

# Citation For Vulcanizing Company Made

Henderson Vulcanizing Company and The Sams & Service Co., Inc., of Raleigh, both of T. W. McCracken and his sons, were among associate contractors of the firm of Carl and Bradburn, of Philadelphia, which received a certificate of commendation last week from Colonel Lloyd E. Stegner, third service commander of the Third Service Command. The award was presented at a meeting in a Philadelphia hotel.

The award is made to Carl and Bradburn and their associate contractors in various cities of Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia and North Carolina, "in recognition of exceptionally meritorious service in executing a contract with the Third Service Command for the repair of tires and tubes since February 23, 1943."

During that period Carl and Bradburn achieved outstanding success in assisting their superior in providing raw materials and additional equipment. Due to their prompt response in repairing and recapping tires, this firm was able to complete the operations of the various sub-contractors, thereby enabling the Third Service Command to exceed its tire repair quota during the past three months.

The certificate of commendation states Carl and Bradburn have met every emergency situation and cooperated wholeheartedly with the Third Service Command in carrying out its mission and thereby have contributed materially to the national war effort.

The certificate of commendation reads as follows:

Carl and Bradburn (opposite corners 22nd and Market Streets, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania) and their many associate sub-contractors have exceptionally meritoriously served in executing a contract with the Third Service Command for the repair of tires during the period 23 February, 1943, to date. During that period this firm achieved outstanding success in securing necessary raw materials and additional equipment, and due to their long experience in repairing and recapping tires they were able to improve the operations of the various sub-contractors. Through their untiring efforts, together with that of the sub-contractors, they have enabled the Third Service Command to exceed its tire repair quota during the past three months. They have met every emergency situation and cooperated wholeheartedly with the Third Service Command in carrying out its mission and have thereby contributed materially to the national war effort.

## MITES HERE TUESDAY FOR MISS CHEATHAM

Former Henderson Lady, 78, Dies in Richmond Hospital After Long Illness.

Miss Jennie W. Cheatham, 78, formerly of this city, died at six o'clock this morning in the Richmond hospital in Richmond, Va. She had been in ill health about two years.

Miss Cheatham was born in Vance county February 10, 1867, and died two days after her birthday. She was a daughter of Dr. William T. Cheatham and Geneva Davis Cheatham, both of whom have been dead many years.

For the past four years, Miss Cheatham had made her home with a niece, Mrs. R. L. Applewhite, in Halifax, N. C., and prior to that time had lived in St. Petersburg, Fla., many years. Her early years were spent in Henderson.

She was a lifelong member of the First Methodist church in Henderson, where she continued her membership through the years after moving from this city, which she considered her home.

Funeral services will be held Tuesday afternoon at three o'clock at the First Methodist church here, in charge of the pastor, Rev. H. K. King, and burial will follow in Elmwood cemetery here.

The family will assemble at the church at two o'clock, an hour prior to the funeral.

pallbearers were announced as follows: Active, Joel T. Cheatham, S. M. Watkins, Alex. S. Watkins, William T. Cheatham, Irvine B. Watkins, R. L. Applewhite, Arlington Davis, B. B. Powell, L. C. Keener; honorary, S. T. Pearce, H. E. Clements, R. C. Gary, W. J. Alston, J. R. Teague, F. B. Roberts, R. J. Corbit, W. H. Boyd, J. W. Jenkins, J. H. Bidgers.

## Henderson To Play Roxboro Tuesday Night

The teams that stopped the Henderson high school girls' basketball team in their winning streak will play the local girls here tomorrow night, but the Henderson lassies are planning to stop the Roxboro girls in their tracks. Roxboro boys will play the Henderson boys immediately following the girls game, which begins at 7:30 o'clock in the high school gymnasium.

Conceding Army Bartholomew and Bob Harrison have put the girls team in top condition, running them through heavy drills last week. And the girls are not planning to lose to the Roxboro team twice.

In their last meeting, Henderson boys easily defeated the Roxboro quartet, but their team is reported to be much improved.

On Friday the two strong Lexington

teams come here for games with Henderson and plans have been made to make this the biggest game of the season. Members of the visiting team will be entertained and they are expecting to stay overnight in Henderson. Attractive programs are also being planned.

## WITH THE COLORS

Here from Maryland. Kenneth Isley, pharmacist, wife 3-c, is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. K. S. Isley, at their home on Granite street. Isley is stationed near Washington, D. C.

