

County Chamions - Undefeated By High School



Here are the members of Henderson high school girls basketball squad, county champions and undefeated by a high school team during the past season. Reading from left to right: first row, Frances Petty, forward; Mary Florence Houghtaling, forward; Carolyn Duke, Captain and guard; Mary Gene Falkner, forward; and Mildred Harris, guard. Second row, Rosa Lee Stokes, guard; Fannie Cooper, forward; Marie Moore, guard; Helen Mustian, forward; Charlotte Knight, guard; Mary Windley, guard. Back row: Coach Bob Harrison, Marjorie Raynor, guard; Hazel Finch, forward; Alice Jackson, forward; Martha Lowry, forward; and Jane Thompson, manager.

MARYLAND, TIGERS IN FINALS TONIGHT

Clemson Eliminates Davidson and Maryland Ousts State in Semi-Finals

Clemson College and the University of Maryland will meet in the Southern Conference tournament finals tonight at 8 o'clock in Raleigh's Memorial Auditorium for the conference championship. Clemson has battled its way through to the finals, eliminating Carolina in the first round, dropping Wake Forest Thursday night, then came through with a 49 to 33 victory over Davidson last night in the semi-finals. Maryland routed State College in the semi-finals 53 to 29. Maryland topped Richmond Thursday night in first round play 47 to 32, and then took State. The Old Liners hold a slight edge over Clemson in pre-tournament dope, and the finals should be well worth watching.

