

A. I. B.

"They Shall Not Pass"

(An Editorial)

For the past several weeks, the nerves of our nation have been strained, awaiting the decision of the United States Senate on the President's Supreme Court bill, on which if that body placed approval, the measure would have put the crown of dictatorship on the chief executive. It would have given him the power to appoint six additional justices to the Supreme Court who would have been merely of the rubber stamp type to simply do as he said, place approval on any and all measures he might put forth, for well do we know that he said that he wanted the power to appoint judges who would be in sympathy with all of his official acts.

But the tension was released when that great body of patriots rejected the President's bill and sent it back to the judiciary committee from whence it came which meant that it was doomed, buried never to be brought to life again. Should the Senate have gone with the President, we might have changed "Old Glory," taking out the stars, the white, blue, and left it a solid mass of communistic red. There was no politics connected with the defeat of the bill, from the fact that it was done by the former supporters of the President who placed patriotism far ahead of blind partisanship. To those gentlemen, the nation owes a debt of gratitude for the action taken—their names should emblazon the pages of history. No longer can Jim Farley say that "anything WE want, we'll get." But to the contrary, the Senate "caught him setting" and his power vanished with that of the President.

But the American people, the great judges who sat in judgment through their representatives let it be known that we want no Hitlerism, Mussolinism, nor Stalinism in this country. It means more—it means that our Constitution and Supreme Court, the combined safeguard of our country must not be tampered with. It means that we prefer to breathe the breath of freedom instead of being reduced to penal servitude under dictatorship. But the people must be cautious; there will be other attempts at our freedom. "Vigilance is the price of liberty" and this should serve as a warning to the people to be on the alert for hidden dangers, so that "a government of the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

B. J. Bonnell, Director of the Roswell Production Credit Association, leaves Sunday to attend the annual summer conference of directors and secretaries at Albuquerque on August 2 and 8. The program this year will give special emphasis to means of acquainting all potential patrons with the credit facilities of the PCA office. Mr. Bonnell states. Mr. Bonnell is one of five directors, who with T. H. Boswell, Jr., secretary-treasurer, will attend the Albuquerque meeting.

Lyric Theatre

To Be Air Conditioned Soon

"The best is none too good for my patrons," seems to be Mr. Walker's slogan for the Lyric Theatre. Just recently two ultra-modern Simplex production machines were installed to give better eye comfort to the patrons—a new screen coating more than \$500.00 was installed to remove glare so that the eyes would be relieved of that 'tiring strain' found in most theatres.

Mr. Walker was not satisfied by conditioning his theatre for the eyes alone, but for the ears too. He spent more than \$2,000.00 in deadening annoying static by completely insulating the walls and ceilings with acoustical wall covering.

Installation will be completed by Saturday of the "Ever-reddy Winter Air Conditioning Plant" which will insure his patrons of extreme body comfort on the coldest days. This plant is of the most modern design which must meet the exacting demands of automatically supplying air of the most agreeable warmth to the body, removing all the stagnant air and replacing it with fresh, filtered air. All the unusual whistle and mechanical noises are removed from this plant by acoustical insulation.

The New Mexico Mechanical Equipment Company is the dealer of "Ever-reddy" heating equipment here, and the installation is being made by E. M. Gleim's factory engineers.

At a very early date new draperies will decorate the walls of the theatre and new seats will be installed throughout. An air washer is being installed in connection with the Winter air conditioning plant which will make the Lyric Theatre a comfortable spot to enjoy one's evenings during the hot summer days. These two air conditioning units will give patrons year-round comfort.

Mrs. Tennis Smoot and little son "Sonny," who have been in Stockton, Calif., for about a three weeks' visit with Mrs. Smoot's brother Ben Stimmel and family, arrived home yesterday. Sonny had the time of his life with his uncle Ben, who took him around and showed him the strange sights in the Golden State.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Ed Harris were in from their ranch Wednesday. Billy Allen of El Paso, who is visiting his aunt, uncle and grandmother, Mrs. Nellie Reilly, is having a great time on the ranch.

Miss Josephine Dow, who had been visiting her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Dow in El Paso for two weeks, returned home Monday.

Miss Margie Compton, who visited in Tucuman last week, returned accompanied by Misses Hazel and Alice Ragdale, who are paying Margie a return visit.

Mrs. A. P. Meek, mother of our esteemed friend, F. E. Meek of Fort Stanton, came in last week from Brownfield, Texas, for a two weeks' visit with her son.

Last Sunday, Lieut. Johnson of the CCC Camp, Mrs. Johnson, the Misses Nelson and Vernon Ruth Peckham enjoyed a picnic and a fishing party at Ruidoso.

Baseball Dance!



Community Hall Saturday Night JULY 31

Music by

"HAPPY FIVE"

Of Tularosa

Admis. 75c The Team Needs Your Help

Diamond Dust Local Mention



By Joe Chavez

	Won	Lost
Carrizozo	10	2

The Carrizozo Squadron annexed their tenth victory of the season last Sunday afternoon by romping all over the Alamogordo "Marihuana Inhalers" by a big score of 27 to 15.

The Alamitos Gordos, under the management of handsome (Sullivan) Billy Ostic, went to bat first and started off as if they were going to set the world ablaze. They put a tally across the plate in the first half of the initial inning and were mighty confident when they checked the Carrizozo bats for three innings. But it was short lived and pretty presto our Malpais Dragons began to find the range with their devastating oaks and it was curtains for Prizefighter Acuna and his sky-blue jersey slip-over sweater.

The Carrizozo fans, wishing to see a ball game and not a slaughter as in the days of the drought, implored Ostic to send Lupe Flores to the mound, whom all of us knew to be a good pitcher before the Juarez Greenlegs blemished his reputation at Fort Stanton several years ago. Lupe was a good sport, but he had to lay 'em down too, amidst a barrage of two-baggers, three-baggers, homeruns and jeers from the chicken roost. The next pitcher was treated equal as royally and Smoky George had to go in and put a halt to the assassination. Red Huffmyer, with his battery mate, Wayne Van Schoyck, had the situation well in hand, but were relieved in the 6th by Gutierrez and Chambers to give those boys a little workout. Alamo collected eight runs off Gutierrez in two innings and Cap Sally Ortiz had to go in and stop the threat.