Returns to Norfolk. Captain J. M. Hall, who is stationed at Norfolk, has been spending his leave with his mother, Mrs. Walter Hall, at her home on the Raleigh highway.

In Florida Hospital. Pvt. Arthur Thompson, son of Mrs. J. T. Thompson, is reported to be in the hospital at Camp Blanding, Florida. Pvt. Thompson injured his left shoulder in a recent accident. It was stated.

Arrives in France. Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Boyd, of route three, have received word that their son, Pvt. Melvin T. Boyd, has arrived safely in France. His address is: Pvt. Melvin T. Boyd, 34869569, Infantry Co. G, Third Plat., A. P. O. 15707, care of Postmaster, New York, N. Y.

With Medical Battalion. Pvt. Kenneth R. Harris, 393 North Garnett street, is a litter bearer with the 199th Medical Battalion, which is credited with having evacuated 50,000 wounded American infantrymen from the battlefields of Tunisia and Italy, according to information received from overseas today. The 199th is a supporting unit of the 34th "Red Ball" division, the American division which has been in action on the Fifth Army front in Italy longer than any other, it was stated.

## AROUND TOWN

GRASS FIRE. Firemen were called to extinguish a grass fire on Wiggins street in North Henderson at two o'clock today. No damage was reported.

MARRIAGE LICENSE. John Marvin Spitzer, of Kittrell, and Gertrude Alma Ferguson, of Henderson, white, were granted a marriage license at the register of deeds office Saturday.

LOTS BURNT OFF. The fire department will burn off grass in vacant lots or gardens this week. Fire Chief Cooper Ellis announced today. Any one who wishes to have any lot burned off is asked to notify the fire department so it can be done this week.

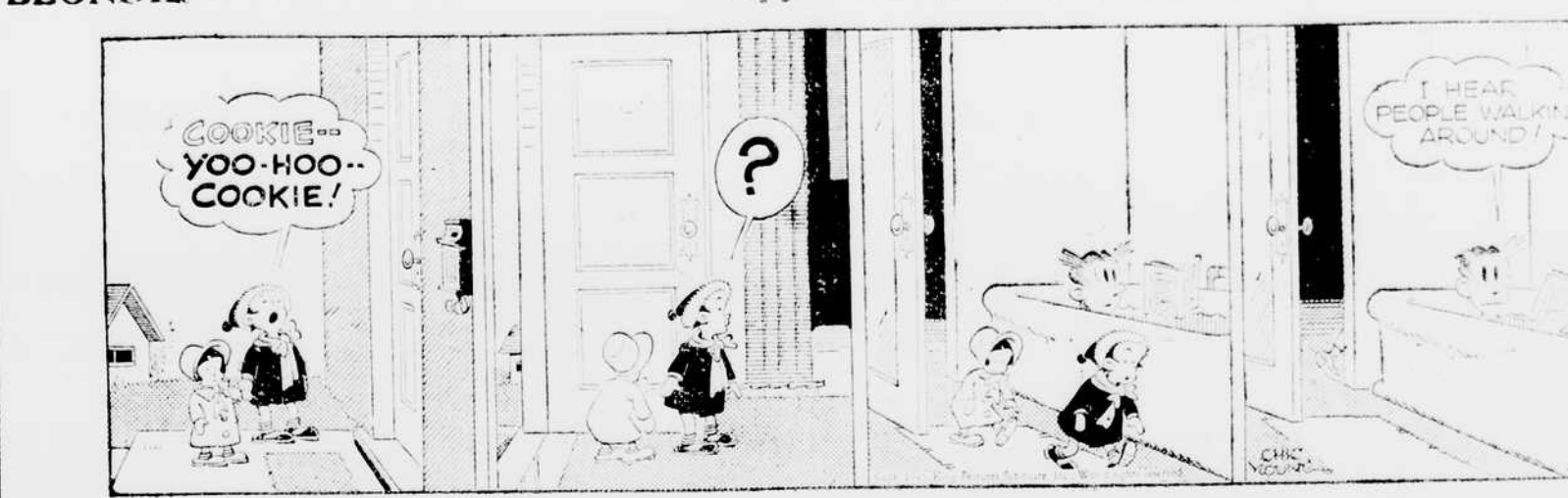
## THIMBLE THEATRE—Starring Popeye



## Like Grand Central Station!



## BLONDIE—(Registered U. S. Patent Office) Wimpy Takes the Bull by the Horns By Chic Young



## ETTA KET



## By PAUL ROBINSON



## THE GUMPS—More Than The Room Is Upset



**CORPSES AT INDIAN STONES.** by Philip Wylie  
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CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX  
Danielle led the way around the garage. The window from which the light streamed was small and high—higher than Aggie could reach. Its panes were set in a hinged frame that was open so that light fell into the leaves of a big maple which grew near the barn, at a slight angle from the window. He could see black paint on the panes to make the room totally dark for daylight photographic development. He looked for a box, a wheelbarrow, a barrel—to stand on.

