

# Governor McNutt To Address State Newsmen At Chapel Hill

Chapel Hill, Jan. 13.—In addition to Governor Paul V. McNutt of Indiana, who has been reported to have his eye on the White House for 1941, a number of other prominent speakers will appear on the program of the thirteenth annual Newspaper Institute which will open at the University of North Carolina tomorrow (Thursday) evening and continue through Friday afternoon. Duke University will be host at a dinner session Friday night.

Other notables from out of the state include Dr. George Gallup, director of the American Institute of Public Opinion; Paul West, director general of the Association of National Advertisers; Dean Carl Ackerman of the Pulitzer School of Journalism, Columbia University; Robert M. Johnson of the editorial staff of the Chicago Tribune, and Cranston Williams, Executive Secretary of the Southern Newspaper Publishers Association and Frederick A. Storm, United Press White House correspondent.

Governor McNutt, who is to be the principal speaker at the opening session in Hill Music Hall tomorrow night at 8 o'clock, is a former commander of the American Legion and is

quitting the Indiana Executive Mansion this week after a four-year term in favor of the man he picked to succeed him, Clifford Townsend. A large crowd is expected to hear his address which will be open to the public. Governor Clyde Hoy will introduce him.

A native of Indiana, with degrees from several institutions, Dean Ackerman had a wide experience in newspaper and magazine work before he accepted his present position in 1931. He served as special correspondent for the United Press and the New York Tribune from 1915 to 1917; as correspondent of the Saturday Evening Post and the New York Times with the allied armies abroad during the war, and as director of foreign news service of the Philadelphia Public Ledger from 1919 to 1921. From 1921 to 1927 he was president of a public relations organization in New York. He was assistant to the president of the General Motors Corporation during the year prior to his acceptance of the Columbia appointment. In 1935 he was lecturer on public opinion at the Tokyo Imperial University of the Philippines and the University of Sorbonne in Paris.

## MILLER ANNOUNCES REMAINING GAMES

Latham L. Miller, coach of basketball at Henderson high school, today announced the cage schedule for the season, two games already having been played by the aggregations.

The remainder of the card follows:

Jan. 15—Middleburg here.

Jan. 19—Zeb Vance boys here.

(Open) Girls.

Jan. 22—Lawrenceville there.

Jan. 25—Roxboro here.

Jan. 26—Middleburg here.

Jan. 29—South Hill, there.

Feb. 2—Lawrenceville, here.

Feb. 5—Louisburg, there.

Feb. 9—Townsville here.

Feb. 11—Bethel Hill here.

Feb. 12—Roxboro, there.

Feb. 16—Louisburg, here.

Feb. 18—Bethel Hill, there.

Feb. 19—Warrenton, here.

Feb. 23—Epsom, here.

Feb. 25—(open).

Feb. 26—Warrenton, there.

March 2—Aycock, here.

## HENDERSON SPLITS ANOTHER TWIN BILL

Kentuckians disclaim their state is full of hill billies. However, when the federal government stores that gold hoard at Ft. Knox they'll have to admit the presence of, at least, hill billions.

Henry Ford, we read, may build a car with the motor in the rear. However, in this case it won't be out of sight out of mind.

On the other hand it will sort of even up matters to have the motor as far behind as the payments on the car.

A feature about the new electric razors we like is the fact that after a shave it doesn't chase us to the door offering to whisk broom; our vest and expecting a dime.

The oft-prophesied European war hasn't broken out yet. Perhaps those angry statesmen won't start fighting until they've counted up to a hundred—battleships.

Spain doesn't mind other nations taking over her civil war if they would only take it away.

Somehow we find ourselves unable to become greatly upset over the sad fact that scientists are being denied the usual number of snow flakes to study this winter.

An old-timer is a fellow who can remember when the only European news on the front pages was about the starving Armenians.

Kay Francis, screen star, born at Oklahoma City, Okla., 31 years ago.

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CHILDREN UNDER 16 NOT ADMITTED

# The BLOODHOUNDS BAY

By WALTER S. MASTERMAN

CHAPTER 47  
BEFORE Sylvia, Selden, Reid and the children reached the gates of the drive, heavy drops were falling, and Sylvia suggested turning back, but Selden started her by saying that he had ordered lunch for all at the Bull Inn, and it was better to go on.

Many eyes were fixed on the party as they made their way to the inn, for the news of the disappearance of the children had leaked out. Hucks gazed at them open-mouthed, but the presence of Selden prevented him from speaking.

He led the way into the low-roofed dining room, with huge oak beams along the ceiling, and long latticed windows.

The village of Evenden was a well-known beauty spot, lying in the lovely Beven valley, between two ridges, and at crossroads, and many tourists stayed for meals at the "Bull". A maid in uniform ushered the party to their table by the window, for Selden had merely ordered lunch for five on the telephone. He made an excuse to slip out while the lunch was being prepared, and found Hicks busy in his large comfortable bar.

