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Carrizozo Outlook

"THE HOME PAPER"

Oldest Paper in Lincoln County

Published Weekly in the Interest of Carrizozo and Lincoln County

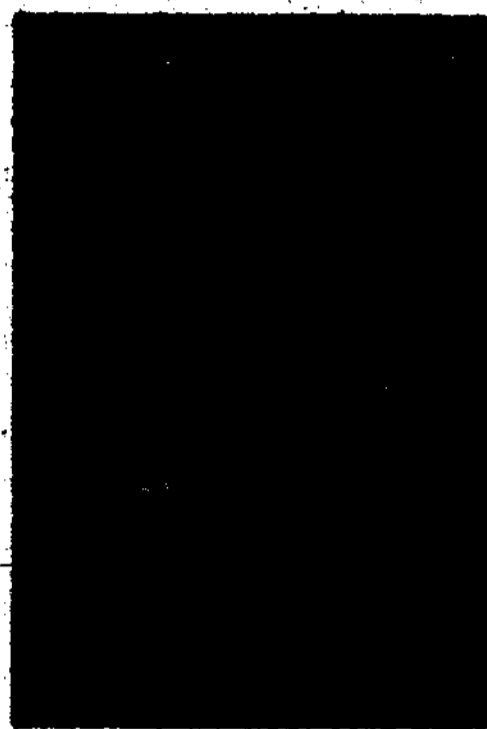
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CARRIZOZO, LINCOLN COUNTY, NEW MEXICO, FRIDAY, APRIL 16, 1937

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Out-of-the-Ordinary



A. L. B.

Memory's Lane

It will be just 40 years ago next fall, that the writer was called on to make a trip from Keokuk, Iowa, to St. Joseph, Mo. In those days, the train went down on the Iowa side as far as West Quincy, Mo., directly across from Quincy, Ill., where it would stop, back up across the bridge to the depot, disconnect, and passengers going further west had to wait two long hours for the next train from Chicago.

It happened that the writer was the only passenger to wait, as others were residents of Quincy. As I entered the cold, gloomy depot, it was deserted. It was after midnight and for an hour I was alone with nothing in which to interest myself, save the pictures and maps on the display walls. At last the door opened and a fashionably dressed gentleman entered and seeing but one in waiting, he smilingly said: "Good morning." He seated himself, but waited for the writer to open the conversation.

I found that he had recently graduated from Yale, it being the third educational institution from which he had graduated. Aside from his suitcase, he carried another containing some sort of a musical instrument. He told me he was a native of Oklahoma and was returning home, having stopped over in Quincy to visit one of his old college mates. His polished manner interested me and I ventured the question, "going to occupy a seat in one of Oklahoma's educational institutions?" He answered, "no; I am an Indian." With an increased amount of interest coupled with surprise, I said, "I presume now with all the educational advantages you have had and how you have profited by all you have acquired, you will impart your knowledge to your people and what a wonderful opportunity it will be for you." But he frowned back at me and said: "No! I have been through your institutions; I have belonged to enough college societies, which to name, would exhaust the Greek alphabet. I have beheld your pomp, pride, and oft-times have taken part in affairs when my inner nature rebelled against them. I am going back to my people to enjoy my native freedom. Green trees, clear, blue skies, woodlands in which I may hunt; clear brooks in which I may fish. All such scenes have haunted me through the years apart from them. Not only have I seen and experienced your great institutions, but that of others across the seas. Yet I long for the primitive life, where there is no hypocrisy. There is no feeling of resentment in this, but it is my preference."

The Chicago train pulled in; the stranger was gone and I left him alone to visions of his future life.

BUSINESS MEN'S CLUB

Met Wednesday evening at its weekly business session and six o'clock dinner at the S. P. Hotel, with Pres. F. A. English in the chair. The visitor of the evening was Mr. Boynton of El Paso. Secretary Blaney spoke of the necessity of having folders printed and circulated describing the various points of interest to tourists and it was the sense of the meeting that he be empowered to make an investigation as how to proceed and also to ascertain the cost of certain folders. There was a smaller attendance than usual, the number being fifteen.

Tournament Results

The Junior Athletic Association met for its Fourth Annual Basketball Tournament at Community Hall last Saturday.

Boys' teams—1st place, Hondo 2nd " Lincoln 3rd " Capitan

Girls' teams—1st place, Hondo 2nd " San Pat. 3rd " Stetson

Trophies consisting of silver cups were awarded to winners of first places; banners for second and third places.

Mothers of members of the local teams and others who helped with donations of food and service at the lunch hour and merchants who advertised on the programs, have the appreciation of the Secretary and visiting schools for their help in making the tournament a success.

OddFellow Notes

Carrizozo Lodge No. 80 held a well attended meeting Tuesday night at which two candidates, H. D. Hill and Bradley Smith received the 2nd Degree. Coolora Lodge No. 15, Order of Rebekahs, held its regular meeting Wednesday night at which five candidates received the Rebekah Degree. They were, Mmes. Kelt, Chase, Greisen, Cook and Miss Alice Degner.

Word was received here yesterday by Sec. Langston to the effect that Thomas G. Andrews, Deputy Grand Sire of Oklahoma City, will be in Tucumcari on April 17. There will be an all-day celebration and the decoration of chivalry will be conferred Saturday night. All members of the order in both branches are invited to attend. The message came from L. M. A. Wright, Grand Secretary. Next Tuesday night, the local lodge of OddFellows will confer the First Degree on two candidates and the degree team will appear at the hall for rehearsal Monday night.

Prof. F. E. Meek of Fort Stanton was a business visitor this Wednesday. He has an unusually fine baritone voice; also is a composer of merit. Mr. Meek is the president of the Lincoln County Singing Convention. See their program on an inside page.

S. H. Nickels, who has been seriously ill for a long spell, is able to be up and around, though he is somewhat weak.

Mrs. Lois Artiga, daughter, Mrs. Perry Hightower and little son of Capitan visited relatives here for a few days this week.

FOR SALE—Barley Seed and Yellow Dent Corn Seed at the Wilbur Coe Ranch near Glendon.

Corona Notes

Mrs. Ralph Lee is improving in an Albuquerque hospital from an emergency operation for appendicitis performed Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. George Simpson entertained Saturday with a dinner preceding the dance. Covers were laid for Mr. and Mrs. Woodward Coon of Encino; Mr. and Mrs. George Goodson of Ancho; Mr. and Mrs. Jack Cleghorn of White Oaks; Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Switzer, Mrs. Edna DuBois, Mrs. Lola Jones, Miss Ruthie Jenkins, Mrs. John Messer, Miss Mary Simpson, E. H. Sloan and Mr. and Mrs. Simpson.

Mrs. Porter Stone of Carlsbad was the week-end guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Shelton.

Miss Birdie Imhoff, student at the University, is ill with pneumonia in an Albuquerque hospital.

Mr. Crable and Dr. Daniels are new additions to the official personnel at the local CCC Camp.

Mrs. M. M. Penix and Mrs. Curtis Hester were business visitors in Carrizozo Wednesday.

Friends of Mrs. A. J. Atkinson surprised her on the occasion of her birthday, Apr. 13, by calling during the evening and presenting her with many lovely handkerchiefs.

Mr. and Mrs. Bill McDonald were business visitors in Roswell Tuesday.

Mrs. Jack Davidson is entertaining Saturday afternoon with a miscellaneous shower honoring Miss Bonnie Frank Hodge whose engagement to Mr. John Mitchell has been announced.

Lena Mae Saagraves is leaving the last of this week to accept a position at Espanola.

Mrs. Julian Clements and son Mickey are the guests of Mrs. Lee Williams of Vaughn.

V. C. Weldon has moved his business and residence to the Armstrong building.

Julian Clements, accompanied by Mrs. G. O. Clements, left Friday for Mesa, Ariz., where they were called by the serious illness and death of Mr. P. H. Kersey. Funeral services were held on Tuesday. Mr. Kersey was Agent for the S. P.

P. H. Arnold has returned from a winter spent with relatives in Texas. He is much improved in health.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Titworth of Capitan were visitors in town this Wednesday; Mrs. Titworth calling on friends, while Mr. Titworth attended a regular meeting of the Business Men's Club, of which he is a member.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack O'Malley of Capitan were Carrizozo visitors this Wednesday.

J. R. Blackshere of his ranch in the Red Lake country was a business visitor in town this Tuesday.

Miss Cora Crews of her ranch near Oscura, was here Saturday.

While jacking up his car to remove a wheel after a puncture, Jack Cleghorn suffered a badly mashed finger Saturday, when the jack slipped and caught that member between the lever and axle. The accident happened near his home in White Oaks. It will not be necessary to amputate the finger, as was at first thought.

Baseball Benefit Dances at Community Hall, Saturday, May 1st.

Bingham News

Mr. Zandt, Mrs. Porter, Mrs. McFarland and her pupils returned early Wednesday morning from the Carlsbad Cavern. Enroute home they spent a few hours in Roswell sightseeing and attending the movies.

Mr. and Mrs. Leroy Agan entertained a small group of friends Thursday night. "42" was the evening's diversion, with Mrs. S. J. Pearson and D. F. Sawyer winning high score. Refreshments of pie and coffee were served.

Mrs. P. H. Wrye and Paul Harvey were Socorro business visitors Saturday.

Messrs. and Mmes. Griffin, Agan, Hayes, Messrs. Holliday, Wrye and their dates, the Misses Hight and McDougal attended the show and dance in Claunch Saturday night.

Mr. and Mrs. D. F. Sawyer entertained a group of close friends Saturday night with a "42" party. Miss Lou Gaines and Paul Wrye were high score winners. Refreshments of ice cream, cake and coffee were served.

The Bingham ball team played Claunch on the local field Sunday, Claunch winning 18 to 12. Capt. H. O. Bursum, Jr. and the boys will play the return game in Claunch next Sunday.

Ben Pace and D. F. Sawyer were the winning candidates in the recent school election.

P. H. Kersey Dies in Arizona

P. H. Kersey, S. P. agent and operator, died in Mesa, Arizona, last Friday, April 9, according to advices received at this office Tuesday of this week. Mr. Kersey will be remembered by many people both here and at Corona, where he served the company in the capacity of operator for many years. He left here several years ago, accompanied by his wife, formerly Miss Dora Clements and daughter Virginia, who is now in the high school at Mesa. He had been in the employ of the old E. P. & S. W. and S. P. for the past 27 years. The surviving wife, daughter and other relatives who reside in the state of Ohio, have the sympathy of our community.

Captured Two Coyotes Alive

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Payne of the Tourist Inn Cafe and Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Hill, the Carrizozo Cleaners, made a trip to the Payne ranch in the lower valley last Sunday. While there, they had an exciting time with two burly coyotes. They followed them with their car and ran them until they were so tired that they finally gave out and were easily captured alive. One of the coyotes was so badly fatigued that he died a few minutes after being captured. The other was brought here and is now in prison behind Mr. Hill's tailor shop.

Mrs. L. T. Bacon is at Tucumcari this week, visiting her sister, Mrs. Alma Evans.