Homeruns: Sally Ortiz, 2; Van Schoyck, Cox and Gordo of Alamogordo. Umpires: Gallacher, Barnett, Chapo and Highwaters. Andy Luera was out of the line-up with a sore leg. Shipman, the old reliable from Fort Stanton, held down first base for Carrizozo for two innings. The team will go to Fort Stanton Sunday.

Mrs. Aurelio Sanchez, aunt of Abe Sanchez and her child are in the Fort Stanton hospital undergoing treatment for severe injuries sustained in a car wreck near Hondo Monday. One of the occupants of the other car died from his injuries. According to Jailer E. G. Gallegos, he brought eight persons to the Stanton hospital, four of whom are still confined there.

Mrs. Jimmy Lee and children of El Paso were here Wednesday having driven down from their cottage in Eagle Creek.

Mrs. R. W. Church, daughter Bobbie, sons Bud and Hal, who had been guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Adams, left last Friday for their home in Illinois, Mo. Mrs. Church is Mrs. Adams' sister.

Bert Paxton of Nogal was a business visitor here on Monday in the interest of mining.

Mrs. John W. Harkey and son Jack arrived home Sunday from Farmington, where they spent several days, Mrs. Harkey visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ed Long, while Jack spent the time in fishing with M. U. Finley. They were accompanied on the return trip by Fay Harkey, who had been in Farmington for the past six weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Kennedy were here from Jicarilla Monday, attending to some important business and returning home in the afternoon. Jicarilla has had some good grass rains lately, but more would come in very handy.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Dale and son Gleason Ripley, who was born here July 7, have returned to their ranch near Ancho.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Armstrong and little daughter Mildred Joyce came over from Vaughn last Saturday evening and went on to the Nogal - Mesa, where they spent Sunday at the home of Mrs. Armstrong's mother, Mrs. Maggie Pfingsten, returning to their home Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Benny Sanchez arrived Monday on No 12 from Los Angeles for a visit with the Felipe Sanchez family at Tularosa, the Gregorio Pino and Abe Sanchez families here.

Sabino Vidaurri and daughter, Mrs. Sally Ortiz, made a trip to Albuquerque last Saturday and returned accompanied by Mrs. Vidaurri, daughters Mary, Theresa and son Sabino, Jr., who had been visiting relatives at the Duke City for the past three weeks.

Mrs. Ola Jones and Irene Hart have returned from Las Vegas, where they attended a rural teachers' conference.

Mrs. Holm O Bursum, Jr., son Holm III and Miss Ruth Bursum were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Gunther Kroggel of the N. M. Mechanical Equipment Co., last Saturday. They returned to the Bursum ranch late in the afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Wood and small son were here from Oscura last Saturday attending to some business matters. They have a store at our neighboring town and a nice vegetable garden adjoining the store.

Mrs. Chas. Joyce, daughter Marion, grandson Joe Boy Devins and Roy Clark returned last Saturday from Lawrence, Kansas, where they visited Mrs. Joyce's mother, Mrs. Raskopf.

Mrs. C. A. Martin, daughter Maurine and C. A., Jr., of Natचितोको, La., will arrive here Aug. 1, to visit with Mrs. Marie Bishop for about two weeks. Mrs. Martin is Mrs. Bishop's mother, Maurine and C. A. are her sister and brother.

The WPA force is working on the White Oaks road at present.

Bingham News Lyric Theatre

Mrs. E. I. Griffin and daughter Leola were Carrizozo visitors Friday. R. L. Moore transacted business there Friday. Mrs. P. H. Wrye and William were Saturday visitors.

A dance and carnival, sponsored by Mrs. Johnny Lee Porter, will be given at Bingham school house, Saturday, July 31. 50c.

Pete Hughes of Hachita was visiting friends in Carrizozo and Bingham Saturday.

Gerald Dean of Lovington is in charge of the store this week while Harold Dean and family are vacationing.

Rebekahs Entertain Distinguished Guest

Wednesday evening at the OddFellow Hall, Coalora Lodge No. 15, I. O. O. F. entertained in honor of a visit from Mrs. Bertha Hackney, State President of the Rebekah branch organization. In the absence of Mrs. Nellie Branum, Noble Grand of the local lodge, Mrs. Era Smith called the meeting to order and introduced the state president, who delivered an address in which she gave an interesting report of the condition of the order over the state which was highly gratifying. Refreshments were served after the meeting.

Business Men's Club

An ordinary attendance was had at the regular weekly meeting Wednesday evening at the S. P. Hotel. The guests were Dr. J. P. Turner and the traveling engineer for the S. P. railroad, Roy Shafer gave some highlight educational moving pictures showing to what great extent, agricultural products are being used in the manufacture of Ford cars and trucks.

In the absence of President English, John E. Hall presided. There were no discussions, even onions being eliminated to save time for the entertainment period.

Harry Straley was here from Ancho yesterday on some business. Rain is needed badly in that locality, Harry said.

County Assessor Larry Dow, who had been receiving medical treatment in El Paso for several weeks, returned home this week much improved.

The White Oaks mail carrier, Nick Vega, purchased a new Ford V-8 Pickup from the Carrizozo Auto Company yesterday.

Lyric Theatre

Show starts at 8 through the summer months.

Friday and Saturday—

Laurel & Hardy in—

"Our Relations"

A great story in which the comicos play dual roles, their own twin brothers, so the complications are diverse and uproarious. Also "Annie Laura" and "Quaint Quebec."

Sunday-Monday-Tuesday

"Seventh Heaven"

Starring Simone and James Stewart, with Jean Hersholt and Gregory Ratoff. With James Stewart as Chico and Simone Simon as Diane—it is a story of her enduring affection to make one man her life, her world, her seventh heaven. Also Navy film, "Memories of Spain" and "Skinned Again." Sunday matinee at 2:30 p. m.

Wednesday and Thursday

"John Mead's Woman"

Starring Edward Arnold and Francine Larramore with Gail Patrick and George Bancroft.

A two-acted story of the great drought—turned into one of the most dramatic pictures of the year. Also "Midnite Melodies" and "Pictorial."