"Got over your fright?" he observed, pausing at the counter, and ordering a drink.

The huge prize fighter looked sheepishly at Selden.

"It's all right to talk, Mr. Selden, it takes a lot to frighten me"—he puffed out his great chest—"but there was something that wasn't human there, and I bet you never found anyone in that crypt."

"You're right there, Hucks, he had got away. He has the Abbey to himself now."

"So I heard," Hucks said, drawing a tankard for an importunate laborer. "Funny goings-on, I hear. The servants were round here for food—skered right enough about what happened, and"—he dropped his voice—"I hear they've got that butler in choke. Is that so?"

"I believe Inspector Hutchins has arrested him," Selden said carelessly, "but I shouldn't say too much about it, Hucks; you know how village gossip spreads."

"Bless your soul, sir," Hucks said with an expansive grin, "it's been the talk in the bar all the morning. Mrs. Thornton has been here, a-telling all about it. Fancy—James! He was a deep 'un, he was."

He moved off to serve a customer, and Selden took himself back to the dining room.

The twins had already begun, with good healthy appetites, and sitting in his place was Mrs. Thornton herself, volubly telling Sylvia her opinion of the inhabitants of the Abbey, with many blanks for the sake of the children, who understood perfectly what she meant and were enjoying the scandal. She rose awkwardly at Selden's approach.

"I beg pardon, sir, I was just keeping Miss Lawrence and Mr. Reid company till you came." She looked defiantly at Selden. "You see, my evidence would have been useful at the inquest after all, and why you stopped me from giving it."

"You will be able to give it now," he said quietly.

things off, she buttonholed me, and had the impudence to start asking me all about my past life and who my parents were and so on."

Selden laughed. "Just like her. No doubt she and that precious inspector have been putting their heads together, and she is trying to find out whether you have any connection with the murder."

"I tried to snub her, but she came across when Sylvia entered, and started asking where they had been, and where we were staying."

"You didn't tell her?"

"No fear. We had had quite enough of her. I was glad when you came back."

The rain was coming down now in straight heavy lines, the steady dull rain without wind beloved by the farmer when his corn has been gathered.

"We can't go back in this," Reid said, gazing out at the dreary prospect.

"We'll take the children to the local cinema," Selden said. "I'll drive you in my car and take you back to the Abbey."

An old converted barn bore the proud name of the Palace Picture House, and the twins were delighted at this promised treat, for they had never been allowed to go inside the place. Sylvia looked doubtfully at Selden.

The maid had gone and they were alone in the room.

"Look here, Selden," Reid said eagerly, "if you'd fetch your car and take us right away somewhere, I should feel much more satisfied."

"Where?" Selden looked at him blankly.

A vision of his old bed-sitting room in Pimlico rose to Reid's mind, and he paused. Money he could provide, but how could he suggest going to some hotel or lodging with Sylvia, even in the company of the twins, and they, poor mites, had heard too much in the Abbey for their precocious minds.

He remained silent, and Sylvia could only think of her peevish aunt in her shabby boarding house, and what she would say if they turned up there.

"Come on, then," Selden said cheerily. "I'll get the car, while you fetch your things."

you can put them up until some arrangement is made."

"I don't like it. That fellow Reid is not trustworthy, in my opinion, and in any case he has hardly recovered from his illness."

"They will be all right now that you have James under lock and key," Selden said casually.

The landlord, who had been standing respectfully at the door, not liking to interrupt the conversation, coughed, and Selden turned.

"Beg pardon, sir, but your car's at the door and the others are waiting for you."

Selden wished the Colonel good-bay and hurried out.

"You will be staying here, sir, tonight?" Hucks asked.

"Oh yes, keep my room for me. I shall be back presently."

Selden drove the party to the cinema, and insisted on paying for the seats in the best part of the poor place. To Reid the whole morning had been like some strange nightmare. Selden's appearance, and James' arrest, the lunch, and now the presence of the detective, apparently wasting his valuable time at a second-rate picture hall. And Mrs. Thornton's cross-examination had disturbed him. Had Hutchins got on his track somehow? He recalled with a feeling of dread that Selden had plainly told him that he knew something at any rate of his past life from his ravings in delirium, and perhaps someone else may also have become acquainted with it.

And Sylvia? He could never ask her to join her life with his. Even now he was living on stolen money! He saw little of the pictures, but heard the children laughing wildly. They had not had much pleasure in their lives, and even Sylvia seemed to be amused.

He glanced at the stern set face of the detective, and it dawned on him that even here in this place Selden thought they were not safe and had come with them for protection.

It was still raining when they emerged into the dark street, and they waited in the doorway while Selden fetched his car, which he had parked round the corner.

A man from the Bull Inn approached Reid and touched his cap.

"I have a message, sir," he said. "Colonel Graham requested that Miss Lawrence and the young ladies would go over to Grinfold to make some statement. I was to say that it was urgent. I have the car here, and can run them over and bring them back."

