

Out Our Way

by "Cowboy" Williams



WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY

JR WILLIAMS © 1934 BY NEA SERVICE, INC.

DONNA of the BIG TOP by BEULAH POYNTER

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BEGIN HERE TODAY DONNA GABRIEL and MADELINE SIDDAL who call themselves "The Gabriel Sisters" are circus performers. Years earlier Madeline ran away from her grandfather's farm.

When Donna is injured by a fall from the trapeze Madeline arranges for her to be taken to GRANDFATHER SIDDAL'S farm to recuperate. To please her partner Donna pretends to be Madeline. She falls in love with BILL SIDDAL, Madeline's cousin, and though she is ashamed of deceiving Bill and Grandfather she is afraid to tell the truth.

Meanwhile Madeline marries CON DAVID, animal trainer with the circus, and although terrified of the lions and tigers takes part in the animal act. MRS. PLANTER, housekeeper on the farm, shows Donna a handbill announcing Madeline's marriage to Con in the circus arena and Donna realizes the woman is a dangerous enemy.

Grandfather Siddal has a stroke. Mrs. Planter, basing her conclusion on the handbill, accuses Donna of bigamy.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY CHAPTER XXIII

Donna sprang to her feet, her face livid with anger. "You horrible old woman!" she cried. "You would choose a time like this to say such a thing! And you know it's not true! I'll admit that I was in your room. I wanted to find the handbill because I expected you to use it to back up your damnable gossip. Well, you can go ahead! Tell my husband about the bill. Tell him anything you want to, and see how much good it does you. Do you think Bill will believe your stories? He knows my partner was married a short time before I was and he hasn't your evil, suspicious mind! He'll know by the date that the handbill couldn't possibly have anything to do with me. Why I wasn't even with the circus then."

Mrs. Planter's thin upper lip drew back over her yellowed teeth. The nostrils of her pinched nose quivered. "There ain't any date on the bill," she said. "Far as I know, it may have been printed a year ago, or mebbe two. Mebbe you and that feller got a divorce, but I calculate Bill Siddal wouldn't relish no divorced woman for his wife."

"There is a date!" Donna insisted. "Handbills always have a date! Leave me alone now and go away. You can do whatever you like! All it will get you is to be thrown out of this house, bag and baggage! Bill will believe my word against yours!"

"Mebbe he will and mebbe he won't," the woman answered, but just the same there ain't no date on that bill. I reckon I orter know. If you don't believe me, take a look at it—"

From a shabby handbag she carried on her arm Mrs. Planter extracted the paper. She unfolded it and waved it before Donna's face.

The girl saw the words, "Saturday afternoon," and nothing else. There was no date, nothing to indicate when the public marriage ceremony was to take place. The housekeeper's leering face became the countenance of a devil. Suddenly a film of red danced before Donna's eyes. All discretion van-

ished and, with a strangled sob, she sprang toward the housekeeper, trying to snatch the paper from her hand.

Mrs. Planter gave a half-insane cackle and put the hand that held the bill behind her. "No, you dont," she chortled.

Unmindful of results, Donna caught the woman's arm and twisted it around. Using all the strength that had given her the power to swing her body, supporting all her weight by one wrist, she crushed the woman's flesh and muscle until the paper fell from Mrs. Planter's fingers. Then, like lightning, she bent snatched it up and tore it to shreds.

"Now," she cried triumphantly, "talk! Say anything you want to say, but get out of this house! Get out now! Only be careful that you can prove every statement you make or—so help me, God—I'll have you sent to prison for libel."

Without a retort the housekeeper opened the door and left the room. Donna stood holding the scraps of paper in her trembling hands and listening to the woman's footsteps down the hall. She had triumphed, but she knew that from that moment on Mrs. Planter would be her active enemy.

Yes, she had triumphed but it was a hollow victory. Mrs. Planter had been hostile enough before. What would she do now that Donna had openly defied her, had ordered her to leave the farm?

She had little time to speculate about the future, for before she had washed the traces of emotion from her cheeks Bill burst into

the room. "What's this about Mrs. Planter leaving?" he demanded. "Good Lord, Honey, we can't let her go now! With Grandpop needing constant care, the dairy to look after and the meals to cook, you could never do it all alone! What's come over the woman."

