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Of What It Consists

Secretary of agriculture Anderson speaking in North Carolina last week, directed attention to the business of his branch of the government in a purely business field. It owns, he observed, nearly one and a half billion dollars worth of property, and sale of its products amounts annually to about the same figure.

He may have elaborated upon the thought, but accounts of his remarks did not go into detail. It would be interesting, though, to know of what these vast holdings consist.

Somewhere not so long ago we read that the government owns many millions of acres of land scattered all over the country. This was true a half to three-quarters of a century ago also, when the Federal establishment began to divest itself of such fabulous holdings to pioneers and prospectors who were seeking homes and beginning the development of a wilderness.

Whether the Department of Agriculture's vast billion and a half dollars worth of property embraces large portions of such public ownership the secretary did not say, or at least he was not quoted. The fact that it had shalable merchandise worth nearly one and a half billion dollars is indicative of heavy competition with private enterprise, meaning the product of the people's honest toil.

Harmony In China

The cause of peace in the world would be helped immeasurably if harmony could be restored between the two faiths in China. As of the moment the prospects are bright. General Marshall appears to have achieved partial success already in his mission, and should he succeed entirely will have rendered an outstanding service to the Far East republic and to the world generally.

One thing certain is that the post-war development which China has yearned for so sincerely and talked of so much will be retarded, if not choked off completely, so long as hostilities bordering on, if not constituting altogether, civil war continue. The United States has experienced its greatest growth and expansion, and has become of age, during the eighty years since the Civil War in this country devastated its resources and blasted, for the time, the hopes of the people.

Many have under-estimated the capacities of the Chinese nation and its people. They are not as backward as is generally supposed. They are capable of being trained and educated the same as other races. But not while their interests and energies are devoted to destroying each other and the assets they possess. If the nationalist government is to prevail, let that be determined definitely once and for all. If China wishes to go communist, let it go communist.

and end the uncertainty. But at least there ought to be unity, and that will be impossible so long as there is internal dissension and strife. Present trouble did not begin with the end of the war with Japan, but it did break into the open and assumed a more serious aspect at and since that time. The situation has been the cause of uneasiness in this and other countries. General Marshall was sent there to bring peace between divergent elements, if possible. He has made a good beginning and if the nationalists and communists have acted thus far in good faith, an amicable adjustment might be possible in the very near future.

The Fundamentals

Our list is off to Superintendent Clyde Erwin of the State school system for insisting upon retention of languages, spelling and handwriting in school curricula. We hope he adds together, namely arithmetic, which goes hand in hand with these other fundamentals of an education.

Vocational training in the schools is all right in its place, and Dr. Erwin, if memory serves not to the contrary, is one of the advocates of the innovation, but it does seem that the planners and reformers are over-emphasizing the proposal. It could be that they take for granted that these foundation stones will not be dug up, but they do not say that with the same emphasis placed upon diversions which some would have replace the ancient landmarks of learning.

By languages, the superintendent presumably includes ancient and modern. Young people coming along in elementary and high school do not, with their limited vision, realize the benefits that will accrue to them in later years for having at least a smattering acquaintance with Latin, for instance. They are prone to overlook its value in the study of French or Spanish, both of which are to some extent derivatives of the spoken word employed by the Romans of two millenniums ago, and which are popular now.

Of all the glaring examples of inadequate education, spelling is entitled to first place. It is amazing how little some high school and even college graduates know about this branch of learning. And, speaking of languages, the ignorance of many graduates about their own tongue is distressing. They have not mastered the simplest rules of punctuation, sentence structure and expression, and are unable to set down on paper in clear and meaningful manner the thoughts they wish to convey.

As to handwriting—well, who isn't guilty there? Never has there been a more beautiful style than the old spencerian system that was taught in most schools a generation ago. Emphasis was laid upon it then, and genuine effort put forth by students to qualify for respectable passing marks. How much stress is given to the art these days we cannot say precisely, but at least the results of penmanship are not obtained in modern instruction.

So that before discarding these fundamentals and running off after fads and concoctions of this new day, it seems to us the course of propriety would be to revive pressure upon the old essentials of an education. After they have been mastered it will be time enough to get in for mechanics, woodworking, electrical training and the like.

