he?"

"That's different."

"How?"

"You're a dame."

She placed her hands palms down on the table-top. The long, slender fingers with their crimson nails were trembling.

"Before I leave this burg," she announced, "the guy that killed Kirk is gonna get his."

Dan Creedon was worried. "Don't go getting yourself all worked up. The cards are stacked against you, Babe."

"Going yellow on me?"

"Answer that for yourself."

"You're fixing to run out."

"I know when I'm beat."

"Well, I don't!" Her voice was hard. "You can blow whenever you get good and ready. Me—I'm gonna do something."

Creedon shrugged. "If that's the way you feel about it, cut me in."

Suddenly her eyes were filled with tears. "Gee, Dan! That's swell. But I don't want to get you in no jam."

"I can take it."

"If you can sell me on an idea, yes. And get this straight, it ain't that I think you're smart. You're crazy to step into any more trouble. But I never have run out on anybody and I don't figure to start now."

Babe straightened. She walked across the room and back again. Her lips were pressed into a straight, scarlet line; there were tiny, vertical furrows in her forehead. And

Jeff dragged out three cane-bottomed chairs, and they seated themselves. Then Jeff asked, "What you all cravin' to see me about?"

Babe hesitated, but only briefly. "It's about Barney Hamilton."

"Yes'm." Jeff was noncommittal. "He killed Kirk Reynolds."

Jeff swallowed, so that his Adam's apple bobbed up and down alarmingly. His shrewd, weak eyes narrowed and focused speculatively upon the orchidaceous woman opposite. But he betrayed no emotion. He merely said, "You reckon?"

"I'm sure of it."

A warm glow suffused Jeff. He had been considerably perturbed since the night he had killed Kirk, and it was pleasing to hear someone declare suspicion of another's guilt. So Jeff merely said, "He could of," and waited.

Babe talked straight. "You hate Barney Hamilton, don't you?"

"Yes'm. I reckon I do."

"He beat you up, didn't he?"

"Yes'm. He never give me no chance. Just hit me when I wasn't lookin'."

"And you'd like to see him get what's comin' to him for killing Mr. Reynolds, wouldn't you?"

"Maybe."

"Then," said Babe, "you can help—if you will."

Jeff Butler produced a dirty sack of tobacco and a malodorous pipe. With fingers that were not altogether steady, he tamped the tobacco into the bowl and held a match to it.

Fragments of unpleasant recollection came to him: the fight with Barney Hamilton, his own ignominious beating, the drunken stupor from which he had roused himself the following day with head splitting and pride irreparably injured.

He had turned back to his jug of raw corn liquor and sought the solitude of Big Moccasin Swamp to re-lect upon the indignity which had been put upon him. He had brooded for hours, fanning himself into an unreasoning anger against Barney Hamilton. His meager brain—befogged by alcohol—had concentrated upon this single idea: that his honor had been dragged through the muck.

He convinced himself that Cathedral Gardens was a cesspool of iniquity, and that any man who destroyed a portion of it would be doing a fine community service. And so he had cut himself a lightwood knot and had lunched through the swamp that night with the idea of burning the Hamilton home. Of committing arson. Of jeopardizing human life. Of exacting revenge for the beating he had so justifiably suffered the previous day.

Half stupefied with corn liquor, and finding therein a courage which was not natural, keyed to high pitch by the magnitude of the thing he planned, Jeff Butler had skirted the Gardens and approached the house from the rear. He knew that the family would be in the front of the house, that the Negro servants had left, that the Gardens were not then open to tourists at night.

Walking stealthily, carrying his lightwood knot, making a stern effort to control jagged nerves, reflecting upon the nobility of his enterprise . . . and thoroughly terrified, Jeff Butler had come closer and closer to the house. And suddenly, in the darkness, he had collided with a man.

Instinctively he struck at the masculine figure before him. There was the bruising impact of fist on flesh; then a snarl from the man who had been hit. A snarl and a vicious threat. Jeff stumbled away. He dropped his lightwood knot and grabbed for his claspknife. At the touch of his thumb the long, keen

blade sprang open. The figure of the other man came toward him: deadly, menacing, seeking combat with this man who had struck first. Jeff slashed with his knife. The blade sank home. Scarcely a sound. And not until the body lay still did Jeff Butler realize that he had killed Kirk Reynolds.