"She was insolent," Donna answered, avoiding his eyes. "I'll manage with the work all right. Send one of the men over to the Jones place to get Minnie. She and I can do everything. And I think we should have a nurse for Grandfather. Surely Dr. Freeman can get one for us."

"He'd have to send to the city, if you mean a trained nurse. And it may take several days for her to get here. Why didn't you wait until things were running a little smoother before you let Mrs. Planter go? I think you're making a mistake, Donna. At a time like this—"

"I'll be all right," Donna interrupted. "Send for Minnie and don't worry, please."

Those were hectic days that followed. Minnie was willing and capable enough in many ways, but the work of managing a household was new to Donna and, with a helpless invalid to care for, she found herself so over-worked and harassed that by nightfall she was too tired to even talk. She had no time to speculate on the results of her quarrel with Mrs. Planter.

The older woman, without comment, had packed her trunk, telephoned a neighbor to send her son for it, and had departed. Apparently she had passed out of Donna's life, for nothing more was heard of her.

For a week Grandfather Siddal lay like a block of wood on his bed. There was only the fluttering of his eyelids and his slow, painful breathing to indicate that he was still alive. Donna did what she

FLAPPER FANNY SAYS



could to make him comfortable, following the doctor's instructions exactly. Each day Dr. Freeman came out to see the old man, and on the fourth day he brought a placid, efficient middle-aged woman wearing a white uniform who quietly took charge of the sick man. The arrival of the nurse lifted a goodly portion of the burdens from Donna's shoulders.

The minute she had the opportunity to relax, Donna's problem reared its ugly fangs again. At night, though her back and legs ached from long hours spent in the kitchen and in the dairy, from trudging to hen houses and back and digging in the truck gardens, she would lie beside Bill, her eyes too heavy to keep open, but her mind too active for sleep.

She grew thinner and Bill had the added worry of watching his bride grow hollow-eyed. He worried about her health and tried with clumsy tenderness to comfort her, thinking she was grieving over her grandfather's illness (as, indeed, she was). He did everything he could to make things easier for her, but even love cannot cure a sick soul when the illness is the result of a guilty conscience.

Donna, busy with cooking for hungry farm workers, with washing dishes and sweeping and scrubbing and making beds, could not work fast enough to forget her fears. She tried to tell herself that they were exaggerated, that Mrs. Planter had never really intended to harm her but merely enjoyed making bullying threats.

Besides, the woman was gone now and the circus handbill—the only bit of evidence she had possessed—was destroyed. But such reasoning held scant comfort for the girl. She realized by this time that she had paid too much attention to the handbill. It would have been far better to have treated the matter with calm indifference. Yes, Donna's own impetuosity had made a bad situation worse.

Then Madeline's letter arrived, asking Donna what she intended to do about the farm and the money Amos Siddal would leave to his granddaughter after his death. Daily Donna had postponed the unpleasant duty of informing the other girl that the old man was seriously ill and that the doctor had small hopes that he would recover.

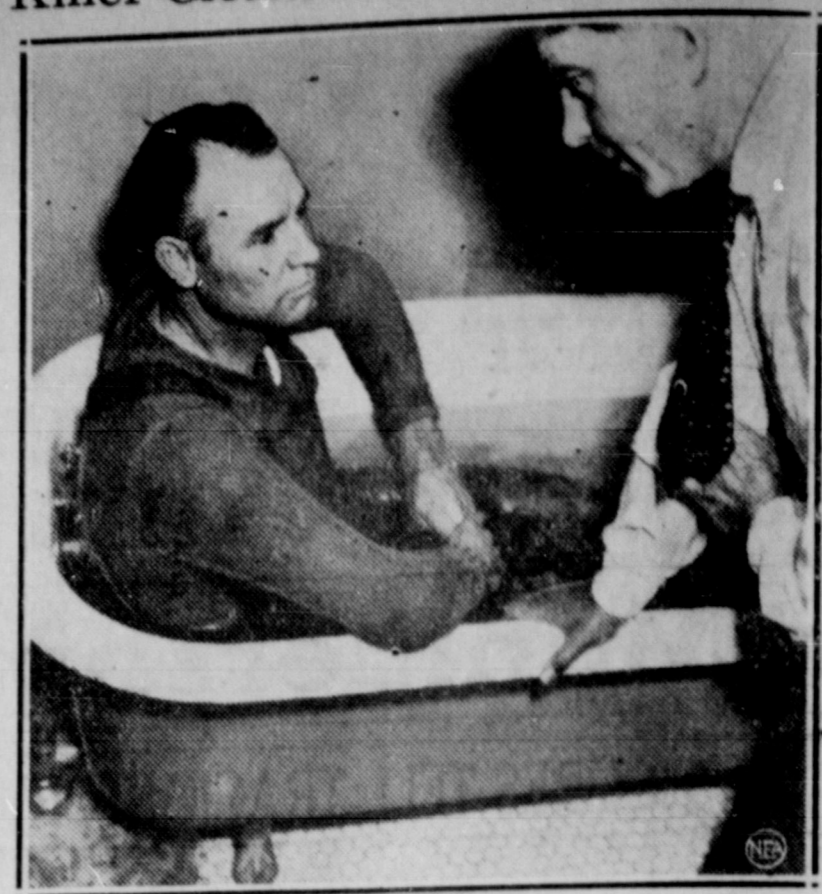
The arrival of the letter made Donna sit down immediately to write a long reply. In it she told Madeline all the facts about the old man's illness. From that hour she waited, expecting at any moment the blow that would wreck her marriage.