Mrs. Gunther Kroggel, who has been with her mother, Mrs. Reinger at Roscoe, Texas, for the past week, will return in a few days. Her mother was very ill when she left here, but is now improving to a gratifying extent.

Lyric Theatre

R. A. Walker, Owner
Show starts at 7:30 p. m.
Friday and Saturday
"The Jungle Princess"

Featuring Dorothy Lamour, Ray Milland, Lynn Akim Tamiroff, Molly Lamont and Mala. Deep in the trackless jungle the great enemies meet in mortal combat. Things you've never seen before. Tigers, elephants, baboons, apes and wild tribesmen battling for the right to live. Also "Millstones" and "Brotherly Love."

Sunday-Monday-Tuesday
"The Gay Desperado"

Featuring Nino Martini, Ida Lupino and Leo Carrillo. A thrilling, romantic musical comedy packed with tense excitement and fast-moving drama along the Rio Grande. Mickey Mouse and March of Time. Don't forget the bazookas given at the Sunday matinee at 2:30 with a 10c ticket.

Crippled Children's Clinic

An orthopedic clinic will be held in Roswell on May 20, Dr. F. C. Goodwin, bone specialist of El Paso, will be the examining physician. Orthopedic conditions such as tubercular bones, infantile paralysis, club feet, hare lips or old fractures and burn scars will be included in this clinic and any child having any type of deformity is invited to attend this clinic for free examination. The matter of hospitalization will be taken up after having the recommendation of Dr. Goodwin. Transportation will be arranged for any child who would otherwise be unable to attend the clinic. All citizens of Lincoln County are urged to refer any crippled child to the attention of Miss Thelma White, Public Welfare Office in Carrizozo.

Las Vegas Normal Musicians Visit School

The Carrizozo public schools and patrons were given a rare musical treat Tuesday morning when visited by a group of vocal students from the Las Vegas Normal University, under the direction of Dr. Lisle Hosford, director of music and his assistant, Miss Ruth Nelson. The rendition of each chorus number, violin solo and tap dance was most excellent and each was greatly enjoyed. Keen local interest was added to the occasion when two operatic numbers composed by our own Ruth Petty were given. At 7 o'clock breakfast was had at the S. P. Hotel affording local faculty members and former students an opportunity to renew old acquaintances and form new ones among the visitors. Their brief stay was much enjoyed and the school wishes to express its appreciation to those who so kindly opened their homes to these students.—Contributed.

Forest Ranger G. J. Gray of the Capitan district was a business visitor here Wednesday. While in town he made this office a friendly call.

Primary program at Hi School Wednesday, April 21, 8 p. m. Admission 10c. Please come. By the pupils of Mrs. Nickels, Miss Jared and Mr. Chase.

Local Mention

T. A. Spencer returned from Albuquerque Monday after spending a week with Mrs. Spencer, who has been ill of late. Mr. Spencer brought the glad news that the lady's physicians will soon allow her to return home.

Jimmy Lucero of the M. G. Peckham Barber Shop witnessed the exhibition game between the Chicago White Sox and Chicago Cubs in El Paso last Wednesday. The Cubs won 10 to 2.

George Simpson, Corona stockman was a business visitor here this week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Ferguson were here Tuesday from their home in Robart, attending to some business matters.

Benny Sandoval was here from Camp Capitan Monday, visiting his family and returning to his duties Wednesday.

Mrs. Wayne Van Schoyck and son Wayne, Jr., were down from White Oaks Tuesday night to see "One in a Million" at the Lyric.

Mr. and Mrs. Doyle Rentfrow were here from their ranch last Saturday night to attend the Lyric Theatre.

Mr. and Mrs. Archie Perkins were here from Corona last Sunday night to see the picture at the Lyric.

Manager Ben Sanchez and several of his boys had a little baseball practise Sunday morning. It won't be long now!

Mr. and Mrs. Elbert Brown who had been at Akela, N. M., for the past several weeks, have moved to Strauss, N. M., to which place Elbert has been transferred in the water service of the S. P.

Lupe Gabaldon of Claunch and his crew of sheep and goat shearers arrived this week from the San Andres and Three Rivers country, where they have been shearing goats.

W. J. Ayers and daughter Gertrude have moved from Three Rivers to their ranch near Oscura.

Mrs. Theodore Bellingrath of Little Rock, Arkansas, came in Tuesday evening and will visit for a week or ten days with her sister, Mrs. Julia Shearer, nephews, Tommy Cook, E. W. Myers and families. This was the first meeting of the two sisters during a period of 12 years.

The WPA has moved from the lower floor of the Masonic Temple to the building next to the Carrizozo Cleaners, owned by Mr. Reil of the City Garage. Andy Wright and Ernest Key have rented the room vacated by the WPA, where they will conduct a wholesale grocery.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Mayer and Mrs. Mayer's mother, Mrs. Gilmore, were Capitan visitors last Sunday, returning in the evening.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Burke and son Lewis were visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Hoover at Capitan last Sunday. Mr. Hoover, who is confined in a hospital at El Paso, is improving slowly.

Keeping Up With Science

By Science Service

Spodumene Now Made Available for Many Uses in Industry

Method for Reduction Devised by Scientists

New York.—Few people probably ever heard of the little-known, little-used lithium mineral called spodumene, but through a process which United States bureau of mines experts described here the mineral may soon help cool your home, improve the dishes from which you eat, improve the production of lithia water you may drink, help start your motor car and make a special extra tough glass.

At the annual meeting of the American Institute of Mining and Metallurgical Engineers, Oliver C. Ralston and Foster Frass of the bureau's scientific staff told of the simple method by which spodumene can be separated from other minerals with which it is associated in nature. Lack of use of the mineral has, in the past, been due to the absence of such a separating process.

Easily Reduced in Lime Kilns

Heating the mineral in a lime kiln, it has been found, reduces the spodumene to a chalky white mass which can be crumbled in the fingers while the remaining minerals in the ore remain strong. Even fatigued and miners with home-made kilns can use the method with considerable success.

The fine dust resulting from this treatment is about 80 to 90 per cent pure, and from many localities this product will be of acceptable purity. It is much better adapted to use in making lithium chloride than the original hard, dense spodumene. It is also ready to be used in a glass batch, unless nature happened to put magnetic iron minerals in the ore, in which case a preliminary removal of iron minerals would be needed.

The pottery makers have desired to use spodumene, but it has been unobtainable because of the fact that at the temperature of a lime kiln it tended to expand and tear pottery to pieces. The beta spodumene formed by the heating and now to be sifted out of the heated ore has already been expanded and does not have this disadvantage. Therefore potters are urged to forget ordinary spodumene and to try beta Spodumene.

Temple Carved in Solid Rock Is Found in Mexico

MEXICO CITY.—Buildings chopped from a single piece of solid mountain form the strangest ancient ruins ever found in Mexico.

They cover an entire summit overlooking the present town of Malinalco, whose name means Place of Twisted Grass, and which is in the state of Mexico, westward from Mexico City.

One structure completely excavated now—the usual temple-topped pyramid—has broad stairs on one side, the steps and wide stone balustrades likewise part of a single piece. Only here and there, where the rock would not reach some far corner of the projected building, did the ancient mason have to fill in nature's lack with artificially cut stone block.

Dear Is a Snake's Mouth

A number of features make this building unique. One walks into the temple on top through an uninviting door formed by the yawning mouth of a giant stone snake. The temple itself is round, a shape rare in Mexico and one generally associated with the Wind God. A low stone bench follows the wall around inside. The roof, probably of perishable stuff like wood, is gone.

For trimming, this one-piece structure has mainly tigers, snakes and eagles. A carved stone tiger sits on a pedestal by the side of the stairs, his head missing. On either side of the snake-mouth door are carved eagle and tiger-knights, such as represented the two old Mexican Indian military orders. The one is on a huastec, or wooden war drum; the other, on a snake's head. In the middle of the round room inside are eagle-head carvings.

Further excavations are now being made at this novel site of Malinalco. These are under the direction of Jose Garcia Payson, Mexican archeologist, who is finding various other buildings like this one. Some of the stairways still have traces of ancient paintings.

Source of Prophecy Lies in Careful Study of Nature

Example Is Found in Chemical Reactions

VARIED, indeed, are the ways in which man's appetite for prophecy manifests itself. The gypsy fortune teller, the spiritualistic seance, the scientific laboratory, all are motivated in part by man's desire to lift that persistent veil which obscures the future.

Gradually man has come to realize that the only reliable source of prophecy lies in the disinterested study of nature herself. Laboriously collecting facts, he formulates laws.

As to Chemical Reactions. One of the more difficult realms of scientific prophecy is that of chemical reactions. A chemist knows that if certain chemicals can be made to react a needed substance will be created. But will the chemicals react? Usually no one knows until someone tries it.

Now the chemicals have a quality which is analogous to unhappiness in the romantic illustration. The chemist calls it "free energy" and knows that if a reaction between two chemicals will lessen their free energy ("thermodynamic unhappiness") then and only then will the reaction occur.

So, in order to make a prophecy concerning the likelihood of a chemical reaction, a chemist has to calculate the free energy of the components before and after the reaction. If it turns out that the free energy is greater in the combined state it means that the chemicals are happier single, and can never be induced to unite.

Calculating Free Energy

The calculation of the free energy of a substance is sometimes no easy task. Often involved is the "third law of thermodynamics," a law whose validity is still subject to discussion. Recently, however, two scientists at the University of California, Drs. C. C. Stephenson and W. F. Glauque, have published results which prove that for certain substances the third law is accurately valid.

In order to know how much free energy a substance has, another abstract quality called "entropy" must be known first. The third law states that, at the absolute zero of temperature, any crystalline solid has zero entropy. Knowing this, the chemist can calculate how much entropy the substance accumulates as its temperature rises to the value he is concerned with.

Odd Statistics About Widowed and Divorced

New York.—Widowed and divorced men are more likely, on marrying again, to marry spinsters than widowed or divorced women are to marry bachelors.

These observations, which do not necessarily imply personal preferences, are based on a study of marriage data collected in New York City for the years 1932, 1933, and 1934. Analysis of the marriage figures appears in the statistical bulletin of the Metropolitan Life Insurance company.

Divorced persons, more often than widows or widowers, take for second consorts persons not previously married.

Divorced men, who do not take spinsters for second wives are more apt to marry divorcees than widows. Divorced women, on the contrary, if they do not marry bachelors are more apt to choose a widower than a divorced man.

Those who go in for many marriages are distinctly less likely to marry a single person than are those who have been married only once before.

Causes of Plant Cancer Are Sought in Bacillus

New York.—A phosphorus-containing material, relatives of which are found in the human brain and liver, has been isolated by Drs. Erwin Chargaff and Michael Levine of the College of Physicians and Surgeons at Columbia university and Montefiore hospital from the body of a bacillus that causes tumors in plants.

In plants there is a well-known disease, the crown-gall, which bears a slight resemblance to tumors in animals. It is produced by the bacillus tumefaciens.

Using the chemical methods developed by Dr. R. J. Anderson of Yale university, who recently purified an acid from tubercle bacilli which produces symptoms of tuberculosis itself when injected into an animal, they are engaged in analyzing the crown-gall germ. Their first results show that it contains a phosphate which stimulates rapid cell multiplication in plants.

