

RESURRECTION RIVER

WILLIAM BYRON MOWERY



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CHAPTER XII—Continued

As Northup paused a moment she heard, above the muffled noise of the Den, the spluttering ratt-t-tatt-tt of an airplane motor over Resurrection. Both Craig and Northup heard it, were puzzled by it, and listened a few seconds. But then Northup went on reading:

And Whereas said Patricia May Wellington . . . by undue association with and influence over and connivance with said Craig Tarilton . . . is injuring and damaging said complainant and is usurping said complainant's lawfully established rights and privileges as wife, in divers manners contrary to equity and good conscience—

Patricia sprang up, her eyes full of furious tears. The shame heaped upon her was more than she could bear. "Usurping—privileges—wife—in divers manners"—each word hit her like a blow.

"Do I have to listen to those lies?" she cried. "It's infamy, all of it! Worse than infamy! It makes me out a common street-walker!"

Craig asked Northup, "Dennis, skip the rest of that part, won't you?"

Northup dropped down the page: We, therefore, Do Strictly Command YOU, the said Craig Tarilton and Patricia May Wellington . . . that you Do Absolutely Desist and Refrain From visiting each other's place of abode . . . meeting or holding converse in any manner whatsoever . . . or written or verbal communications . . . until and unless this Court, in chancery sitting, shall make other order to the contrary. Hereof fail not, under penalty of what the law directs . . .

After a time Northup commented: "There's not much I can do to soften this for you, but I'll do everything I can. You two are carrying on a fight here, and you've got to plan together. You can do it through Poleon or me. There's nothing in this writ to prevent either one of you from telling your plans to us, and then we'll tell 'em to the other person."

He rose to go. "One last thing—you may consider that this writ goes into effect at midnight tonight instead of now. That'll give you a little time to clear up odds and ends."

Patricia looked out of the window, unseeing, at the brilliant moonlight on the white snow. Across the river the airplane's ratt-t-tatt-tt had settled into a steady powerful rhythm, but she did not hear it. A curious numbness was creeping over her body. Her knees shook; she clung to the window sill with both hands. The snow outside seemed to be heaving and tossing like the waves of a lake; and the pines were jiggling crazily, like the reflections of tree trunks in water.

In a little time—she fancied it was only a few seconds but in reality it was two or three minutes—the numbness began going away, the trees stopped jiggling, the snow flattened out and lay still.

Patricia turned around from the window. Craig and Northup were standing in the doorway, staring into the big room. Everything had quieted, out there. Except for a whisper flying from man to man, from group to group. A whisper that seemed to paralyze everybody who heard it.

Some prospector spoke up, in the dead quiet. His voice was husky with emotion.

"He oughta be shot full of holes, the mangy carcajou! He oughta be strung up high. Killing's too good for a sneak like him."

Craig called sharply: "Sam! What's this—what's Kessler done? Here, come here! Tell me what's happened."

Honeywell left the bull-roarer and came stumbling toward the office. None of the other men seemed able to stir from their tracks. They were paralyzed, waiting—waiting for somebody to break the spell and lead them.

"Kessler's—sold—us—out, Craig," Sam blubbered. "Lovett give 'm \$20,000 spot cash for the lode; and he doublecrossed us."

Around the room an ugly muttering started, like a ground-swell or the rumbling of a quake. A voice rang out, louder than the muttering:

"Them claims wasn't his'n at all, by rights. Craig was the man that found that lode. Kessler had give the hunt up cold. And now, the dirty slinker, he sells out on us, grabs his money, and—"

Ratt-t-tatt-tt—above the angry rumble of voices the thrum of the airplane came drifting into the Den. A huge red-headed prospector leaped upon a table and waved his arms.

"That's Kessler!" he bellowed. "He's in that plane! They're whipping 'm away from here. That's why that plane's been warming up. Let's git 'm afore he gits gone! Let's nail 'm and them claim pa-

pers, both! If we destroy them papers, his deal'll be no good. Then he'll deal with us, by God!"

His words were the spark that exploded the men. His last sentence was drowned in a roar that shook the building. As he leaped from the table and made for the entrance-way, all 80 of the prospectors surged after him, crowding and jamming into the narrow passage. A little knot of them, on the outer fringe, seized a chair, smashed out a window and scrambled through to the outside.

Craig shouted an order at the men, to stop them, but his voice was lost in the uproar. Northup snatched out his belt-gun and shot into the floor, to draw their attention and halt the mob rush; but even the bark of his .44 was drowned out.

Craig seized him by the arm. "Dennis! We've got to stop 'em! They're blind mad, crazy mad. They'll wreck the whole works over there. They might kill Kessler. We've got to head 'em off. Here—this way—let's get out this way." He yanked at the office window, flung it up. Northup vaulted through. Craig turned for an instant.

"Treeshia, stay here! Don't for Lord's sake get mixed up in this!"

He sprang through the window and disappeared, joining Northup. His order went past Patricia unheard. Clambering through the window after Craig, she dropped into the snowdrift beneath, picked herself up, and started running, running as hard as she could, down to the river bank and out upon Resurrection.

All around her in the moonlight, men were surging across the river, yelling, brandishing snowshoes or clubs or whatever they had laid hands upon. Somewhere up ahead she heard Craig and Northup shouting, trying to stop the rush or turn it. From beyond them came the staccato roar of the Bellanca. Pilot Odon was stepping up the revv, to start his ship down the smoothed-off fairway.

As she headed for the lake the main rush passed her. Up ahead she heard yells and oaths and the sound of men fighting furiously, and she knew that the five Chiwaughimis, along with Warren's other men, had thrown themselves in front of the prospectors and were battling them, trying to halt them long enough for the Bellanca to get gone.

The ratt-t-tatt-tt stepped up to a full-lunged roar. Patricia saw the dark ship move out upon the lake, with flames leaping from its exhaust pipes. Brushing Lovett's party out of their path, the prospectors swept



"Do I Have to Listen to Those Lies?" She Cried.

across the landwash and surged out upon the fairway. But they were too late. The ship was picking up speed—bumping faster and faster down the glide . . . One man, outstripping all the others, made a flying lunge for the rudder, grabbed it, was dragged along for a hundred yards, was finally shaken off.

CHAPTER XIII

On the morning after Kessler's treachery, six of the city rusers walked across the river and sold their claims to Warren. When they returned to pack up, they displayed their hundred-dollar bills and bragged of all they would be doing in Edmonton next week.

They would have been mobbed, a month previously; but now nobody had a word of reproach for them.

The next day all the rest of the city rusers, 13 of them, went over and sold out.

One by one the northern men began trickling across Resurrection. The red on Warren's map started growing by leaps and bounds.

It was a despairing struggle that Craig and Patricia waged, those days. Against Warren's hard cash they had only promises to offer, and the men were burned out on promises. To make matters worse, the new mining inspector arrived at Dynamite Bay just at that critical time, and immediately started on an inspection trip up Resurrection. Few of the prospectors had done their full assessment work. A stickler for rules and regulations, this McDougle would unquestionably declare most of the claims lapsed, and dispossess the men. When he did, the company would simply restate those holdings, and the men would get nothing at all.

Ten days after the Kessler affair, the Vanguard representatives, a lawyer and three geologists reached the Bay to close the gold-lode deal. Craig's interview with them was a painful and humiliating half hour. On his personal assurance they had made an expensive winter trip to the Arctic; and now he had to inform them that the lode belonged to Wellington, Parkes & Lovett.

"Why in hell," the lawyer demanded, "didn't you wireless us at Edmonton or Waterways and save us this wild-goose chase?"

"I tried to," Craig explained, "but the wireless station here was out of order. I'm sorry about this debacle. Sorrier than you men can possibly be. With you it's a disappointment and expense, but with me it stands fair to be a catastrophe."

He went on: "Now that you're here, let me make a suggestion which may turn this 'wild-goose chase' of yours into a highly profitable trip. About 50 miles southeast of the Bay there's a pitchblende lense lying under a shallow upland lake. I've had my eye on it for a year; I'm working over my data on it, and the thing looks promising. The stuff runs from 15 to 30 per cent uranium oxide, according to my rough survey. That's prize radium ore. Worth shipping out by plane if need be. Worth more than this gold deposit that we got euchred out of. I carried some specimens of that pitchblende in my pack for a day last summer, and they ruined all my photograph films—the radium's, that strong."

"Now here's my suggestion. I want to make a quick trip back there, explore the deposit, and see how extensive that lense is. It'll take me only two or three weeks. Won't you men stay here till I can do that? If the deposit turns out—"

The lawyer interrupted curtly: "Tarilton, you've got some personal chestnuts in the fire here and you're trying to use our company to pull 'em out for you. Go ahead and make your survey. If the lense is extensive, and if the ore is as rich as you say, and if you stake it and file in your name, why then bring your figures and claim papers down to us at Winnipeg, and we may talk business with you!"