Donna did not know whether it would come in the form of a letter addressed to Grandfather Siddal or Bill, or whether Madeline herself would arrive at the farm. But since the other girl was concerned about the inheritance without even knowing that Amos Siddal was ill, Donna was sure that Madeline would take drastic measures to make certain she did not lose whatever fortune Amos Siddal should leave. It made little difference how Madeline went about it. Any revelation, Donna felt, would crush her own happiness forever.

And so she waited. But no reply came from Madeline. Though Donna could not know it, the letter she had written, the letter that might have changed both girls' lives, was never read by Madeline.

It reached New Orleans promptly.

Killer Cleansed of Sin in Bathtub



Cleansed of his many sins in a bizarre baptism ceremony in a jail bathtub, W. D. May, Texas murderer, mail robber, and dope runner, here is shown after he had voiced repentance for his crimes and had been submerged, grumbling because the water was cold, by the Rev. Almer Kelly. May then was returned to the Fort Worth death house to await execution of his sentence.

ly and was delivered to Madeline's dressing room on the day she encountered Ned Trafford down by the docks. Madeline, arriving late and hurrying to don a hasty makeup for the grand march which opened every performance, saw the envelope but neglected to open it. Subsequently events drove all thoughts of letters from her mind.

Evidently Ned Trafford, after talking to her, had walked out of the warehouse, pulled off his coat and hat and found some means of conveyance to the circus grounds for as Madeline emerged from the arena and started through the canopied corridor toward the dressing tent, he was standing in the passage.

There was no way to avoid him, no other means of reaching the dressing room, or she would not have risked a second meeting with Trafford. His back was turned toward her but she could see that there was belligerence in his

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THIS CURIOUS WORLD By William Ferguson TWO RUBBER TREES MUST WORK FOR AN ENTIRE YEAR, TO PRODUCE ENOUGH RUBBER FOR A SMALL-SIZED AUTOMOBILE TIRE. AMERICA HAS TWO LARKS... The MEADOWLARK, WHICH IS NOT A LARK AT ALL, BUT A RELATIVE OF THE CROW AND THE BLUE JAY... AND The HORNED LARK, WHICH IS A TRUE LARK, BUT IS NOT HORNED! THE "HORNS" ARE ONLY TUFTS OF FEATHERS. © 1934 BY NEA SERVICE, INC.

DRY CLEANING Cleaning and Pressing is only one branch of our service. We remodel and repair garments. BULLARD'S South side of Square, Phone 8 SHOE REPAIR WORK Besides our general repair service we have the new process to cement ladies' soles at our regular rates. All work guaranteed. CITY SHOE SHOP E. Side Square O. E. Adams

What! 98c Tooth-paste"

It's What You'd Pay,
Madam, If It Weren't
for Advertising!

NEARLY a dollar for a little tube of tooth-paste. \$3.25 for a pair of chiffon hose. 50 cents for a gallon of gasoline. And a flat two thousand for a "popular priced" car. How far would the old family budget stagger under that kind of load? What's more to the point, how many nice things could you afford to buy?

There's one big reason why you don't have to pay such outlandish prices for quality things these days. It's because you—and millions like you all over the country—do your buying through the advertising you read!

And it's because you—and hundreds like you here in Memphis who read the Daily Democrat—can afford to be choosy and critical when you shop for values.

