Alumnus of U. N. C. One Of Youngest Drama Producers

Chapel Hill, July 13.— Richard Adler, University of North Cassims graduate in the class of 1943, is carving both a name and a career

Adher, University of North Caeolina graduate in the class of 1943, is carving both a name and a career for immsent on brookway, where he is jumor partner with Camada Lee and Mark Marvin, producers of "On Whatman Avenue," which is enjoying a successful run on the New York stage.

Adler, who was prominent during his undergraduate days here in various art fields, became associated with Lee and Marvin shortly after his release from the Navy, during the early production days of "On Whitman Avenue," when the research were tunnibing their noses, so to speak, at the production, which has been described as not a play on the "Negro question," but rather on the "white and part and the producers appearing in such influential papers as the New York Times, ilerald Tribine, and PM were very bad, Adler said, and the producers estimated at the time that these notices lost them some \$25,000 during the first three weeks.

"Marvin said he thought the show would have to close the first week, and so did every other big theatre brains in New York City," Adler revealed, adding, "But I was so taken with the production and what i stood for, that I told them not to close the show, that I could keep it open for them. Of course, I had no idea what to do, but I offered them my services for nothing."

The young jumior partner in the production firm said he used the following methods to help put the play over to the public.

"I raised money, wrote publicity releases, did all sorts of promotion stants, our race relations."

Brothers In Foreign Service







Two brothers, sons of Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Bullock, route 2, Henderson, are now serving foreign active duty with the United States Army. Pet. Frank Bullock, Jr., entered the army in December, 1945, received training at Camp Lee, Va., and Camp Kilmer, N. J., and is now serving in Italy. Sgt. R. G. Bullock entered the army in September, 1944 received training at Ft. McClellan, Ala., and Fort Huachaca, Ariz., and is now in the Pacific

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PVT. FRANK BULLOCK, JR.

Daily Dispatch Bureau

Raleigh, July 13.—The name et Brig, Gen, Kenneth Royall of Golds-

left for Washington Friday to attend the school. Size only law enforcement officers were eligible for the school it was necessary for Sheriff Numa Tur-ner to appoint Pleasants as a depaty sheriff in order for him to qualify.

BE LINN NISHT.

Tolin Dispatch Burrow

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Leaf Quotas For 1947 Are Reduced Fourteen Percent

Washington, July 12.—Agriculture Secretary Clinton P. Anderson has proclaimed a 1947 national marketing quota for fine curred tobacto of 1,148,000,000 points. His proclamation was made in conformance with the requirements of the agricultural adjustment act of 1938, as amended. If 1947 plants was respectively.

If 1947 plantegs are normal in relation to the quota, and yields are average, a crop of about 1,080,009,-000 pounds would result. Anderson

Converting poundage figures to acreage, on the basis of the 1941-13 yields, the 1947 acreage allotments will total about 1.141,000 acres alagainst '1.120,000 acres allotted for 1943 and 1.257,000 acres allotted for 1946. Of the 1.141,000 acres to be allotted for 1947 a "reserve" not exceeding five per cent may be used for bereasing allotments for small farms and to provide allotments for new tobacco tarins. The sevectary continued.

per cent to for small farm ne-ts and for ew faca tot reduction in the reage would amount of the "reserv reage adjustic allotments, the

to about nine While presention indicates t available informa-a sonewhat smal-ceded in 1947, due of 1948 have g re-stocks in foreign stocks in foreign catacy is author-ic quota announced ount up to 20 per up to March 1 dute if labor in-supply and demand-an increase. Ancountries, the ized to increase today by any cent at any t 1947. This will

Roberson In Philippines.

Manila, P. 1.—Recently returned to Luzon. Philippine Islands from a Mindanao Islands Task. Force as a member of Company "K." 342nd, Regiment, 86th "Blackhawk" Infantry Division, was Pfc. Archie D. Roberson. Henderson, N. C., according to a press release from the "Blackhawk" Infantry Division's Public Relations Office.