"Grinfold?" Sylvia exclaimed. "That's where the police station is. I suppose we shall have to go."

## LEGISLATIVE CHATTER

Daily Dispatch Bureau.  
In the Sir Walter Hotel, Raleigh, Jan. 13.—Governor Clyde R. Hoy is fast becoming known as one of the most democratic (note the small "d") of chief executives. Sunday he was seen strolling down Fayetteville street with one other companion, no bodyguard or anything like it.

Monday night he drove down from the governor's mansion to the Sir Walter to attend the fair association banquet. Alighting from his car and entering the lobby he found the diners had reached the song-singing stage but had not quite completed their last course, and so he just waited around outside the door, looking rather lonely as he stood there all by himself.

Spiced by a news man he laughingly said, "I'm just waiting for them to finish eating. No use bothering them now."

When he finally entered the banquet hall the orchestra was playing "Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit Bag" and it was some time before he was recognized.

Then the musicians swung into—"Hail to the Chief," but "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here."

Senator John Sprunt Hill, of Durham, is generally recognized as one of the ablest legislators, but he seems to be unable to let any resolution or bill get by without saying something about it.

Monday night a joint resolution, proposed in the House, to invite Governor Paul V. McNutt, of Indiana, to address the legislature came up in the Senate. Senator Hill rose to inquire what the visiting executive would talk about. Nobody knew.

"Well, I don't want to oppose extending courtesy to the distinguished visitor, but I don't want him wasting our time," said the Durham solon.

Bladen county politics is (or should it be are) usually about as hotly waged as possible and so when a legislator comes up from that section with endorsement of every faction, he must have "plenty on the ball."

And even U. S. Page, the "Bladen jombhall" whose battles featured the 1935 Assembly sessions has a good word to say about Lloyd S. Elkins, of Bladenboro.

"There's a fellow who came up here without a single voice raised against him," the bombshell told news men Monday night.

Incidentally the 1937 session will probably prove more profitable, if not more pleasant, to Mr. Page. Defeated for re-election to the Senate he has been employed as a lobbyist against the child labor amendment.

It is entirely evident that the fair men attending the State Fair Association session here were being sweet to members of the legislative finance committees, hoping for a reduction in the tax on carnivals and fair "mid-

ways." If J. C. Hobbs, of New Hanover, a member of the House money group, is to be believed, they made little progress.

"No soap," he commented tersely.

Mr. Hobbs is something of a pessimist, too. Shown the budget estimates he groaned: "We'll be here 'til August."

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M-G-M PICTURE

## STATEMENT OF CONDITION Home Building and Loan Association

Of Henderson, N. C., as of December 31st, 1936.  
(Copy of Sworn Statement Submitted to Insurance Commissioner as Required by Law.)

ASSETS	
The Association Owns:	
Cash on Hand and in Banks	\$17,638.29
Stock in Federal Home Loan Bank	2,500.00
Mortgage Loans	187,895.89
Money loaned to shareholders for the purpose of enabling them to own their homes. Each loan secured by first mortgage on local improved real estate.	
Stock Loans	15,996.96
Advances made to our shareholders against their stock. No loan exceeds 90% of amount actually paid in.	
Accounts Receivable	None
Temporary Advances for Insurance, Taxes, Etc.	
Office Furniture and Fixtures	None
Real Estate Owned	3,020.44
Other Assets, H. O. L. C. 2-3-4 per cent Bonds	1,700.00
<b>TOTAL</b>	<b>\$228,751.58</b>

LIABILITIES	
The Association Owes:	
To Shareholders	
Funds entrusted to our care in the form of payments on stock as follows:	
Installment Stock	\$180,838.06
Matured Stock	None
Running Stock	None
Prepaid Stock	None
Paid-up Stock	25,000.00 \$205,838.06
(Notes Payable, Federal Home Loan Bank	
None	
(Notes Payable, Other	
None	
Money borrowed for use in making loans to members, or retiring matured stock. Each note approved by at least two-thirds of entire Board of Directors as required by law.	
Accounts Payable	None
Undivided Profits	20,853.52
Earnings held in trust for distribution to shareholders at maturity of stock.	
Other Liabilities, Reserve for Contingencies	2,060.00
<b>TOTAL</b>	<b>\$228,751.58</b>

State of North Carolina, County of Vance, ss:  
Joel T. Cheatham, Secretary-Treasurer of the above named Association personally appeared before me this day, and being duly sworn, says that the foregoing report is true to the best of his knowledge and belief.  
JOEL T. CHEATHAM.  
Sworn to and subscribed before me, this 13th day of Jan. 1937.  
Nettie Clopton Allen, Notary Public.  
My commission expires 9-11-37.

## Morocco, a New Threat to European Peace?



Map shows Mediterranean "danger spots". Photo shows French foreign legionnaires in French Morocco—held in readiness.