For Daily Democrat ads save you money! A merchant can mark his good merchandise at a lower price when his Daily Democrat ad will bring many, many dollar-wise shoppers to his store. Having all these buyers gives him a good return on just a tiny profit per item! And you pay no big "mark-up."

But price isn't everything. You get better quality in advertised goods. They have "acceptance"—they've been tested by thousands of shoppers as careful as yourself. And found worthwhile. They must be good or the merchant wouldn't spend his hard-earned money to advertise them in this newspaper where you can compare them with other offerings every day.

It will pay you many times over to read the ads in the Daily Democrat regularly.



How Advertising LOWERS The Price of What You Buy!

Take tooth-paste, for instance. Good tooth-paste. It may cost Mr. Manufacturer, Mr. Jobber and Mr. Druggist 30 cents a tube to make and sell it—counting salaries and packaging and transportation, rent and other "overhead" and the interest due on the note at the bank. A fair profit all along the line... and then this tooth-paste could be sold for 45c—if everybody knew about it!

Sure...

... but who does know about it? Just a mere handful of people who have heard of it by "word of mouth." A few hundred maybe. Not enough to pay the manufacturer's rent and his NRA salaries. Not enough to let him stay in business.

And so...

... he can do one of two things. Raise the price to nearly a dollar (as in our picture above) while you brush your teeth with plain water. Or raise the price a bare nickel per tube and spend that nickel per tube on advertising—to tell his story to millions—do a volume business at a small profit—and bring you good tooth-paste at 50c or even less.

The Daily Democrat

Your Home Paper

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

By Ahern



Ridicule Spurs His Senate Race



Despite the campaign of ridicule against Theodore G. Bilbo, shown here in a recent picture, and revival of scandal charges hurled at him when he was Mississippi's governor, he may be the next U. S. senator from his state. He is reported a strong contender against Senator H. D. Stephens and Representative Ross Collins for the Democratic nomination in the August primary.

Local Markets

Table listing local market prices for various commodities such as Broilers, Turkeys, Eggs, Maize, Corn, Peas, and Sorghum seed.

Local Oddfellow Is Given 1st Degree Of Initiation Tuesday

Jess Mitchell received the initiatory degree of Oddfellow work last night at the regular meeting of the local lodge. The local organization met at 8 o'clock in the I. O. O. F. building.

Ernest Thompson Denounces Disney Oil Control Bill

WASHINGTON, June 6.—The Disney oil production control bill was denounced today before the House interstate commerce committee by E. O. Thompson, Texas railroad commissioner as "simply an attempt to wrest from the states their proper sovereign power over purely internal affairs."

Renew Search For Men Who Wounded Officer, Farmer

WEATHERFORD, June 6.—After an all-night fruitless search in a wooded section near here, Parker county officers, assisted by officers of other counties, today renewed their search for two men who escaped yesterday after wounding a policeman and a farmer.

Word was received here from Sheriff Meredith K. Stewart that "Toots" Cong, one of the three young bandits allegedly involved in the slaying of a deputy sheriff and wounding a policeman at Seymour, was captured today in an orchard six miles west of Nashville, Ind.

Blackshear Death Penalty Revised By Appeals Court

AUSTIN, June 6.—The court of criminal appeals today revised and remanded the conviction of Barney Blackshear in Smith county, in which he was sentenced to death for the slaying of Viola Brimberry.

This was the second time a death sentence had been reversed by an appellate court.

The bodies of Mrs. Brimberry and her husband, George, were found in their cabin near Arp.

Mrs. Mary Jo Cunningham was called to Detroit yesterday on account of the serious illness of her mother, Mrs. J. H. Roberts.

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In Other Words, The Roots Are In Heck Of A Shape

BEAUMONT, June 6.—"So that's what was wrong with 'em?" County Agent J. F. Combs mused.

He had just received a diagnosis from the bureau of plant industry at Washington on some grass roots which didn't look right to Agent Combs.

"The roots are infected with nematodes," wrote G. Teir, senior nematologist. "We found numerous specimens of the root-knot nematode, heterodera marioni, and also another quite serious plant-infesting form, anguillulina multicincta. In addition, aphelechioidees parietinus, cephalobus oxyuroides, anguillulina, filiformis, and dorylamus, perhaps obtusicaudatus, were found but the trouble really comes from the first named species."