New Doctor at the Johnson Hospital

Dr. J. P. Turner, M. D., established residence in Carrizozo this week and is occupying the Johnson Hospital situated across from the Courthouse. The practices of Medicine and Surgery will be conducted by him at that location. Dr. Turner graduated from the University of Arkansas, a grade A Medical School, in 1927. For the past ten years he has practiced in Kansas, where he was associated with the medical department of the Santa Fe Railroad. Three years were spent in the Santa Fe Hospital at Topeka and the past seven years in the hospital at Mulvane. He recently completed post graduate studies at the Los Angeles County Hospital in California.

Attorney George Shipley of Alamogordo was here Tuesday and made the Outlook people a friendly call.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. A. Womack, niece Imogene Wilson, Ralph and Ruth Petty, Mrs. Georgia Harkey and her brother, Marvin Peckham enjoyed a picnic at the White Sands last Sunday.

Floyd Gibbons' ADVENTURERS' CLUB HEADLINES FROM THE LIVES OF PEOPLE LIKE YOURSELF!

"Secret of the Tides"

By FLOYD GIBBONS Famous Headline Hunter

HELLO everybody! Here's a yarn that can be told now, but for a long time it was a secret.

Fred says he can't trot out any adventure story laid in some glamorous place like India, or North Africa, but he sure had a honey of a thrill once out at Rockaway beach.

Fred was just fourteen years old when, in 1924, his folks rented a cottage at Rockaway for the summer.

It was about that time that a strong blow set in from seaward and the ocean began to kick up and get rough.

Caught in a Death-Dealing Riptide!

Near the point where Fred and Harvey always went in swimming was a long pier with a diving board on the end of it.



The pier kept getting farther away every second.

man in a monkey's uncle," he ran down the pier, onto the diving board and out into the water, with Harvey right behind him.

"We both came up nicely about a yard apart," Fred says, "and turned around to swim back to the pier.

The tide was carrying them out at express-train speed and only a man who has been caught in one can realize how powerful a rip-tide can be.

Lucky Fred Encounters Real Hero.

Away off in the distance, Fred could see people dashing about excitedly. One man ran swiftly along the pier Fred had just left, and jumped off the end.

That fellow was a good swimmer and a resourceful man. He told Fred to put his hands on his back and kick the water.

Safely—Six Miles From Starting Point.

But do you notice how Fred says APPARENTLY safe? The truth was that they weren't out of trouble yet, by a long shot.

But the man who had saved Fred wasn't the sort to give up easily. He was just about all in, but he pulled himself together.

Bit by bit they approached the shore, but at the same time they were approaching the channel too.

And then came the solemn and secret bath. Fred says if his folks had ever found out what happened they'd have quit the seashore that same night.

Early California Missions Some of the earliest California missions in the order of their establishment were: San Diego, 1769; San Carlos, 1770; San Antonio, 1771; San Gabriel, 1771; San Luis Obispo, 1772; San Francisco de Asis (Dolora), 1776; San Juan Capistrano, 1776; Santa Clara, 1777; San Buenaventura, 1782; Santa Barbara, 1786; La Purisima Concepcion, 1787; Santa Cruz, 1790; La Soledad, 1791; San Fernando, 1797; San Miguel, 1797; San Juan Bautista, 1797; San Jose, 1797; San Luis Rey, 1799; San Ynez, 1804; San Rafael, 1817, and San Francisco Solano, 1823.

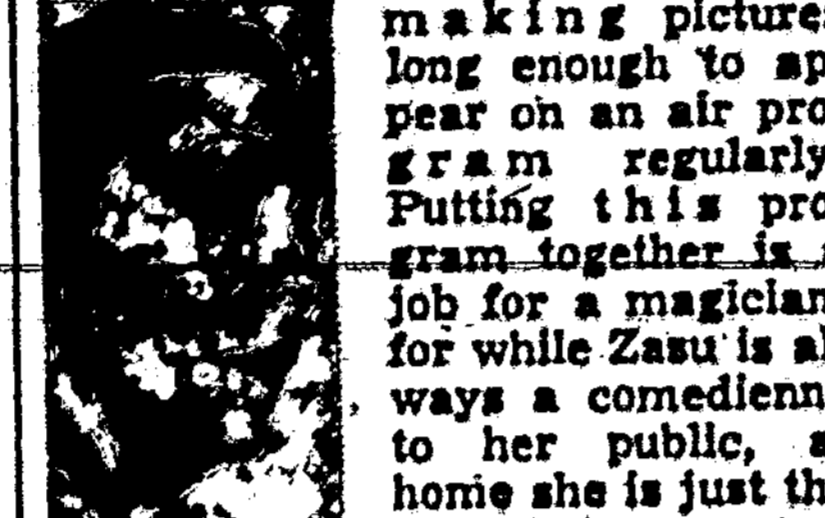
STAR DUST Movie • Radio By VIRGINIA VALE

FANS had to wait two long years for the Marx Brothers' new picture, "A Day at the Races," but it was well worth waiting for.

This picture tops their previous masterpieces of hilarity by several lengths. Groucho is, as usual, the wise guy but when he goes to the race track he is a glib customer.

And Harpo is even greater than usual. He talks—in pantomime only—at great length, and it is a toss-up whether his pantomime or Chico's efforts to translate it into words is funnier.

Planned for fall is a household hints program starring Zasu Pitts, if she can ever stop making pictures long enough to appear on an air program regularly.



Zasu Pitts write funny lines about Zasu's cooking if they had ever sampled it, and her new kitchen which she designed herself is a model of ingenuity, beauty, and efficiency.

Lily Foss' last broadcast of the season before leaving for Hollywood to make "The Girl in the Cage" for RKO was a big night for her.

Motion picture producers have just about given up hope of interesting their public in Shakespeare, but broadcasting companies have decided the bard's stirring lines are just what the public wants.

Everybody would like to have an employer like Walter Wanger. He thinks that every workman ought to have three months a year in which to get away from his job.

Any time Henry Fonda and Gary Cooper want to stop acting and open a traveling art exhibit, they have plenty of lucrative offers.

ODDS AND ENDS—Shirley Temple is learning to yodel for her next picture, "Heidi"...