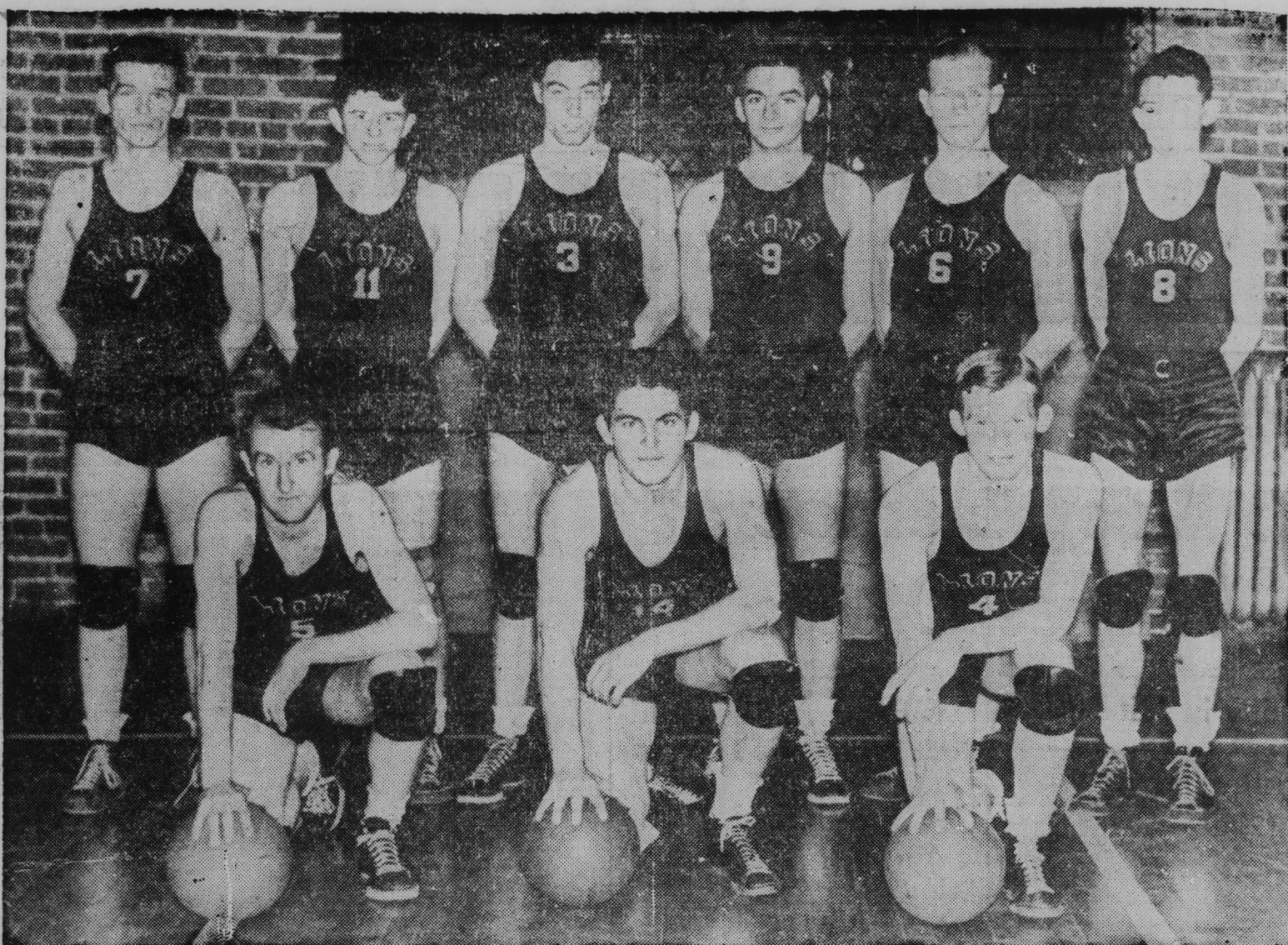
Sportsmen Dislike Idea Of Diversion

In the Sir Walter Hotel. Daily Dispatch Bureau, BY LYNN NISSET

Raleigh, March 4.—The group so strongly opposed to diversion of highway funds hasn't been heard from much the past few days, although they privately declare that they aren't through fighting. There are other kinds of diversion and several bills have been introduced this week to counteract diversion tendencies. Representatives Morse of Pasquotank and Davis of Dare offered a bill which would require the Department of Conservation and Development to keep funds received from the sale of hunting licenses separate from other moneys of the department. Not more than ten per cent of these receipts might be used for fire control, the rest to be used purely in propagating and conserving game in the State. Earlier in the year a large delegation of Warren county folks came to Raleigh to protest against the fact that their county paid over \$2,000 in hunting and fishing licenses, and got back less than half that in any kind of service. Representative Horton of Martin sent up a bill permitting the taxing authorities of his county and the several towns in it to exempt from taxes foxhounds which are hunted in packs of eight or more. This bill applies only to Martin and does not affect state revenue. It is of statewide interest only because it indicates an increased interest in the sport of foxhunting, just as the other bills mentioned indicate greater interest in game and hunting of all kinds. The Morse bill is of more general interest, touching upon a tender spot in several departments, that being the practice of collecting license fees for specific activities with implied ear-marking for specific use, and then losing track of the receipts in the general departmental funds. The bill has been reported favorably and action on it is expected Monday night. Being a nudist increases one's standing with bank credit departments, nudist tells Ohio legislature. But not with department store managers.

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MARS HILL LIONS END EXCELLENT CAMPAIGN



Lions who have just completed a fine basketball season. Front row left to right: Clyde Peck, James White, C. G. Ray. Back row, left to right: Earl Leatherwood, Ruffin Hood, Roy Heading, Neil Whitaker, Curley Charles, Addison Hubbard.

Bill Would Tighten Food, Drug Statute

Daily Dispatch Bureau, In the Sir Walter Hotel. BY LYNN NISSET

Raleigh, March 4.—When the opponents of the bill requiring headache powders to be marked poison appeared before the committee some days ago, they asked that the State keep its drug laws in conformity with Federal statutes. Senator Dr. Long has taken them at their word and has put into the Senate law bill a measure rewriting the entire State pure food, drugs and cosmetic acts and bringing them into harmony with the latest federal legislation on the subject. In some respects Dr. Long's bill goes a little further than federal law but for the most part he strings along with Washington as to requirements for marking upon bottles and packages in understandable language a statement of the contents and effects of the package, as leading advertising, and fixing penalties for violation of any provisions. The main responsibility for enforcement of the new law is placed upon the commissioner and board of agriculture, but provision is made for co-operation of the boards of health and pharmacy in conducting investigations and in fixing standards of purity and quality. The Long bill goes much further than any previous state law has gone in regulating cosmetics. The state has for years had pure food and drug acts, and the department of agriculture through its division of chemistry has been charged with enforcement of these laws. Enforcement machinery is strengthened by imposing obligation upon solicitors of county courts and superior courts to bring indictments upon report by the commissioner of agriculture that the law was being violated. Inspectors of the enforcement agency are given permission to enter the premises of dealers or manufacturers and take samples of any food or drug or cosmetic articles, by paying the established price therefor. The bill however does not get into the price fixing field and does not change existing requirements for the operation of food or drug stores, practicing medicine, etc. If enacted it would become effective immediately with respect to administration and regulations. The effective date for foods would be June 25, 1939, and for drugs and cosmetics January 1, 1940. This, according to Dr. Long, gives ample notice to all dealers and vendors so that they need suffer no unusual loss or embarrassment. Some provisions of the act would tend to curb radio and newspaper advertising of products claimed to be "cure-alls" and would possibly put some advertisers off the air and off the printed page. Dr. Long confesses that he isn't quite sure just how far reaching some of the provisions may be, but he is definitely sure that the State Medical Society, the Pharmaceutical association and the department of health will support the general purpose of the measure. Introduction of this bill revived talk of the need for a state bureau of standards which would consolidate work of the weights and measures division, gasoline testing, fertilizer, feed, food and drug analysis, etc., under one head. It is not expected that any attempt will be made to set up such a department this year, but a number of state leaders are interested in it. For the immediate purposes of the proposed new drug act, the facilities of the chemical division of the department of agriculture are believed to be reasonably adequate.