Combs admits he is just a lounge try boy and not up on his Latin. But he believes he gets the idea—The roots are in a heck of a shape.

Mr. and Mrs. Maynard Drake and daughter, Jimma Joan, returned Monday from a trip to Kiowa, Kan., where they went to take Mrs. Drake's mother, Mrs. Frances Wiltrout, who had been visiting them for several weeks. Mrs. Drake's sister, Mrs. Newman Shuey, and son, Bobbie, of Wichita, Kan., returned home with them for a visit here with Mrs. Drake.

L. D. PIERCE IN CLINIC

L. D. Pierce Jr., manager for the Davis Buick Company, has gone to Wichita Falls and is taking treatment at the Clinic Hospital there.

Small Upholds—

(Continued from page 1)

railroads and those industries they serve. Likewise, the insurance companies should bear the expenses of the insurance department, and the banks the expenses of the banking department.

The placing of these special departments directly upon the industries they serve would bring about a saving of \$1,000,000 with which the state's schools and institutions could be expanded, he said.

Small referred to lobbying only slightly. "Business is entitled to have representatives at Austin," the Senator stated. "I welcome the patriotic type of representatives, and Texas has a splendid law against the violators—this problem is up to the attorney general to bring them to justice."

Small also advocated utilities regulations that are "reasonable, equitable and just to all," and "real and adequate law enforcement, fairly and impartially." He would combine the Ranger and motor forces and prepare them sufficiently to cope with the desperadoes and law breakers of today. This question, he stated, should be "taken out of politics."

Small attacked the way in which a number of governors had misused their pardoning power. He pointed out the only way to handle this situation would be to create a pardon board, with one member appointed by the supreme court, another by the governor, and the third being the attorney general, himself.

Small also suggested a new oil and gas division to have charge of production and distribution of this natural resource. He urged the conservation of natural resources and a more practical and efficient educational system.

He offered a plain, practical, common sense administration.

Anti-American—

(Continued from page 1)

the financial banker and sponsor of that pamphlet.

The \$4,000 payment for the dissemination of anti-Semitic statements was brought out during the examination of Carl Dickey, a partner in the New York firm of Carl Byoir & Associates.

Dickey said his firm had a contract with German tourist information office, receiving \$6,000 a month, giving advice and getting together material for travel information.

Prepare in Germany

About twice a month, also he testified, a sheet titled German-American Economic Bulletin is prepared and mailed to a list of about 3,000 newspapers and a few business institutions. Some of the information in it, he said, is prepared in Germany; others is got together in the New York Byoir office.

Of that \$6,000 monthly fee, Dickey testified, \$1,000 in salary and \$750 in commissions are given to George Sylvester Viereck, because Viereck was instrumental obtaining the contract. But Dickey denied vehemently that either he or Viereck felt antagonism toward Jews.

"He always contended and argued with me," Dickey testified, "that anti-Semitism was a bad thing anywhere."

Before this contract was signed, for eighteen months beginning Nov. 1, 1933—Dickey said he had

Study Relief for Drouth Area



With millions of dollars' toll taken by the extended drouth in the midwest, the federal government is rushing relief plans and leaders of the campaign are shown here as they arrived in Chicago for a plane tour of the stricken region. At left is Dr. O. E. Reed, of the dairy industry bureau, and at right is Dr. E. W. Sheets, national drouth relief director.

been paid \$4,000 in currency by Dr. Kiep for helping get matter for the consul intended for publication in newspapers.

Vincent Lancaster, treasurer for Carl Byoir & Associates, testified that the \$4,000 paid by Kiep about \$2,000 apiece was given to Dickey and Byoir. Viereck, he added was entitled to his 15 per cent commission on that, also, but he did not know whether he got it.

A copy of the Carl Byoir contract with the German Tourist Information Offices was inserted in the record. It specified that the American firm "will refrain from disseminating any information or news matter which might be considered political, national Socialist or racial propaganda."

Luther and Propaganda Immediately after that was introduced Thomas W. Hardwick, committee counsel, brought out that one issue of the German American Economic Bulletin contained a lengthy article detailing Germany's position on debts.

An earlier witness, the Rev. Francis Gross of Perth Amboy, N. J., linked Ambassador Luther with alleged pro-German propaganda in a letter he read to the committee.

Father Gross, a retired Catholic Priest, told how he had published a pamphlet entitled "Justice to Hungary, Germany and Austria."