However much or little a boy or girl may be inclined or disinclined toward these educational foundations he has not, to our way of thinking, acquired even a modest education until he can read and write and spell, and until he knows something about his own language and one or two others. Nor, for that matter, is an education entitled to even a fair rating unless it includes something of arithmetic and the bare rudiments of history, geography and the like.

In all our getting, we need to avoid raising up a generation of ignoramus who know little or nothing of the essentials of learning. Dr. Erwin feared lest he would be considered approaching old age because he insisted upon these things. On the contrary, he was demonstrating a rare quality of wisdom and reality, and will serve his State well if he applies the influence of his own high office to see to it that the fundamentals shall continue to be stressed in the training of the youth of North Carolina.

ANSWERS TO DAILY QUIZ

- 1. Foreign Secretary Ernest Bevin for Great Britain; Secretary of State James F. Byrnes for the U. S.; Foreign Commissar V. M. Molotov for Soviet Russia. 2. Comdr. Ike Hashimoto. 3. Paraguay. 4. Kentucky. 5. Age 65. 6. National Liberation Front. 7. "Extortion and excess." 8. Chronometer. 9. Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York, Michigan. 10. "The bombs burst."

GRAB BAG

One-Minute Test. 1. What is an escutcheon? 2. What are a ship's davits? 3. When speaking of money what are "saw-sticks"? Words of Wisdom. I could never think of a man's intellectual or moral character if he was habitually unfaithful to his appointments.—Emmons. Today's Horoscope. If this is your birthday, you are inclined to be exacting and dominating and should learn to control your temper. You think a good deal of the opinion of others and strive to make a good impression. You should marry young and choose a mate with sufficient character to stimulate your desire to be always at your best. Today promote universal cooperation, suppressing your utility impulses. Avoid extravagance, waste and excess; be careful of cars and horses. Cultural pursuits should flourish today. Good fortunes await less through the night.

One-Minute Test Answers. 1. A shield bearing coat of arms. 2. The crane which hoists boats, anchors, cargo, etc. 3. Ten-dollar bills. CALL 601—FOR CLASSIFIED AD SERVICE.

RADIO BEAMS WILL REPLACE MAIN TELEGRAPH LINES BETWEEN CITIES

Nationwide System to Speed Telegraph Service

Telegrams between major cities will travel by radio beam instead of by wire within the next few years, the Western Union Telegraph Company announces.

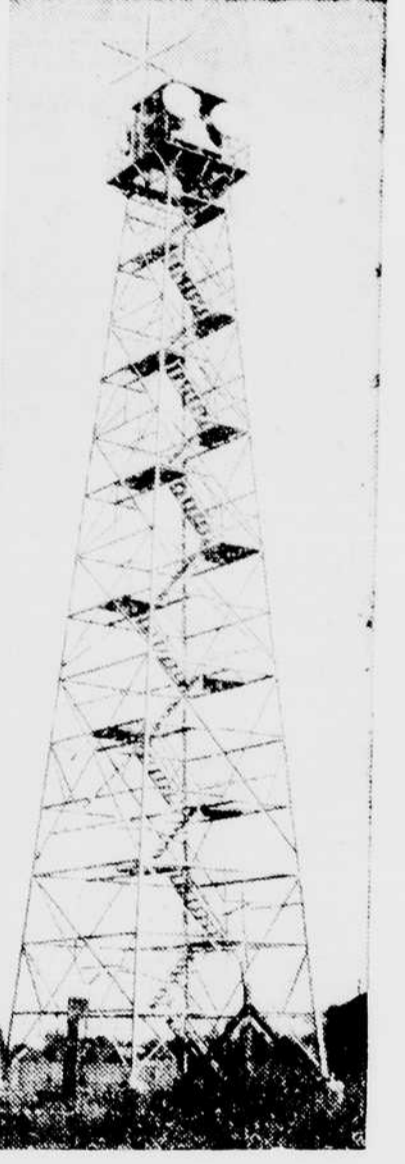
Radio relay towers, such as the one shown here, will replace thousands of miles of the familiar trunk pole lines and hundreds of thousands of miles of wire.

Since the super-high frequency waves to be used travel in straight lines through the air, these intermediate towers are necessary to overcome the curvature of the earth. From 60 to 120 feet in height, the towers will be located on hills and mountains as far as 50 miles apart.

Already under construction is what is known as the "New York-Washington-Pittsburgh Triangle", to provide two-way radio beam transmission between those cities. Next will be extensions to Columbus, Cincinnati, Chicago, Toledo and Cleveland. Then the system will be extended nationwide.