"Boost me!" Danielle said.

He wrapped his arms around her knees and lifted. Her palms ran up the wall, like little slapping feet. She caught the sill and pulled her weight higher. He pushed on the bottoms of her feet. She looked in, then. And the sounds of night, the whispering of leaves and the trilling of insects, were obliterated by his scream.

Danielle's scream did not last long—although it was the sort that begins hysterics. Aggie could not be sure whether it was real, or a deliberate achievement. But he did not want the neighborhood roused. He could feel the girl wobbling above him, and he dropped to his waist, catching her roughly by the waist.

"That arrested the scream—left it hanging in the night—shrill, eerie, truncated. She opened her mouth to scream again. Aggie put his hand over it. She commenced kicking and biting, but she didn't make any more noise. He saw to that: he held her there, locked, gagging, waiting to see if a light would go on in one of the servants' rooms or one of the houses in the surrounding woods. There was no light; the girl was beginning to relax.

"Listen!" he said in a whisper. "If you yell, you'll wake up the neighborhood! If there's anything we can do about things—this is our chance. What did you see? Will you answer without making an uproar?"

She tried to kick him again. Then she nodded, because his reaction had been to hold her more firmly. He took away his hand. She spoke in a shuddering monotone. "It's Dad! He's lying in there—with a knife sticking out of him and blood all over the floor!"

"Yes?" He was commanding her to go on.

"We've got to do something—get the police."

Aggie shook his head. "Not yet. Whoever killed him—doesn't know he's been found and may be relying on that—"

Her answer was violent—although whispered. "Nobody killed him. He killed himself! You fool! The door is locked—a child couldn't crawl through the window—and it's the only one!"

Aggie's eyes were accustomed to the puny glow of the little window. He saw her well-tossing back her hair, shaking. He was still

waiting for lights, but none came. One scream—heard for a moment and at a distance—will pass as the sound of a door, of a tree, or of a rabbit caught by a nighthawk. It is the second and the third and the fourth screams that rouse all humanity. He thought of that. He thought, also, about the window and the door. It gave him a sense of frustration.

"I'll look." He began searching for something to stand on.

"There's a ladder inside the garage. To the left," she said.

He lit matches until he found it. A stepladder, but a long one. He carried it back. It reached to the window. He leaned it against the wall. Danielle stood by in silence and Aggie climbed swiftly.

Dr. Davis was lying on his back on the floor. His right hand was clenched around the hilt of what was, presumably, a knife; there was a blot of blood under and around him. No teltale expression marked his ashen face; it was like most faces in death: flaccid, meaningless. The knife had been plunged into his heart. He had undoubtedly died in a second. Two lights burned in the room—a red one on a stand on the drainboard of a sink and a bluish, "sunlight" bulb in the high ceiling overhead. There was a ventilator fan in the room, and it was humming. Water was running from a rubber hose in a tub; beside it, the graphic enlargements of a photograph. Ranged about, on two deal tables, were porcelain pans and brown glass bottles—the accoutrements of an ordinary darkroom. The place smelled of chemicals.

Aggie came down the ladder.

Danielle snatched his arm—startling him. "I just thought! Is he dead? Surely dead?"

"Yes. He is."

"He killed himself! It isn't the thing I did! And yet—he was so frightfully upset!"

"He killed himself!" Aggie repeated. As he said it, he wondered if Dr. Davis had killed himself. Any other idea seemed outrageous. There was the dead man in the small room, with the tiny window and the heavy door. Key inside: Aggie had seen it from the high angle at which he had stood. And a small, ordinary bolt shot besides. There was the knife in his hand—and his right hand still closed upon it. Suicide. To think otherwise was preposterous.

Jim Calder had stumbled into a deadfall. George Davis had stabbed himself. Hank Bogarty had fallen into a lake. There was no black fox.

"A surgeon," he muttered, standing uncertainly beside the girl. "would hardly use a knife—that way—would he?"