Household Hints

By BETTY WELLS

JIM TOWNE always says he reaches for his wallet when he sees his lady-love around the house with a yardstick, a pencil and an abstract look. Because that means some kind of an investment in new curtains or bedspreads or chair covers or something. Maybe not expensive, but anyway you know how men are—they love to crab, but adore the effect of your spending.

But Molly does get more gayety out of a few yards of cretonne than anybody we know. Now she's busy thinking about their dining room which has been the gathering place for the crippled chairs and hand-me-down rugs ever



When Molly gets a yardstick in one hand, a pencil in the other and an abstract look on her pretty face, that means new draperies somewhere around the house.

since they got married. But last fall they got around to buying new dining room furniture, walnut and rather modern, and for Christmas they got a new rug in a dull dusty apricot color. This spring they're having the walls painted in a very pale version of this same dull apricot, and Molly is thinking about curtains.

She has in mind a lovely chintz that's mostly aquamarine with white, and she plans plain white glass curtains hung straight and tall. The chair seats are a white leather, and she's considering putting a small love seat in the dining room with a slip cover of the aquamarine chintz. Won't that be sweet?

But it will be the accessories that will give this room its final distinction. Molly has Japanese prints with mirror frames, and a fine mirror plaque for the table centerpiece. Crystal in modern design stands on the buffet and above it at either side Molly is having brackets of mirror to hold small crystal vases in nosegays of flowers of greenery.

Lucy's Living Room

"I feel like spring," announced Lucy. "But my living room doesn't. Oh, I do long for a really pretty room and I can't spend much. So what?"

We looked the room over—small, not very bright, with two windows placed together at one end. No fire place, no interesting wall treatment to help—just plain cream walls and woodwork. The furniture was hodgepodge. An oak bookcase with a fancy top, a straight uncompromising sofa with a mahogany frame and a brown velvet cover, a domestic rug worn and faded, a rocking chair covered in black leather, old but not old enough lamps. The only nice piece was the mahogany desk.

"Yes, you guessed it! We took over Fred's sister's house when they were transferred. We got the furniture for a song as they didn't think it was worth moving.

We suggested taking the doors and fancy woodwork off of the bookcase and painting it warm mulberry color on the outside and egg-shell on the inside. Yellow and blue pottery bowls replaced books on the top shelf. The sofa did look pretty



"When a lady feels like spring."

hopeless until a well-fitted slip cover with box pleats around the bottom covered it—a glazed chintz with egg-shell background and large blue and yellow flowers. The rug had to stay as it was for the present and so the trick was to center attention elsewhere. One or two good reproductions of really fine pictures would help a lot, too. The rocking chair had good lines and a nice mahogany frame so this was redone in the same material as the sofa. A foot stool that had been hiding under a carpet covering was re-covered in the same fabric and the rocking chair and stool became a unit and a very attractive one, too. We just threw away all the lamps and bought new but inexpensive ones. A pair of blue pottery ones for end tables on either side of the sofa, and an ivory pottery lamp with a blue linen shade for the desk. Draperies of blue glazed chintz with mulberry ball fringe over simple white point d'esprit tie-backs made all the difference.

By Betty Wells.—WNU Service.

TWIN SECRETS OF FINE PASTRY

Light Hand and Good Oven Are of First Importance.

By EDITH M. BARBER

ALTHOUGH we do not make our pies by the dozen, it is time saving to make pastry enough for several at one time. Pastry which has been allowed to stand in the refrigerator is easier to roll than when it is freshly mixed. You can easily handle two or three times the standard recipe when you cut or rub in the shortening. If you have cold hands you may use the latter easier method. If your hands are warm, however, you will have better results if you cut the shortening in with two knives or chop it in a wooden bowl with a double-bladed chopping knife. The shortening, by the way, must be cold, and so must the water which is added later.

The addition of water is one of the most important points in pastry making. Make a hole at one side of the bowl, pour in a tablespoonful of water and draw in as much flour with a stiff knife as it will absorb. Repeat this process until you have several balls of dough. Then take your fingers and form into one mass using the unmixed flour and fat also. If necessary you may add a few more drops of water. Be careful not to get your pastry too wet, because additional flour does not blend well and is likely to produce tough pastry.

When you are ready to roll your pastry use a lightly floured board or an unfoured enamel table top or marble slab. Pastry should be rolled lightly from the center in each direction. It should be lifted after each rolling. When you have a thin sheet a little larger than the pan, it should be lifted carefully into the pan if you are planning to make a two-crust pie. It should be pressed close to the edges.

Before filling with fruit sprinkle with a mixture of one tablespoon of flour and one tablespoon of sugar. The fruit should be piled high on the lower crust, the edge of which should be moistened before it is covered with the top crust. The two crusts should be pressed together firmly and then cut neatly with the scissors. They may then be pressed with the tines of a fork or may be bound with an extra strip of crust. There should be several slits in the top crust to allow the steam of the cooking fruit to escape.

In days when housewifely qualities were judged severely one of the greatest compliments which could be paid a woman was to state that she had a light hand with pastry.

Pastry.
1 1/2 cups flour
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/4 cup fat
Cold water

Sift together the flour and salt. Cut in the fat with two case knives. For a large quantity a wooden bowl and chopping knife may be used. When fine, add at one side of the bowl one tablespoon of cold water and stir in as much of the flour and fat as the water will take up. Continue this until you have four or five balls of dough and some dry flour left in the bowl. Press together with your fingers. If all the dry flour is not taken up add a little more water. Chill and roll.

Apple Pie.
5 or 6 apples
1/2 cup sugar
1/4 teaspoon salt
1/4 teaspoon cinnamon
1 tablespoon butter

Pare, core and slice the apples. Mix the sugar, salt and cinnamon. Line a pan with pastry, sprinkle with a tablespoon of sugar mixed with 1 tablespoon of flour and add the apples and sugar in layers. Dot with butter, cover with an upper crust, and bake in hot oven, 450 degrees Fahrenheit, for ten minutes, then lower the temperature to 375 degrees Fahrenheit and bake until the apples are soft. This way of arranging the filling may be used for all fruit pies.

Lemon Filling.
3 egg yolks
1 can condensed milk (sweetened).
Juice of 3 lemons
Grated rind of 1 1/2 lemons
3 egg whites
6 tablespoons sugar

Beat egg yolks, add milk, lemon juice and rind and mix well. Pour in filling on baked pastry shell. Cover with a meringue made by beating the egg whites and adding the sugar. Bake in a slow oven, 325 degrees Fahrenheit, just until the meringue is delicately brown. Chill two to three hours in the refrigerator.

Cheese Pies.
1/2 cup butter
1 cup sugar
1 cup chopped raisins
1/4 cup nut meats
3 eggs
5 tablespoons sugar
1/2 teaspoon vanilla
Pastry

Cover inverted muffin pans with pastry. Prick all over before baking in a hot oven 475 degrees Fahrenheit, until brown. Cream butter and sugar together, add chopped raisins, nuts, one whole egg and two egg yolks. Fill shells three-fourths full and cover with a meringue made from two stiffly-beaten egg whites, sugar and vanilla. Bake fifteen minutes in a slow oven, 300 degrees Fahrenheit, and while baking stir meringue into filling once or twice with a fork.

By Edith M. Barber.—WNU Service.

From Perfectly Cut Patterns



"I'M GLAD I'm not on the serving committee this week," muses Mrs. Smith of Walnut street, as she takes stock of herself in the mirror preparatory to leaving for the church supper. "I look entirely too swell for me—why, I'm almost excited! I always knew surprise waists were becoming, but how becoming I never knew till now. That little deceptiveness is just what I need, and these sleeves are the most comfortable things! If about half our circle wore dresses like this it would be better for all concerned; so many of us have outgrown the tailored-streamlined styles. Now, Mrs. White for instance—"

Enter an Admirer.
"Why Mother, you look de-lovely in that shade of blue! And you look real stylish, too—you ought to be going to a Coronation."

"Oh, I'd much prefer the church supper, dear. I'll be a somebody there in my new dress but at a Coronation I would be little potatoes. By the way, what did they say about your new jumper at school?"

"Mother, I meant to tell you. Mary Jane and Betty are both going to coax their mothers to make one just like it. I said maybe you would loan them the pattern, would you?"

"Why of course. Did you tell them it took me only two afternoons to make yours including two blouses?"

Enter "The Duchess."
"Sis, you're pretty young to be talking about clothes so intelligently. When you get a figure that clothes really count on them, like Yours Truly's for instance; then it might be different—oh Mother, how nice! I'm crazy about it. Gee, such smart lines! Remember, you promised to help me with a new party frock next week if I did well with this shirt-waister. I wish all dresses were

as easy to sew and as swell to wear as it is."

"Perfectly cut patterns spell success for any frock. Why, your party dress is as good as made right now. But I must be on my way or I'll be more than fashionably late for the affair. Bye, bye—be good girls and see that Daddy gets something to eat."

THE PATTERNS.
Pattern 1268 is for sizes 36 to 52. Size 38 requires 5 1/4 yards of 39 inch material.

Pattern 1996 is for sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1 1/4 yards of 39 inch material for the jumper and 1 1/2 yards for the blouse. Armscye and neck edges of jumper require 2 1/2 yards of 1 1/2-inch bias facing.

Pattern 1226 is for sizes 14 to 20 (32 to 42 bust). Size 16 requires 3 3/4 yards of 35 inch material.

New Pattern Book.
Send for the Barbara Bell Spring and Summer Pattern Book containing designs of attractive, practical and becoming clothes. Exclusive fashions for children, young women and matrons. Price, 15 cents per copy.

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

FOR EARLY MORNING HEADACHES



Demand and Get Genuine BAYER ASPIRIN

LIFE'S LIKE THAT By Fred Neher



"Well, honey . . . what is MTT?"

Copyright 1937, by Fred Neher

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Floyd Gibbons

Adventurers' Club

Hello Everybody!

"Late Broadcast"

By FLOYD GIBBONS
Famous Headline Hunter

WE'VE got to hold a mass initiation today, boys and girls, for our latest addition to the club roster is not one fellow, nor two. It's Richard Himber and his orchestra.

It's Dick Himber himself who is telling this yarn. After all, he's the leader of the band, so it's up to him to speak for it. And it was along in the late fall of 1934 that it began to look as if somebody had it in for that bunch of boys of his. At that time Dick's band was playing at the Ritz-Carlton hotel, New York, and also making a series of broadcasts from the N. B. C. Studios.

Now, you know, there are a lot of special radio broadcasts made in the early morning hours when all the stations in the East are off the air. These broadcasts are made for the California listeners whose time is four hours different from ours. Dick Himber's broadcast was on Monday night, and on that night you were able to see the members of his orchestra entering and leaving the N. B. C. Studios at a pretty late hour.

First Joey Nash Was Held Up.

The trouble started with Joey Nash, who sang with the orchestra. He and a bunch of friends were on their way to the studio one night when two thugs stepped out of a doorway. One of them, a tall colored man, produced a gun and—well—Joey and his friends began producing their valuables. While this was going on, the other thug, a thin, nervous white man, was keeping a sharp lookout down the deserted street.

