

# THE ALAMANCE GLEANER

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## Old Erie Canal Becomes a Concrete Boulevard



This concrete boulevard through Syracuse, N. Y., and vicinity, has replaced the famous Erie canal, now abandoned. The waterway was filled in with rubbish and dirt hauled from nearby hills and the concrete was laid on the surface.

## Hudson Straits Found Ice-Free

### Airmen Discover Outlet of Bay Blocked by Floes From North.

Toronto, Ont.—Unexpected conditions in Hudson straits, the outlet of Hudson bay to the Atlantic and therefore of the new Hudson Bay railway trade with Europe, have been discovered by a Canadian government aerial survey party during the last three months.

Hitherto it has been claimed that the straits were not open for navigation for more than three months in the year. Some authorities placed the period at one month—late August and early September. Two months was generally accepted as the limit. The most favorable estimates never placed the closing date for navigation later than mid-October. Yet October 15, 1927, in the straits, dawned fair and warm. Airmen climbed into their machines and soared over the lonely Arctic waters. No ice was in sight. Not only were the straits free of it, but none could be discerned in the southern reaches of Fox channel.

November came and still there were no signs of ice. The weeks passed and late in November a patrol northward into Fox channel returned with the information that an ice pan was slowly drifting southward. Not till the first week in December did it reach the straits. By December 10, the airman reported that a huge ice pan blocked the western entrance to the straits, stretching from Nottingham island to the coast of Labrador.

**Straits Never Freeze.**  
It is believed the straits never freeze over. The current is too fast. However, each autumn, ice drifts down from Fox channel into the western end of the straits and through the straits, to the Atlantic. Green, tough Arctic ice, which the summer sun could not melt, but only reduce to great irregular chunks. Vast fields of this ice drift into the straits.

The straits, however, are from 50 to 100 miles in width and the range of vision of a man on board ship does not exceed 12 miles. Hence the government has thought it possible that there might be open water in the straits the year around if a ship's captain knew where to find it.

That is a question yet to be determined. But whether an open channel through the winter exists or not, the fact was established that this year the straits were free of ice until December 10.

Navigation in Hudson straits in 1927 was open as long as it was on the Great Lakes. Unless 1927 proves to have been an exceptional year this fact will revolutionize opinion respecting the possibilities of the Hudson bay traffic route.

The aerial survey party has established three bases, at Nottingham island at the Hudson bay end of the straits, at Wakeham bay midway through, and at Cape Burwell on the Atlantic. The distance from Nottingham island to Cape Burwell, that is, the length of the straits, is 450 miles.

**Linked by Wireless.**

The expedition left Sydney, N. S., July 15 last, arrived in the straits in September had its bases established and was ready for flying October 15. It is in almost daily communication with Ottawa by low wave wireless. Since October 15 the straits have been under daily observation of these pilots, aloft in their cockpits. Air patrols have been carried out in three directions from each base—east, north and west, so that an area 100 miles wide and 1,000 miles long has been flown over almost every day.

The greatest dangers they have reported come from the granite cliffs which form the shores of the straits. They rise hundreds of feet. In fair weather they are not dangerous but

in a fog they are a serious menace. Woe to the flyer who misjudges their position.

The Hudson Bay railway, it is expected, will be complete by 1929. The Hudson straits aerial survey will remain at work until the spring of that year, by which time it will have compiled detailed information respecting conditions on Hudson straits that will facilitate the new stream of navigation expected to develop. Quite possibly a permanent air patrol will be maintained to reduce the hazards of this bottle neck.

### "Billy the Kid's" Home Regains Cattle Title

Carriazo, N. M.—Lincoln county, which was for many years a center of the live-stock industry of the Southwest, is staging a comeback in the cattle business. Many noted old ranches, some embracing as much as 300,000 acres, have changed hands and are being restocked with high-grade or registered animals.

Lincoln county was a pioneer in the cattle business, the first great herds of the state, often numbering over 100,000 head, being ranged here during the Civil war. The industry in early days was largely confined to big companies and their conflicting range interests gave cause for many bitter range wars.

It was here that Billy the Kid rose to fame in range war activities, killing 16 men of the opposing faction in the Lincoln county war before he died with his boots on at the age of twenty-one. The factional fight in which he figured grew out of the killing of Robert Tunstall, for whom Billy the Kid was range foreman.