The Golden Gate Bridge Seven hundred feet longer than the George Washington Memorial bridge across the Hudson at New York, hitherto ranked as the world's greatest suspension bridge...

Washington Digest National Topics Interpreted by William Bruckart

Washington. — This article shall be devoted not to politics nor to affairs of the government of the nation exclusively but to the future—future leaders.

In the Capitol building of our own nation there is raging a bitter debate between two schools of political thought. The question is whether there shall be a law passed that will give to the President of the United States the power to appoint additional justices to the bench of the Supreme court when and if present sitting members reach the age of seventy-five and refuse to retire from active work.

In Spain, a bitter political warfare moves on apace. It is over the question whether Communism or the Russian sort of Fascism of the Italian brand should be the dominant influence in the government of that nation.

In the Far East, along the Russian border, troops of the Japanese emperor and of the Russian dictator, Stalin, glared at each other. Their controversy also involves political bases. That controversy also is complicated by economic conditions. It is a powder keg.

Back in Europe, we find a dictator, Hitler by name, persecuting citizens of Germany almost without end. A political question there is involved and it is complicated deeply by religion and race.

Somewhat set off by the great Alps, although woven intricately into the whole picture, is another disturbing condition. In Italy, Mussolini, having most of his people under his steel boot, is now preparing for new crusades.

Through many years residents of Washington and visitors to the capital of the nation have gloried in a greenward that borders the Potomac river within the District of Columbia.

Building for Future mac river within the District of Columbia. It is a justly famous park, made more beautiful by such stately structures as the monument to George Washington and the great citadel of beauty erected to the memory of Abraham Lincoln.

In this peaceful setting for ten days, more than twenty-six thousand boys—the leaders of the future—were congregated in a National Jamboree of the Boy Scouts of America. Tents were everywhere.

I hope I may be forgiven for interjecting here an expression of my personal feelings. It has been my lot to work hard from the time I put off swaddling clothes. The work I have done and the experiences I have met had a tendency to make me callous, somewhat cynical.

Moreover, there came to me the thoughts of the future of my own two boys and the millions of others just like them—future leaders of a nation that holds forth such possibilities as are best evidenced by the uncampment of those twenty-six thousand then within the range of my vision.

Then, so tribute to these future leaders of our nation and to the nation which bred them can or will be complete without mention of Dr. James E. West, Chief Scout Executive.

the keenest medical minds said he could not live and if he did live would be a hopeless invalid. But Dr. West was made out of the same mold from which came the founders of our nation and from whom, as founders, the traditions and the methods known now as the American way have grown.

Baskets of Lace For Chair Set

Isn't it exciting to think that with your own crochet hook you can fashion a chair or buffet set as lovely and practical as this basket design? A bit of string helps do the trick, giving it durability beyond compare. Even a beginner can do this simple filet crochet, the design set off in open stitch.



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.

Please write your name, address and pattern number plainly.

Smiles

He—You look like a sensible girl. Let's get married. She—Nothing doing. I'm just as sensible as I look.

Confession is good for the soul. But sometimes it's bad for the reputation.

Sex He "Thanks for the hug." "Don't mention it, the pleasure was all mine."

THE END



Old Lady—Does this bus stop at the pier? The Conductor—Well, ma'am, there'll be a terrible splash if it don't.

A correspondent says he is always interested in what happens to his messie after it leaves him. Our trouble is that far too many people are interested in what is going to happen to ours before we even get it.

Expensive Lesson Harold—She says she thinks she can learn to love me. Bill—Well, that seems encouraging—but still you don't look happy.

Harold—No; I took her out last night and the first lesson cost me my whole week's wages.—Washington Post.

STOP AT Denver's Famous Windsor Hotel 16th and Arapahoe, Denver, Colo.

WNU-M 29-37

HELP KIDNEYS

To Get Rid of Acid and Poisonous Waste Your kidneys help to keep you well by removing the waste matter from your blood...

DOAN'S PILLS

Keeping Up With Science

By Science Service

Ex-Mental Patient Warns Dissipation Leads to Collapse

Shun Bad Temper, Drink and Love-Nests, He Says

By MARJORIE VAN DE WATER
Science Service Staff Writer.

New York.—Bad temper, greed, and overweening ambition are blamed for the bringing on of mental disease, by Henry Collins Brown, historian-founder of the Museum of the City of New York, himself a patient for about three years in a state hospital for mental patients and now recovered.

Mr. Brown's own breakdown occurred when, at the age of sixty-five, he was removed from the museum in which were tied up all his hopes and dreams and he was replaced by a younger man. He did not "lose his mind," did not become confused in his thoughts, but he entered a long period of depression during which he ceaselessly paced the floor without rest or even a sense of fatigue.

Love Nests, Liquor Blamed.
"Early in my sojourn I became profoundly impressed with the large number of cases that were what I classed as preventable," Mr. Brown said in summing up these impressions in "A Mind Mislaid," published by Dutton. "That is to say, they were the result of causes that could be avoided. They were the direct and natural consequences of the risks deliberately chosen by the patients themselves. And, of course, when things went wrong, as they invariably did, one or two persons smashed up as a consequence. "Philandering and excessive drinking furnished the largest contingent of these casualties," Mr. Brown declared.

"Love nests rear nothing but 'cuckoos.' That is a piece of 'bug-house' philosophy worth remembering."

Particularly, Mr. Brown warns against the dangers, mental as well as physical, of intense anger.

Self-Control Not Easy.
"We have all known men who allow themselves to get in a towering rage over some very trivial matter," said Mr. Brown. "Perhaps if that man knew that he might snap one of the numerous delicate tissues of the brain, causing him to spend his old age in an insane asylum, he might very readily learn to control himself."

"Now self-control is not an easy matter. Today I can control myself, but who wants to go through what I did to learn a lesson that can be acquired without all that hideous torment and suffering?"
"I often think a few weeks spent in an insane asylum would be the greatest panacea for bad temper that could be devised."

No Trace of Air Found on the Planet Mercury

Cambridge, Mass.—The planet Mercury has no trace of atmosphere, observations of the recent transit of Mercury (the planet passing across the disk of the sun) made at Harvard's astronomical station at Bloemfontein, South Africa, indicate. There was no luminous arc around the planet, indicating no air.