The instinct for concealment prompted Jeff to risk detection by dragging Kirk's body to the edge of the lagoon and sliding it into the black, shallow water. He knew he was taking a desperate chance, but that he figured—was better than being recognized en route to his home, and then of having Kirk's body found.

He escaped. He slithered away into the shadows of the night. He lurched back through the swamps to his home in Big Moccasin. And for hours he drank steadily. He was palsied with fear. And all the next day he drank until someone rode by his place and mentioned that Kirk Reynolds had been murdered, and Jeff had asked, "Who done it?"

"Dunno," said his informant, "but folks is sayin' it was Barney Hamilton or either Andy Forrest. It sho' is one hell of a mess."

Babe was surprised—and pleased—with the readiness of Jeff Butler's response. She had hardly anticipated so eager an alliance. She had sought Jeff because the lanky swamp angel was the only person in all Beaufort County whom she knew had reason to hate Barney Hamilton. And she did not think that Jeff was still thinking.

He was thinking that if anything happened to Barney Hamilton, the public would be glad enough to consider the matter closed. If a suspect has been executed for murder, the populace does not interest itself in other suspects. It is willing enough to accept the fact of punishment as proof of guilt. And so Jeff remained willing—though cautious.

Babe caught Dan Creedon's eye. The gambler nodded and Babe took the hint, pressing her advantage. She said, "They'll never do anything to Barney Hamilton for killing Mr. Reynolds, will they?"

"No ma'am. I reckon they won't. It's only us 'fo' folks that gets punished to things." Then he added hastily, "Fo' things we never done."

"I know Barney killed him. I know why Kirk went to the Gardens that night. Mr. Dixon knows it, too, but he says that ain't evidence. They're not even going to arrest anybody. And they've told me I've got to leave Beverly."

"How come, ma'am?"

"Because I was a friend of Kirk Reynolds', that's why."

"Shuh! They never give nobody a square deal."

Babe's voice was hard but persuasive. "You hate Barney Hamilton, don't you?"

"Yes'm. I sho' do."

"Well, so do I. And I'm not going to get out of town without doing something about it."

"Yes'm . . . A man like him ain't got no right to live. He ought to be lynched . . ."

Jeff's voice trailed off. Three pairs of eyes looked startled, in recognition of the fact that a chance remark had given them their cue. Jeff repeated, "He ought to be lynched . . ."

The idea penetrated. Babe said, "If the law won't punish him—somebody ought." And she was sincere about it. She was convinced that Barney had killed Kirk. And Jeff Butler was thinking—clearly now, there wouldn't nobody never suspect me of doin' it."

The situation was sardonically perfect. Jeff was more than willing—he was eager. Babe asked, "Could we?"

Jeff nodded. "Folks heahabouts is mighty hot up about things, Miss. They say the Gardens was built by the Devil. Preachers been talkin' 'bout how bad things are. An' we never did crave to have no Dam-yanks comin' down heah killin' our own folks."

Dan Creedon spoke. "Let's talk turkey, Butler. We've plenty of money, and we're willing to spend it. We'll see that you're protected if anything should go wrong. Have you any friends who will help?"

"I reckon so."

"Do you hate Barney Hamilton enough to go in on it?"

"I ain't got no use for that feller, mister. Not no use at all."

"Then, will you?"

Jeff pondered. He saw the future, if Barney were lynched. The public had been struck by . . . that he had been strung up because he had murdered Kirk Reynolds. And if anybody had to be punished for the lynching bee, it would be these two outlanders. Dan Creedon and Babe Henkel. Folks didn't like them no how.

Jeff said, "I reckon it could be done, ma'am. Us folks heah in the swamp is God-fearin'. We b'lieve in right an' decency. We all the time say it would be an eye fo' an eye . . . and the law ain't aimin' to take no eye fo' somebody killin' Kirk Reynolds."

Babe asked, "Will you do it?"

"I'll try."

"When?"

"Tomorrow night maybe." Jeff blinked. "But you-all both has got to be there."

"I'll be there," said Babe.