The four of them left that same afternoon for the south, and Craig went back to his fight at the Den. Desperate for time, he made a last plea to the prospectors. Calling them all together in the big room that evening, he told them about his radium lake, his plans to survey it and raise money on it.

"There'll be no slip-up this time," he swore to them. "I'm going to stake those claims in my own name. They'll be my claims, to bargain with. That means they'll be your claims. Are you going to give me a chance or not? If you are, say so now! I don't dare waste time like I'm doing. McDougle is already gone up Resurrection. Every day is precious, if you men are to keep your holdings. Here I'm wasting day after day plugging to keep you fellows in line and keep you from selling your fortunes to Lovett for a song and a plane ride. Give me a chance! Agree to stick till the tenth of May."

They agreed, half-heartedly, to wait till he got back from his field trip.

As Craig thanked them and walked toward the entrance-way, he glanced over at Patricia's tiny office and saw her there, leaning wearily against her door. She looked so lonely and discouraged—Instinctively, without thinking, he started toward her, to say good-by, to give her a last word of encouragement. But then he thought of that injunction, and stopped short, and his arms fell to his side. After a moment he slowly lifted his hand in soldierly salute to her, and hurried out into the darkness.

It was after midnight. In Craig's cabin up the hollow he and Poleon were hastily packing a komatik, or dog sled, for their trip to the pitchblende lake.

He was talking only Poleon with him on this secret journey, for Poleon was the only man whom he could trust as he would trust his own self.

Over the three windows of the cabin he had hung up blankets to shut out any view. Since his fight with the Chiwaughimis up Resurrection he had blanketed the windows every evening at dusk, to guard against a rifle bullet from the dark.

On the long pliant sled, borrowed from Sam Honeywell, they were lashing grub and camping outfit, dog feed for three weeks, tent and sleeping pokes, a hand drill for boring through ice, and six full cases of dynamite. On their job, dynamite would do quick and effective work, and they were taking a lot of it in lieu of man power.

"We'll bring Sam's pups in here and harness 'em up," Craig directed, carefully lifting a case of the "earthquake sticks" onto the sled and lashing it in place. "When we finish loading this sled, you sneak out and get the team, Poleon, while I pack my instruments—"

Kr-i-ng! From the snowy darkness outside came the sharp bark of a rifle, not two dozen steps from the cabin. In the north window a pane of glass shattered to bits and clattered noisily to the floor. The blanket that covered the window gave a little jerk. The dynamite box near Craig's work table spun half around as a heavy bullet smashed squarely into it and splintered one of its pine boards.

Poleon dropped the sack of dog feed he was carrying. "Wat in hell!" he swore jerkily. "Hey!"



"Dat Carcajou." He Gritted. "He My Meat."

Somebody he shot 't'rough dat winner, Craig! Who de devil is out dere?"

Craig, who had grabbed instinctively for his rifle, reached out the barrel of it and knocked over the two nearest candles, dimming the interior of the cabin.

"It's Lupe Chiwaughimi!" "But—but w'y he shoot 't'rough dat winner for? He couldn't see us. He wouldn't jus' take a pot-shot to hit us, hein?"

"He wasn't trying to hit us. He was shooting at that dynamite box, fello'."

Poleon's tousled hair stood on end. "H-hell's b-bells!" he gasped. "Mebbe he shoot ag'in, and 'splode dat stuff!" He jumped over the sled, made a flying leap for the dynamite case and dragged it back out of range.

Craig laughed at him. "You needn't have bothered. I wasn't born yesterday. Especially when I'm dealing with anybody as crafty as Lupe Chiwaughimi. I noticed Lupe eying that box once when he came in here, and that was warning enough. I took the dynamite out of it two months ago—"

Kr-i-ng-ring-ing—three more of those sharp barks, so fast they sounded like one shot. Three more bullets zinged murderously through the window and into the east wall, low down, where the dynamite case had sat.

Poleon seized his heavy caribou rifle, clipped in a magazine and whirled for the door. His face was grim. He could be dangerous, the big sunny-hearted fellow, when he got angered.

"Dat carcajou," he gritted, "he my meat. Allons! Le's get de devil, Craig."

"Hold on!" Craig tried to stop him. "Don't go out there. We don't dare get mixed up in a shooting scrape, Poleon. Too much depends on you and me, on our trip. Lupe can't see us or touch us in here."

"Dat don't make no damn! Nobody shoot 't'rough a winner at me, and me not do plenty 'bout it. Allons!"

Angry enough himself, Craig gave in. Less than a week ago he had saved the life of 'Teeste Chiwaughimi, Lupe's younger brother, when 'Teeste lay at the point of death with pneumonia. He had felt that by this act he had wiped out the blood score of Battu's death and that the Chiwaughimis would bury their feud against him. But now Lupe was trying to blow him to atoms.

Easing through the door into the snow and dark, he and Poleon crept around the west side of the cabin and started worming up the little slope, toward the place where they figured the shots had come from.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Origin of "Pork Barrel"

The phrase "pork barrel" originated before the Civil war to describe the rush of the slaves to get their share of meat when a fresh barrel of pork was opened. Similarly, congressmen rush to get big appropriations for their districts when public works appropriation bills are being drafted.

Scenes and Persons in the Current News



1—Representatives of the Little Entente hold a conference on board a steamer in the Danube. Left to right: Premier Stojadinovich of Yugoslavia, Foreign Minister Antonescu of Rumania, Premier Hodza of Czechoslovakia and Premier Tarescu of Rumania. 2—Jubilant workers returning to jobs in Youngstown steel mills under militia protection. 3—Sir Neville Henderson, British ambassador to Germany, who protested against Nazi naval interference in Spain.

Speech Expert Is Aid to King George

He doesn't wear a coronet nor an ermine cloak, but Lionel Logue is one of the most important persons at the British royal court. He is oral instructor to King George VI, who since childhood has had to com-



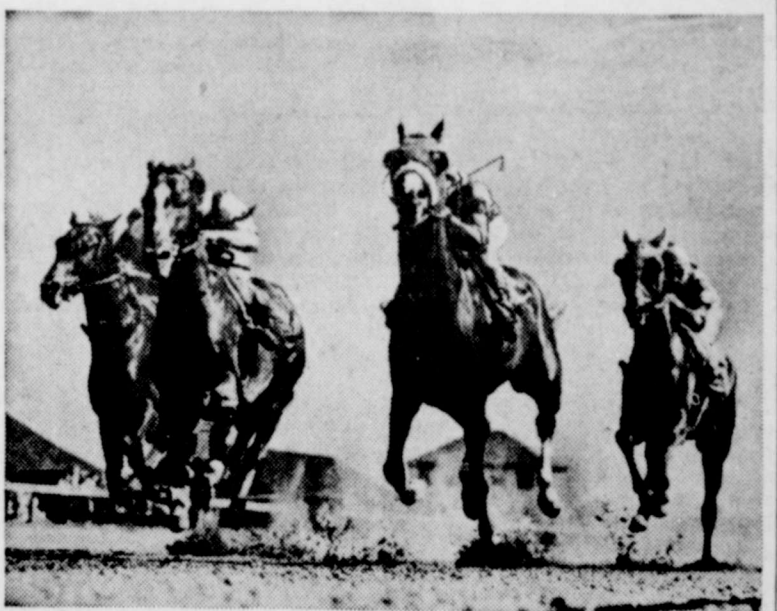
bat a tendency to stammer. Logue was the unsung hero behind the coronation, for his constant attendance on the monarch is credited with the flawless manner in which King George delivered his response to the ritual questions.

Franklin D., Jr., Weds Ethel du Pont



Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., and his bride, the former Ethel du Pont. The President's son and the daughter of Eugene du Pont were married in Christ church, Greenville, Del. A reception was held on the grounds of "Owl's Nest," the estate of Mr. and Mrs. du Pont.