Best astronomical evidence was that Mercury, like the moon, was completely without air, any that it may have had having escaped into space long ago. But the evidence for the lack of Mercury was less detailed than for the moon.

Powdered Bone Used as Remedy for Pyorrhea

New York.—Boiled powdered bone was suggested as a remedy in pyorrhea and diseased jaw bones at a faculty clinic at Columbia university school of dental and oral surgery here.

Powdered bone was successful in treating pyorrhea and jaw bone damage in dogs, Dr. Frank E. Beabe reported.

The bone used was obtained from the long bones of sheep and cows. This boiled powdered bone was packed into the holes surgically produced in the jaw bone to resemble the holes produced by disease or injury. Within a few weeks new bone, natural cement layer, and other dental tissues had grown in to replace those lost. In the case of pyorrhea, a "quite loose" tooth was firm in its socket after the powdered bone treatment had healed the diseased condition.

Enforce Simple Rules of Road to Cut Traffic Toll

Drivers in Mishaps Must Appear for Hearings

By ROBERT D. POTTER
Science Service Writer.
Washington.—As the League of Nations has long since found out, you can set up all sorts of rules and regulations but their success depends on the kind of enforcement which goes along with them. Something of the same kind of situation exists in regard to the intricate and varied traffic laws and regulations which are invisibly but firmly wound around every driver of a motor vehicle on the roads of America today.

The current and encouraging trend among thinking traffic experts today is toward simplification rather than an augmentation of the traffic rules. Four simple, basic "rules of the road" are suggested by Dr. H. C. Dickinson, chief of the heat and power division of the national bureau of standards in Washington and chairman of the important highway research board of the National Research Council.

Condensed in summary these rules are:

1. Stick to your own lane of traffic with but two thoughts in mind. Watch the car ahead and warn the car behind when you do anything which changes your movement in your own traffic lane.

Wait for Other's Signal.
2. Realize that you have no right to cross or turn into another traffic lane. You do so at your own risk and must not do so without proper signal.

3. Change from your own traffic lane only after having given a specific signal or by a clear indication by the motion of your car. BUT, do not complete the movement until you have received a signal from the other driver that he will yield his right of way.

4. At no time exceed such speeds that your car cannot be stopped in its own traffic lane before interfering with other traffic in this lane, or with traffic which may reasonably be expected to enter your lane even without a right to do so.

Dr. Dickinson, however, is not merely content to set up such simple basic rules. He knows that for the proper enforcement rests their effectiveness.

Get Both Parties in Court.
Any traffic accident, says Dr. Dickinson, means that one of the four basic rules has been violated. It is probable that both parties have been guilty in this respect and the fact of the accident itself should be prima-facie evidence of such violation. A consideration of each accident in this fashion would put it up to the fellow who had not violated the rules of safety to show that he had not.

Consequently, states Dr. Dickinson, both parties should be required to appear at a hearing on the accident in question. If one of the parties is innocent he should be able to prove it in court.

In order to get both parties to an accident into court, it should be obligatory, contends Dr. Dickinson, that both parties report any collision in which there is personal injury or damage to cars other than to fenders or bumpers. Failure of either party in the accident to report it, should be considered as "leaving the scene of the accident." A system of small rewards might be installed to encourage anyone to report traffic accidents.

Oldest Land Plant Is Discovered in Sweden

Cambridge, Mass.—The world's oldest land plant, estimated to be about 500,000,000 years old or almost twice as old as previously discovered specimens, has been detected from its fossil remains by a Harvard scientist.

The primitive shoot, found in black oil shale from Sweden, is believed to have lived during the Cambrian era, a fact that substantially doubles the known age of higher plant forms on earth.

Warn Children Against Playing With "Dry Ice"

Chicago.—Don't let children get hold of "dry ice," warn Drs. Max L. Som and A. Harry Neffson of New York city.

One of the popular neighborhood diversions is to beg or buy some carbon dioxide snow and to put a small piece of it in the mouth. Then the child will blow off "steam."

These two physicians report the case of a seven-year-old boy who swallowed a piece of "dry ice," in the Journal of the American Medical Association. The boy is all right today, but it took a great deal of medical treatment and surgery before the damage was repaired.

SAVING TIME IN GETTING MEALS

Ready-to-Use Foods Are Big Help in Hot Weather.

By EDITH M. BARBER
THESE are the days when the housekeeper takes advantage of the ready-to-use foods and makes her usual quick meals a matter of minutes as far as their preparation is concerned. Perhaps she will select a variety of sliced cooked meat which may include various types of what we call summer sausages, although most of them can be obtained in winter.

With ham or chicken she may like to use one of the fancy loaves of mixed meats, liverwurst and a salami type of sausage. By the way, if you are picky about the usual garlic flavor, you may now get salami minus garlic. And have you tried the very popular new sausages flavored with Angostura bitters? One of two kinds of sliced cheese also may be arranged with the meat and a most attractive platter will result if a garnish of green leaves, parsley and radishes is added.

With a platter of this sort, you may like to serve a smaller platter of relishes, which is colorful and refreshing, if slivers of raw carrots, dill pickles, cucumbers and flowerets of raw cauliflower are arranged in alternating piles.

Left-over cold meats may be made into a most appetizing jellied loaf if thought is taken one evening for the next night's dinner. Gelatin may be soaking, bouillon cubes may be dissolved in boiling water; the two may then be combined while supper is being prepared. The mixture may chill in the refrigerator, while the meat is eaten. Afterward, the meats may be cut into pieces and added with minced celery, carrots, onion and any left over cooked vegetables to the gelatin mixture which has begun to thicken. If this is poured into a loaf pan and put in the refrigerator, the main dish will be ready to serve the next evening with a garnish of mayonnaise, sliced tomatoes and cucumbers, mixed with a French dressing.

Russian Dressing.
1/2 cup mayonnaise
1/2 cup whipped cream
1/2 cup chili sauce
1 tablespoon minced green pepper

Mix ingredients thoroughly and serve.

Tartare Sauce.
1 cup mayonnaise
2 tablespoons minced parsley
2 tablespoons minced chives or onion
2 tablespoons minced capers
2 tablespoons minced olives
2 tablespoons minced cucumber pickles
1 teaspoon tarragon vinegar

Mix the ingredients thoroughly and serve.