"He'd know how," Danielle answered. "And he either would—he wouldn't. If Dad had decided—he'd do it any way that was con-

venient. Convenient—and effective." "We ought to get that door open," he said.

"Have you a cigarette?"

"No."

"I'm going to the house to get one. And to have the jitters." He shook his head. "You're not going to have the jitters."

"Yes. I am. I'm shaky inside, and sweating like an icebox. I'm going to lock myself in my room, and yell."

"No. He said it absently, but with such force that it was extremely compelling. "You are going to get a cigarette, if you want. Then you're coming back. We'll go in there."

"How?"

"Do the servants sleep in the garage?"

"No. The top was an old haymow. The darkroom is where the chute used to be—that's why it's so high."

"Oke. I'll shut the garage doors—and use an automobile jack."

She came back about ten minutes later. Around her, the woods and the dark houses were thick with sleep. She had changed into a dress and she was carrying cigarettes in her hands. On her feet were wedgies and her legs were bare. She was as pale as paper. Aggie glanced at her. He had turned on the light of one of the cars to furnish a reflected radiance for his work. He had jammed a jack against the darkroom door and he was turning its crank.

"I stuffed a robe from the limousine in the little window," he said. "This is going to make a terrific racket."

It did. The metal lock ticked under the strain, as if it were getting hot. The wood in the door frame began to crack and splinter. Aggie kept turning. Then there was a sharp, explosive sound as the lock itself bit through its iron socket and the screws on the bolt wore out. The door burst open, swung clear around, hit the wall, and rebounded almost shut again. The jack blocked it.

Aggie went into the room. He yanked the robe from the window by jumping for it. He unfolded it, and, after a long look at the body, he spread the plaid wool cover over it. Then Danielle came in—still holding the cigarettes in both hands.

"Smoke one," he said. "Here. Give me one, too." He said that because of the glassy expression in her eyes. He took two cigarettes from the package, poked one between her lips, and struck a match. She began to smoke automatically. He puffed on his as if it were a pipe. "It's a knife," he said. "Hunting knife. Heavy. The kind you wear in a sheath around your belt. Did he have one?"

She did not answer.

(To be continued)

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## SCOTT'S SCRAP BOOK By R. J. SCOTT



## THE OLD HOME TOWN By STANLEY



## Boy Scouts' Service Held Sunday Night

Boy Scout troops of Henderson met tonight at a union service at the First Presbyterian church last night. Rev. E. Norfleet Gardner, pastor of the First Baptist church, spoke on the topic, "Shoulder High."

Scouts from Troops 30 and 31 of Henderson, Troop 63, of Zeb Vance, and the newly-organized cubpack merged into the church and sat together for the service, together with their scoutmasters and other leaders.

The service was held in observance of National Boy Scout Week, which began last Thursday and will continue through Wednesday of this week.

## General Assembly About Half Through; Probably Will End About March 15

(Continued From Page One)

ward appropriations, but when school teacher and other pressure groups move on to the scene there began to develop sentiment for going beyond budget recommendations and the authorization in spending money, especially for schools and hospitals.

The rather emphatic warning issued by Governor Chery last Tuesday reiterating his determination to see that current spending was kept within limits of current revenue, and that the surplus remaining after debt payments had been made should not be dissipated for operation of departments or institutions during the next biennium, had the effect of jolting the lawmakers back to their original position.

Major thrust hanging over the revenue bill now is the farm machinery lobby for exempting all farm machinery from the general sales tax. Advocates of that idea have been very busy during the past week, and claim good chance to get the exemption. Such an amendment would take a half million dollars or more from the anticipated revenue. On the other side of the expected receipts have been upped some three and a half million dollars since last fall. Advocates of larger spending as well as sponsors of further sales tax exemptions

## O'DONNELL ADVANCED TO RANK OF CAPTAIN

Swain Coast Post, England—By Mail — Promotion of John B. O'Donnell, 39, of 714 West Morgan street, Raleigh, North Carolina, to the rank of captain, has been announced by the headquarters of this Army Transportation Corps Post.

Capt. O'Donnell serves as the port quartermaster, where hundreds of Allied troop and cargo vessels have been loaded since D-Day.

After completing his secondary education at August Military Academy, Fort Defiance, Virginia, Capt. O'Donnell attended the University of North Carolina in Chapel Hill, and was a member of Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity.

His wife, Mrs. Leah MacNair O'Donnell, lives in Henderson, N. C. Capt. O'Donnell's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. O'Donnell, live at the West Morgan street address.