New Bill Demands Damage Payments, As Was Forecast

Daily Dispatch Bureau, In the Sir Walter Hotel. Raleigh, March 4.—When the House was about to vote on a bill by Representative Claude Abernathy,

of Nash, Wayne's Frank Taylor predicted it would establish a dangerous precedent when the Assembly undertook to pay damages arising out of torts allegedly committed by State agents. The Abernathy bill paid for property and other damages resulting from a collision in which a school bus was involved. Mr. Taylor suggested either a court of claims for the state where such claims

could be tried or a general statute allowing the State to be sued like a private person or agency. His prediction is already being fulfilled. Bladen's Bombsell, U. S. Page, has introduced a bill to pay a filling station operator \$100 for damage done it by a school bus. 1836—Stuart Robson, noted actor, born at Annapolis, Md. Died April 28, 1903.

CONVICT'S DAUGHTER

WRITTEN FOR AND RELEASED BY CENTRAL PRESS ASSOCIATION RUTH RAY KANE

READ THIS FIRST: Summoned to the state penitentiary where her father lies near death, Lona Ackerman is dismayed when he fails to recognize her. He is serving a life sentence for a murder which occurred when he sought to avenge his daughter's honor. Finding a friend in Jim Clarke, Lona had just begun to take a new interest in life when the prison warden telegraphed her of her father's illness. Alone in the world, she had spent months, finding jobs, then losing them when it became known she was a convict's daughter. Finally Jim had found her a new position, saw more and more of her, until they fell in love. The prison warden takes Lona to his home. As they enter, two convicts confront them with guns. Once in the warden's car, the convicts slug the warden and dump him out, then attempt a mad get-away with Lona in the front seat. Eventually she pretends to faint, then lurches for the steering wheel. Then they crash. Only slightly injured, Lona recovers in the prison hospital and finds her father has died. When she takes her father's body to their old home for burial, she finds herself the object of all eyes, due to the wide publicity that followed the attempted prison break. (NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY)