Plum Marmalade.
3 pounds plums
1 pound seeded raisins
3 oranges, cut into small pieces
Juice of two lemons
3 pounds sugar
1 pound chopped nuts

Wash plums, remove stones and cut into small pieces. Add raisins, oranges, lemon juice and sugar to a preserving kettle and let come slowly to a boil. Cook slowly until the fruit is clear and sirup-thick. Add nuts, cook one minute and then pour into clean, hot jars. Seal with an eighth of an inch layer of paraffin.

Raspberry Jam.
Wash raspberries and crush them. Weigh the crushed berries and add three-fourths as much sugar by weight. Boil mixture until it is thick and clear. Long boiling should be avoided, because it makes the jam dark and strong. Pack hot into clean jars and seal immediately.

Foached Eggs on Toast
6 eggs
1 tablespoon butter
Salt
6 slices toast

Melt butter. Turn out fire. Break the eggs into a small dish, slip into the pan, cover and let stand three to five minutes. When of the desired consistency, remove and serve on buttered toast. Dot with butter and add pepper if desired.

Baked Beans.
1 quart beans
1/2 pound salt pork
1 1/2 teaspoons salt
1 teaspoon mustard
1/2 cup molasses
Boiling water

Soak the beans in cold water overnight. Drain, cover with fresh water, and cook until soft. Drain and place in an earthen bean-pot. Bury the meat in the beans. Mix salt, mustard and molasses, and add one-fourth cup boiling water. Pour over the beans and add enough boiling water to cover. Cover, and bake in a slow oven, 250 degrees Fahrenheit, eight hours.

Fruit Salad Dressing.
1/2 cup sugar
1/2 cup melted butter
1/2 teaspoon dry mustard
Pinch of salt
1 egg
1 tablespoon vinegar
1 tablespoon pineapple juice

Cream butter and sugar, add dry ingredients, add to beaten egg and beat together; then add vinegar and pineapple juice and cook in double boiler until thick, stirring all the time.

For Discriminating People



Now is the time for all smart women to come to the aid of their wardrobes. Sew-Your-Own wants to lend a hand, Milady; hence today's trio of mid-summer pace makers.

At The Left.
A trim little reminder that careful grooming is an asset anywhere, anytime, is this frock. It features simplicity. Its forte is comfort. Make one version in cotton for all purpose wear, another of sports silk for dressy occasions.

In The Center.
Here you have a light and breezy ensemble that's the perfect attire for Society. It has cosmopolitan dash, refinement, and engaging charm. Once more you'll be the subject of complimentary tea table talk with your delightfully slender silhouette. Make it of sheer chiffon or more

durable acetate. You'll have a hit in either.

At The Right.
The little lady who likes unusual touches in her frocks will go for this new dress and pantie set. It has the chic of mommy's dresses plus a little-girl daintiness that is more than fetching. Wrap around styling makes it easy for even the tiniest girl to get into and it's quite a time saver on ironing day.

The Patterns.
Pattern 1237 is designed for sizes 34 to 40. Size 36 requires 4 1/2 yards of 35 inch material plus 1/2 yard contrasting for collar.
Pattern 1333 is designed for sizes 36 to 52. Size 38 requires 7 1/2 yards of 39 inch material. The dress alone requires 4 1/2 yards. To line the jacket requires 2 1/2 yards of 39 inch material.
Pattern 1322 is designed for

Household Questions

Browning Biscuits.—Biscuits can be given rich brown tops by brushing the tops with a pastry brush dipped in milk before placing them in the oven.

To Clean the Piano.—Use the suction cleaner to remove dust from the inside of the piano, and clean the keys with a soft cloth moistened with methylated spirit. Polish with a chamois leather.

Cooking Cabbage.—Cabbage should be cooked only until tender when tested with a fork. Too much cooking results in changed color and an indigestible product.

Heating the Oven.—Open the oven door for a minute soon after the gas has been lit and you will find that the oven will get hot much quicker. By doing so you let out the moisture that always collects when the oven is not in use.

Disagreeable Odor.—The smell of new paint has a very bad effect on some people. To minimize it, fill a pail of water and sprinkle in it some hay and one or two onions, freshly sliced; Stand this in a room newly painted, and much of the smell will be neutralized.

When Drawers Stick.—Black lead or black lead pencil rubbed on the edges of a drawer will enable it to be opened and shut quite easily.

WNU Service.

sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, and 12 years. Size 6 requires 3 1/2 yards of 35 inch material plus 5/8 yards of ribbon for trimming as pictured. Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., Room 1020, 211 W. Wacker Dr., Chicago, Ill. Price of patterns, 15 cents (in coins) each.

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THE CLUE COPPER SCREEN

MELVIN PURVIS FORMER ACE G-MAN
invites all boys and girls to become
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Melvin Purvis, former Ace G-Man who founded the Junior G-Man Corps, has formed a new organization—Melvin Purvis' Law-and-Order Patrol. Members are called Secret Operators. They have special codes, passwords, and special equipment. This story is taken from the secret files and published to prove that CRIME DOES NOT PAY.

Purvis is called in to investigate mysterious jewelry robbery at Harbordview, the wealthy Tucker family estate. Purvis plans to plant two of his young Secret Operators, Laura and Gertie, on the place. Mr. Tucker's niece and nephew, so they can best for clues without arousing suspicion...

AT THE TUCKER ESTATE
THIS WINDOW WAS FORCED BY MR. PURVIS.

LAURA AND GERTIE SEARCH FOR A CLUE TO THE MYSTERY... ONE DAY THEY APPROACH A SMALL SHACK ON A NEIGHBORING STREET WHERE A GARDENER, WHOSE TOOLS, AND...

GET OUT OF HERE, YOU DON'T COME SNOOPING AROUND MY PLACE OR...

THE MEAL DETECTOR shows when 2 pieces of metal come from the same original piece, it showed Purvis that the metal on the shears came from the copper screen in the Tucker home.

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HAND IN OVER, MORETTA! YOUR BIG MISTAKE WAS FORGETTING TO SCRAPES THE COPPER OFF THOSE BREAKS AFTER YOU CUT THE SCREEN!