"Sandy Boot" Kicks Up the Most Dust



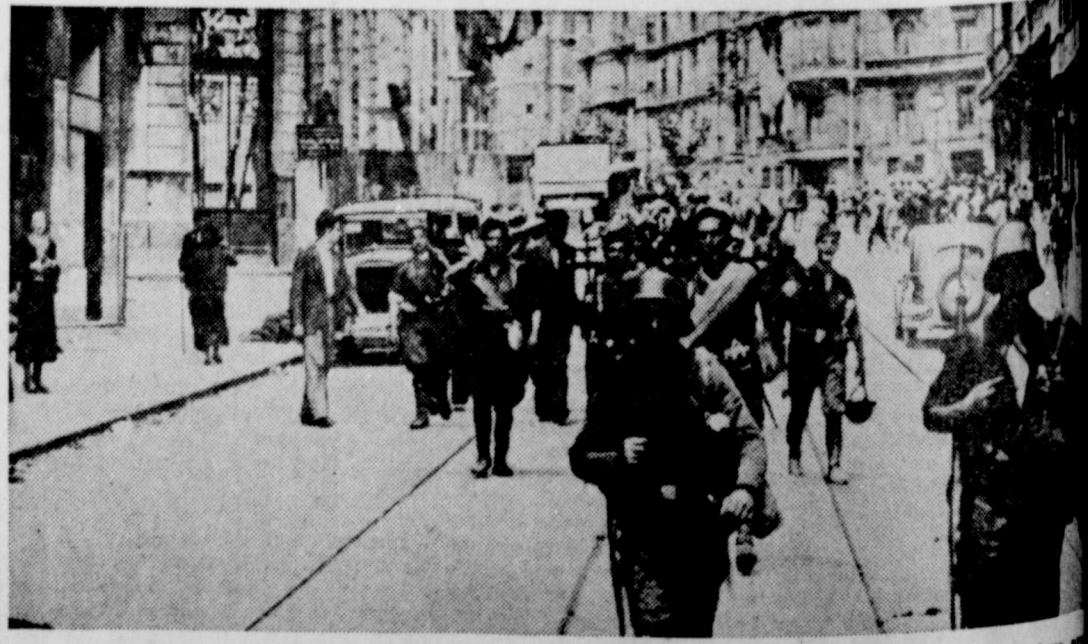
Picture shows the field coming down the back stretch in the Kildare Handicap at the Aqueduct race track on Long Island recently. "Sandy Boot," a slow starter with a powerful finish, won the mile and an eighth test by a three-length margin over "Challenger," his nearest rival.

ITALIAN PRINCE



Prince Emmanuel, son of the crown prince and princess of Romania, grandson of King Victor Emmanuel, for whom he was named. The boy is in direct line of succession to the Italian throne.

First View of Franco's Army Entering Bilbao



First rebel troops to enter Bilbao, the capital of the Basques, on its capture after an 80-day siege shown here as they marched along one of the main thoroughfares of the city. Surprisingly little evidence of the series of bombardments that preceded capture of Bilbao is in sight here.

Review of Current Events

ASTS HALT STEEL PLANT

Thousands in Return to Jobs... President May Labor Dispute... Fascists Quit Spanish Patrol



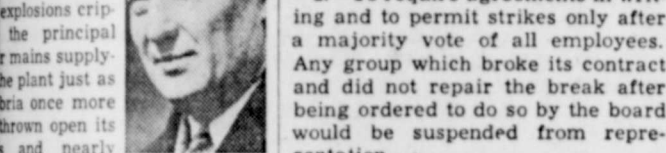
Riots continued as steel plants attempted reopening.

Edward W. Pickard SUMMARIZES THE WORLD'S WEEK

Western Newspaper Union.

Water, No Steel, No Jobs

STEELWORKERS temporarily stopped back-to-work movement in great Cambria Works of the Westinghouse Steel Corporation at...



Gov. Earle

down" strikes and other "unfair" union practices, and provide severe penalties for unions which violated contracts with employers. His amendments:

1.—To give employers the same right which only employees now enjoy to appeal to the national labor relations board for an election to determine the representatives of employees.

2.—To require agreements in writing and to permit strikes only after a majority vote of all employees. Any group which broke its contract and did not repair the break after being ordered to do so by the board would be suspended from representation.

3.—Establish a code of practices for labor. This would: Prohibit compulsory political assessments on union members. Require that all union officers, agents and representatives be United States citizens.

Prohibit union organization by coercion. Prohibit damage to property, strikes intended to force any person to violate a contract or federal laws, and violations of "any person's rights in real or personal property."

Der Fuehrer Scores Neutrals

"FROM now on," Adolf Hitler told 200,000 Nazis at a party rally in Wurtzburg, "we will prefer... to take the freedom, independence, honor and security of our nation into our own hands and protect ourselves alone. Disgusted, Germany withdrew from the non-intervention patrol of Spain, as Italy did likewise. Der Fuehrer warned that the Nazis would take independent action to protect themselves from attacks by the Spanish government. He described how Germany had been condemned for shelling Almeria after a Spanish airplane had bombed the cruiser Deutschland, and how, when the cruiser Leipzig was attacked by a submarine while on patrol duty, the non-intervention committee had done nothing about it.

A remedy suggested by Great Britain and France was that the patrol duty be left entirely to them, with Italian observers on French patrol ships and German observers on British ships to "judge the equitable, impartial working of the system."

Germany and Italy lost little time in refusing to accept the proposal. Sir Neville Chamberlain called the British cabinet in to see what might be done, but it was generally believed that if the Fascists continued in their policy of refusing to cooperate with the non-intervention patrol, Great Britain would scrap her entire neutrality policy. She might extend the right of belligerents to Gen. Francisco Franco and his insurgents, thus for the first time recognizing that a state of war exists in Spain. This would be regarded as a bit of sugar for the Fascist nations, who recognize the insurgent government as the government of Spain.

Montagues and Capulets

WITH all the family blessings save those of a political classification, Miss Ethel du Pont, daughter of Eugene du Pont, and Franklin Delano Roosevelt, Jr., son of the President of the United States, were married at Christ church near Wilmington, Del., in a "simple" wedding attended by a "handful" of about 400 picked guests. Bitter political hatreds were buried temporarily.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By REV. HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST, Dean of the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago. © Western Newspaper Union.

Lesson for July 18

LESSON TEXT—Exodus 3:13-16; 4:10-16; 5:1. GOLDEN TEXT—The Lord will give strength unto his people.—Psalm 29:11. PRIMARY TOPIC—When Moses Was Afraid. JUNIOR TOPIC—Moses Made Ambassador. INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—God Stands by His Workers. YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Strong in the Strength of God.

Never in a hurry! Who? God. He needed a human leader to bring his chosen people out of the bondage of Egypt and he spent 80 years getting him ready—40 years learning all the wisdom of Egypt, and 40 years learning the lessons of God, patience and humility, on the back side of the desert.

Infinite and omnipotent is God, and he may move with faster-than-lightning speed. But usually we find him working out his blessed purposes, normally, quietly, but always "on time." Some one has said, "It took God 80 years to prepare the man of the hour," but when that hour struck he was ready.

Our lesson brings before us the meeting with God which preceded the appearance of Moses as the head of the nation of Israel in its mighty conflict with Pharaoh. We find him first proceeding with commendable care but then going on in unfortunate humility which amounted almost to unbelief and which resulted in the substitution of his brother Aaron as his spokesman, but eventually we do see him going about his difficult task with resolution and courage.

I. Justifiable Caution (Exod. 3:13-16). Neither God nor man dare entrust a difficult and delicate commission to a foolish man who brusquely "rushes in where angels fear to tread." The fact that one feels fully and unhesitatingly qualified to take over such a responsibility is almost a certain indication that he is not the man to assume it.

The ambassador must have credentials. God's representative has them. When "they shall say"—what an important and difficult situation that creates. The one who speaks for God must expect not only the scornful bitterness of God's enemies, but also the unbelieving questions of those whom he seeks to serve.

"What shall I say?" asks Moses, and God answers that he may say that "I AM" had sent him. This name of God reveals him as the eternal, independent, self-sufficient, self-existent, immutable, personal being. Consider, Christian brethren, whose we are and whom we serve. Here indeed is "inspiration in excess of duty," "an over-plus of power," real equipment for Christian life and service.

But Moses seems to be unable to see beyond his own human infirmity even in the light of such a glorious revelation, supplemented as it was by miraculous powers, and we find him showing an II. Unjustified Humility (Exod. 4:10-12). When God calls a man he knows his limitations—why then should one plead them as an excuse for not serving? The excuse of Moses that he was not a fluent speaker has been the stand-by of unwilling workers all through the ages. When asked to lead a prayer meeting, teach a Sunday School class, conduct a young people's meeting, thousands upon thousands have lamely thus excused themselves and missed a blessing.

The perfect answer of God in v.11 merits attention. God made your mouth and mine. He gives us the power of speech. He asks not the eloquence of polished rhetorical periods, or the flights of man's imagination. He wants but the incomparable eloquence of his own words on our lips. Dr. Richard Ellsworth Day in "Bush Aglow" rightly points out that this was the secret of the power of D. L. Moody.

III. Unnecessary Substitution (Exod. 4:13-16). Loving and patient is our God, but mark it well, there is a boundary line to that patience. Moses went too far in his needless humility and really reflected on the ability of God, and he promptly substituted Aaron as the spokesman.

Gracious was He in thus providing a helper for Moses. But one wonders what Moses missed of blessing and power because of his slowness of heart. To decline the labor and the responsibility of service for God means loss far greater than we may ever know.

