

N. C. Mineral Resources Are Valuable

Daily Dispatch Bureau, In the Sir Walter Hotel, By HENRY AVERILL

Raleigh, Dec. 27.—North Carolina's mineral resources form one of the State's most potentially valuable assets, though at present only two of fifteen "strategic or critical" minerals are being produced in commercially important quantities, according to a recent "Information Circular" by T. G. Murdock, assistant State geologist.

But while only two are now being produced commercially, at the other end of the line only two of the entire list of fifteen minerals have never been found in North Carolina, and more than half are listed as possible of commercial importance.

The geologists circular classified as "strategic" minerals for National defense (those upon which sources outside the continental United States must be largely depended and which must be subject to strict conservation and control measures) are: Antimony, chromium, industrial diamonds, manganese, mercury, mica, nickel, quartz crystal tin and tungsten.

Of these only mercury has never been discovered in North Carolina, though the thirteen authentic cases of diamonds give no hint of commercial possibilities.

Classified as "critical" (those slightly more easily obtained in the U. S. but for which some degree of conservation and control would be necessary) are: Aluminum, asbestos, graphite, platinum and vanadium. Of these all except vanadium have been found in North Carolina.

According to their relative commercial possibilities in this state, Mr. Murdock lists the minerals thus: Extensive commercial production at present: Mica and aluminum.

Semi-commercial production now: Manganese, asbestos.

Some commercial production possible: Chromium, nickel.

Commercial production doubtful: Tin, graphite.

Occur, but no commercial deposits known: Antimony, quartz crystal, tungsten, platinum.

Not found: Vanadium, mercury, industrial diamonds (the 13 discovered give no indication that others are to be found.)

How and where these minerals are found in N. C.:

Antimony: Has been found in the native state from a small vein in Burke county. There is no commercial development.

Chromium: Chromite occurs in basic magnesium rocks of western N. C., but only a few localities give any promise of sufficient quantities to justify commercial efforts.

Industrial diamonds: Those found were mineralogical rarities.

Manganese: Has been found more or less sparingly in several N. C. areas, but few give any promise of commercial operations.

Mercury: Not found.

Mica: Since 1903 North Carolina has supplied more than half the total mica production of the U. S. The belt covers twenty counties in the west.

Nickel: Considerable work is being done to begin commercial production from deposits in western counties—Jackson, Buncombe, Yancey, Macon and Clay.

Quartz Crystals: The variety needed in radio frequency control has been found in one of two N. C. localities, but only as mineralogical rarities.

Tin: Deposits exist in Cleveland, Gaston and Lincoln and much money has been spent trying to develop them. A detailed study has recently been made by U. S. Geologists and their report is awaited.

Tungsten: Molybdenum (from which comes the metal) occurs in Halifax county, and these deposits may prove of commercial value.

Aluminum: No commercial deposits of bauxite (principal ore) exist in the State, though one of the four largest smelting plants in the country is located at Badin.

Asbestos: Is found in Jackson, Watauga and other western counties. There has been a revival of interest and since 1939 about 60 deposits have been optioned, and four or five have entered production.

Graphite: Occurs in many areas of central and western N. C.

Platinum: Has been reported from a number of N. C. areas, notably Rutherford, Burke and Yancey. A belt of platinum bearing rock is reported extending from Cedar Falls, N. C. to Danville, Va.

Vanadium: Not found.

MURDER MAKES A HERO

By ELLIOTT FILLION
WRITTEN FOR AND RELEASED BY CENTRAL PRESS ASSOCIATION

SYNOPSIS
Moving into the large household of Captain Cary Essex II as secretary to the old seafarer's grandson, young Cary, Nancy Deane soon discovers a strange atmosphere of antagonism over the genealogy which the grandson is writing. Discrediting the hostility of Horace Rand, an intimate, but not congenial, friend of the family, toward the project, Captain Essex opens the old sea chests of the family to help in compiling the genealogy, only to discover that the chest of young Cary's father has been emptied. They find Aunt Althea, the captain's eldest daughter, trying to burn the contents of the chest. For safekeeping, Captain Essex decides to put the papers in a safe, the one to all but him and young Cary. Shortly after Nancy has finished a morning's work, she is told that the window in the alcove where she works is wide open.