Well, those things will happen. The boys kidded Joey a bit and then they all forgot all about it. On the following Monday, everyone in the band arrived at the studio on schedule and went home the same way. But the week after that, Art Shaw, the first saxophonist, on his way home after that late broadcast, met up with two individuals who answered the descriptions of the men who had held up Joey Nash. This time the big colored man held a gun on Art, forced him to walk up to the roof of a building on West Forty-eighth street, and there he took not only Art's cash and jewelry, but Art's pants, too.

By that time, Dick says, his boys were beginning to get a little skittish. What the heck was this anyway? Didn't those two thugs like their music? Or was some rival band getting jealous and putting up a game on them? Dick's boys took to going home in bunches, and walking out in the middle of the street and watching every passerby like a hawk. That is, they all did but Morey Samel.

Morey Thought He Was a Detective.

Morey Samel is Dick's trombone player, and he is a big, two-faced guy. Morey had always had a hunch that he'd make just as good a cop as he was a trombone player, and he took it upon himself to do a little detective work.

For three weeks he made it a practice to sort of hang around in Forty-eighth street after the late broadcast on Monday. For three weeks he loitered in the same neighborhood where Joey and Art had been held up—and nothing happened. Morey was discouraged. Maybe he wasn't such a hot cop after all. Maybe he'd better stick to his trombone playing and leave all that G-Man stuff to J. Edgar Hoover.

The fourth Monday, Morey finished the broadcast and started for home. He lived at a mid-town hotel, and he was walking across town on Forty-eighth street between Seventh and Eighth avenues, when all of a sudden he felt something hard jammed into his back and a gruff voice was growling, "STICK 'EM UP!"

The skin on the back of Morey's neck began to tingle. He "ate" 'em up. The man with the gun marched him down a flight of steps and backed him up against the door of a basement entrance. And as he did, Morey got a good look at him. He was a huge colored man, and with him was a thin, timid-looking white youth! The pair he had been looking for. Probably the same two who had robbed Joey Nash and Art Shaw.

The Little Robber Got Scared.

The little white fellow stayed up on the sidewalk, taking his usual role of lookout. The big colored boy began going through Morey's pockets. And all the time Morey was getting madder and madder. For three weeks he had been looking for these birds, and they didn't show up. And tonight, just because he wasn't looking for them and wasn't thinking of them, they had to come along and catch him unawares.

The big thug had one hand in Morey's pocket, and was just about to annex Morey's roll, when suddenly the little fellow's head appeared at the top of the steps. He looked scared, and he was scared. He said: "I can't stand this—I'm going to scream." AND THEN THE FIREWORKS STARTED.

As the little fellow spoke, the big fellow turned his head to look at him. And that was just the moment Morey was waiting for. He swung a long, looping right and let the big thug have it. It was a clean hit, right on the jaw. The big fellow dropped. His gun went off as he fell, and the bullet chipped a piece out of the door against which Morey was standing. The colored boy didn't get up again. He was out cold.

The lookout had fled at the first sound of the screams. Morey grabbed the colored fellow by the collar and dragged him up to the sidewalk. He was still standing there, holding the thug's revolver in his hand when a policeman came running up.

And as if battling with a silk-up man wasn't enough adventuring for one night, he had to have one more thrill. When the cop saw the gun in Morey's hand he thought HE was the thug, and Morey had to do some fast talking before the cop could see things his way. In the end though, they took the thug to the station house where Morey lodged a complaint against him, and where the cops found that he had more than four-hundred dollars in his ragged clothes.

And since then Dick Himber and his boys haven't lost any more money, or jewelry—or pants.

©—WNU Service.

Beautiful Glacial Gorge

Charmed Indian Hunters

It was in March, 1851, that a group of pioneers, organized as the Mariposa Battalion, followed the trail of a band of Yosemite Indians into the valley to avenge the deaths of settlers killed by the Indians in raids on Savage's trading post near Mariposa. Early day historians record that the discovery of the magnificent glacial gorge so thrilled members of the Battalion that they gave up their Indian hunt and went back to Mariposa to spread the news of what they had seen, according to a writer in the Los Angeles Times.

They told of sheer walls of granite rising from 2,000 to 5,000 feet on either side of a wide gorge. Roaring down from dizzy heights over the perpendicular cliffs were six of the most spectacular waterfalls ever seen by man, one of them the highest in the world. In the valley below the Merced river wound its swift way through lush meadows carpeted with wild flowers, and through groves of majestic pine, fir, cedar and oak trees.

Abruzzes, "deep grassy valley," the Indians called it. A melodious name expressive of the distant roar of the falls, the whisper of the wind through the forest and the mag-

nificent solemnity of the place. They had other mystic names, too, for the mighty granite monoliths that towered above the valley and for the waterfalls. But to the Mariposa Battalion it was Yosemite.

Protected by Bone Vault

Nature's greatest treasure is a small body of tissue located at the base of the brain. Here it has all the protection that nature has given to the brain, and in addition it has another "cranium" or bone vault surrounding it just as our cranium surrounds and protects our brain. The two bone vaults are almost concentric with each other and lying within the inner one is the pituitary gland, sometimes called the pituitary body or the hypophysis. It is divided into two parts, just as our brain is divided into two hemispheres, but in the gland the two parts are in front and back of each other.

Michigan, Florida Coast Lines

Michigan has a coast line of 2,341 miles on the Great Lakes. Florida has 2,530 miles on the Gulf of Mexico and 1,231 on the Atlantic ocean, making a total of 3,761.

The Rogues' Gallery

FRANK CONDON

Bites Into a Problem



When you go over to their house to call, have some lemonade and talk about Roosevelt; the dog immediately enters the room and plays incomprehensible games with your feet.

By FRANK CONDON

IT IS now a fairly well-established fact that your own dog, if you have a dog, is a grand animal, admired and loved by everybody. There is nothing whatever the matter with your dog, but other people's dogs are admittedly confounded nuisances, and in many cases constitute a distinct menace in the community.

Your own dog is a kindly, cute, intelligent household pet and all sane persons are bound to admire him or her and compliment you on your skill in picking canines. You can readily understand why people would love to have your dog romping about the house and yard, giving off friendly barks and making the whole atmosphere genial and cheerful. That's because your dog is all right.

But when a dog owner goes visiting and sees the incomprehensible dogs owned by other people, and admired by them, it simply passes all explanation and understanding.

Now my own dog is a splendid, friendly little animal and never bothers or irritates a living human soul. If someone comes to call at my house, the family pup simply sits on the rug at a respectful distance and stares impersonally at the newcomer, making no effort to get familiar or start dog-games. If the stranger shows a desire to pat my pup on the head, he is not permitted to do so, as my pup doesn't wish to be patted by outsiders and so remains 15 feet away.

Dog Steals Show.

But just come with me over to the next door neighbors, for one instance. Their name is Martin and they own a dog, too, and I presume, are extremely fond of him—in fact, I know they are. Yet I wouldn't give that dog house room. I wouldn't have the snivelling little flat-face around me for worlds. He's just a nasty little mutt and will never be anything else. He hasn't a lick of sense, never did have, never will have, and yet the Martins are inordinately proud of him, regard him as a pedigreed prize-winner, with a dash of royal blood, and wouldn't sell him for a million dollars, cash money. Well, maybe a thousand dollars. I wouldn't pay a thin dime for two dozen of him.

When you go over to their house to call, have some lemonade and talk about Roosevelt; the dog immediately enters the room and from then on dominates the scene, annoying the living peanuts out of all visitors present. He plays incomprehensible games with your feet, rubbing his hair off on your shoes, chewing your shoe-strings, getting your socks crooked and ruffling your temper.

At first you smile, as the Martins are nice people in a way, and try to pretend the little nuisance isn't doing anything with your feet, or that you enjoy having your feet ohivied around by a dog. Later on you become gently irritated and try to hide your feet beneath your chair, but it does no good, as he crawls in and gets them. The Martins peek at him admiringly and think it's just too amusing, and all the while you long silently to rise up and slap him out into the backyard, where he belongs. If you stop for dinner with the Martins, their dog leans against you during food and paws the buttons off your coat and the family explains smilingly this is called "begging for supper."

Subsequently, when you are trying to play a couple of rubbers of bridge, the little pest joins the social group. He crawls under the

bridge table, where there already are eight feet, and each time you move, you step on him or he steps on you, thus confusing your game. How people can own and live with such a beast, I shall never be able to comprehend. If my dog behaved so, I would give him away to the fish peddler.

He's Only Playing!

I have other neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Garber, living a bit further down the street and they have a dog, too, worse luck. There is a police dog, a large, hellcoise, evil-looking police dog, with a bass voice and eyes that bespeak murder and mayhem. You can bet their mail-man doesn't knock twice. He doesn't knock at all or step his foot on their lawn, but throws the mail in, and I don't blame him.

The Garbers laugh hilariously when I come to call on them, because they know I am afraid of their police-dog. Even the dog knows it and behaves accordingly. He generally sprawls in the center of the room, watching me like a hawk, fastening me with a beady and ominous glare, as if to say: "One false move from you, and I will bite your leg off at the knee." He could do it, too. He has teeth like a man-eating shark.

If I arise and slink furtively about, he follows me with his gaze, making low, blood-curdling noises in his throat, and the Garber family laughs delightedly when I cringe over into a corner.

"You see," they tell me between laughs, "Petite knows you're afraid of him. He's so intelligent." They actually call the brute Petite.

"Well, I am afraid of him," I confess at once, "and why wouldn't I be? If you had a couple of rattlesnakes in the room, I would likewise feel nervous. What you people really need as a house pet is an African or sabre-toothed tiger."

Dog experts explain that when a person is afraid, he gives off a sudden fear odor or fright-smell and this is perceptible instantly to dogs. Thus you can be in a room, chatting quietly with the host and giving off no odor whatever, until suddenly they bring in their police dog. He sees you and emits a slight snarl and instantly your fear-glance becomes active, and the dog smells that you are afraid of him. After that, you may as well slink out a side door and go quietly home.

Perfect Obedience.

The vastly irritating thing about other people and their pups is that they are forever showing the dogs off, pridefully displaying their intelligence. It isn't enough for them to tell you their dog will walk upstairs, pick a handkerchief off the dresser and bring it down. Oh, No! They have to show you.

They hurry outside, get their dog, bring him into the parlor and for the next hour you have demonstrations of dog tricks, whether you care for them or not.

That's what I loathe—people bragging about their dogs and showing how smart they are. I never think of displaying my dog's intelligence when people call, and this may be partly because my dog has no intelligence. My pup has no bag of tricks—not a single trick. She won't sit down, stand up, roll over, sit on her rear legs or go upstairs and find the lady's handkerchief. In fact, she won't even go upstairs.

Her name is Bonnet—Master Bonnet, in full—and when I say in friendly tones: "Here, Bonnet, come 'ninner," she does nothing of the sort. She immediately barks her tail, walks out in the backyard and sits under an olive tree.