This system will improve the quality, dependability and speed of telegraph service, company officials state. It will reduce interruptions due to ice and wind storms, falling trees, and electrical disturbances. Also, the cost over a period of seven years will be less than would have been required for maintenance and construction of the pole lines to be replaced.

The beam in each direction can be equipped to provide 270 multiplex printing telegraph circuits so that 1,080 operators can transmit telegrams simultaneously over it.



CAN THEY SPLIT THIS ATOM?



A Lift For Today

There is a new creation whenever a man comes to be satisfied, and it is old is gone, the new has come.—H. CHRISTIAN, 3-17.

IF WE TURN and put our hands into the hand of God, we will find that "all things are becoming new." May we indeed become new creatures in Christ Jesus, we beseech Thee, O Lord.

THE BIRTHDAY MURDER

by LANGE LEWIS

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CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN BERNICE PROZE into an attitude of listening. Victoria heard the sound of the big oaken front door closing. "Walter!" breathed Bernice. The approach of a lover never lighted such delight in a woman's eyes. She turned and ran out of the room, her pale green pajamas clinging to her still-good figure, gleaming in the light of the little white bedroom lamps.

Victoria drew on her pinkish driving gloves, put on her short gray fur jacket and went down the silent carpeted stairs. In the hall below, Walter was just kissing Bernice's lips. He was a spare man, not very tall, and his thinning hair was combed carefully to hide incipient baldness. "Hello, Walter," Victoria called, and the man and wife broke apart.

"Well, well," said Walter. He always reserved a humorous smile for Vicky, as though they had both at sometime agreed that there was something vaguely funny about a woman who wrote for a living. They shook hands. Victoria knew that Walter was probably quite aware that the situation which had sent him away from his home was no secret to her, and that this embarrassed her greatly. He stood a little in front of the pigskin bag he had set down as though hoping to conceal the fact that his absence had been an unusual one.

Bernice's arm was twined through her husband's. She was looking almost adoringly at his profile. "Doesn't Walter look darling with a tan?" she asked.

Hidiously at a loss for an answer, Victoria was glad when Walter broke almost brusquely from his wife's grasp to take off his overcoat. "Scarcely 'darling,'" he said in his careful, lawyer's voice.

"Nice to see you again, Walter," Victoria told him, and turned and went to the door. Bernice turned her head to say: "I'll ring up tomorrow, Vicky. Don't worry about anything. Everything will be all right."

"I'm sure it will," said Victoria. She was not referring to her own problem. As she shut the heavy door, she could not help looking back through the glass triangle. Walter was putting his coat away in the hall closet, setting it very precisely on a hanger. Bernice was watching him intently. As he turned toward her, shutting the closet door in the same motion, she went toward him, holding out her hands. He took them in his and they stood there facing each other for a moment. By lowering her chin, Bernice contrived to be looking up at him. Victoria knew well the girlish, bright look that must lie in her brown eyes.

full of that troubling sense of a likeness between Bernice and someone else which had come first when she saw Bernice gliding down the staircase of her husband's house, her hand caressing the banister, and which had edged into her consciousness again when Bernice watched Walter's back while he hung his coat away.

Bernice had reminded her, in those two actions, those two instants of Ina Hart.

Which was ridiculous, because no two people could be more unlike. Victoria at once qualified that. The two women did have one thing in common. They had been trained to regard men as creatures whose primary function was to provide them with what they wanted. But Bernice, Victoria reflected with a rather grim smile as she slipped in under the steering wheel, had not killed Walter, which had been Ina's method of removing one corner from an equally dangerous triangle.

Tuck hung up the receiver thoughtfully. What Mrs. Hime had just told him changed everything. That was his first thought. Then he paused to question its validity. How? Well, first and foremost, since the poison had been in the green kitchen canister after all, Hazel could have made the mistake which Mrs. Hime had advanced as explanation of Albert Hime's death.

Hazel Bennett lived in a small and scrupulously neat furnished apartment with a cat and three fan-tailed goldfish. She seemed almost eager to tell Tuck of the part she had played in the destruction of the poison. When he said gravely: "You must realize that the destruction of evidence is a crime punishable by law," some of the brightness faded from her face, topped by now carefully waved hair which had been given an injudicious bluish rinse. Her face was one of those soft, malleable looking ones. Some 50 years of life had marked it, but not deeply.