George Coe, a former partner and friend of Billy the Kid, still lives here and is one of Lincoln county's leading stockmen.

### World Eating Less Food Because Work Is Easier

Washington.—A general decrease in food consumption in the last two decades has been noted by the National Industrial Conference board. Meat, in particular, has decreased in use, the fall being 10 per cent. Mechanization of agriculture and industry and the accompanying decrease in manual labor was called a contributing factor to the decrease in food consumption.

According to the statistics gathered by the board, the use of wheat flour

### Dog Sues Railroad for Loss of Salary

Sioux City, Iowa.—Suit for \$3,523 damages has been brought in the name of "King," a Great Dane dog, against the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad, as a result of alleged injuries received while traveling from Des Moines to Sioux City. It is claimed that King was unable to earn his weekly theatrical salary of \$500 because of the injuries.

decreased 20 per cent from 1800 to 1923, and of cornmeal over the same period 75 per cent. These two foods are the base of a manual laborer's food and are an indication of the decrease in this sort of work, the board says.

Parallel to the decrease in the use of heavy foods by humankind is the decrease in the use of the horse, which formerly required about three acres each for maintenance. From 1910 to 1923, the board reports, the number of horses decreased by almost 5,000,000, thus leaving 15,000,000 acres of land for other uses. The board pointed out that the gradual disappearance of the horse is one of the contributing factors in the farm problem because of the increase in surplus since the age of motorization.

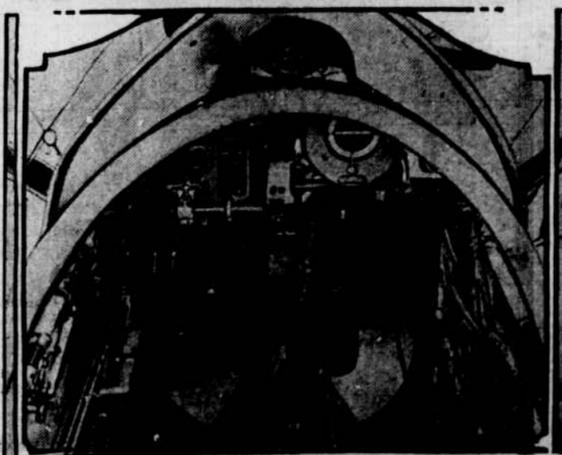
### Criminals Are Popular According to Novelist

Budapest.—In an article in the Nemzet Ujsag on popular favorites, Miklos Suranyi, the well-known novelist, makes an interesting scale of the degrees in which various professions and stations in life arouse popular interest. On the lowest rung of the ladder of popular interest and world renown stand the great scholars—scientists, thinkers, geniuses and benefactors of humanity. Slightly above them come the great statesmen. Next come the authors, artists, creators, planners and inventors.

Higher still come the virtuosi, orators, dictators and generalissimos. Above these come the millionaires. But the fame of the millionaire is far outshone by that of winners of world contests, boxing champions, film actresses, exponents of physical beauty, famous courtesans and race horses.

And the topmost rung of the ladder of popular favor is reserved for the great criminals. In a word, virtue and brain are today the most despised and worst-paid qualities. Samuel Johnson, he points out, who wrote the great English dictionary, is known only to students and intellectuals, while Johnson, the negro boxer, is as well known in the smallest Hungarian village as in Paris or on an American ranch.

## This Makes "Blind Flying" Possible



Here is the complicated instrument board of the plane used by Captain Ocker, the army's oldest line pilot, and his collaborator, Doctor Myers, for their marvelous system of "blind flying" through any kind of fog or darkness. The Ocker-Myers system is called the only safe one for transoceanic flying.

## A LATE AUTUMN ROSE

(By D. J. Walsh.)

AS CASSY BARTLETT turned from the street to enter the house she heard a swift fall of steps behind her and a panting voice:

"Wait, Cassy! I want to see you!" It was Elly Marsh, who doubtless had seen Cassy passing by, had thrown a shawl over her head and run out to intercept her.

"I was watching for you and called to you," Elly said, "but I guess you didn't hear. I've got something for you. There!" She pressed a small package into Cassy's hand. Then in answer to Cassy's astonished look, she added: "You know what it's for, don't you? Your birthday."