STAR DUST

Movie • Radio

By VIRGINIA VALE

JUST as motion picture theater managers all over the country are planning to abandon Bank night and lamenting that the custom ever was started, a radio sponsor is said to be figuring on a way to adopt it. Certain-legal, or rather illegal, aspects of the case have to be ironed out before it can be definitely announced, but present plans call for the weekly award of one thousand dollars to some listener holding the lucky number. Numbers will be printed on the package containing the sponsor's product, purchasers will mail them to the broadcast studio, and there the drawing will be held which selects the winner.

Hollywood studios have always flattered themselves that they paid their performers the highest salaries in the world, but now it appears that Mae West, Marlene Dietrich, and Greta Garbo are just poor working girls in comparison to Gracie Fields, who is England's favorite star. Twentieth Century-Fox could not let the British studios get away with a monopoly on the best of anything, so they have put Miss Fields under contract to make four pictures in Hollywood. None of the pictures she has made in England have been shown here, because in them Miss Fields spoke the Lancashire dialect which might as well be Czechoslovakian for all Americans can make of it. Over here she will deliver her lines and songs in plain English.



Marlene Dietrich

From New York to Hollywood Gloria Swanson's loyal friends gave parties celebrating the end of her too-long retirement from the screen, when Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer announced recently that she was to star in "Malsie Kenyon." Now it appears that the celebrating was a little premature, because neither Gloria nor the studio is satisfied with the story, and her plans are all up in the air again.

The most exciting and beautiful picture ever made in Technicolor comes from England and will soon be seen in theaters throughout the country. It is "Wings of the Morning," a United Artists picture. Harold Shuster went over from Hollywood to direct it, our own Henry Fonda plays the lead, and John McCormack, the Irish tenor who is adored wherever there is a phonograph, radio, or concert hall sings in it. As if that weren't enough, they have tossed in for good measure authentic views of the running of the English Derby.

Sylvia Sidney gets the week's award for being the best talent scout. Some time ago Marc Connelley told her about a play he was going to produce in New York and she said that she knew just the girl to play the lead in it. She had seen a girl named Katherine Locks in a very small part in a play and she was sure Miss Locks would be wonderful if given a real chance. Sylvia didn't wait for Mr. Connelley to send for Miss Locks. She located her and she got the part.

Eleanor Powell would like to form an alumni association of her old dancing school, but all the people who are eligible for membership in Hollywood are much too busy making pictures to be bothered with attending meetings. There is Ginger Rogers, Buddy Ebsen, Ruby Keeler, and Miriam Hopkins—and they are among the busiest people out here. Eleanor herself has a little time on her hands only because she turned her ankle and has to stay at home for a few days to rest before she can go into a strenuous number for "Broadway Melody."

ODDS AND ENDS—Marlene Dietrich thinks that she and Carole Lombard look alike and both girls are delighted. . . . Miriam Hopkins has bought the Joe John Gibson's house and is redecorating it in lovely pastel colors that best out of her blood beauty. . . . Paul Henreid has no inkling whether he can be as Jack Benny's comic hangers, but he did play "The Egg" on the violin for a few friends. . . . About half of the beautiful girls in Hollywood tried out for the part of Florio in "The Prisoner of Zenda." Madeline Carroll got it. . . . Bert Wheeler is so unwilling to leave the sunshine and warmth of Palm Springs that he is commuting to Hollywood by airplane. . . .

Enchanting Gifts of Lacy Crochet

A chance at rare beauty—genuine luxury—is yours in this lovely crocheted lace cloth! Just a 6 inch medallion crocheted in string forms it—you'll have a quantity of them together in no time. And what lovely gifts you can make of them—chair sets, scarfs, pillows, buffet sets are but a few suggestions. They cost you next to nothing and are something that will last and be cherished indefinitely. Pattern 1345 contains directions for making the medallion and joining it to make various articles; illustrations of it and of all stitches used; material requirements.



Pattern 1345

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.

Write plainly pattern number, your name and address.

My Favorite Recipe

By Irene Rich
Film Actress

Chicken Stew
Divide a chicken, stew until tender, and remove to hot platter. To the stock add one-half cupful of rice and dumplings made as follows:

Beat one egg, add one-half cupful of water, pinch of salt, and sufficient flour to make a thin batter; drop by spoonfuls into the stock and cook about ten minutes. If rice is uncooked it should be boiled twenty minutes before dumplings are added.

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Great souls have will; feeble ones have only wishes.—Chinese Proverb.

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THE OUTLOOK

Published Weekly in the interest of Carrizozo and Lincoln County, N.M.

A. L. BURKE, Editor and Publisher

Largest Circulation in The County

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NATIONAL EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION

1936 MEMBER

Office Phone No. 24

EDITORIAL COLUMN

A Bond to the People

By RAYMOND PITCAIRN

National Chairman
Sentinels of the Republic

"The Government itself is under bond to the American people that in the exercise of its functions and powers it will deal with the body of our citizens in a manner scrupulously honest and fair and absolutely just."

Those are the words of former President Cleveland, the centennial of whose birth, on March 18, 1837, admirers celebrate this year.

By many thousands of Americans, regardless of party affiliations, the memory of their author is honored for the devotion to our national welfare shown in his official acts and utterances.

His words and admonitions are still quoted in reference to many of the problems which perplex us today. Here are just a few of them that America might do well to recall:

Public Service: "Office-holders are the agents of the people, not their masters."

The Constitution: "The oath I now take to preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States, not only impressively defines the great responsibilities I now assume, but suggests obedience to Constitutional commands as the rule by which my official conduct must be guided. I shall preserve the Constitution by loyally protecting every grant of Federal power it contains, by defending all its restrictions when attacked by impudence or restlessness and by enforcing its limitations and reservations in favor of the people."

Economy: "Extravagant appropriations of public money, with all its demoralizing consequences, should not be tolerated."

Self-Reliance: "Though the people should support the government, the government should not support the people."

Merit System: "If the people of this country ever submit to the banishment of its underlying principle from the operation of their government, they will abandon the surest guarantee of the safety and success of American institutions."

Home Rule: "Devotion to the public good will lead us to strongly resist all impingement of constitutional limitation of Federal power and to persistently check the increasing tendency to extend the scope of federal legislation into the domain of State and local jurisdiction upon the plea of subverting the public welfare."

Not only on a centenary date, but throughout our national history, America can, with profit, both honor and follow such advice.

No One Is "Exempt" From Taxes

By RAYMOND PITCAIRN

National Chairman
Sentinels of the Republic

Millions of Americans, as this is written, have just completed their annual struggle with the income tax form and its exactions from their earnings.

Other millions who were not required to mail a check to the Bureau of Internal Revenue believe, perhaps, that they have escaped the tax collector.

But they are wrong. No one who works and earns is exempt from taxes. He pays them whether he fills out a complicated paper form or not.

For on his earnings rely multitudes of unseen "dependents"—jobholders, bureaucrats, officials, politicians—and their various plans for spending the worker's money after it has received the alluring label of "public funds."

The sums collected through income tax returns are not large enough, and cannot be made large enough, to meet more than a part of that huge and continuous expenditure.

So the difference is made up from indirect taxes, levied on the cost of virtually everything the worker buys, and passed on to him in higher prices. Collectively they act as wage-outs, by reducing the purchasing power of his pay.

In the words of one student of the subject: "The difference between the value of a thing and the price you pay for it is taxation."

As everyone realizes, taxes are necessary for the conduct of successful government. But excessive taxes are a program of reasonable economy, comparable, let's say, to that practiced by the average housewife or merchant, can reduce them greatly.

And if the average citizen wants to cut this steady toll on his pay envelope, his most effective method is to make such economy.

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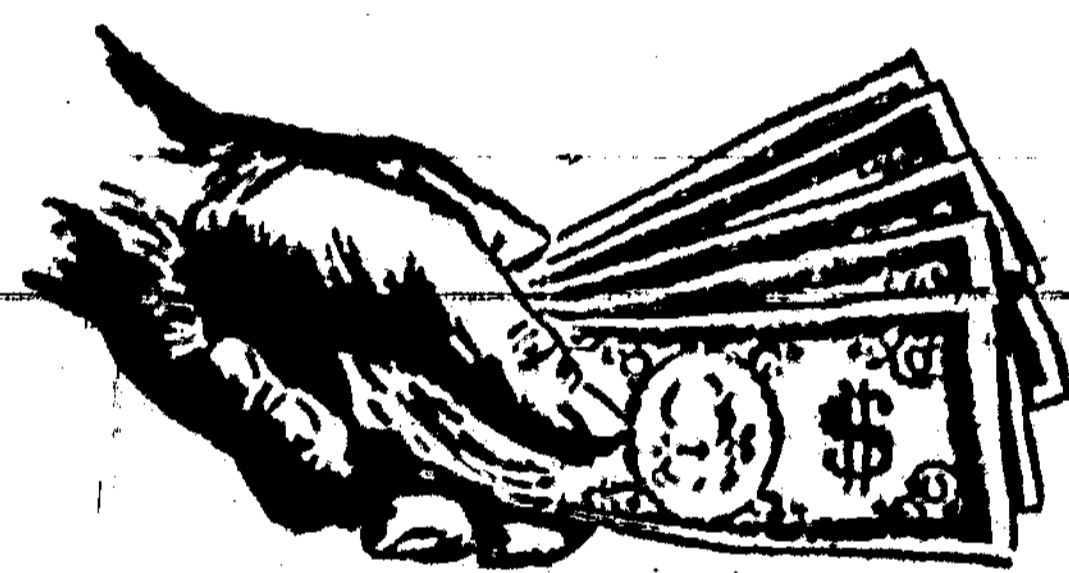
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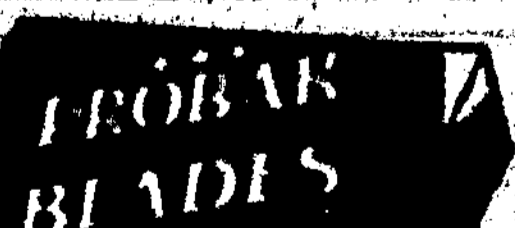
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Sunday Masses at 8 & 10 a. m.

Evening Service at 7 p. m.

The public is cordially invited.

Methodist Church

Rev. J. A. Bell, Pastor

Church School at 10 a. m.

F. Eric Ming, Supt.

Sunday Evening Service at 7

Sunday Morning at 11 a. m.

2nd, 4th and 5th Sunday

Capitan—1st and 3rd Sunday

at 11 a. m. Church School at

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LITTLE MOMENTS IN BIG LIVES - Kessler



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Rev. Fr. Salvatore, Pastor.

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—B. Y. P. U.—

BAPTIST W. M. U.

is sponsoring a Rummage Sale in the near future. If you can help out with any article for the Sale, please call or see Misses F. Eric Ming, J. V. Hobbie, or John Rowland.

Women's Missionary Society of the Methodist Church will meet at the home of Mrs. C. O. Davis Wednesday, April 14. A full attendance is requested.