CHAPTER ELEVEN
I WAS surprised when Dave Otis said there was a gale blowing into the alcove from the front window. I knew that window hadn't been opened all morning. His remark—though it might have been made in friendliness—seemed to me a bit critical.

"I didn't open it," I said, a bit snippily.
"Probably Alice (the second maid) has been in since we came out," Kaye snatched my ruffled feelings. "She always opens the windows to air the rooms if they seem at all stuffy. Did you smoke in the alcove this morning, Nancy?"

"One cigaret," I answered, wondering if I had transgressed a rule. Cary and I had smoked companionably when we were working together in the library, and I had not thought the alcove prohibited territory.

"That's why the window is open," she lightly returned. "Alice is a fiend for fresh air. Come on, let's get going!"

On the steps a red-headed, freckle-faced boy was standing by a splint market basket filled with groceries. Kaye gave him a smile and continued talking to Dave, who was leaving us. When he started across the lawn, she said:

"This is Johnny Wing, Nancy. I don't know what I would do without him. He carries all my bundles for me."

Johnny was a polite little fellow. He removed his hat and, smiling shyly, spoke courteously to me, then, with an adoring glance at Kaye, he added:

"She really means, Miss Nancy, that we couldn't get along without HER. Half the kids in the fishing village ain't hungry today because she's always talking things down there." He looked from me to the basket he was carrying and back again, as though insisting that I should thoroughly understand her goodness.

Kaye mechanically said: "Aren't, Johnny, not ain't," tossed aside his meaning with a careless shrug of her shoulders and promptly started a conversation about the weather.

It was a glorious day. The last bit of snow had vanished from the ground, leaving it more than a trifle muddy underfoot. But the blue sky, bright sunlight and crisp invigorating air were enjoyable enough to offset the need for carefully picking our way.

Walking has always been my favorite form of exercise. I had missed my daily tramp since I had been at Purple Beeches. Now I determined that not another day should pass without my obtaining the relaxation which pure air and a brisk hike always gives me. If I couldn't take the time during the day, I could, at least, go out for 15 or 20 minutes before going to bed. This path we were following would be a delightful place for a good run which I was still young enough to enjoy—if without spectators.

We walked down the driveway until, halfway to the gates, we turned sharply to the left and continued on over a mile-long path through the fields and woodland down a gentle slope toward a beach from which was coming the distant sound of breaking waves.

Johnny had dropped a bit behind us, and we were chatting gaily when, rounding a curve, I saw just ahead, where a wood cut across our way, a horse man facing in our direction.

"Plague take him!" Kaye stopped short and gnawed angrily at her lower lip. "It's Proctor Rand," she explained.



Proctor strode after us and caught her by the arm.

explained. "He always seems to know when I'm going to the fishing village and wayslays me. He's a nuisance, a pest! Always makes me think of a garden toad, and I hate the horrid things."

Her simile was a good one, though the resemblance hadn't occurred to me. Proctor Rand is only a trifle taller than his father, probably he is five feet six or seven inches, but he is so thick-set that he looks even shorter. His lack of height is all the more noticeable when contrasted with the Essexes, who are all tall.

Sometimes I feel like a pigmy when I trot along beside one of them, and I am five feet three.

Proctor's hair is dark brown, thick and plastered down on his skull with some oily substance which leaves a greasy ring inside his hat. I noticed that last night, when he, hat in hand, stood near me.

His complexion isn't clear like his father's and sister's; it is muddy, lumpy and rough. His eyes are protuberant, with a hard, sneering expression in their pale blue depths. I didn't blame Kaye for her implied aversion; I felt the same way about him the first time I saw him.

I was just considering if I shouldn't drop back and walk with Johnny when we reached Proctor when Kaye defeated my half-formed thought by tucking her arm through mine and keeping me firmly beside her.

"Good morning, Proctor." If she could imprison her tone in a food cabinet, we wouldn't need any other refrigeration!

He leaped from his horse and strode along beside us, after giving me a condescending nod which was infuriating. After that exhibition of poor manners I was wholeheartedly on Kaye's side. Unass she, herself, told me to leave her. I wouldn't do it now. That petty revenge would even my score a trifle.