"Oh, yes! This is my birthday, isn't it? Do you know I couldn't think for a minute. How good of you to remember it, Elly! And thanks for the gift. You always are such a darling, Elly. If—if we weren't standing here in the street with Miss Piper watching us from her kitchen window, I should certainly kiss you."

"It isn't anything of great value, only a remembrance," Elly said. "And now I must run or my potatoes will burn."

She was gone, and Cassy went on into the house. A smell of turpentine met her in the hall. Upstairs she could hear Miss Frost and Miss Marx, two other boarders who had got home ahead of her, talking through open doors as they prinked for lunch. There was no one in the sitting room, and Cassy went in there to open her package. Her birthday! She had forgotten all about it; her thirty-sixth birthday! She almost wished Elly had not remembered it. What had Elly given her? What could any one give her that could brighten the fact of her being thirty-six, alone and obliged to work hard for her living?

Without expectation or thrill, Cassy opened the little package and found a delicately hand-made handkerchief wrapped about something thin and hard. A card? No, a picture—a photograph of herself. Now, where had Elly got hold of that, and what did she mean? Cassy turned the photograph over and found that Elly had scribbled on the back: "This is the way you looked at twenty. Compare it with the way you look now, and be thankful for your thirty-sixth birthday!"

A smile twitched at Cassy's lips as she gazed at the little picture which recalled to her an almost forgotten self at twenty. Hair dragged back from a forehead into a high pompadour, built up over a scratchy "julep" pad, exposed ears, collar straining her neck, huge sleeves—how funny! And her face was long—she had been thin at twenty. "Looks as if I could have eaten out of a churn, as grandmother used to say," she commented with amusement. And yet, too, she felt a curious bit of sympathy for the girl with the pompadour who had been herself sixteen years ago. What a fool the girl had been, to think that Enoch Morrow could care for her! She could understand now, looking at the little photograph, why he hadn't; why he had married Alice Stimpson and gone away into a life unknown of the Castle Creekers.

The lunch bell was jangling, and Cassy, tucking the picture away inside her blouse, went into the dining room. About the huge square table gathered seven people besides Cassy. Mrs. Higby sat at the head, Mr. Higby at the foot, and on either side were ranged the boarders. Cassy sat between Mrs. Pike and Mr. Horton, who was staying there while his wife made her annual visit to her old home.

"I snan't be here after today, folks," Mr. Horton announced. "Got a letter from Molly this morning and she says she will be home tonight." "Sorry to lose you, I'm sure," said Mrs. Pike in her stiff way. "Sorry to go," rejoined Mr. Horton. And as Jenny just then came in with the roast, conversation subsided for some minutes.

Cassy hurried through lunch in order to have a moment at Elly Marsh's before she had to return to the office. And Elly, taking her by the shoulders, marched her up to the big mirror, triumphantly.

"Now that you have seen the way you looked at twenty, I want you to see how you look now," she said.

Cassy looked, rather shyly. She saw a woman who appeared younger than she was, a woman charmingly plump and rosy, who had an air of well-being and style. The memory of the little photograph was still with her and she smiled.

"Well—I certainly weigh more," she admitted.

"I should say so! You were skin and bones when that picture was taken—grieving yourself to death over Enoch Morrow. Now you don't look

as if you had ever had a physical or mental pain in your life. Talk about late blooming! You are an autumn rose all right."

"Oh, Elly! You flatterer." But Cassy kissed her and went on her way, happier than she had been in months. Life wasn't altogether bad, although you were thirty-six, had seen home and fortune evaporate, and had been forced to earn your own living.

"If I am as good looking as that, I need a new hat," Cassy thought on her way home from work that afternoon. She had paused to glance into the window of that smart little shop known as "The Mary Louise." There was just the hat she wanted, agreeably marked down, too! Why should she not get it? "I will," she decided. "That last rainstorm I was caught out in nearly finished this one."

Twenty minutes later Cassy came out of "The Mary Louise" wearing the little new hat with its bright ornament and the clever twist to the brim, which showed the waves of dark hair above her left ear.

As she entered the Higby house, a smell of soup met her, adding itself to that earlier odor of turpentine, which still lingered. This was her first impression. Her next was of a man who was kicking off his rubbers at the hall rack, with his back turned to her. He was tall, heavily built with gray hair, a little thin at the top. A new boarder, in Mr. Horton's place! Mrs. Higby never had to wait to fill her vacancies.