IV. "And Afterward" (Exod. 5:1). Commissioned, bearing credentials from the infinite and eternal "I AM," and with a strong and eloquent brother by his side, Moses stands before Pharaoh to say in God's name "Let my people go." Preparation and the holy privilege of fellowship with God are to make us ready for service. While it is folly to go unprepared, it is double folly to prepare and then fail to go when God commands.

Strength Unto Strength The strength of a man consists in finding out the way in which God is going, and going in that way too.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Chic Swim Suits, Deck Fashions

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



FICKLE fashion? Maybe so, but decidedly practical and dependable when occasion demands. Be assured when it comes to proper clothes for outdoor activities modern fashion is displaying an efficiency that is equal to every demand for practicality and wearability plus all that can be desired in the way of smart style. It is really amazing and most gratifying to see how skillfully the esthetic and the utilitarian combine in present day apparel.

Speaking of fashion from the practical viewpoint, have you noted the clever use being made of denim in the sportswear realm, just plain ordinary denim such as is used for workmen's overalls? Designers are making the swankiest tailored jacket suits of it. Goodlooking? Yes, indeed, and as to withstanding strenuous wear and tear, we leave that for you to figure out for yourself. Slacks and shorts of denim too, are on the sportswear style program.

And there's bed ticking, the simple "homey" blue and white stripe sort, or giddier stripes if you prefer. It's fun to see what fashion is doing with this sturdy material, making separate skirts of it, jackets, beach robes and simple one-piece frocks and like denim there's "no wear out to it."

On board ship and at all smart resorts many women are wearing shorts and tailored shirts (see illustrated to left) made of serviceable chambray, the kind workmen have always depended upon to give good wear. This reliable fabric now enters the high-style sportswear picture, and being completely shrunken beforehand, workmen's chambray becomes the perfect fabric for strenuous play clothes for fashionable women.

Aye, aye sir, the sailor's life is the life for any girl who owns such a timely costume as the venturesome young woman is wearing, making the hazardous climb among the ship's rigging as pictured in the group. This suit is beautifully tailored out of sanforized-shrunk cotton. Yes, this swanky slacks and

shirt outfit is genuinely amphibian—takes to water like a duck and when it comes to setting a fashion paced on dry land it is all that it should be.

If you want to show up colorfully in fashion's swim and beach parade by all means choose a flamboyant print. Designers laud print this season for the entire outfit, swim suit, matching beach coat, accessories "everything, even to the very sandals one wears. Printed silk crepe that washes to perfection makes the one-piece bathing suit with halter top shown to center-left in the picture. The matching long beach coat has a shirred yoke and full push-up sleeves.

To fashionables who go in for aquatic sports here is a message to delight the imagination. It's concerning the wide use of costume jewelry being made this season by those who go forth to brave the surf. Things that walk or swim or fly is the theme for the pins and clips to adorn bathing suits and such. The idea is to wear pinned here and there on your swim suit frogs, turtles, or decorative fish hand-carved from rich white catalin. See the cunning little lady to the right in the picture. Her clever play-suit is of Congo cloth with gray, white and red striped halter and gray shorts trimmed with same striping. A hand-carved frog of handsome white catalin blinks at you from the edge of her amusing coconut husk hat, another frog is pinned to her halter bodice while a third pins casually to one side near her waistline. Clever idea these beach jewelry novelties, and the fad is being taken up with enthusiasm.

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GAY SILK PRINT

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



As the season progresses the fascination of silk prints leads on and on to acquire another and another and "just one more." The latest message is for brilliant flowers in gorgeous purples and vibrant blues and exotic magenta reds and bright greens and other ravishing colors printed on white backgrounds. Typical of this midsummer spirit in prints is the handsome model shown. It is a white silk crepe patterned in medium size florals. A grand dress to wear to afternoon occasions. The neck is high with a tiny collar that flaunts a spaghetti tie in purple. The large hat is most interesting and significant since it bespeaks a type of millinery that is new and outstanding. The long gloves are according to the latest style dictates.

NEW SUMMER SUITS FAVOR EMBROIDERY

Heim has gone in for embroidered details on spring and summer suits. One black tailored suit in black wool has a straight little skirt and a tailored and fitted jacket that fastens high at the neck with a cut-out and embroidered design of a bird in a cage. The round cage is banded by gold embroidery which matches the gold braid that trims the neckline. Inside the round cage is a natural linen foundation upon which is embroidered a little silk bird.

A more summery suit is grege (between gray and beige) shantung. The skirt is made with front pleats that are stitched down to the knees and then pressed into place. The jacket fastens high at the neck but is cut away in a center V to make small revers and to reveal a blouse of black linen embroidered all over in a conventional design of colored birds.

Skirts Shorter and Fuller in Late Paris Collection

Shorter, fuller skirts are shown in the new Chanel collection and waistlines are slightly drooped to give a more youthful silhouette. Series of small pockets trim the tailored clothes, and there are many touches of bright red throughout the entire collection. Tulle, laces and sheer organdies are shown in white and in pastel shades for summery evening gowns that are fashioned with full, bouffant skirts to stress the youthful and girlish trend.

Season of Stripes

It's a season of stripes. Everything is made of striped materials. Evening gowns, afternoon frocks, blouses, scarfs, bags and right down to shoes—all are striped in gay colors.

Fashions at Vacationland

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



HURRAY for dear old Johnnie Two-Weeks! He's recently given the nod to these three sweet young laborers and now they're off reaping the rewards. Yes, they're vacationing—and how! But, of course, Sew-Your-Own had them dressed right up to the hilt. There was a luscious array of sports togs, including a trig sun 'n' fun suit, all occasion dresses, and 3 charmingly young informal dinner frocks, and—well, just about everything a girl could wear.

Miss M, picturesque blonde, above, left, knows what glamour is and how to have it. That's why she chose this softly feminine frock with its swirling skirt and delicately slim waist. You should see her of an evening in the outdoor terrace. She's a picture in black gossamer chiffon trimmed with white satin.

Cunning in Cotton. Miss B, above, center, and center of attraction at the Surf club, has everything under perfect control as she strolls along the boardwalk. With not a care in her pretty head, and lots of streamlining in her natty little sports dress, she walks with confidence and pride. She has a clever way of achieving variety by switching scarfs and belts. In fact, she's so clever she made this little number, button holes and all, in one day without a hitch.

Miss Y, the sports enthusiast at the right, says that her three piece ensemble is so very very practical she wears it almost to the exclusion of her other frocks. Her idea is to soak up as much sunshine as possible, and that's pretty easy to do when she wears the halter and shorts sans dress. Take a tip from Miss Y.

Make your version of this ensemble in duplicate for all summer wear. Have one in seersucker, the other in acetate. Pattern 1241 is for sizes 14 to 20 (32 to 44 bust). Size 16 requires 4 1/2 yards of 39 inch material plus 1 1/2 yards of ribbon, and 3 yards of trimming. Pattern 1316 is designed for sizes 12 to 20 (30 to 38 bust). Size 14 requires 4 yards of 39 inch material. Pattern 1335 is designed for sizes 12 to 20 (30 to 38 bust). Size 14 requires 4 3/4 yards of 39 inch material for the dress and shorts, and 1 yard for the topper. The dress alone requires 3 3/4 yards.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., Room 1020, 211 W. Wacker Dr., Chicago, Ill. Price of patterns, 15 cents (in coins) each. © Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

CHEW LONG BILL NAVY TOBACCO

5¢ PLUG



GO FARTHER BEFORE YOU NEED A QUART

Everybody wants to go farther.

Quaker State endeavors to meet this desire of the motoring public with a motor oil of supreme quality, that is economical, and available wherever you may go. Try Quaker State. You'll find you go farther before you need to add a quart because "there's an extra quart of lubrication in every gallon." The retail price is 35¢ a quart. Quaker State Oil Refining Corporation, Oil City, Pa.



July 15, 1937.

THIS WEEK'S NEWS VIEWS



LONG SHOT COMES HOME! Rounding the last stretch at Narragansett Park, Pawtucket, R. I., Victorious Ann drives thru the tape for number one place in a recent racing classic.



ROYAL FAMILY AT HOME: Britain's Monarch, George VI, and the Queen steal an hour from their duties to play with the Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret Rose. It is such unposed photos as this that show how human the figure-heads of history really are.



OFFMAN, Chair- of the Safety Traffic and the Automobile Manufacturers Association, President of the newly formed Safety Foundation which the makers, parts, tires, and auto companies are awarding a half million in 1937 for safety promotion.

ORIENTAL BEAUTY is here depicted by Yaeko Hatakenaka in the colorful costume of the Dragon Woman, as she appeared in Los Angeles' recent Japanese festival. It was the most elaborate oriental spectacle ever held in the United States.