Settlers Re-Union—

(Continued from page 1)

the charge of several Memphis girls, who will be called upon to assist in the work.

Secretaries To Aid Henry Read, secretary of the Senior Chamber, and Wendell Harrison, who holds a like position with the Junior organization, are to work with all committees in preparing and carrying through the different programs.

Both organizations have gone straight to work on this celebration with enthusiasm and interest, according to Mr. Read, and there is no doubt that when completed it will indeed be the greatest celebration on any kind ever staged here.

Invited To Attend "The occasion demands that the celebration be given much consideration and planning in order that it fits the purpose for which it is being planned."

"We invite and urge that all the people in this territory join with us in making this the most successful celebration of its kind we have ever had. Their presence is all that is required; we shall do the rest."

"We invite them to come here for a day of fun and celebration at our expense," he said.

4 Truck Wheels Are Recovered Near Here

Four truck wheels, completely equipped, were recovered here Monday by J. Y. Snow and Fee Posey, deputy sheriffs.

The wheels were found on a creek about six miles northwest of the city. They belonged to a Wellington man.

The wheels were stolen about three weeks ago off a truck which was parked at a gin about 10 miles southwest of Wellington.

Mrs. V. M. Bradley of Abilene and Miss Freda Wood of Gatesville were guests in the home of Mr. and Mrs. O. V. Alexander here Tuesday, leaving this morning in company with Mrs. Alexander and her nephew, Jimmie and Wallie Cayton, to visit relatives at Demmitt, Hereford and Texhoma.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. D. Chappell left for Austin Friday night to attend school.

Half-Price Sale



Beginning Thursday, June 7th, we offer you choice of our stock consisting of 62 short sleeve strictly spring and mid-summer dresses that sold at from \$5.95 to \$17.50 at—

Exactly One-Half Price

This lot of washable silks, flat crepes, triple sheers, linens, etc. and other fine cotton fabrics. Every garment is this season's purchase.

This does not include early Spring dresses and suits with sleeves.

Children's Fine Cotton Dresses At 48c Three dozen children's fine wash dresses, short sleeve and sleeveless styles, that sold regularly at \$1.95, special to close— 48c These are ordinary and swiss trimmed. Ages 2 to 14.

Ladies \$5.00 Straw Hats At \$2.95 One group of ladies' \$5.00 hand blocked straw hats that were excellent values at \$5.00, to close we offer at— \$2.95

Greene Dry Goods THE BIG DAYLIGHT STORE

Vertical text on the right edge of the page, including 'Sch... IS... BY... C. And... Plan... School... Meacham's... Panhandle... MEMPHIS... COWBOY...'. It appears to be a list of advertisements or notices.

School Football Field Is To Be Lighted for Night Play

Carnera Synthetic Fighter; Baer Natural, Has Much to His Credit

HARRY GRAYSON

BUSINESS GIRLS, FAT MEN CLASH ON DIAMOND TODAY



BY JACK DEMPSEY
(As Told to Harry Grayson)
New York, June 6.—Max Baer is a natural fighter. The Californian who will attempt to win the world heavyweight championship from Primo Carnera in the Garden Bowl on June 14 likes to battle, has the zest for competition, and has been something of a self-made mittman.

Carnera, on the other hand, is a synthetic scrapper. Whatever skill the Italian has acquired as a boxer and hitter has come to him, not through native aptitude and competitive wit, but through skillful teaching.

Baer took to fighting as a kid, just as your youngster will take to boxing, tennis, baseball, football or golf—and make good at it. Carnera took to fighting because it offered a good way to capitalize his size and strength.

Carnera first came to this country frankly a physical freak. He had been with circuses, had attracted the attention of the little Frenchman, Leon See, and had sprouted out as a fighter.

I want to pay a tribute to Carnera. The giant has done a remarkable job. Anybody who saw his left hand work against the master fencer, Tommy Loughran, at Miami, knows how well he has done by himself and his tutors.

There were many moments from start to finish of those 15 rounds in which Carnera outboxed the faster, much lighter Loughran. Many who had come to scoff at the Venetian remained to marvel at his aptitude and almost incredible progress.

I cite this because I don't want you to get the impression that I am running Carnera down, or belittling his standing as champion. I am eager only to drive home the undisputed fact that in the battle Queen we will have a natural fighter opposed by a made fighter—and this should rebound to the advantage of Baer.