As Cassy approached the hall rack the man turned and she found herself standing face to face with Enoch Morrow.

There was the slightest pause, during which she realized that he did not know her, then she spoke as casually as she could:

"Why, how do you do, Enoch! Have you forgotten Cassy Bartlett?" "Cassy Bartlett! It can't be possible!" He held out his hand.

They had time for but the briefest handshake before the dinner bell went jangling. At the table he had Mr. Horton's place. Cassy sat next to him.

Mrs. Pike, always inquisitive, found out a great many things about Enoch Morrow before the meal was over. His wife was dead, he was alone, and he had come back to Castle Creek to sell some land he had been holding on to in order to get a higher price. Every one he knew had gone or changed about and he felt himself very fortunate to be able to find a place at Mrs. Higby's. He had his own car and was thinking of driving it clear through to California, where he intended to spend the winter. He had been working pretty hard and needed a rest.

Cassy, hearing these things, sat very quiet and tried to eat her dinner, but she was aware that Enoch looked at her often in a puzzled, wondering way. Afterward, in the sitting room he made her sit down and talk to him.

"You don't know how pleasant it seems to find you, Cassy," he said. "All the old crowd has drifted away. Sixteen years is a long time to be away."

Then he told her how Alice had had pneumonia the previous winter and had died. There were no children—"only a dog, and I have given him away. I could get him back though, if—I had a home to take him to. But I have only a house, a big one, and a man makes pretty poor work of living alone, don't you know it?"

Three weeks later Elly made Cassy another present. This time it was a wedding present.

### Tactful Answer

A taxi driver picked up a fare who appeared to be slightly unsteady on his feet. He asked to be driven "to the end of the rainbow."

The taxi driver humored the man, and off they went, but suddenly he began to wonder whether his fare had sufficient money to pay. He pulled up and opened the door.

"Here you are, sir!" he cried cheerfully.

"Is this the end of the rainbow?" asked the fare. "I can't see it anywhere."

"Well, we aren't quite there," agreed the taxi driver. "The end is just a few yards up the road, but the street's up, and you'll have to walk the rest."—London Answers.

### Worked Way Through

In 1061 Isaac Newton entered Trinity college, Cambridge (England), as a "sub-sizar." Fixed portions of food and drink were then called "sizers" and "sub-sizers" were the students who, too poor to buy their own food, carried "sizers" for others and, as a condition, obtained their own free of cost.

### What Does Slosher Slish?

There are 16,537 ways of using a living enumerated in a dictionary of occupational terms issued by the British government. Among the odd occupations followed in London are: Slosheers, wuzzers, wofflers, penchers, yonkers, swagers, tubbles, towerers and too flatteners.

## Feasting on Rapa



Preparing a South Pacific Feast.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

OF THE Austral or Tubual group, in the South sea, the most fascinating island is Rapa, which lies detached from the others, well beyond the Tropic of Capricorn.

Rapa was discovered by Vancouver in 1791. For the next 35 years the native savages had little contact with the outside world, but about 1825 they began to be Christianized through the first intercourse with Tahitian missionaries.

In later years Rapa became a favorite port of call for whale ships, because the men of the island were peerless boatmen, but with the decline of whaling, the curtain of isolation once more descended. Now Rapa is visited only two or three times a year.

Members of a scientific expedition which visited Rapa recently tramped off across taro fields and through coffee groves toward one of the ancient and mysterious forts that top the ridge of the island. Climbing through ferns knee deep, they soon reached the crest. Four distinct levels on the ridge had been protected by built-up rockwork, and at the highest point a massive wall had been constructed as a last stronghold. On a leveled terrace just below was a small rainwater cistern.

Four miles away in an air line, two other forts stood up against the sky. These were so built that a small force could defend itself against a host of besiegers as long as food and water held out. The only approach was by way of the ridge, for the adjacent sides of the mountain were too steep to scale.

Down to eastward the beautiful harbor of Ahurei, with scattered taro beds about its head, showed clearly, while high above the village wild goats could be distinguished along the craggy ridge. South of the fort the hill rose to nearly 2,000 feet, forming a backbone of unclimbable cliffs, while toward the west and north other ridges divided narrow valleys and cut the island into sharply defined districts.