"Let Cary's—secretary," the words were a sneer, "go on with the kid to the village, and you come for a walk with me." The swaggering insolence in his tone made me wish murder were legal.

"No, thanks," was Kaye's curt rejoinder.
"Come along! I want to talk to you." A bullying intimation that she was his to command spoke in the words.

"Talk away."
Anyone less self-centered than Proctor Rand would have known from tone and words that Kaye had no use for him, but that man's hide is tough enough to use for bluefish bait. Whether it would be attractive enough to lure them is debatable.

"Alone—I mean." There was an insinuating meaning in the words which aroused Kaye's fury. She stopped short and faced him; her black eyes snapped angrily.

"I don't want to talk to you alone now or any other time," she raged at him. "Get that through your head. I've told you times enough. Come on, Nancy!" Her tone was imperious. She gave my arm a sharp tug and started on at an increased pace.

But Proctor was not to be so easily dismissed. He strode after us and caught her by the arm.
"You needn't try out your fine airs on me," he snarled. "I'll let you off this morning—seeing you have a company," word and glance at me were contemptuous. "But you'll listen to me and like it—or be sorry!"

He dropped her arm, sprang on his horse and, with a slashing blow from his crop, started the poor animal into a gallop, plentifully sprinkling us with mud as he dashed away.

"Boor!" snapped Kaye.
I made no comment; there really wasn't anything for me to say.

Our visit to the village was most interesting. About a dozen cottages formed a settlement at one side of a small cove in which several dories were anchored. From the outer edge of the cove a wooden bridge went out to a tiny island. From the further end of the bridge a road wound up the island to a central ridge where were three summer cottages, now shuttered and deserted for the winter. Two shacks raised on piles above the lapping waves were on the island beach not far from the bridge, which was not more than two feet above the water. Kaye told me that it was not unusual for shacks and bridge to be swept away during a bad storm.

The cottages into which we went were poorly furnished but neat and clean. The women seemed a hard-working lot, striving to make the most of what they had. The poverty everywhere evident was not the fault of the fishermen. Kaye told me. For the last two years the prices paid for fish had been very small, which reduced to a minimum the fishermen's income.

With the exception of one man, every one in the village seemed delighted to see Kaye. The exception, a tall, well-built man with swarthy complexion and brown hair and eyes, was standing in front of one of the cottages. When he saw us, he scowled ferociously and lounged inside. It seemed to me that the scowl was directed as much at me as at Kaye, which surprised me, for to my knowledge I had never seen the man before.

"Who—" I was interrupted by an insistent nod from Kaye and wondering, I lapsed into silence.

(To Be Continued)

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CHAPTER TWELVE
WE HAD left the main road, turned down a narrow footpath which led to a lone cottage perched high on the bank overlooking the cove, and thus were beyond sight and hearing distance of the man who, with a ferocious scowl at us, had vanished into the cottage.

I couldn't understand why Kaye wished me to be silent about him. Her nudge, coming so promptly upon my inquiring "Who—" started me upon a train of thought which prevented my noticing Johnny's appearance at her side until he spoke.

"Miss Kaye," he began, a shamed flush almost obliterated the freckles, "I'm sorry I can't take you into the cottage today, but—" He looked appealingly at her in a way which seemed to convey a meaning she understood.

"That's quite all right, Johnny." A tender smile wreathed her lips; her hand fell caressingly upon his shoulder. "I understand."

"But I did want to show you my report card. It's the best I've ever had, and I wanted you to see it." Rebellion was in his tone.

"I know, and I wanted to see it, too. I'm coming back to the village tomorrow, per'aps you can show it to me then."

"Oh, gee, Miss Kaye, that'll be great! I'll take it over to Mrs. Carll's before I come up to Purple Beeches. That is—you will need me, won't you, Miss Kaye?" His voice was pleading.

Again Kaye's hand gave him a reassuring touch.
"You know I always want you to help me, Johnny."

The cloud of uncertainty vanished from his face.
"Gee, Miss Kaye, you're a peach! I'll fix it so you can see it tomorrow, see if I don't."