Payments Over New Mexico For 1936 Amount To \$2,868,121

Payments over New Mexico for 1936 amount to \$2,868,121. Farmers and ranchers of New Mexico have already been paid \$1,250,000 by the government for their share in the 1936 agricultural program. It was announced by W. H. Las Cruces, executive secretary yesterday. More payments are being made each week. The entire state amount of payments with \$1,000,000 paid to the farmers in the program and \$9,381 paid to the state of that county. Farmers of Eddy county have received \$193,426 and ranchers \$11,259. Farmers of Chaves county have received \$119,823 and Chaves ranchers \$43,818. In Lea county farmers were paid \$13,401 and ranchers \$65,110. In Otero, payments to farmers have amounted to \$7,203 and \$4,232 to ranchers.

Through the years WOMAN IS THE PURSUER



JOSEPHINE CHASED NAPOLEON
CATHERINE CHASED TOO MANY
VENUS CHASED ADONIS
CLEOPATRA CHASED CAESAR
HELEN OF TROY CHASED PARIS
AND MIRIAM HOPKINS says "WOMAN CHASES MAN"

The long procession of amatory history, according to sociologists and psychologists, reverses the biological formula. It is Woman who chases Man. The most spectacular love affairs in the world, the twosomes of classical tradition, all point to the picture of an aggressive predatory Woman hounding a vainly elusive Man into the deadly clutches of the softer emotion. Josephine pursued Napoleon across a Europe ravaged by war, and he lost his dream of empire and his head. Helen of Troy leered at Paris and precipitated a long war, ending only when the Greeks managed to jockey their horse across the line. Venus chased Adonis over a mythological hill and dale (she had arms then), and Catherine the Great, of Russia, outdid them all. She was a sort of nineteenth century sweetheart of Sigma Chi. And now Miss Miriam Hopkins chases Joel McCrea, in "Woman Chases Man," a comedy produced by Samuel Goldwyn and dedicated to the thesis that man just ain't fast enough.

Milestones of American Genius



"Grief," the famous Adams Memorial, in Rock Creek Cemetery, by St-Gaudens.

AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS
AMERICAN memorial art found its finest expression through Augustus Saint-Gaudens, the renowned sculptor, whose monuments to great Americans raised him to the pinnacle of artistic achievement. His noble tributes to many of our national heroes are to be met with in our larger cities and are familiar to millions. Saint-Gaudens was born in Dublin, Ireland, on March 1, 1848, of an Irish mother and a French father. But America rightly claims him for her own, because he was brought here as an infant. In New York, where the family made its home, his father plied his trade as shoemaker, earning a modest living. The boy's talents showed themselves early, and at thirteen he was apprenticed to a cameo cutter. This trade supported him through arduous years as an art student, in the evening classes at Cooper Union. By the time he was nineteen his skill as a sculptor was so marked that his parents, at great sacrifice, sent him to Paris for advanced study. A steerage passage was all they could afford. Later he went to Rome to study, and came cutting was his chief means of support there. His skill, however, was soon recognized, and commissions for important memorials began to come to him. Among the first was the order for a memorial to Admiral Farragut, which is now standing in New York and is considered among the city's foremost sculptural possessions. The fame of Saint-Gaudens spread quickly. Among the many works that came from his studios, his spirited equestrian statue of General Sherman, also in New York, is especially celebrated. His Shaw memorial in Boston and the beautiful statue of Lincoln in England are two more of the products of his gifted hands. Perhaps the most admired of Saint-Gaudens' productions, however, is the figure of "Grief," the Adams Memorial, in Rock Creek Cemetery, Washington, D. C., a sketch of which is shown above. It is probably the most famous private memorial in America. Saint-Gaudens spent the last twenty-five years of his life in Cornish, New Hampshire, where his studio attracted dozens of students. On the grounds of the beautiful estate stands "The Temple," wherein are sealed the ashes of Saint-Gaudens, who died on August 3, 1907.

(Copyrighted by Memorial Extension Commission.)

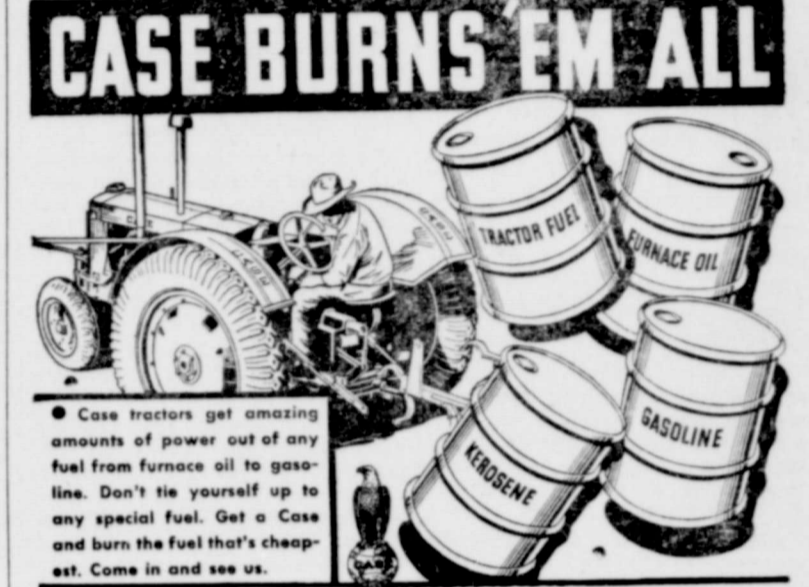
Operators Hear Lea County Towns Problems Discusst Have Light Taxes At District Meeting

About fifty oil men, royalty and lease holders and members of the Independent Petroleum association attended the district meeting of the association held at the Artesia hotel Friday evening. Van S. Welch, New Mexico vice president of the association presided. Those attending were served a four course banquet on the roof garden before the program, in which Russell Brown of Washington, D. C., general council for the association was the principal speaker. Mr. Brown gave a brief history of the association and of the efforts of the association to aid the industry. Two outstanding accomplishments in which the association had a major part was cited by Mr. Brown as worthy of support. One was the securing of a duty on imported oil. In 1929 he said the government and many individuals had the idea that the nation should conserve its natural resources by importing foreign oil and thus saving our domestic supply. The association pointed out that the logical solution to the conservation problem was "progress in oil exploration." A duty on imported oil caused imports to drop from over 300,000 barrels daily to a low of about 135,000 barrels daily. In 1933 another problem appeared in over production and ten cent oil, a ruinous price. Along with the ten cent oil 700,000,000 to 800,000,000 barrels of oil were stored. Then the association he said began to try to balance the supply with demand and a noted improvement in the marketing condition was made in a three months period. The efforts to balance supply with demand brought about proration agreements and interstate oil compacts with result the industry has stabilized marketing conditions through its own efforts. Efforts to balance supply with demand resulted in the passage of the Connelly hot oil act, which seeks to regulate oil shipments between states. Mr. Brown also told of the efforts of the association to prevent harmful legislation to the oil industry, particularly with reference to the elimination of the twenty-seven and a half percent depletion clause from the annual income. C. E. Buckner, executive manager from Tulsa, Oklahoma reviewed briefly the organization plans and stressed the practical value of a closer cooperation. He said the Artesia meeting was the 26th district meeting held by the association this year. Twenty-eight district meetings of the association are scheduled in the oil states. Dr. E. H. Wells of Socorro, president of the New Mexico School of Mines, reviewed briefly the history of oil legislation and proration in New Mexico, beginning with the conservation law of 1912.

EIGHT OIL TRACTS BRING STATE \$8,868.98 IN ITS MONTHLY AUCTION

The monthly auction of oil and gas leases held by the state land commissioner Saturday netted the state \$8,868.98. Eight of the twenty-one tracts sold and the sale was held open until Monday, July 12th, but the result of the extended sale were not announced. In the sale of the 10th no bids were offered on tracts 2, 3, 6, 9, 11, 14, 15, 16, 18, 19, 20 and 21 at the time of the sale. Tract 12 was withdrawn because part of a previous lease was included. Tract 1, consisting of 1,240 acres and located in twps. 10, 11, 12, 15, ranges 31, 32 sold to the Tidewater Associated Oil Co., for \$810.00. Tract 4 consisting of 360 acres and located in 20, ranges 29, 32 sold to Jos. Anthony of Los Angeles, California for \$146.00. Tract 5, consisting of 400.40 acres located in 20, ranges 29, 32 was sold to Jos S. Anthony for \$151.00. Tract 7, consisting of 484.20 acres and located in 20-28 was sold to the Continental Oil Co., for \$532.62. Tract 8, consisting of 400 acres and located in 17-36 sold to F. R. Warn of Santa Fe for \$421.76. Tract 10, consisting of 480 acres and located in 16-38 sold to the Continental Oil Co., for \$4,084. Tract 13, consisting of 640 acres and located in 23-34 sold to the Phillips Petroleum Co., for \$2,150.00. Tract 17, consisting of 480 acres and located in 34-23-34 sold to the Tidewater Associated Oil Co., for \$532.80. At the carbon dioxide sale tract 2 went to Fred C. Stringfellow, Raton for \$257.77 over a \$255.49 bid of M. G. Mathes; tract 4 to Stringfellow for \$150.87 and tract 7 to W. S. Patterson for \$127.55; other tracts unsold.