Entering the service September 22, 1944, Pfc. Roberson trained with the infantry at Camp Robinson. Ark before leaving for duty overseas of March 1. 1945. He saw combat with the 96th "Deadeye" Infantry Division on Okinawa Shima, for which he wears the Combat Infantryman's badge and Purple Heart medal. Also, he is entitled to wearthe Good Conduct medal. Philippine Liberation ribbon, Asiatic-Pacific Theater ribbon, and World War II Victory medal.

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CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE
THE DINER had put out all except one pallid night light. It
was a weird, rattling cave, filled
with long shadows of black men,
swaying and stretching and bowing. The waiters were making
their beds: three straight leather
chairs in a row, wooden-legged
cunvas cots without pillows or
blankets. The tables had vanished, turned into boards, stacked
in a corner.

Corbett found the dismantled Corbett found the dismantied inner disturbing. With the taking apart of the car, the train had lost something, something, of staunchness, solidity, permanent might. The Palm Queen seemed fragile, a shell, shaken by speed, burtling through darkness. He crossed the couplings, opened

He crossed the couplings, opened the door of Sixteen. The sight was to eeric that he caught his breath so eeric that he caught his breath, its window shades were all drawn, its bulbs were extinguished. At each end, blue night lights drained down on motionless heads on white pillows. It looked like a ar of the dead.
Chuckie stirred in his father's arms and whimpered as Cerbett tripped on a valise in the aisle. When he came to his place, he

its bulbs were extinguished. At each end blue night lights drained sown on motionless heads on white pillows. It looked like a arr of the dead.

Chuckie stirred in his father's arms and whimpered as Corbett tripped on a valise in the alse. When he came to his place, he perceived there had been a few hanges in the chairs nearest his, Joanie was back. He could make out her pig-tails in a crumple of light-colored blanket in the seat where Elaine Weston had been. The young woman had moved in mext to Frankel.

She sat up, a taut silicouette, and watched Corbett climb into his place.

He fumbled around for the knob.

his place. He fumbled around for the knob

He fumbled around for the knob that would let down his chair-back. It dropped with a thump. He heard sleepy murmurs of pro-test behind him. He took off his backet, folded it on his lap, lay back, closed his eyes. For a mo-ment or two, he listened to snores, wherever, hardware, clearings of

ment or two, he listened to snores, wheezes, hackings, clearings of throats, shiftings of haunches. Then, utterly worn by the bone-break of travel, the exhaustion of overstrained nerves, the let-down of Scotch, he fell asleep.

A screech of iron on steel and a violent joit woke him up. He sat rig, and tense, certain that something had happened. Then he let up the shade. A signal tower heacon glistened on a network of tracks, on black gnomes swinging lanterns. He pressed his face to the pane. On a curve up ahead, he could see the red signals. He settled back in his seat.

down and again tried to sieep.
After a half hour of trying, he knew that he couldn't. He climbed over the horseplayer's legs and went out to the platform.

It was chilly out there as well, but there was light from a small muddy bulb in the celling. He lit a cigarette, leaned against the wall and looked through the glass. Beyond the tracks, he could barely make out low, rectangular sheds and the circles of tree-tops. Thin lines of rain etched the glass.

A trainman came out of Fifteen, a stout man in blue. It was almost a shock to see him so neat, so wide-awake in this train of disheveled and sleeping. He unlatched the door opposite Corbett, gripped a handrail, a thin iron loop in the wall. Corbett crossed over, leaned with him. The rain swung in his face, pricked him with ice. He inhaled the pungence to of pine.

"I'm used to not sleeping." Bhe pushed the lank hair back from her forehead. As she rised her arm, her coat slipped from her shoulders. Corbett caught it and arm, her coat slipped from her shoulders. Corbett caught it and arm, her coat slipped from her shoulders. Corbett caught it and arm, her coat slipped from her shoulders. Corbett caught it and arm, her coat slipped from her shoulders. Corbett caught it and arm, her coat slipped from her shoulders. Corbett caught it and arm, her coat slipped from her shoulders. Corbett caught it and held it. "Put it on. Put your arms in. It's chilly out here."