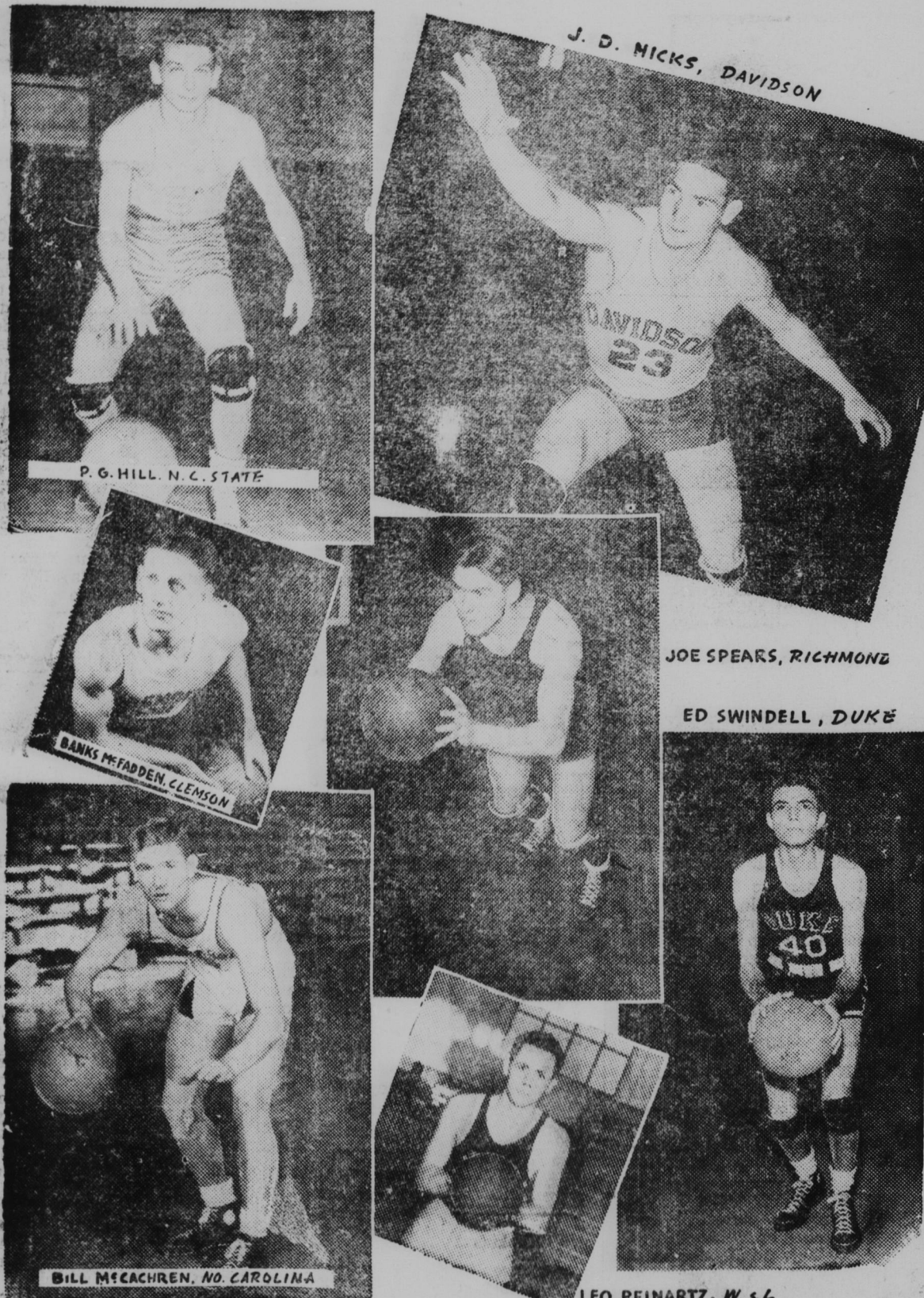
CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

LONA INSISTED upon leaving Bridgewater immediately after her father's funeral. Despite the kindly efforts of the old minister and his wife to persuade her to remain with them for a rest, she felt she could no longer stand the place, with its familiar scenes and its memories. After that last pitiful visit to the churchyard it was haunted; she felt that she had done with it forever. She never wanted to see the place again. It was as if she had written into a chapter of her life, a dark, fateful chapter, with which she was glad to be done. It was with that feeling of finality uppermost in her mind that she listlessly made the train ride up to the city the morning after they had laid her father to rest. She was surprised to realize that, on the whole, she felt relieved. The thought of her father sleeping back there in the churchyard beside the mother she could scarcely remember was much less terrible, now that the shock was over, than the thought of him shut away, living, in that gray stone horror of a prison. At least he wasn't suffering, eating his heart out for her. She could feel easy about him now. She could plan for the future with a free mind. The worst had happened and it was over. She began to be anxious to get back to work, and to Jim. She half expected to find Jim waiting for her in the station where she had parted from him—was it less than a week ago? An absurd little wave of disappointment took hold of her as she scanned the milling, big-city throng, in vain, for his familiar face. Then she smiled wistfully at her own childishness. Of course he couldn't possibly be here. She hadn't notified him she was coming back so soon. Besides, it was noon, and he would be at work. After the smug quietness of small-town Bridgewater, filled for all its peaceful surface with devouring eyes that had followed her every move as if she were some rare sort of animal on display, the impersonal bustle of the city streets was a welcome relief. The feeling of strain that had ridden her every minute since she had left Jim on this very platform lifted for the first time as she hailed a taxi and, giving her boarding house ad-