### Rather Too Hospitable

The party discovered that one of the grave difficulties in visiting Rapa is standing up under the hospitality extended by the natives. They were invited to a Sunday feast by the native chief's son. As they entered what was at first supposed to be the residence of the chief's son, one member, who knew the customs of Rapa, warned all the strangers to eat lightly, as they would be expected to partake of food at several additional homes.

Fresh banana leaves had been laid in a row across the mat-covered floor, and at each place was a plate containing one or two whole fish, another with several large pieces of juicy pork, and beside the plates a taro root. Seating themselves on the mats, the diners ate with their fingers.

When the first few pieces of fish gave way to the pork, the serving middle brought in the poi, the Polynesian staff of life resembling sticky, yeasty dough, neatly wrapped in the broad leaves of the rauti plant.

While they were still eating, the son of the chief appeared again and advised them to hurry, as dinner was awaiting them at his home. So leaving the untasted residue of the first banquet, they walked to the scene of a similar repast. In addition to fish, however, they here found a whole lobster at each place, and two taro roots instead of only one.

Before this meal had proceeded far, the ship captain leaned back from his partly eaten lobster, which was close to two feet long, and in deference to his example the other guests first slackened their pace and then ceased.

They next passed along a lane to a thatched cottage smaller than the others, and encountered a repetition of what had gone before, except that de-

liciously cooked chickens replaced the pork. They were again reminded to eat sparingly, as a hearty appetite should be reserved for the chief's home, to be visited next!

When the party finally strolled over to the large dwelling of the chief, his wife and three or four girls welcomed them in the open yard before the door.

### The Chief's Banquet

In this house, lobster, pork, and chicken were in readiness as a last test of gustatory capacity. The taro had been increased to three big roots, although a small bit from the end of one root would easily have sufficed for a meal.

Besides the staples, the chief had supplied coconut milk in which to dip the meat and roots, a rare beverage in Rapa, as coconuts can be obtained only from ships coming from more northerly islands. They were served also with molasses made from the roots of the rauti. The sirup was placed on the plate with the poi, enabling the latter to go down more easily than when it was lubricated with water only.

At the conclusion of what, fortunately, proved to be the last meal, bananas were passed around.

On another day, a few of the hardy, energetic native fishermen made a trip to the lobster beds at the entrance of Ahurei bay, and brought back 100 lobsters for the visitors. Practically every house in the village entertained one or more of the schooner's crew during the entire stay.

At the captain's suggestion a case of kerosene was presented to the church, the light of which shows up brightly as vessels enter the harbor.

That this courtesy was appreciated by the inhabitants was shown by their gifts on the day of leaving. A count of the acquisitions on deck, after the departure of the pilot, showed 5 sacks of taro, 18 packages of poi wrapped in rauti leaves, 19 boxes of taro and poi, 15 bunches of bananas, 22 rabbits, and 14 goats.

The girls and younger women at Rapa do most of the labor in the taro fields, while the older women attend to the housekeeping. The exemption of the men from agricultural labor allows them more time for fishing, and as a result of their sea experience they are much sought by captains of sailing vessels at Papeete.

### Feasts of the Oarman

The constant demand for Rapa men during a period of nearly a century has led to considerable preponderance of women in the island population. The men are excellent physical specimens.

On one occasion when the schooner of the visitor was three or four miles from shore, a boat came out. The men had made no allowance for the fact that an engine was riding the rails, and within a minute they were left 100 yards astern. But when the cabin boy, a native of Rapa, called out to them to catch up and be towed, they bent their oars and showed what they could do. The schooner was progressing at a rate of about six miles an hour, but the boat was going at twice that speed when it reached and overtook her.

On another occasion a Rapa crew rowed five miles to an inlet on which certain sea birds were nesting. Two of the members of the crew were only thirteen years of age, but when a heavy storm arose these lads stood the test of pulling for hours against a head wind and a rising sea, even though the poorly balanced, heavily-made oars weighed close to 50 pounds.

The girls of Rapa are naturally skillful in using their ancestors' outrigger canoes. At one time they would frequently pass the schooner on their way home from taro fields on the side of the bay, with their canoes on the roof.