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- ★ Famous Fred Harvey meals at low cost at meal stations and on trains where dining cars are operated.
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Round-trip Summer Excursion fares to vacation resorts throughout the country.

For full details—
CALL— E. S. Bowen, Agent, Hagerman, N. M.
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1937

Floyd Gibbons' ADVENTURERS' CLUB



HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!

"Assassins of the Nile"
By FLOYD GIBBONS
Famous Headline Hunter

YOU know, boys and girls, I have often said that you'll find adventure close to home a darned sight easier than you will roaming the world. One who goes traveling in search of thrills usually doesn't find any until he gets back into his own bailiwick again. But there are exceptions to every rule—and here's one of them. George C. Dorste of Bardonia, Rockland county, N. Y., met his biggest thrill when he was thousands of miles away from home and in a strange exotic country.

The country was Egypt, and George landed there in the course of his travels as a fireman on a tramp steamer. The steamer was carrying scrap iron, unloading it in consignments of various sizes at ports along the Nile river and its many branches. The year was 1912, and the ship had traveled part way up the Nile and was anchored in the river just south of the town of Medinet El Faiyum.

The ship was anchored not far from a pier. The weather is pretty hot in Egypt. In the afternoon, particularly, the sun beats down with such intensity that it is next to impossible for anybody but a native to do any work. It was at the height of the hot season, and the crew of the steamer, dripping sweat from every pore of their bodies, were just about all in. Along in the afternoon the skipper gave orders for all hands to knock off work for the rest of the day.

The men didn't argue about that. Most of them just walked to the shadiest spot they could find on that hot ship, flopped on the deck and rested. But there were a half dozen young fellows—George among them—who had a better idea. They stripped off their clothes and dived over the side into the water.

A Dandy Day for Lazy Sport.

The water was cool and refreshing. Those lads were in it, off and on, for the better part of the afternoon. They came out, now and then, for a breathing spell on the ship's deck, but the sun beating down on the iron hull of the vessel made it so hot that they were glad to get back in the water again.

The afternoon wore on and the sun began sinking toward the horizon. As its scorching rays withdrew little by little, the day became cooler. One by one the swimmers climbed back aboard the steamer and stayed there. Finally all of them were out of the water except one. And that one man was George Dorste.

George loved the water and he hated to leave it. He was swimming some distance away from the ship's side, and about half-way between it and the pier. As he splashed about in the river he heard a voice calling on shore and, looking up, saw a native standing on the pier.

If George Had Only Been a Linguist!

The native was shouting to George, but in a language he didn't understand. Then suddenly, he began to point toward the ship. George



The great reptile was between him and the ship.

could figure out only one reason for that pointing. He immediately jumped to the conclusion that someone aboard had dropped something over the side and wanted him to retrieve it.

He turned and swam slowly toward the ship. The native on the pier kept right on yelling, but George paid no attention. And then, suddenly, he saw it—a thing that looked like a log floating in the water, but a log that had a rough wrinkled snout and a pair of glassy eyes just showing above the surface!

A crocodile!

The great reptile was between him and the ship—and not more than twenty feet away from him. A shudder went through George's body when he saw it. He turned and began swimming toward the pier. But the pier was a great distance away—or at least, so it seemed to George. He knew that beast could catch up to him in less time than it takes to tell the story.

He Looked Like Good Meal to Crocodile.

He was swimming as fast as he could—exhausting himself in a spurt for the pier. And the crocodile was following along behind. It seemed to George that the great reptile never approached any closer than that original twenty feet—the distance that had separated them when he turned toward the pier. Was the beast playing with him, as a cat would with a mouse? Or was it waiting until George had exhausted himself in the swim toward shore before those cruel jaws opened and closed over him?

Still swimming frantically, he reached the pier. And then another terrifying discovery greeted him. As he made frenzied efforts to climb up the piles that supported the pier, he found that he couldn't. Those piles were covered with a slippery moss. He could make no headway up them. And all the time, now, the crocodile was coming closer, swimming slowly toward what it knew must inevitably furnish it its evening meal.

By now, George was mad with terror. He was still clawing and scraping frantically at those smooth, moss-covered piles, when the native on the dock came to his rescue. Suddenly, the native picked up a huge piece of scrap iron from a pile on the dock, and hurled it at the swimming crocodile. The piece missed. The native threw another—and that one found its mark. It hit the beast on the snout, and it dived beneath the surface.

Native's Accurate Peg Saves George's Life.

By that time a boat had been launched from the ship. It came tearing across the water as George's shipmates pulled hard on the oars. It reached George a few seconds after the crocodile had gone down. "As they pulled me out of the water," George says, "I lost consciousness for a minute or two. But I came back to life before the boat had reached the ship—in time to see the steely eyes of the crocodile which had reappeared once more. It was following along, not more than ten feet behind the boat."

And George says that if he'd had a gun then, it would have given him the greatest pleasure to aim it right between those two glassy eyes and pull the trigger.

©—WNU Service.

Marshal Foch's Tomb

The tomb of Marshal Ferdinand Foch in the chapel of St. Ambrose in the Invalides is in the form of a memorial above a marble sarcophagus. It was designed by the sculptor, Paul Landowski, and consists of a group of eight polius, who bear on their shoulders a bier covered with laurel branches on which lies the effigy of the marshal in his uniform of war days. On three sides of the base are reliefs showing the armies of his command. On the fourth side are the dates of his birth and death.

Most Primitive Indians

The Seminoles, the most primitive Indians in the country, live on small islands of about an acre that rise above the water of the Florida Everglades. They hunt and fish in long, narrow canoes which they pole through the labyrinthine waterways. Their houses have no walls, but consist merely of platforms canopied with palmetto leaves. Their fires burn continuously. They are made of trunks of cypress trees which radiate from the fire like spokes from a hub, and are gradually pushed into the burning center.

AROUND the HOUSE

Items of Interest to the Housewife

Measuring Sugar—One pound of granulated sugar equals two cups. One pound of powdered or confectioner's sugar equals two and one-half cups.

Why Pans Warp—Aluminum cooking pans are frequently warped out of shape by repeatedly putting cold water in them while they are still hot.

Don't Scratch the Table—If tiny squares of blanket or astrakhan cloth are stuck under the corners of your hand sewing machine it can be used on any table without fear of scratching it. Similar patches can also be used on clocks, or anything that stands on a polished surface.

To Freshen Coconut—Shredded coconut, which has become dry, can be freshened by soaking it in sweet milk a few minutes before using.

Keeping Brassware Bright—Brass ornaments will remain bright longer if, after polishing, they are given a thin coat of white shellac.

Cheese Savoury—Spread seasoned cream cheese on small rounds of previously cooked short pastry. Over the cheese place a round of tomato and a dash of mayonnaise, and top each with a slice of olive. Place in paper containers, sprinkle with finely-grated cheese, and garnish with cress.

To Prevent Scorching—Leave one small section of a gem pan empty when putting gem batter in pan. Fill this section with water and gems will never scorch.

Lace Spread That Reflects Good Taste
A true reflection of your own good taste is this stunning open-work design, one easily achieved by crocheting simple, single medallions of string. A stunning dresser or table scarf, or per-



chance a cloth could also be your choice. It may be done in one or a combination of colors. Pattern 1443 contains detailed directions for making the 8 1/4 inch medallion shown and joining it for a variety of articles; illustration of it and of all stitches used; material requirements; color suggestions.

Send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) for this pattern to The Sewing Circle Needlecraft Dept., 82 Eighth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Uncle Phil Says:



Not to Say Impudent
One may not want a man to "look you straight in the eye." Those pin-you-fast looks are sometimes impudent.

Really Living
If one enjoys his vocation, he has got about the best thing there is in life; and it lasts.

Good manners can be learned after one has passed twenty, but it is much easier before.

People who raise their children to "express their personality" on all occasions are likely to be a nuisance and so are their children.



TRY IT FOR FLAKIER PASTRY THAN YOU'VE EVER BAKED BEFORE

Find out why millions prefer this Special Blend of fine cooking fats to any other shortening, regardless of price! . . . for pan frying, deep frying, delicious cakes, hot breads, etc.

SWIFT'S Jewel SHORTENING

JOYS and GLOOMS

MAN THE TORPEDOES! THE JOYS ARE JUST OFF OUR BOW!