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Washington Digest

National Topics Interpreted
By WILLIAM BRUCKART



Washington—Throughout history, unsound economic policies have had a way of demonstrating their unsoundness by the results that eventually become understandable to the rank and file of the people. Likewise, throughout history the rank and file of the people have learned their lesson each time and have avoided burning their fingers a second time. That is, fingers were not burned a second time until a new generation came along and refused to examine and take into account the lessons of experience.

Lately, we have seen another such demonstration. We have seen both the results and the refusal of current leaders to profit by experiences of the past.

I refer particularly to conditions involving United States bonds. Those who have followed market quotations must recognize that United States bonds and other securities issued by the treasury have suffered from fluctuations in prices that portend, if, indeed, they do not prove that federal financial policies of the last four years were unsound. There was propaganda from official quarters during one of the periods of sagging prices that the condition resulted from market manipulations and the activities of "tipsters." Stories to this effect came directly out of the treasury although they did not carry the identity of the official who made the statements.

The whole circumstance must be considered together, however, if one is to arrive at any sort of a conclusion concerning the true state of affairs. One must think of the total amount of government securities outstanding—something like thirty-four billions—and one must recognize as well what is going on in commerce and industry. In addition to these factors, attention must be given to conditions of the last several years when the Roosevelt administration was engaged—and still is engaged—in the greatest orgy of spending that our nation ever has known. When you add up these various factors, you get an answer which seems to me to be irrefutable.

In the first place, no nation nor any of its individuals can go on indefinitely spending money when it does not have that money. That is, it cannot spend more than its income over any extended period without suffering bad results. Our nation did that. It made up the difference between its income and its spending by borrowing. It gave government bonds to those from whom it borrowed, evidence of its debt. The immediate result of this condition was that there are millions upon millions of government bonds held by banks, corporations and individuals. These bonds bear an exceedingly low rate of interest.

It is only natural that anyone with money to lend will look for the highest interest rate they can get. If they happen to hold government bonds, those bonds will be dumped in favor of securities paying higher returns. That has happened to some extent already.

It is to be remembered as well that these bonds were issued in the currency of the dollar.

Supply and Demand
The fifty-nine cent dollar as measured by the value of gold. Now, the law of supply and demand that has always operated and which always will operate places a basic value upon commodities, upon the services of labor. It is operating again and has brought about a greater demand for commodities, the things we need to eat or to wear and the countless items of modern day living. The prices of these, measured in present currency, are higher because it takes almost two of the present day dollars to buy the same quantity as formerly could be purchased with the dollar that was good for one-hundred cents in gold. The answer to this is that most of us can not help regarding gold as a commodity having a stable value. So, we see a result in this direction.

Labor, too, is demanding more of the fifty-nine cent dollar for its share of production. It has a right to do so. If you measure wages as you measure commodity values, and it seems to me there can be only one yardstick, then labor is justified in asking for higher pay. Again, a result of tinkering with the currency becomes evident because labor is forced to pay more for what it buys as a result of the reduction in the dollar's gold value.

Then, finally, I am quite convinced that in addition to the factors I have discussed as having weight in causing fluctuation of government bond prices, no one can deny the influence that is being exerted by the radical labor element throughout the strikes that have been prosecuted.

erty of other persons. They have developed among the strikers themselves a resentment against everyone who owns a farm or a home or a business.

The tragedy of this condition, to leave the subject of currency for a moment, is that the strikes show how little respect for law and order exists among a segment of our population. It is not only a tragedy. It is a dangerous sign and unless somewhere in our nation, government asserts its authority and protects rights, we may possibly be faced with a circumstance in which our nation will be held together again only by use of army guns.

To get back then to the bond market it seems to me there is a closely knit skein of conditions that prove where our government has gone into unsound ground. It can be pointed out how the tinkering with the currency has carried through to the ultimate consumer and the wage worker. It can be shown how the national government has disregarded the rights of part of the population and favored another part of the population and in doing so has created a class hatred which is liable to cause trouble in the nation for the next fifty years.

Notwithstanding the lessons to be learned from these experiences we observe how the same mistake is being made in another way. I refer now to the attitude of administration leaders who are supporting President Roosevelt's program to add six justices to his own choosing to the Supreme court of the United States. Throughout the argument that has come from proponents of the President's packing plan there runs a constant and recurring appeal that if we can only have six new justices in the Supreme court we can do all of the things that are necessary to bring about labor peace and complete business recovery.

Disregarding the merit or demerit of this argument, it seems to me one cannot help looking somewhat into the future and determining on the basis of experience of the past what may happen if the Supreme court is emasculated as the President proposes.

I said earlier in this article that there has grown up a tremendous disrespect for law. The continued prattle about the necessity for "new blood" in the Supreme court is simply and frankly another step in the direction of a government by men and not a government by law.

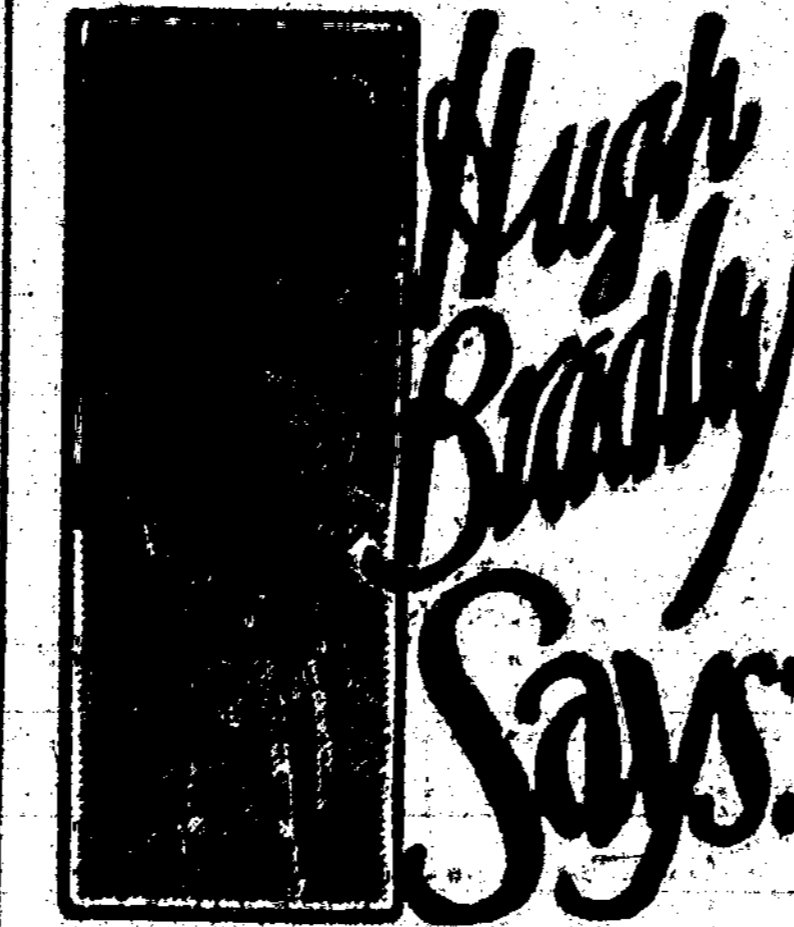
It is to be recalled that Mr. Roosevelt was given by his rubber stamp congress more power than any President of the United States ever has exercised before. I do not make the charge that the difficulties that I have attempted to analyze above resulted directly from according the Chief Executive so much power. But history surely teaches the lesson that where one man has so much power available he always makes more mistakes than where that power is exercised by the properly appointed or elected representatives of the masses of the people.

I recall a homely saying, often heard in my youth, that two heads are better than one even though one may be a cabbage head. I am quite convinced that the 435 members of the house of representatives and the 96 members of the senate have more wisdom collectively than one man.

Adverting again to the questions of currency and prices, we have only to look across the Atlantic ocean and see what happened in Italy, in Russia and in Germany where one man attempted to establish his own ideas on the currency. From what I have heard from official sources, it must be true that in those three countries I mentioned, there are billions of pieces of paper money that are worth altogether little more than the cash value of the paper on your walls. It always has worked out that way.

Some of the business interests of the country apparently are taking time by the forelock and adjusting themselves to conditions where the government is by men and not by law. A few days ago the distilled spirits institute announced that it had elected W. Forbes Morgan as its president. Mr. Morgan, an uncle by marriage of Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, resigned as treasurer of the Democratic National committee to enter the employment of the liquor interests. While there was no official announcement concerning Mr. Morgan's salary, the gossip persists that he is to be paid something like five-hundred-thousand dollars for five years' work in his new job.

His election raises two questions: What can Mr. Morgan do for the liquor industry that is worth so much money and, secondly, whether the selection of Mr. Morgan does not show how stupid business interests can be.



New York Post—WNU Service

Earle Meadows, as Guest Columnist, Cites A. U. Needs

Hugh Bradley has as his guest columnist today, Earle Meadows, the handsome twenty-one-year-old pole vaulter who won the Olympic crown last summer at Berlin and who came within a quarter of an inch of a new indoor world record this winter. He tells of the thrills, problems and disappointments of an athlete on the wing.

By EARLE MEADOWS

MY INITIAL take-off into the realm of sports writing should, of course, concern the possibilities of a 15-foot vault. I think it is coming, and it's not so very far in the future, either. But the athlete who makes it—and there are many who have the potentiality—will need a good imagination and just a bit of "what it takes" to make that height.

I assume that the rapid track crowd is familiar with the forecast of George Varoff, the world champion, who has predicted a 15-foot leap within the next few years. That prophecy certainly is worthy of notice. But, even though George is one of my best friends, and even friends must disagree sometimes, I can hardly fall into line with his theory the vault will come as a result of combining two qualities, namely, his own push and the powerful pull of slim Sue Ohe.

My contention is that it will not come by combining these two phases, for the simple reason that one asset would offset the other. It is quite impossible to combine such a marvelous pull as his with potent push that the Oriental possesses. The combination would raise Hising in the air. My credo is that the vault will result from the addition of a new technique—entirely from the standpoint of the actual mechanism.

After every vaulter will agree that working for form, rather than maneuvering through the air without a parachute, is his aim, especially at the above height. Varoff will agree, too, that when he made his world indoor record—of 14 feet 4 1/2 inches at Boston last month, his off-balance in the air threw him down head first, proving that it makes the downward fall dangerous to the pole vaulter.

That busy, bearded, pole vaulter is not yet mastered as far as technique is concerned. Another point I would like to bring up is that with the present system of measurement—such as cast me a world record at the Garden in the New York A. O. games—a 15-foot vault is impossible. It would take all night or day to measure the bar and the athlete would lose his edge.

I'm not complaining or criticizing the officials. I'm only asking that they remember this point—An athlete trains for 15 years to achieve the honor of lifting his body to a height previously unachieved by man. To achieve this record, a tremendous amount of energy must be expended. It would seem, therefore, that the measurement should be checked carefully and announced before the record is attempted.

I thought that winning the Olympic vault in the rain at Berlin was the greatest thrill I had ever known, and that night at the Garden, when I cleared what I thought—and everybody else, too—was a record height. I can't express how I felt because it was such an unusual feeling to be so happy. And then . . . the letters, when they told me it was one-quarter of an inch short.