Carnera's defense of the title against Baer reminds me of the battle in which I risked the same crown, and, as it turned out, my neck was well, against Luis Angel Firpo.

The wild bull of the Pampas was just that on the September night in 1932, when I bumped into him at the Polo Grounds, or rather when he bumped into me. That was one time in my career when I did not land first. The Argentinian was bigger—physically incredible. He possessed plenty of fire and aggression, and some measure of ring aptitude.

But Jack Dempsey, if I do say it myself, was a natural fighter. I liked to put on the gloves. From the outset I fought mainly because I loved the game, the smell of resin, the roar of the crowd—everything that enters into the boxing business.

Firpo, like Carnera, was a synthetic fighter. Because of his size, because of his financial lure, Luis Firpo entered the ring. The behemoth of Buenos Aires soon found himself in America, then the land of fabulous purses for extraordinary heavyweights. His very unorthodox and cub-like right hand made him colorful. He attracted the attention of my friend, the late Tex Rickard, greatest promoted of all time.

Rickard grabbed Firpo while he was hot. There was not long preliminary education for the Wild Bull. Perhaps it was lucky for me that the renowned promoter did not spend the time developing Firpo that Carnera's managers spent on the Italian for Firpo was plenty tough, even though I knocked him out in the second round.

But it was plain that while Luis Angel was large, while he was strong, while he could hit—he was a synthetic fighter.

To be a great fighter, a man must be able to give it, take it, and possess a fighting heart.

When Firpo clubbed me over the ropes and out among the typewriters and telegraph instruments, I somehow managed to get back and finish what I've since heard was a hurricane first round. Fighting instinct alone did that. Firpo's first punch knocked me out on my feet. I couldn't tell you what kind of a punch it was, or where it came from.

But the cobwebs were wiped from my brain during the minute's rest, and the natural fighting advantages that I had over Firpo quickly asserted themselves in the second round. With the break the Argentinian got right under the gun, the result might have been different had he not been a synthetic scrapper.

But fighting simply did not come naturally to the Wild Bull of the Pampas. Hurt, he did not have fighting instinct upon which to fall back.

(Copyright, 1934, NEA Service, Inc.)
NEXT: Dempsey discusses Jess Willard and other gents of the hempen square.

GOLF
By Art Krenz

CHIP SHOT MADE WITHOUT USE OF WRISTS
When the club descends in the chip shot, the path of the clubhead must be flattened as it reaches the bottom of the arc. It should finish near the ground, having traveled from impact almost horizontally instead of abruptly upward.

The incorrect swing, in which the wrists only are used, results in a sharp ascent of the club, caused by a stationary left arm. This forces the hands and wrists to break abruptly.

To flatten the arc, allow both hands and arms to go forward with the club as the ball is struck.

FUN A-FISHIN'

BY JIMMY DONAHUE
NEA Service Sports Writer
Pound for pound and ounce for ounce, the old wall-eyed pike isn't the gamest fish that swims—but he's just about the most accommodating.

When bass aren't striking and the angler is due for a dull day with his top water lures, wise indeed is he who fastens a deep-traveling plug or wobbler to his line and goes after the wall-eye.

This fish is a companionable sort of cuss. He doesn't pal around by himself as does the vicious northern pike or muskie, but joins his family and neighbors in foraging around over sunken bars and in swift currents for his favorite food, minnows.

The wall-eye, variously known as jack-salmon and pike-perch, is



always feeding, and, as he is constantly on the go, you can't count on any certain spot in a lake or river producing strikes.

The best way to locate a school of these fish is to troll slowly behind the boat with a minnow attached to a spinner. Get down as deep as you can and, on getting a strike, stop and anchor the boat, and cast all around, letting the lure sink to the bottom before retrieving.

If you don't raise too much rucceus in landing the fish, you can deplete the ranks of the school in short order.

Another good place to find wall-eyes is just below falls in a river. Here in the deep water they lurk, awaiting any unfortunate minnows or other food that comes within reach.

DO YOU REMEMBER

One Year Ago Today—George Earnshaw, suspended Athletics' hurler, again appeared in uniform and worked out with his team.

Five Years Ago Today—Al Singe knocked out Leo Roy, Canadian, in the first of a 10-rounder at New York.

Featuring softball at its height, the girl nine of the Business and Professional Women's club goes against the "Fat Men" this afternoon at Fair park in a seven-inning affair.