C'MON, LET'S KNOCK THEIR LITTLE BLOODS OFF!

LOOK, BETTY... AREN'T THEY BEAUTIFUL? AND WAIT UNTIL YOU SEE HOW GOOD THEY TASTE!

UGH! CAN'T YOU THINK OF ANYTHING BUT EATING... EVEN ON YOUR VACATION?

Bea!

IF YOU'RE SO FOND OF FISH YOU CAN CLEAN 'EM AND COOK 'EM YOURSELF... I'M NO HIRED GIRL!

THERE'S A LIMIT TO MY PATIENCE, BETTY. I'M SICK AND TIRED OF YOUR BEING SO CROSS ALL THE TIME.

YOU WOULDN'T BE AROUND CHIRPING EITHER IF YOU HAD MY HEADACHE AND HADN'T SLEPT ALL NIGHT!

WELL, IF YOU'D LISTEN TO THE DOCTOR, YOU WOULDN'T HAVE TO BE SO GROUCHY ALL THE TIME!

THE DOCTOR TOLD YOU THAT YOUR HEADACHES AND SLEEPLESSNESS WERE CAUSED BY COFFEE-NERVES. WHY DON'T YOU TAKE HIS ADVICE AND TRY POSTUM FOR 30 DAYS?

OH, ANYTHING TO KEEP YOU QUIET!

30 DAYS LATER

YOU WOULDN'T KNOW SHE WAS THE SAME WOMAN NOW THAT SHE DOESN'T HAVE HEADACHES AND SLEEPS WELL!

RIGHT... SWITCHING TO POSTUM SURE MADE A NEW WOMAN OF HER.

YOUR MONEY BACK... IF SWITCHING TO POSTUM DOESN'T HELP YOU!

If you cannot safely drink coffee... try Postum's 30-day test. Buy a can of Postum and drink it instead of coffee for a full month. If... after 30 days... you do not feel better, return the top of the Postum container to General Foods, Battle Creek, Michigan, and we will cheerfully refund the full purchase price, plus postage! (If you live in Canada, address General Foods, Limited, Cobourg, Ontario.) Postum contains no caffeine. It is simply whole wheat and bran, roasted and slightly sweetened. Postum comes in two forms... Postum Cereal, the kind you boil or percolate... and Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup. It is economical, easy to make, delicious. You may miss coffee at first, but after 30 days, you'll love Postum for its own rich, full-bodied flavor. A product of General Foods.

DON'T BE A GLOOM... DRINK POSTUM!


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SPILL here isness... GETTING ACROSS... DETERMINED THE COURSE OF HISTORY... BROOKLYN BRIDGE... BRIDGE INTO THE SEA... BRIDGE BEATS GEORGE... MARSHAL FOCH'S TOMB... MOST PRIMITIVE INDIANS... POSTUM... DON'T BE A GLOOM... DRINK POSTUM!

PERSONAL

TO ONE WHO NEEDS MORE MONEY...

The money you want won't fall from the skies and nobody's going to give it to you. Your salvation is to start saving. The First National Bank can build an account for you in a surprisingly short time.



FIRST NATIONAL BANK
HAGERMAN, N. M.

Little Miss Elizabeth Ann Childers is staying with Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Wimberly and attending vacation bible school.

Mrs. Elton Thompson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ross Jacobs, underwent an appendicitis operation in the hospital at Roswell this week.

Typewriters for Rent at Messenger

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MACHINELESS PERMANENT

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Hedges Beauty Shop
Hagerman, N. M.

INSECTICIDES AND SPRAYERS

You will find a complete line of both at

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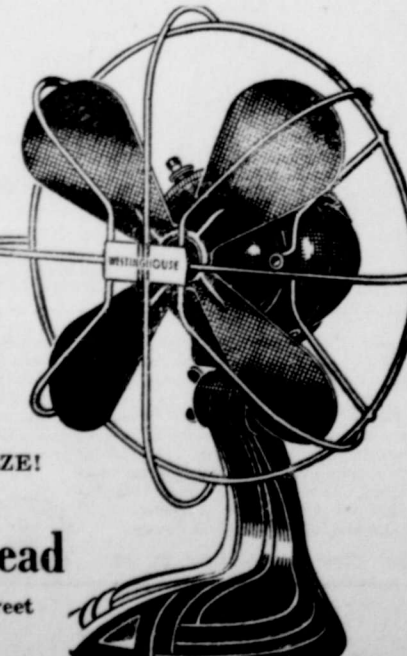
Enjoy Perfect Entertainment in Cool Comfort Both Theaters 20" Cooler

FRI. - SAT. ROBERT MONTGOMERY — in — "Ever Since Eve" —Also— 2 Reels of "A Day with the Quintuplets"	FRI. - SAT. CHARLES STARRETT — in — "TWO GUN LAY" COMEDY ACE DRUMMOND
Owl Show Saturday SUN. - MON. - TUES. MARX BROS. "Day At The Races" —Also— POPEYE CARTOON	SUN.—MON. ZANE GREY'S "Forlorn River" BUSTER CRABBE

YUCCA PECOS
WATCH FOR COMING DATES OF "CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS"
YUCCA SOON

TAKING IT EASY

In the cool breeze of a new Westinghouse fan shows good sense and nothing else. We think these new model fans put out more air for less current than any other fan known. 4



GET A REAL BREEZE!

L. F. Woodhead
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Roswell, N. M.

IN SOCIETY

Phone 17
(Items for either this column or the calendar must be turned in by not later than Wednesday noon)

Social Calendar

The Presbyterian Ladies' aid will meet with Mrs. E. R. McKinstry at her home on Wednesday afternoon, July 21st.

SURPRISE PARTY

Miss Vernice Davis was the honoree at a surprise party given by her mother, Mrs. H. S. Russell last Saturday evening, the occasion being Vernice's eighteenth birthday.

Lanterns lighted the outdoor table from which a delicious two-course supper was served early in the evening. Outdoor games, impromptu songs and readings filled the hours. Miss Davis was the recipient of many lovely gifts.

Guests included Misses Ida Bea Lemon, Ruth and Wilma Walden, Alma and Gertrude Bradley, Pauline Russell of Pasadena, California, Elizabeth Merritt, Blondell Huff, Loreta Davis, Vernice Davis, Ruth Wiggins, Dita Mae Davis and Elmer Hill, Sanford Knoll, Jim Davenport, Earl Walden of Washington, D. C., Irvin Popenoe of Bellflower, California, Melvin and Dennis Bivens, Robert Rogers, Curley Derrick, Dicky Hedges, Jim Chaney of Silver City and the hostess, Mrs. H. S. Russell.

MISSIONARY MEETING

Members and guests of the Missionary Society of the Presbyterian church met on Monday afternoon at the church basement.

Mrs. Bayard Curry was leader and was assisted with the lesson by Mesdames C. G. Mason, Walter Green, T. D. Devenport, Jim Micholet and J. E. Wimberly. The subject was "Rapid Changes and Reviews of the Year." Mrs. J. Chalmer Ross gave an interesting talk on personal experiences of missionary work among New Mexico and Arizona Indians.

Present were Mesdames Bayard Curry, Helen Cumpsten, J. E. Wimberly, Bud Menoud, Cass G. Mason, T. D. Devenport, Jim Micholet, Walter Green, J. T. Campbell, Hugo Jacobson and J. Chalmer Ross.

ROBERT MONICAL MARRIED

A report has reached Hagerman of the marriage of Robert (Bob) Monical. Mr. Monical is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Matt Monical of the Greenfield community and a graduate of the Dexter high school.

For several years he has been manager of a large oil company in China. The name of the bride, who is an American girl, was not learned.

DOUBLE BIRTHDAY CELEBRATED SUNDAY

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Lee Newson were hosts to a lovely dinner Sunday in honor of Mesdames Carroll Newson and Ernest Dodson's birthdays which are both on the eleventh of July. Seated at the table with the host and honorees were their families and Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Dodson of Roswell.

METHODIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY MEET

The missionary society of the Methodist church met at the home of Mrs. E. A. Paddock on Wednesday afternoon. The final chapter of their study book was given. Following the brief business session a social hour was enjoyed and salad, wafers and ice cream was served to members and guests.

SLUMBER PARTY

Honoring Misses Mary Eunice Paulk and Ruby Rutz of Albuquerque, Mrs. E. R. McKinstry entertained Wednesday night with a slumber party preceded by a swim at Roswell. Those sharing this delightful affair with the honorees were: Misses Polly Cumpsten, Dorothy Sue Devenport, Jean McKinstry, Jean Marie Micholet and Lois Jean Sweat.

DINNER PARTY

Mr. and Mrs. Harrison McKinstry had an informal dinner party last night. Guests were Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Ebbets of New York City, Messrs. and Mesdames Hal Ware and E. O. More. A fried chicken dinner was served with ice cream and angel food cake for desert.