And all because of inaccurate measuring instruments. I admit that I didn't want the officials to check with a steel tape before my attempt that night, because they would have been standing there gabbling yet, probably, figuring out the ways and means, talking this over and that—hot air that would thoroughly have warmed an unheated Garden. By the time they finished I would have lost my edge.

At the age of ten I measured the screecher by my own standards, the most accurate means. I'll never forget how I started to vault with an old wire-net rag, same and a clothes-line. And what a thrill I got out of it.



Earle Meadows

NOT IN THE BOX SCORE:

WITH the close of the Florida season Jack Dempsey will make a flying tour of South America, refereeing boxing and wrestling matches. . . The best jockey at getting a horse away from the post at Miami is a kid named J. Barba. . . Freddy Lindstrom's best chance for a big league hookup is with the Giants. . . Bowling is such a popular sport with the people who come to Florida for the sun that the newspapers have to carry special signed columns about the ten-pin art.

Two pretty feuds have been simmering in Miami all winter. One is between the local bookies and the visiting bookies, mainly from New York, who have cut in on the cushy play. The other is between those two veteran Colonels—One—Two Bradley and Flamingo Joe Widener. Gossipers insist that when money and other substantial assistance was needed when Hialeah was reorganized several seasons ago Widener solicited Bradley as a partner. Now they are at it—with business being very good and a new governor making everybody behave—Flamingo Joe doesn't believe in partners.

Bicycle riding has become almost as popular in Florida as in Bermuda. You can rent the things out on the beach for \$1 a day. . . Although the men do the most blabbing about big losses, clubhouse and grand stand managers insist that fully 48 per cent of the racetrack wagering is done by women. Most of the girls, it is true, debate the matter for hours before spending a \$2 ticket but there are others, plenty of them, who send it in in 10 note lots. . . One of them devoted half an hour to standing in front of the gate the other day complaining about having to pay \$1 tax on a clubhouse duet when she had meant to bring along the 50-cent tax grand stand variety of pass.

Sarazen Has Ideas About Ryder Cup

Gene Sarazen, who, of late, has gone in for all kinds of reducing diets and exercises, is down to 132 pounds. He thinks this year's Ryder Cup team should be composed of Sarazen, Hagen, Manero Shute, Horton Smith, Ralph Guldahl and Picard. . . The Cards, by the way, have little fear of the Giants this year. They think Pittsburgh probably has the best team in the league but that the Cubs will provide the main opposition and that Rip Collins will star in the full 154 games.

Harry Voller, the light movie man who plays in the light-heavyweight championship with Al Delaney, Delaney's injured hand, is, incidentally, has entirely healed and he will soon resume fighting. . . One of the brides of the Stevens Brothers, the racetrack and ball park restaurant man, is that they have more than 1,500 employees. But that no valued employee ever has left them except on account of death or extreme old age.

Millionaire John Herzig, doesn't seem to care who knows how sore he is about rumors that the Illinois Racing commission will favor Washington Park over his Arlington Park in the assignment of dates this year. . . Wilkey Moore, former Yankee sinker ball pitcher, still has a span of mules called Babe and Ruth which he won from the home run king his first year on the club. . . Babe bet Moore that he wouldn't make three hits during the season. . . He made four. . . Moore is a gentleman farmer at Hollis, Okla., in the winter. . . He is with the Kansas City Blues this season. . . Stan Laurel, the movie comedian, interrupted a vacation cruise to stop in Cuba and watch the New York Giants work out. . . Benevolent citizens of Auburn, Wash., are caring for Amos Rusie, old New York Giant pitching star, and his wife, who were dispossessed recently when a mortgage was foreclosed on their farm.

Although his best friends tell him to forget it Jack Dempsey still dreams of getting one big heavy-weight championship fight. . . Harry Hooper, regarded as one of the best men behind the major league history, once was charged with three errors on two successive pitched balls when playing right field for the Wake Sox. . . He fumbled two flies and made a wild throw on one of them. . . Shoeless Joe Jackson now weighs 230 pounds and owns two automobiles. . . Joseph Widener has shipped four jackals, Unbreakable, Katerina, Silver Spear, and Soda to England. . . Fred Perry shares Edworth Vines' enthusiasm for golf. . . Hans Stenback, former heavyweight wrestler, is a real referee on the Pacific coast.

Two sophomores with the Iowa baseball team on its southern trip are relatives of major league players. . . Harold Manders of Adel, Ia., right-handed pitcher, is a cousin of Bob Feller and Arthur Muesch of Burlington is a nephew of Heinie Manush. . . Although Glenn Cunningham set them both in the same race, the American mile record is lower than the world's. . . Cunningham ran the distance in 4:07.7, but since the International Federation does not recognize tenth of a second timing in races above a quarter of a mile the world mark is listed as 4:08.

City of Northern Peace



An Open-Air Cafe in Peiping.

Prepared by National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.—WNU Service.

ALL the roads in farther Asia lead to Peking, and its name throughout the East is rich as Troy's. You may approach it along the Imperial Highway, from the southwest, over flagstones ruttled by the cart wheels of a thousand years. The other end of that road is in Istanbul; it was the route Marco Polo followed, visiting the Grand Khan in the courts of the sunrise.

You may come down to the city, now called Peiping, from the north, through Kalgan gate in the Wall and Nankow pass, as the Tatar conquerors came, trotting on shaggy ponies behind their yak-tail standards. Or you may enter by the railroad, from the sea, as travelers arrive these latter days.

In any case, nothing warns you of this city; nothing that you have heard prepares you. You proceed over a flat country, khaki-colored in winter, variegated green in summer, which looks the same in every direction. It is not that the view is without incident; every yard of land is cultivated, and people in blue coolie cloth, with their small industrious beards, move like ants across it. Roads and footpaths connect group after group of huddled mud buildings, each unit behind its wall.

Punctuating the fields are mounds ranging in size from very small mounds to impressive hillocks framed in striking architectural conceptions. These are graves, for the dead are not segregated in China. Trees stand in thimble clumps and straggling lines, trimmed thrifflly of all superfluous branches, and there are dark clustings of evergreens, planted in formal groves, to shield important ghosts from the rude north winds.

Among the grave mounds and the villages you see tablets of remembrance, upright plaques of carved marble set upon immemorial footings, facing south, and adorned by gods and princes, long forgotten, standing starkly in the furrows.

But each incident of landscape repeats itself to monotony, and there is a confusion, rather than a death, of landmarks. South and east the great sky borders the hollow land, and north and west the hills circle, their contours lifting sharp and brittle through the clear air, remote and inconspicuous as painted scenery on a screen.

Many Smells and Many Walls.

Ahead, the horizon takes on regularity. A long gray wall, spotted by unusual towers, rises suddenly as a thunder. Your road enters a malarious suburb, and crosses a canal of yellow, viscous water, bordered by willow trees and washerwomen and populous with squadrons of clamant snow-white ducks. Complicated and violent smells assail the nostrils. Before you opens the dark cavern of a gate, where bored soldiers in gray uniforms, and police in dingy black, armed with rifles watch a press of man traffic and animal traffic that flows without ceasing, to the accompaniment of unimaginable noise. You enter Peiping, and at the end of every vista stands a wall.

There has been a city hereabouts for three thousand years. Historians locate a town of the Yin dynasty, called Chi, on a site near the northwest corner of the present Tatar city in the Twelfth century B. C. The Manchu emperor, Chien Lung, marked the place where one of its gates stood with a tablet, which you may see to this day, on the rampart called the Mongol Wall, a short distance north of Peiping, beside the road to the Bell Temple.

However, the mutations of Peiping's history have been many times told; volumes have been taken in the telling.

The Ming, which is to say, the Bright, dynasty, built Peiping on a grand scale. Yung Lo, third emperor of the line, moved his court up from Nanking in the early fourteenth century, and created a capital worthy of his greatness.

The Bell Tower, which was in the center of Khanbelligh, visited by Marco Polo in the reign of Kublai Khan, stands now in the upper third of Peiping; and the Observatory is north of the present southeast angle. You can ride the line of Kublai's walls to the north, and they are formidable earthen ramparts; but goats graze upon weed-grown mounds that were the guard towers on the gates.

Big Wall of Yung Lo.

Yung Lo's Wall, called the Tatar Wall for no good reason, is immense. Its circuit is some 14 miles, and its outline is almost square, rounded slightly at the northwest angle, where a stream enters the city. It has a core of earth and rubble, faced with heavy masonry.

Its width at the base is 60 feet, narrowing to about 50 feet at the top, or the width of three war chariots driven abreast, and it is more than 40 feet high.

Battlements thrust out at regular intervals, and the top is crenelated, once affording shelter to bowmen. Wide ramps lead up to the nine gates: three on the south, and two for each of the other faces. Above every gate stands a guard tower, with quarters for the garrison, and formerly these were covered by curtain walls enclosing a space where travelers were examined and duty assessed and collected on goods coming in.

Peiping is no longer the capital. From 1912 to 1923 the republic sat in the dismantled pavilions that had housed the emperors. Then the government moved to Nanking. By edict the name of the ancient city was abandoned—Peking, "Northern Capital," became officially Peiping, "City of the Northern Plains," or "Northern Peace." So said the People's party, the postal authorities, and the office-holders. But to the residents and to the foreigners who love it, the city remains Peking. From the heights within the walls one may survey the city.

Climb Coal Hill. It is an artificial eminence, rising 210 feet above the town, lying east and west, its contours following the conventional art form of the breeding warts. A central pavilion crowns it, flanked by four smaller pavilions to left and right as the slopes descend. Cedars and white pines and sparse grass clothe it sketchedly.

There is a legend that some thrifty emperor created it by piling up a reserve supply of coal against a siege, covering the fuel with dirt by way of camouflage—but there is no coal here and never was. His businesslike people would have sold it at a reasonable profit long centuries ago. More likely it was made of the discarded bricks from the line of artificial lakes which the pointed inhabitants call the "Three Seas," lying in the old Imperial City.

View of City From Coal Hill.

The pavilion on the crest houses a tall Buddha, once richly gilded, now scoured to drabness by the sun and wind, which broods eternally over the city. Standing between his knees, you are on the medial line of Peiping, and a little north of its exact center.

In general, the view is of a one-story town, with geometrical patterns of low roofs and walled courtyards defined in black by the incursions of the great streets.

From this level rise the temples and pavilions, and the gate towers, the bright tiles of their roofs indicating official status. Yellow tile was wholly imperial; green tile and blue, the latter rare, meant the interest of the government or the Imperial family.

There are, among the varicolored roofs, surprisingly numerous lines and clumps of trees. In the spring and summer Peiping gives the impression of being extensively wooded; and in the winter, when the leaves are off, you see that every temple inclosure and pleasure garden is set with noble evergreens, white pines and cedars, so that the prospect is never barren.

You see the three cities, one within another, like a Cantonese puzzle box, and the fourth, the Chinese City, away to the south, beyond Chien Men and Hata Men. The foursquare line of the Tatar Wall lays out the Tatar City, which was, under the Manchus, divided among the Eight Banners, each having its own district in the several quadrants.