They admit they may not play the finest of baseball, but the game is likely to produce more laughs than any such clash that has been staged here.

From the line-up, it appears it's anybody's game from start to finish—in fact, the spectators may win it.

Here they are:
Fat Men—Dr. R. E. Clark, c; Ted Hanna, p; H. B. Bennett, 1b; H. W. Kuhn, 2b; Ed McCreary, ss; H. B. Estes, 3b; Dr. J. A. Odom, rf; J. B. Chitwood, cf; R. D. Patrick, lf; and Leon Bullard, Bob Parks, Chief Gardner, J. M. Tucker, W. B. Morrison, Joe Webster, Ira Neeley and N. W. Durham, utilities.

Business girls—Mary Beckum, c; Frankie Hamilton, p; Helen Hilgenfeld, 1b; Marnie Bokke, 2b; Mary Lee Fields, 3b; Antha Youree, ss; Maud Worsham, cf; Ora Walsh, rf; Floretta Whitefield, lf; and Edna Bryan, Ruth Johnson, Maudie Pritchard, Irma Carson, Gladys Powers and Naomi Phillips, utilities.

YOU'RE TELLING ME

Mickey Cochrane has a brother on the way to the big leagues. . . He's Archie, who plays first for Manchester, in the Northeastern loop. . . A couple of ball players are undertakers in their spare time. . . Waite Hoyte of the Pirates and Johnny Hodapp, formerly with Cleveland and Boston, and now with Rochester in the Association. . . Brooklyn Dodgers have socked Carl Hubbell for wins in 20 out of 29 times the Giants' ace has faced them. . . In race track parlance, the "tack" is all the equipment used on or about a horse. . . such a bride, saddle, pompadour pad, surcingle, blinglers.

FAT MEN

--VS.--

Business Girls

In a Red Hot Game of

BASEBALL

WED., JUNE 6

FAIR PARK--6 P. M.

Admission 15c

Benefit

Business and Professional Women's Club

Wednesday, June 6, 1934
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WEDNESDAY, JUNE 6, 1934

WILLIAMS BUS EXPRESS FOR SPEED-ECONOMY

The Democrat's Daily Page of All Star Comics

SALESMAN SAM

By Small



WASH TUBS

By CRANE



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

By MARTIN



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

By BLOSSER



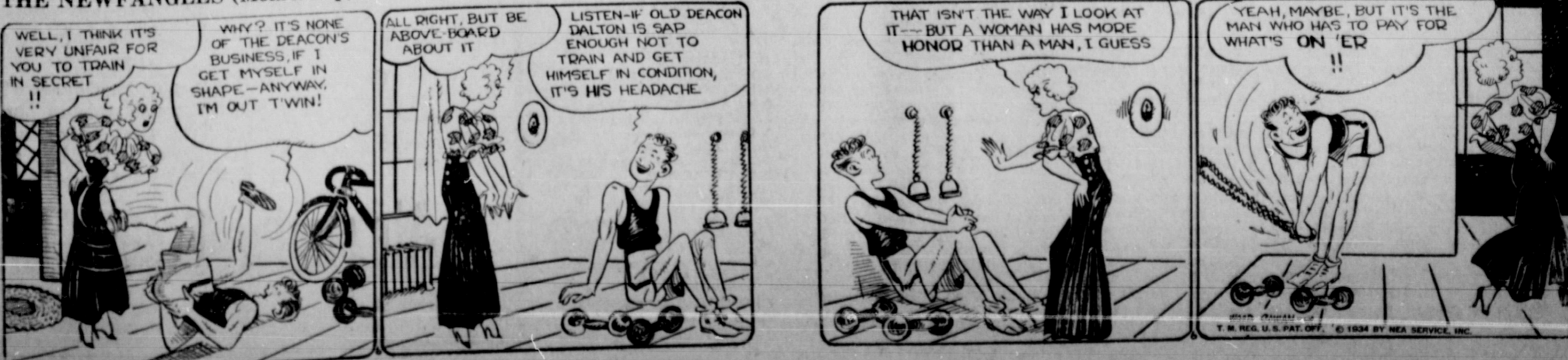
ALLEY OOP

By HAMLIN



THE NEWFANGLES (Mom'n Pop)

By COWAN



SHIP VIA BUS EXPRESS FOR SPEED-ECONOMY