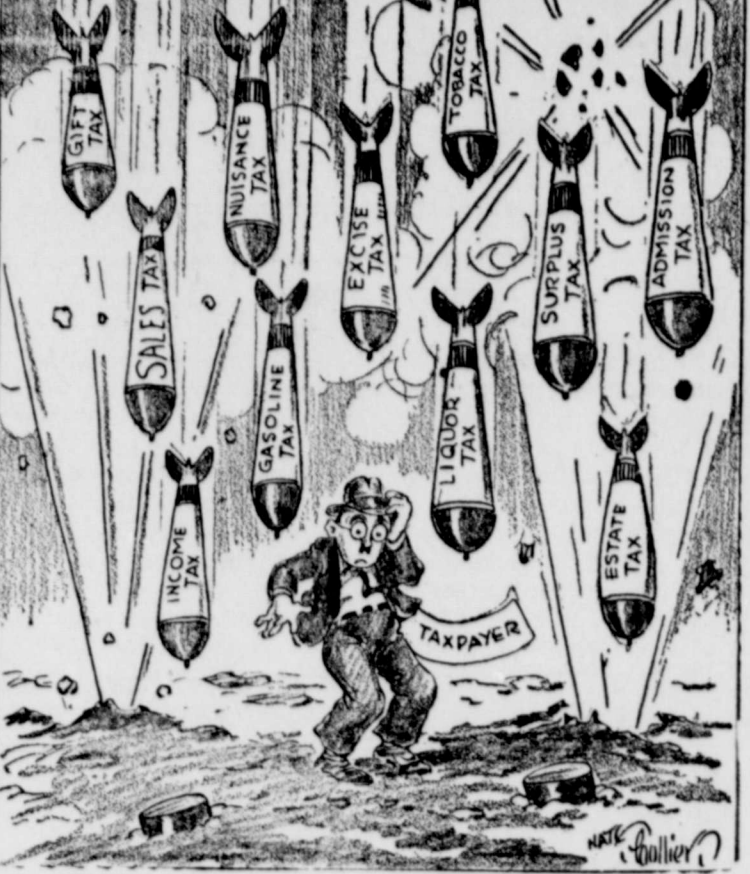
BUFFET SUPPER

Mrs. Ned Hedges of Lake Arthur entertained the college students who are home with a delightful buffet supper Saturday night. Those from Hagerman who attended were Misses Wilma and Ruth Walden.

TYPEWRITERS

New, second hand and factory rebuilts in portables and standards—See us before you buy. Hagerman Messenger.

ANOTHER AIR RAID



GOLDEN PHANTOMS

Fascinating Tales of Lost Mines
by Edith L. Watson
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INDIAN GUARDIANS

THE Utes know—or they used to know—where there is a valley full of gold nuggets. The gold is so thick that it may be gathered by bushes. And since no white man has ever found it for keeps, it must still lie somewhere out in the old Ute country, which is so desolate that no one save the most desperate would venture into its fastnesses.

Mike Gray heard of the valley of gold from a Frenchman in California in 1872. He organized a small party and outfitted for gold-seeking, but somehow he never managed to reach his goal. He said that a white woman, held captive by the Utes, knew its location, but the Indians feared that she would tell, and at last killed her to silence her tongue.

There was a Mexican woman once who saw another Indian gold mine, and she told about it in detail, but no one could find it. So the Utes might as well have let their captive live, since describing definite locations among the mountains is no easy task.

The Mexican woman was a friend of an old Pima chief. He fell ill, and she cured him with her homely remedies, so that his gratitude was great.

Now, the Pimas had long been known to have a gold mine, called the Tslopa. When they were in need, they would sell pieces of very rich high-grade ore, but they would never divulge its source. The old Pima chief gave his Mexican friend some of this ore, and from time to time he would present her with more, but all her entreaties would not budge his determination to keep the secret. He said that he would be struck dead if he told—and certainly that was a powerful reason for not telling.

At last, determined to find out the location of the Tslopa, the Mexican woman packed up her belongings and went to live in the Pima village. Here she made herself useful and agreeable. She made gifts of some of her trinkets to the most prominent women. She was always ready to aid the sick. She became, practically, a member of the tribe. And all the time she tried to learn the secret of the hidden mine.

At last this method of persuasion wore down the old chief's resistance. He began to talk a little about the mine. It had been worked when he was a boy. It was very

The Wide-Awakes

The Wide-Awakes was a political division of the Republican party, organized in 1890 to promote the election of Lincoln; one of the first organizations of unformed torchlight parade enthusiasts in American politics.

Cannon From Old Ironsides

A cannon from the historic United States navy frigate Constitution, known as Old Ironsides, is mounted in the yard of a Gallon (Ohio) vault company. The old ship is preserved in the Boston navy yard.

Chinese Walking Fish

Chinese walking fish (Chana fasciata) inhabit rice fields and in the dry season when only shallow pools remain, they are said to walk or wiggle over the ground to more suitable pools.

We are told that in Arkansas the bill people have an ingenious method of weighing hogs. They place a board across a fence, stand the hog on one end, and pile stone on the other until it is balanced. Then they guess the weight of the stones.

Calling Cards, 100 for \$1.75, on best grade planed or plain stock.—The Messenger.

LOCALS

Marcus L. Eastwood is visiting this week at the home of his aunt, Mrs. Clarence King and family.

Mrs. J. S. Chesnut and son, Dow, of Lovington, are visiting at the home of Dub and Perry Andrus.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Bullock and son of Roswell visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bausin Sunday.

For Sale or Trade—One 1934 model Chevrolet truck, with or without school body. J. E. Lusk, Hagerman, N. M. 28-2tc

O. O. Graham, director of extension at the New Mexico Normal University was visiting here Saturday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Leroy Boykin returned home Thursday night after a two week's visit in Farwell with Mr. and Mrs. I. M. Williams. Perry Williams came home with them, returning to his home Tuesday.

The Woman's club wishes to announce that the library will be open from 2:00 to 5:00 every Saturday. Someone will be there during that time. There is no charge for the books. Everyone is welcome to use them.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Derrick and Vivian returned home from Gallop where they visited Mr. and Mrs. P. R. Woods. While away they also visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Seaborn Price and Charlotte at White River, Arizona.

Col. Tom McKinstry is having the Messenger sent this week to Mr. and Mrs. James McKinstry of Chama, Colorado. Tom made a recent trip to Chama, and his conclusion was that it was about the coldest place this side of the north pole. He thinks perhaps the news from home, may keep "warm" their memories of the sunny Pecos Valley. Chama is an ideal place for a summer outing, Mr. and Mrs. McKinstry are pleasantly located there, and like it fine. One of their money crops is Irish potatoes, which give an abundant yield. All quick maturing crops produce well in that section.

rich, indeed. No, no, he would not take her there, for he feared the retribution of his red gods. He would allow two women of his people to lead the Mexican woman to the mine, and she should see it with her own eyes. He could no longer escape the vast obligation which he and his people owed her, and this would be his repayment.

Joyously, the Mexican woman set out with her escort to the mine. For three nights they climbed mountains and crossed valleys, and at last, on the fourth night, the end of the journey was near. However, it was after midnight when the women stopped in a deep canyon, and by the pale light of the moon pointed out a large dump and an arrastra, which showed signs of great age, nearby. The visitor went over to the dump and picked up a few pieces of ore.

Suddenly, as if frightened by something invisible and terrible, her guides insisted on their hurrying away. They traveled all the rest of the night, and late the next afternoon they reached the Pima village. It had taken only one day to return from a four days' journey, which proved that she had been led by a roundabout route to the mine.

Further questions on her part met with failure. The old chief had done all he could and more than he should—he made that plain. Beyond that he would not go. It was impossible to retrace that journey made in the darkness. She had seen the mine and she had the ore to prove it. But that was all. And though she told her story over and over again, no one ever was able to find the Pima mine.

Locals

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Nail have recently purchased a new car.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Paddock and Miss Caroline Paddock were shoppers in Roswell on Tuesday afternoon.

Bill Chaney of Silver City, visited last week with Miss Ruth Wiggins and Mr. and Mrs. Wiggins.

Clarence Lathrop has accepted a position with the Potash mines in Carlsbad. He started to work Wednesday.

Ensign Robert Ware, who recently visited his parents and grandparents here, was on duty on the navy armada the Lexington, one of the ships used in the search for Amelia Earhart. He had only been on duty two days when the order was received to go.

E. A. White who recently returned from a fishing trip on the Gulf Coast, reports a good time and a good catch. His father met them in Aransas Pass, where they boarded the little fishing boats. Gulf trout were caught by casting. Mr. White's father, who is past seventy years old, took the banner for the largest number caught.

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