She began to obey but stopped with her arms halfway into the sieeves. "It's strange to have a man help me on with my coat."

A soldier and gentleman." he growled. He took out his pack. "Do you smoke?"

She stared into the flame and her face quivered. "Max had one of those. I bought him a gold one. He said these were better."

He pushed the lank hair back from her forchead. As she raised her arm, her coat slipped ar almost a shock to see him so neat, so wide-awake in this train of disheveled and sleeping. He unlatched the door opposite Corbett, gripped a handrail, a thin iron loop in the wall. Corbett crossed over, leaned with him. The rain swung in his face, pricked him with ice. He inhaled the pungence of pine.

of pine. "Where are we?" he asked.

glanced at Corbett's uniform. "My kid's being shipped. He's home on his furlough. I got to get over to Lancaster before he goes."

A track-walker went by, swinging his lantern, a slight, lonely figure, plodding in the wet, alongside the long, slumbering train, the dull red glow getting smaller, dwindling down to a pin point.

The door of Fifteen banged open. A brakeman came through, stopped for a moment to murmun something to the trainman. Corbett couldn't hear what they said but he saw that their faces looked

but he saw that their faces looked worried.

In the distance, the red pin point an the distance, the red pin point swung up and down. The trainman reached back for the door. "Okay, we're moving."

The signal tower lights in the distance blinked green. The Palm Queen shuddered, moved slowly at first, not outle sives that it deserted.

first, not quite sure that it dared

settled back in his seat.

Light streamed through the unshaded window. It fell on the face nark to his a hollow skull that resembled a death's head and smored like a man. Kalchis hadn't awakened.

In front and in back, he could hear restless stirrings. Grandma was multering something at the lump of the Marine's inert body. Two female figures in stacks slid by his seat. There was a flash of platform.

had no choice but to draw in the heat. She coughed; her eyes watered.

He moved back in his corner, determined not to talk to her any more than he had to. She must have feit the same way for she moved to the opposite side of the platform and looked through the plane. The cigaret hung between her fingers, burning unsmoked.

After quite a long while, she exclaimed: "Why, it's raining!" as though she had just found that out. Then she shivered and came back to his side of the platform.

"May turn to sleet before morning. Still winter up north."

"Still winter," she echoed.

"You should have stayed down."

"I should have stayed down."

The echo was becoming annoying. "Then, why didn't you?"

"She thought I should come back. Find a job. Take my mind off."

"Your mother?"

"Max's mother."

That surprised him. The older woman had seemed so placid see

"Max's mother."

That surprised him. The older woman had seemed so placid, so pleasant, that you didn't connect her with this sort of trouble.

"She had no one but him," Elaine Weston said. She paused, added, "And me." Her face worked, trying for tears, "She's right," nexterned to the state of the state

worked, trying for tears,
"She's right, perfectly right."
He had to strain to make his
voice carry over the clash of the
cars. "Work's the best medicine,
Just being useful. Doing something for someone." "That's funny," he thought. "That's a joke,
ME telling HER. The blind leading the crippled."

Again her limp hand mopped
her forchead. "I've tried every
other. Sunshine. Sea air. Vitamin capsules. Red pills and blue
pills. Yellow pills. White ones,
I've bought out the drugstore.
Secconal. Amytal. Chloral. Nembutal. Phanodorm. Luminal."

butal, Phanodorm, Luminal

shored like a man. Kalchis hadn't awakened.

In front and in back, he could hear restless stirrings. Grandma was multering something at the hump of the Marine's inert body. Two female figures in slacks slid by his seat. There was a flash of sharp yellow light as they parted the washroom curtains and opened this door, the sound of the baby, fretfully waiting. Across the aisle, Dr. Frankel was buzzing discreetly.

Elaine Weston crept out of her scat. She slung her coat over her shoulders, went up the aisle toward the curtains.

The car had grown cold. Yet, in spite of its chill, it was stuffy. He thrust his free hand in an attempt to be wriggled his arms into his jacket, buttened it up drew the shade



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