"Listen, Johnny," Kaye's smile was gone, her voice had taken on a serious note. "Don't ever do anything for me which will cause you trouble. If I can't see the card today or tomorrow, I will see it the next day or the next week. You have told me about it; it isn't necessary that I see it. Avoid a clash whenever you can, Johnny. It is something, you know, that you have never been prevented from carrying my basket for me."

"He wouldn't dare do that!" Johnny stammered badly over the pronoun. His brown-flecked blue eyes sparkled indignantly.

"Maybe not," returned Kaye doubtfully, "but I wouldn't be too defiant, if I were you."
"U-um, I guess you're right, Miss Kaye." Tone and facial expression were too old, too wise for such a boy.

By that time we were at the cottage door. Johnny placed the basket upon the doorstep, Kaye selected the parcels she wanted and we went inside.

The woman who admitted us—Kaye introduced her as Mrs. Carll—pursed her lips grimly together after she greeted us.

"Miss Kaye," she began, "he's at it again." Her nod toward Johnny, plainly to be seen through the window, was puzzling to me.

"I thought so," answered Kaye. "We caught a glimpse of him when we came by."
"It's a shame," Mrs. Carll angrily continued. "Johnny's a good boy; I only hope my Bob'll be as good." She waved her hand toward the baby sitting in a homemade high chair.

Kaye smiled her agreement, and she went on:
"He came back night before last, drunk as a coot. He's a surly cuss at any time; when he's been drinking he's awful." Her eyes bored deeply into Kaye's. "Where do you suppose he gets his money?"

Kaye shook her head. From her manner I thought the conversation distasteful.
"I can't imagine," she said crisply.
"He hasn't done a real day's work since he came back here 16 years ago!"

The new voice, thin, high pitched, made me jump.
I glanced around the room. In a rocker facing the farther window I saw the shrunken figure of a little old woman.

"Why, Mrs. Andrews," exclaimed Kaye, crossing the room to shake her wrinkled hand, "I didn't see you when I came in."
"My mother," Mrs. Carll explained to me. The old woman was going on:
"He was surly enough as a young feller when he first come here on your uncle's boat, you know that. He didn't come back for twelve years after the Gay Lady was lost, and he was a hard drinker even then. After he married your Marie he straightened up; she made him a good wife. They got along fine together, but the minute she died he went to the dogs."

"He had plenty of money before that," chipped in her daughter.
"You know, mother, Marie had the finest house here, and the clothes! Some different from what I have to wear," with a disdainful glance downward at her clean but munched print dress.

"Marie's savin' helped," went on Mrs. Andrews, ignoring the interruption, "but her little bit uv money never lasted all these years. He pulls a few lobster pots, ketches a few fish an' digs a few clams, mostly what they eat themselves. He's the only one uv us who's never behind on his rent! What I want to know is, where does he get money enough to stay half soured two-thirds of the time?"

"I think that is a puzzle to every-

one," answered Kaye reluctantly. "Yet," softly, "it really isn't any of our business."

"It's our business the way he treats Johnny," snapped Mrs. Carll. "He didn't leave a thing in the house for the boy to eat when he went away last time, and where's the good suit you folks gave him?"

"You mean—he took that?" Kaye was plainly startled.
"It's gone. That's all I know," Mrs. Carll's tone was still belligerent. Plainly she resented Kaye's gently spoken rebuke.

"Then that explains where he got his money this time," Kaye answered crossly.
Both Mrs. Carll and her mother laughed scornfully.

"He was drunk for a week before he went away, and he didn't get more than a dollar for a suit that's been worn to school every day since last September. I know that, I've had to sell clothes before now!" Mrs. Carll was bitterly resentful.

"Oh, Mrs. Carll, why didn't you tell me?" Kaye gently laid her soft hand on the woman's work-roughened fingers. "You know we'd have been glad to help."

The bitterness faded from Mrs. Carll's face. A softer light glowed in her eyes.
"I know you would but—we're not beggars!"

"We must all stick together in these hard times," Kaye urged. "When the fishing improves, you can easily pay us back what we help you now, if you feel that way."

"Pay you back! It would take years to pay for all the things you've given us, and it's much harder paying for a dead horse!"

"But we don't want you to pay for the few things we've given you, Mrs. Carll. I meant you could borrow money if you needed it and pay that back later. Something must have been very badly needed for you to be obliged to sell your clothes."