THE JEWELS!
WE WERE RIGHT, LAURA!

Boys and Girls!
BE A SECRET OPERATOR IN MY NEW LAW-AND-ORDER PATROL! GET MY NEW SECRET OPERATOR'S MANUAL CONTAINING SPECIAL INSTRUCTIONS... CODES AND PASSWORDS... SECRETS OF CRIME DETECTION... HOW TO WIN PROMOTION TO HIGHER RANKS... ALSO: PICTURES OF ALL MY WONDERFUL FREE PRIZES TO BE A SECRET OPERATOR. JUST SEND ME THE COUPON BELOW, WITH TWO RED POST TOASTIES PACKAGE-TOPS.

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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

1930 MEMBER

Office Phone No. 24

EDITORIAL COLUMN

Still Deep in the Red

By RAYMOND PITCAIRN
National Chairman
Sentinels of the Republic

For more than six months Congress has sat in virtually continuous session. What work has it completed?

With one exception, little that the average citizen can recall. And that exception is by no means novel. It is merely a continuance of the free-handed spending of the people's money, which for the seventh consecutive year has kept our national finances deep, deep in the red.

At the close of the fiscal year, on June 30, for example, the national deficit—which means the excess of expenditure over income—was approximately \$2,500,000,000.

And the public debt—which means postponed taxes—exceeded \$16,000,000,000.

There have, of course, been promises at Washington of efforts to eliminate extravagance, and with it such staggering cost-accounts.

But, somehow, the evidence of financial restraint has been lacking. Appropriation bills have remained lavish, "nuisance taxes" have been extended, "must" legislation for economy has been absent.

All this public spending—as every housewife knows—brings inevitably in its train higher costs of living. Rising food prices constitute today an emphatic reminder of that fact.

On Congress rests the responsibility for spending the people's money. But that responsibility should not be one-sided.

Congress should accept the responsibility for saving some of the people's money for them as well.

And on the evidence of such responsibility members of Congress may expect to be judged when next they appear to their employers—the men and women who foot the bill—for a vote of confidence at the polls.

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Meetings—2nd & 4th Fridays

In The Probate Court

State of New Mexico) ss.
County of Lincoln)
In the Matter of the Estate of
Samuel H. Hendricks, Deceased,
No. 448

Notice of Appointment of
Administratrix

Notice is hereby given that on the 7th day of July, 1937, the undersigned was appointed administratrix of the estate of Samuel H. Hendricks, 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.

Margaret Lou Hendricks,
Administratrix.
J8-30 Capitan, N. M.

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Maltese still practice a systematized exchange of wives in Tahiti, largest of the French Society Islands.

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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.
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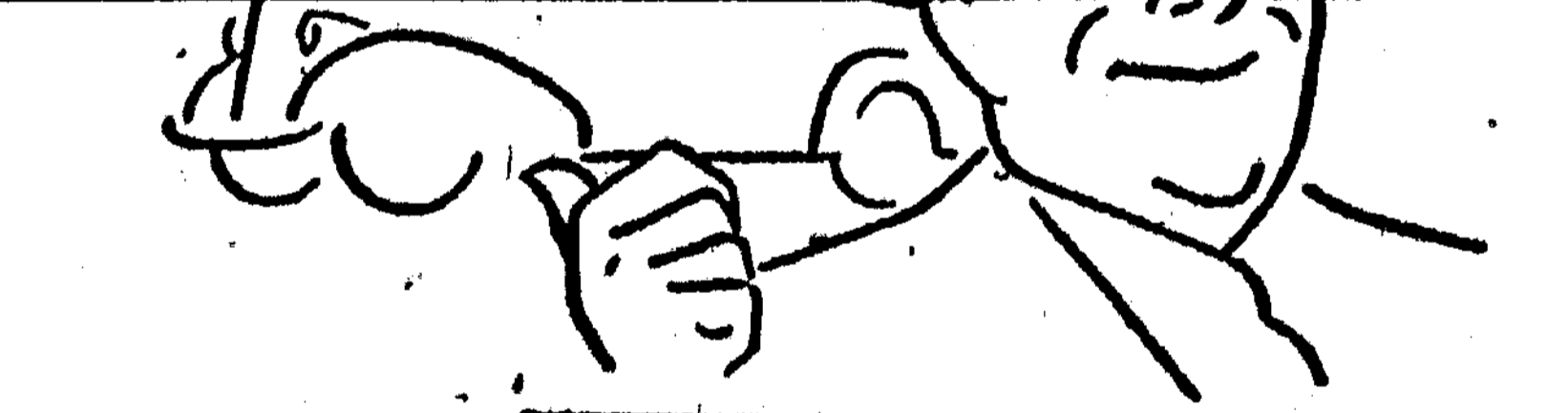
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NOTE

Alamogordo (The New Team) Vs. Carrizozo

Sunday, July 25 Local Park

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Feel full of pep and possess the slender form you crave—you can't if you listen to fads. To take off excess fat go light on fatty meats, butter, cream and sugary sweets—eat more fruit and vegetables and take a half teaspoonful of Kruuschen Salts in a glass of hot water every morning to eliminate excess waste. Mrs. Emma Verille of Havre de Grace, Md., writes: "I took off 20 lbs.—my clothes fit me fine now." No drastic cathartics—no constipation—but blissful daily bowel action when you take your little daily dose of Kruuschen.

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Entertaining and informative comment on the sports of the season.
HUGH BRADLEY

Participation in some, and critical observation of all sports, has made Bradley one of America's foremost sports authorities.
READ
Hugh Bradley Says:
each week in
Outlook

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By dissolving and removing mucus or phlegm that causes straining, choking, Asthma attacks, the doctor's prescription, Mendenso removes the cause of your agony. No smokes, no doses, no injections. Absolutely tasteless. Starts work in 3 minutes. Sleep soundly tonight. Boys feel well, years younger, stronger, and eat anything. Guaranteed completely satisfactory or money back. If your druggist is out ask him to order Mendenso for you. Don't suffer another day. The guaranteed protectioi rest.