dress, settled into it gratefully. The driver took her orders without a second glance her way, and she could have hugged him in relief. After a week of reporters popping up at every corner, cameras flashing unexpectedly, and fingers pointing, it was good to be home. Home, where she could forget. . . . She'd take her luggage to her room, she decided, as she paid the driver before her boarding house door. After she had freshened up a bit, she'd leave a call for Jim at Mrs. Peterman's, and then go to the office and report for work. A sudden shyness overtook her again, however, as she lugged her bag through the hall door and found her landlady's scrawny figure standing beside the stairs, facing her, an outraged look on her peevishly lined face, her lips tight. "So you're back!" the landlady said, before Lona could bring out even a hesitant greeting. "It's a wonder you've the nerve to show up here at all." For a moment Lona stared at her. "Why, what do you mean?" she brought out. "This is a decent boarding house. That's what I mean." The woman's eyes flashed, and her lips curled. "I'm an honest woman trying to make an honest living, and I don't harbor no notorious characters." "Notorious characters! You don't mean—surely you can't mean—" "Look at them newspapers!" The stricken look in the girl's eyes brought the woman's voice up defensively. Flouncing to the table where she kept the house supply of newspapers, she picked up a morning edition angrily. It had her picture on the front page, Lona saw with sinking heart. One of the innumerable snaps the news cameras had caught of her the last few days. Sickeningly, the headlines glared out at her. "Girl Who Thwarted Jail Break Buries Father," it shrieked. "The Last Chapter in a Tragic Story Was Played Yesterday in the Quiet Country Cemetery of Bridgewater. . . ." "This is a decent house, I tell you," the landlady's whining voice repeated. "We can't be mixed up with no convicts here!" "I see," Lona's voice was tired. "I suppose you want me to go." "I'd be obliged if you'd pack up and turn over your keys. I'll give you back the rest of your week's rent. That's fair enough." She waited, her lips tight. "Yes," Lona heard herself saying. "I suppose that's fair enough. I'll go and pack." "You can wait until evening." Her point won, the woman relented slightly. It'll probably take you all afternoon hunting a room." But Lona shook her head. "I'll go now," she said, wearily, and trudged up the rickety stairs with heavy feet. . . . A half hour later, out on the street with her suitcase heavy on her arm, she remembered that she hadn't put in her call to Jim. She hesitated, then hailed the first taxi she saw, recklessly. Nothing could induce her to go back into that terrible woman for even the use of her telephone. The first address that came to her mind was the hotel to which Jim had directed her that night he had found her walking the streets, homeless, as she

was now. With sudden resolve she gave it to the taxi driver. It took all her nerve to force herself to walk unconcernedly into the familiar lobby and ask the clerk for a room. As she took up the pen to sign her name to the register, her hands trembled. For a moment she was tempted to sign an alias, any name but her own, but her pride intervened. Carefully shielding what she was writing with her left hand, she traced a bold "Lona Ackerman," and with a toss of her head added a defiant, "Bridgewater." Her heart came into her mouth as the clerk scanned it casually and, without a sign of recognition, handed her a key from the rack behind him. Once upstairs in the privacy of her room, she sat down limply on her bed and gave way to the feeling she had been carefully keeping in check. That woman, how dared she! "Decent house," she had said. As if she were something—unclean. Was she never to get clear of this thing that was haunting her? What did it follow her like this always? Even here in the city she had been so glad to see this morning was there to be no peace? She sobbed there on the bed for a few minutes in utter wretchedness. Then, sitting up, she wiped her eyes with sudden determination and, getting to her feet, stood before the mirror. Deliberately she forced herself to obliterate the traces of her tears and to tidy her loosened hair. After all, what was one spiteful woman in a whole city full of people? Why let it get her down? Not everybody was like that old cat! Picking up her phone she put in a call for Mrs. Peterman's boarding house. In a steady voice she left directions for Jim to call her at the hotel as soon as he returned from work. The sight of his lean face and the sound of his drawing voice across a dinner table was what she needed. Hesitating, she almost made up her mind to call Mr. Sanders at Western Realities and tell him she would be on the job in the morning. But she thought better of it and, putting on her discarded hat again, she decided to go and see him in person. At least, she told herself, she'd have nothing to fear there! . . . The typewriter at her desk was clicking under the fingers of a strange girl when she opened the door of the office. From his end of the room, Barney, the office boy, stared at her blankly for a moment, then brought out a hesitating "Hello, there!" His blue eyes wavered before her glance and went quickly to the other girl's bent head, and back again. "Is Mr. Sanders in?" Lona asked, and Barney ducked his red head toward the inner office with an air of what looked like relief. As she passed his desk, she saw her own picture staring up at her from the paper he had flung down hastily at her entrance, and her face burned in sudden apprehension. Was it possible that even here . . . her steps lagged as she reached Mr. Sanders' door. It took courage to open it. She thought of the words the landlady had screamed at her only a little while back, and squared her shoulders as she marched into the room. (To Be Continued.)

THESE STARS PLAYING BIG ROLES IN TOURNAMENT



Those basketball gladiators pictured here, members of Southern conference teams, figured in the conference's 18th annual tournament ending tonight at Raleigh, N. C.