She said, in a crumpled voice in which there was some fear: "But I didn't think of it as a crime when I did it, Mr. Tuck!" as though that statement exonerated her, and against such feminine logic Tuck had long ago learned not to do battle. She added: "And anyway, it wasn't my idea!"

"But you were thinking of the mistake you made with the salt a month ago, weren't you? When Mrs. Saxe convinced you that the police always wanted a quick arrest, you remembered that mistake you'd made before, and you were afraid of yourself."

Hazel's soft face stretched into a look of astonishment. "I never even thought of it!" she said. "It was you who filled the silver sugar bowl that was used on the dinner table," said Tuck.

"Yes, I filled it just before I left on Wednesday night." "And you realized that since you'd made one mistake, with the salt, you might be accused of having made another, with the ant powder."

Hazel sat up straighter. "I never did!"

"You could have made just that mistake, though."

"No!"

"How can you be so sure? An accident is a slip; it happens unconsciously. The mind can't be positive about it."

Hazel was eager once more. "But I couldn't have! Don't you see! I'd reached for the wrong can just a little while ago. You don't make the same mistake twice, so close together. The first mistake keeps you on your toes! Like there's a place out front on the pavement where the roots of a tree make the sidewalk stick up in a crack. I fell over that place a couple of months ago. Now I watch for it! I walk around it!"

Tuck had to concede the validity of Hazel's psychology for all the simplicity with which she worded her idea. She went on hurriedly, as though by talking she could keep him from further unpleasant suggestions. "When I first got those canisters about a year ago I thought: 'You'll be getting them all mixed up if you don't watch your labels.' Such a silly thing, really, to make them all the same size. Anyone knows you don't need nearly as big a can for tea as you do for flour. Most of those sets are in different sizes, going from a little tiny one for pepper up to a great big one for flour, because that's bulkier. But because of the war I had to take what I could get, when I bought them. I was lucky to get those. I remember I said to the hardware man: 'A man made those. And he's never been inside a kitchen.'"

Tuck took advantage of a pause for breath to say: "You are willing, then, to swear under oath to the fact that you couldn't possibly have put ant powder into the sugar bowl, instead of sugar?"

"The words 'swear under oath' seemed to have a sobering effect on Hazel. She regarded Tuck out of her pale eyes behind the thick lenses of her glasses. Then: "I'll swear to it."

Tuck stood up. At the door he turned to look down at her. "Didn't you realize that if you destroyed the ant poison in the kitchen there was still the ant poison in Mrs. Hime's cupboard?"

"In her cupboard?"

"In that shallow closet in her den."

"But I didn't know about that! I never laid eyes on it!" He opened the door, and turned to ask: "Could Mrs. Saxe have seen it?"

SALLY'S SALLIES



"But I don't want your honest opinion. I want your professional advice."

DAILY CROSSWORD

- ACROSS: 1. The tower of Shinar (Bib). 6. Regains, as health (abbr.). 12. A size of type. 13. Serious. 14. Larboard (Naut.). 15. Seize. 16. Meaning. 20. Speck. 23. Overtun. 27. Perfect. 29. Little island. 30. Permeate. 32. Meadow. 33. Musical study. 35. Rude, ill-bred person. 38. Essential ingredient for brewing. 42. Touches end to end. 44. Harshness. 45. Science of atmosphere. 47. Covered with dust. DOWN: 1. Large casks. 2. Simian. 3. Exist. 4. Unit of work. 5. Liberal giving. 6. Knock. 7. Self. 8. Vehicle. 9. Viscous substance. 10. Little. 24. Not well. 25. Letter Z. 26. Greek letter. 28. Prevented. 31. Dutch (abbr.). 34. — Dickin-son, American poet. 35. Cheat (slang). 36. Fetish. 37. Retired. 39. Past. 44. Decay. 46. Right side (abbr.).

Crossword puzzle grid with numbers indicating starting points for words.

CRYPTOQUOTE—A cryptogram quotation

ZKUH GK CZHU UDA. MNGJ BHP JK LDIK P JNI PDFI—LDZAKSS.

Saturday's Cryptquote: AND LONG SHE PINED, FOR BROKEN HEARTS DIE SLOW—CAMPBELL.

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