Jeff was highly pleased. He who had murdered Kirk Reynolds was about to avenge the death of the man he had killed by directing the lynching of an innocent person. Mr. Butler's sense of humor was not highly developed, but this struck him as irresistibly funny. He was grateful to Babe and to this satura-

ture person, Creedon. They were furnishing the inspiration, the leadership . . . and would be the victims in case the county became suddenly righteous after the lynching.

(Continued next week)

HOW ONE COUNTY ADDED NEARLY \$40,000 VALUES

Chowan County finds itself better off to the tune of some \$37,885 in taxable values, which will yield the county nearly \$90 in new revenue, as a result of hiring an efficient tax supervisor. The idea might be of value to other counties, where people refuse to list their cars. Some people try to argue they do not belong to list their cars being paid for on conditional sales contract. The law not only requires it, but the buyer signs an agreement to that effect when buying. The Chowan commissioners ordered Supervisor William Privot to make an investigation. He also found nearly \$50,000 worth of other property unlisted.

In connection with his investigation there were also more poll tax payers placed on the county's books, and property valuation in the amount of \$47,979 which heretofore was untaxed.

Besides, in the course of his work, Mr. Privot added 15 more dogs for taxation, 12 of which were males and three females.

The Commissioners appeared to be very well pleased with the result of the investigation, but still express the belief that there is other property in the county upon which no taxes are being paid. However, they anticipate a re-valuation of all property in the county in 1941, when they hope all property will be placed on the books for taxes and which will result in some property being valued higher than at present.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

Advertising in this column costs one cent a word; minimum charges 25c. If you want to rent, to buy, to sell, to get a job, to hire help, to find something lost, to classifieds will do the job.

WANTED: To get in touch with owners who want to sell property at Kill Devil Hills, Nags Head or on Roanoke Island. Write E. A. Hughes, 111 Corcoran St. Bldg., Durham, N. C. S1-14

TYPEWRITER for sale; long carriage Underwood in good condition. Apply Times office. Terms if desired. J128-14

TYPEWRITERS and adding machines sold and repaired. Prompt service. Lowest prices. Repairs guaranteed. Office equipment service. 107 North McMorris St., Elizabeth City, N. C. J128-10-14

FOR SALE: Large lot facing highway, adjoining Ward apartments in Manteo. Address Box 65, Manteo, N. C.

BEST PLACE to buy Gas. 5 gals. \$1.00. Other goods reasonable. New location, one mi. north Kitty Hawk Station. Baum & Son Service Station. A21-14

HELP WANTED: Southern Beauty School, South's Foremost Beauty School, Wainwright Bldg., 424 Duke St., Norfolk, Va. Accredited 1614

AFTER SEPT. 14th until further notice my shop will not be open for shoe repairing. EBER R. WESCOTT. S8-21

MARK EVERY GRAVE—For engraving monuments call, write or phone D. T. Singleton, 383 Elizabeth City, N. C. Every stone delivered and set. A21-14

Notary Public opposite Fort Raleigh Hotel, E. R. Wescott, Manteo, N. C.

LARGE HOME, six acres of land, offered near Wanchese. Excellent for small farming, and near to fishing and good harbor, good roads. Address FARM, Box 65, Manteo, N. C. tfv

FRESH COUNTRY EGGS and Chickens any time at Colnlock Bridge. Fine quality. See J. H. Overton; visits Nags Head and Manteo every Thursday and Friday. A21-14

FERRY SCHEDULE ROANOKE FERRY COMPANY

Fort Landing, East Lake, Roanoke Island, Manns Harbor Ferries

Leaving Manteo 7:00 a.m. 8:30 a.m. 10:00 a.m. 11:30 a.m. 1:00 p.m. 2:30 p.m. 4:00 p.m. 6:00 p.m.

Leaving Manns Harbor 7:30 a.m. 9:00 a.m. 10:30 a.m. 12:00 noon 1:30 p.m. 3:00 p.m. 4:30 p.m. 6:30 p.m.

*Connects with East Lake-Fort Landing Ferry Going West.

Leaving East Lake 8:30 a.m. 1:00 p.m. 5:30 p.m.

Leaving Fort Landing 7:30 a.m. 12:00 noon 4:30 p.m.