Then your eye picks up the pinkish-red wall of the Imperial City, pierced now by the great streets that run east and west. It was originally a long, narrow rectangle, lying from north to south on the axis of Peiping. It enclosed the "Three Seas," the lakes shining silver in the sun down its western half; and in it were located the palace of the court officials and imperial princes. It stretches from the Tung Chang An Chieh to the Ti An Men Ta Chieh, north of Coal Hill, which are the two east and west boulevards.

The republic smeared black paint and democratic blue over its imperial red; but it is pleasant to observe that the black and blue have faded away, and the ancient ruddy water pigment persists to delight the eye. It is no longer a distinctive quarter; the houses of the dukes and princes are nearly all for rent.

Needs Travel Far on Water.

The seeds and fruits of water and shore plants are usually dispersed by floating on the water and have been known to travel in this manner for hundreds of miles.

COMMENTS



Lewis Burke

As Rudy Vallee would say — "Hi, Ho, Everybody!"

—R U Listenin'? If so, we'll proceed to fire away with any thought that comes to our mind.

Well, Easter Sunday was a sandstormy one—after the ladies and girls were all prepared to look their best for their husbands and boy friends. Then came one of the worst days of the year. The members of the gentler sex were 'all dressed up and nowhere to go.' But the question arises, "What are you gonna do to prevent it?"

STORM A BLESSING

Anyway, the disagreeable Easter was a blessing in disguise, for one can see Sierra Blanca or White Mountain, over 12,000 feet high; Nogal Peak, 10,000, and Carrizo Mountain, 8,000 ft., covered with snow, making quite an imposing sight. The snowfall also insures an abundant supply of water for the coming summer.

These columns are composed at an altitude of 5,438 feet, for your information, Amigo.

Chain Gang on 44 hour week—Associated Press News Item. So, going to prison is not so bad as we might think. Free radio, all modern conveniences, or a c k baseball, basketball and football teams, etc. We'll be seeing advertisements in the papers stating: "Enjoy life at Sing Sing."

—Now You tell one.

Do You Know

That Highway 380 running over the Malpais is an ocean-to-ocean thoroughfare?

Do you know that George Bernard Shaw is a distinguished performer on Trumpet?

That we have in the mountains Watson Lake, a distance of about 18 miles from Carrizozo? The Lake is the property of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, and is used to furnish water for the system?

That Mozart, the great composer, was buried in a potter's field?

That one eastern subscriber, who has all the big city dailies at his disposal, anxiously awaits the weekly visits of The Outlook, which he says 'is just like a letter from home'?

That if you are absent from Carrizozo for a long time, you'll feel the same way?

That the Malpais or ancient lava flow about three miles from Carrizozo is traversed by Highway 380, and the workers spent months blasting through a solid lava rock formation. It was an almost impossible task—but the highway is now as smooth as a table.

That the dynamite blasting of the Malpais highway sounded like a barrage of heavy artillery fire? This was kept up for months; the dynamiting being done the first thing in the morning?

That from a certain point in town, one may secure a 'bird's-eye' view of the Malpais highway, winding up hill, across the Oacura mountains? It is a pretty sight to witness a car with headlights, coming down the incline.

That the Malpais contains "islands," or places where the

We Carry in Stock:

- | | |
|------------------|---------------|
| Building Paper | Stock Feeds |
| Roofing | Poultry Feeds |
| Cement & Plaster | Alfalfa Seed |
| Lime | Field Seeds |
| Barbed Wire | Garden Seeds |
| Nails | Onion Sets |

Garden Tools, Plow Points, Lace Leather, etc.

We are also displaying a new line of Children's Dresses, Ladies' Silk Dresses, Women's and Children's Spring Hats, Silk and Cotton Dress Prints in beautiful patterns, Girls' Sweaters and a nice line of Women's and Children's Shoes in latest Spring Styles.

Our Prices Are Reasonable

The

Titsworth Co., Inc.

Capitan, N. M.

Carrizozo Cleaners

A Wise Old

Lived in an Oak—
The more he saw, the less he spoke.
The less he spoke, the more he heard.

Now, Folks, let's imitate this bird—
Be Wise—Trade at Home!

lava didn't touch?

That there should be a sign in the main part of town with this inscription—"Three miles to the Malpais or ancient lava flow."—Carrizozo Business Men's Club notice.

That if El Paso had such a majestic spectacle as the Malpais, they would advertise it far and near?—Adios, Amigos Mios.

FOR SALE—Corn at \$2 50 a hundred. One mile southwest of the Alto, New Mexico, post-office.—Ernest R. Blood.

4-16 p

Lincoln Co. Basketball

Plans are rapidly going forward for the Fourth Annual County School Basketball Tournament which is to be held in Carrizozo at the Community Hall April 10. Both Boys' and Girls' Teams will participate in this important event. A large crowd of rooters from the various schools including our local one expects to be present. Handsome trophies will be awarded for first, second and third places.

Lincoln Co. Junior Athletic Association,
—Phillip Bright, Sec'y.

NEW BUS SERVICE

Roswell - Carrizozo - Socorro

EFFECTIVE APRIL 1, 1937

Making Direct Connections at Carrizozo with Buses East and West.

SCHEDULE

Lv. Carrizozo 8:30 A. M. Ar. Roswell 12:00 Noon
Lv. Carrizozo 5:10 P. M. Ar. Socorro 7:45 P. M.

SAMPLE FARES: —

Carrizozo to Roswell—One way \$2.80, Round Trip \$4.20
Carrizozo to Socorro—One way 2.20, Round Trip. \$ 3 00

Ride The Short Route To The Rio Grande Valley

VIA.

Roswell-Carrizozo Stage Lines

CARRIZOZO TICKET OFFICE
Rolland's Drug Store, Phone 30

Socorro Ph. Roswell Ph. 222
Geo. Harkness, Mgr. Ph 16 Carrizozo, N. M.

G. S. Hoover, agent for the S. P. railroad at Capitan, was sent to El Paso Monday night, being ill with an aggravated case of influenza, but a report from Dr. Robinson, who accompanied him to the border city, is to the effect that he is improving.

Chris Travins and Paul Lucero left this morning for Clayton, after spending a month here visiting relatives. They will visit a few days there with their sister and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Ed Reel, before proceeding to Trinidad, Colorado.

Born—To Mr and Mrs Vernon Morris, an 8½ pound girl on March 25. Mother and daughter are doing nicely.

Mr. and Mrs. John Dale and son Elmo of their ranch near Ancho visited friends here on last Saturday.

Mrs. Walter Grumbles, clerk in the Burke Art & Gift Shop, is ill this week.

SPECIAL SERVICES at the M. E. Church next Sunday evening held for the Rainbow Girls.

Drake-Dale

Miss Lucile Drake and John J. Dale were united in marriage on Easter Sunday at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Drake of Ancho, with Rev. Bell of Carrizozo officiating. The home was made very attractive with blossoming pot plants. The dining table had for a centerpiece a beautiful bouquet of Easter lilies. The bride's cake, presented by Mrs. C. V. Lund of El Paso, further enhanced the table, and the many lovely gifts on and around the table spoke of the love and esteem in which this young couple of Ancho is held. Following the impressive ceremony an informal reception was held. During the congratulations the bride's mother, assisted by the bride's sister, Mrs. Price Miller, served a delicious plate luncheon.

Out-of-town guests were, Col. E. S. Blue of Washington, D. C., a cousin of the bride, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Armstrong and daughter of Duran, Miss Effie Dale of Cloudcroft, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Dale of Capitan, Mrs. Bell and children of Carrizozo.

The bride is the charming daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Drake and the groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Dale and is an employee of the Southern Pacific. They are spending their honeymoon at Carlsbad, Fort Worth, Dallas and other points in Texas.—Contributed.

In The Probate Court State of New Mexico) County of Lincoln)

In the Matter of the Estate of W. S. Armstrong, Deceased.

No. 486

Notice of Appointment of Administrator.

Notice is hereby given that on the 16th day of December, 1936, the undersigned was appointed Administrator of the Estate of W. S. Armstrong, Deceased, in the above named Court, and having qualified as such, anyone having a claim against said Estate is hereby notified to file the same within the time and manner required by law.

Henry Lutz,

Carrizozo, New Mexico. Administrator of the Estate of W. S. Armstrong, Deceased. A16



As Worn By Shirley Temple

"MITZU" Silk Dresses for the Tiny Girl, only \$1, at Burke's Art & Gift Shop.

Statement of Ownership and Management of the Carrizozo Outlook, For Apr. 1, 1937

State of New Mexico

County of Lincoln ss Before me, a Notary Public in and for the County aforesaid, personally appeared A. L. Burke, who, being duly sworn deposes and says that he is Editor and Publisher of the Carrizozo Outlook, a weekly newspaper published in Carrizozo, N. M., and that the owners of the publication are M. M. and A. L. Burke and that there are no incumbencies thereon.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 1st day of Apr., 1937.

Frank J. Sager, Notary Public.

(Seal)

'ZOZO BOOT SHOP



Repairing of all kinds Cowboy Boots made to order

All work Guaranteed!

G. H. DORSETT

Ziegler Bros. "Where Value has a Meaning" "Enjoy Balloon Tire" Comfort - Wear AIR STEP SHOES

Air Steps balloon tire comfort to shoes. The acrolastic layer under heel and sole absorbs the shock of every step. You're actually walking on air--in shoes that look as good as they feel. Come in take your demonstration in

Air Steps Today!

All Air Steps \$5.50

Ziegler Bros.

The Leading Dry Goods, Clothing and Grocery Store.

Help Yourself Washing

We have Washing Machines Hot and Cold Water Bring your Laundry, Soap, Bluing and do your own washing. 40c per hour; 80c. minimum

G. W. CALDWELL Call at the O. T. Newton residence two blocks west of Masonic Temple.

Sat Chavez, Sr., of Ziegler Brothers General Store, who has been seriously ill last week, has now recovered and is able to resume his duties.

Mrs. Erva Claunch, who has been ill this week, now shows a marked improvement.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Sweet of their ranch near Ancho were Carrizozo visitors this Wednesday.

IF YOU want the Best in Dry Cleaning, Have Your Clothes SANITONED

Twice Weekly Service—Tuesday and Friday Work Guaranteed and Insured

Excelsior Cleaners

OF ROSWELL RAYMOND BUCKNER, AGENT

Always-The-Best-For-Less At The Economy

- | | |
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| Stamped Baby Beef | Fresh Vegetables |
| Tender Round Steak | Fresh Fruits |
| T-Bone Steaks | Galton Cans |
| Sirloin Steaks | Peaches, Apricots |
| Pork Chops | Blackberries, Pears |
| Pork Roasts | Pineapple & Apples |
| Country Style Pork | Canned Fancy |
| Sausage, Hamburger | Fruits, Vegetables |
| | Fruit Juices |

Hostess Cakes—Surebest Bread

ECONOMY Cash Grocery & Meat Market

PHONE 62 — J. F. PETTY, Prop.

KANDY SHOP

Wholesale and Retail Candy—Paper Notions. Distributor Coca Cola in Bottles. Large Assort. English and Spanish Phonograph Records