"It's not right to expect you to do for us folks," Mrs. Carll was weakening, though she strove to hold out against Kaye's gentle insistence.
"Didn't you feed Johnny Wing while his father was away?"

Mrs. Carll seemed surprised at Kaye's thus suddenly changing the subject.
"Of course. We couldn't sit down and eat hot stuff knowing that boy was eating cold or going without."

"Don't you see, Mrs. Carll, that's the very point I'm trying to make. You can't eat, knowing some one else is hungry. How do you suppose we feel knowing you folks are obliged to sell your clothes? We haven't the money we had, no one has, worse luck, but we have enough and we can share what we have. You help those worse off than yourself, why shouldn't we be allowed to do a little for you?"

"A little! My soul! But you win, Miss Kaye." A smile curved the hard lips. "I'll come to you next time."

"Granddad's going to have some trees thinned out in the grove back of the house and also one of the wood lots cut over," said Kaye. "Do you think your husband would like to do some of the cutting?"

(To Be Continued)

Troops Jam Trains for Christmas Furloughs



Soldiers of the 27th Division show their enthusiasm as they return home from Fort McClellan, Ala., on leave for the Christmas holidays. They are shown at Pennsylvania Station, New York. More than 8,000 of the 12,000 members of the division applied for the furlough. Scenes like this were repeated all over the country, and transportation lines were taxed by the stream of home-coming trainees. (Central Press)

Fort Dix on Itinerary of Mr. Claus



Soldiers at Fort Dix, N. J., where federalized national guardsmen and draftees now work shoulder to shoulder with army regulars, were not forgotten at Christmas despite the fact many of them were unable to go home for their presents. Here they are receiving their gift packages, each containing a sweater, chocolate and cigarettes, sent to the camp by the Friends of New York State Soldiers and Sailors. (Central Press)

NOAH NUMSKULL
THAT BABY WAS GOING FASTER THAN HIGH SPEED!
12-21
DEAR NOAH—HOW FAST CAN A FLY FLY FLYING PAST A FLY FLYING FASTER THAN A FLY CAN FLY?
S. L. ALISTER, ALEXIS, N.C.

DEAR NOAH—IF A PERSON DRINKS WATER WITH PLENTY OF IRON IN IT, WILL HIS JOINTS SQUEAK?
F. W. COLEMAN, LOWELL, MASS.

NOAH NUMSKULL
I'LL SAY SO!
12-17
DEAR NOAH—IF A MAN SAT ON A TACK, WOULDN'T HE BE BETTER OFF?
SHIRLEY STREIBEL, VESSENDEN, N. DAK.

DEAR NOAH—CAN YOU SEE THE SHADOW OF A DOUBT?
BILLY MCDONAGH, TOLEDO, OHIO.

DEAR NOAH—IF A COP GOT A BEAT ON 'UP AVENUE, WOULD HE BE TIRE OF GETTING BEAT UP?
J. N. GUTMAR, W.P.S., MINN.

NOAH NUMSKULL
NOPE, NO BODY HOME!
12-24
DEAR NOAH—IF A CALF GOT LOST COULDN'T IT ALWAYS GO TO THE SILO AND ASK IF ITS FODDER WAS IN THERE?
SHIRLEY STREIBEL, VESSENDEN, N. DAK.

DEAR NOAH—DO EIGHT DAY CLOCKS RUN DOWN QUICKER IF THEY ARE OWNED BY FOLKS WHO LIVE ON THE SIDE HILL?
MRS. EVA SAETT, UNION CITY, PA.

NOAH NUMSKULL
—AND HERE I THOUGHT IT WAS THE CRACK DAWN!
12-23
DEAR NOAH—DID DAY-BREAK BECAUSE OF THE NIGHT-FALL?
JACK CARROLL, ROCK HILL, S.C.

DEAR NOAH—IF YOU EAT ON A ROUND TABLE, ARE YOU GETTING A SQUARE MEAL?
JUNE DOUGLAS—SHELMSFORD, MASS.

DEAR NOAH—WHEN A MUD HEN DUCKS UNDER THE WATER, IS IT A DUCK?
CHAS. S. BROWN, CALIF.