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"YES! I A BUSINESS MAN MAY SAY HE 'DONT BELIEVE IN ADVERTISING' BUT HE ALWAYS GETS UNEASY WHEN HIS COMPETITOR STARTS DOIN' IT!

IF YOU'RE RUBY ABOUT YOUR PRINTING, TRY US—SO ARE WE!

'DOWN UNDER'



Rolling on the Green is One of the Favorite Sports in New Zealand.

New Zealand Is Country of Scenic Wonders and Many Odd Paradoxes

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

ON DECEMBER 16, 1642,

Abel Tasman stood on the deck of the Heemskirk in the South Pacific and gazed out toward an unknown "great, high, bold land." At the hands of an unimaginative cartographer the new wavy lines added to the map became New Zealand, after the Netherlands Province of Zealand, to which it bears not the least resemblance. The inappropriateness of its name, however, is not the only paradox of this British Dominion of the Far South.

Captain James Cook, who first explored the islands a century and a quarter later, took possession of them for his country only to have his claims rejected. Britain still later hoisted the Union Jack over the land to prevent French immigrants from settling in the place they cherished. The country's capital bears the name Wellington, but the Iron Duke stood firm against the annexation.

Many New Zealanders who have never been away from the island's shores, and whose parents likewise were born in the Dominion, still speak of England as "home."

Here in an area approximately the size of Colorado are grouped the snow-capped peaks of Switzerland, geysers of a Yellowstone, volcanic cones of Java and Japan, and the lakes of Italy; the mineral springs of Czechoslovakia, froids of Norway, seacoasts of Maine and California, and waterfalls higher than Yosemite.

Largest and Smallest Plains. Glaciers slip down sharp mountainsides from vast snow fields into subtropical bush. A short ride through a pass in the Southern Alps will take one from impenetrable evergreen forests into barren tussock-covered lands.

New Zealand is the home of the massive kauri pines, some of which measure 22 feet in diameter and have reached hoary ages that rank them next to the sequoias. It also is the home of the smallest known representative of the pine-tree family. Giant fuchsia grow to the height of 40 feet; a white butterfly has blooms four inches in diameter; flax is produced from a lily; man has imported all of the mammals, and many of the native birds cannot fly.

The Maori were the first-known colonists of these southern islands. Guided only by the stars and a knowledge of the winds and ocean currents, they boldly piloted their slender double canoes from their homeland of "Hawaiti" (probably Tahiti and the Cook Islands) to the shores of New Zealand in the fourteenth century. Legend credits them with having followed the sailing directions of the famous Polynesian navigator, Kupe, who is said to have preceded them by 400 years.

To the new land they gave the lily, vowel-studded name, Aotearoa, which is variously translated as "The Long White Cloud," "The Land of Long Daylight," and "The Long, Bright Land."

Here they lived, increased, warred against each other, and cultivated their taro and the more important kumara, or sweet potato, which they brought with them. Then came whalers, missionaries, and traders; and colonists arrived with gunpowder, conflicting social standards, and the desire to carve out new homes.

Principal City Thrives. Protracted Maori wars, contested land claims, the discovery of gold, lead, and silver, and a heavy depression—New Zealand passed through them all before she settled down to economic equilibrium.

With its 2,100,000 people Auckland today has more than twice the British population of the whole country in the early 60's of the last century. As a ship heads the end of its 6,000-mile journey from the west coast of the United States, or the 1,300-mile span from Australia, it skirts the islands that stud the cobalt waters of Hauraki gulf, enters Waitemata harbor, and finally ties up at the very feet of the thriving city.

The early business chose well when they staked out this harbor-side settlement that once served the country as capital and now is the largest city in New Zealand.

Long ago Nature's forces, not man's industry, reigned in this locality. Within a radius of ten miles there are more than 60 burnt-out volcanic cones. Stand on the top of Mount Eden, one of the best-preserved of the craters, which rises like an observation post near the center of the city, and you see the once-fiery throats bulging or forming symmetrical cones on the landscape.

From this same vantage point it is apparent how narrowly North Island escaped being divided in two. The isthmus upon which Auckland sprawls, between the Waitemata harbor, looking out toward the Pacific, and the Manukau harbor, opening westward to the Tasman sea, is only eight miles wide. River estuaries, and other indentations narrow it in places to a scant mile. Veritably, water seems almost to encircle the red- and green-roofed maze of the city's business blocks and suburban residences.

Abounds in Flowers. Business hovers close to Queen's street, which leads up from the wharves, and in its adjacent narrow, twisting thoroughfares. But if the people responsible for the city's growth have failed somewhat in town planning so far as the streets are concerned, they have more than exonerated themselves in providing broad park spaces.

The parks seem almost numberless. To them the flush of the subtropics gives perpetual freshness and color. Flowers luxuriate all the year round. Even the race course has an avenue of palms and extensive beds of blooms that would do justice to a botanical garden.

One cannot move about Auckland long without the new War Memorial museum claiming attention. It stands out boldly, a massive white Grecian building, above the wide greensward on the heights of the Domain. Here are housed treasures from many lands, but most interesting of all is the comprehensive collection of Maori objects on display—the homes, elaborately carved storehouses, war canoes, war implements, and handicrafts of that powerful native race.

Rolling southward in January from Auckland on the ribbon of concrete and asphalt, you pass soon into smiling open country, checkerboarded with fields. Men are having and herds of sleek cattle and sheep graze on a hundred rolling hills.

Agriculture was the task to which the New Zealand colonists first directed their efforts, but in the passing years they have come to rely more and more on pastoral enterprise. An experimental shipment of frozen meat sent to England in 1822 pointed the way out of a pinching depression that had followed the collapse of a land boom.

Historic Battle Scenes. Today New Zealand butter and other dairy products have attained world-wide distribution. Of more than 4,300,000 cattle pasturing on the land, nearly half are dairy stock. More than 23,000,000 sheep also range North and South islands, making New Zealand the world's seventh largest sheep-producing country and the fifth largest in wool production.

Near the little town of Mercer was the old frontier between Maori and colonist. The whole region is historic ground, for here in 1863-4 the Maori warriors tested the best of the British troops and long made pioneering a perilous venture. Today, instead of a battleground, the district is a peaceful, English-flavored countryside. Upon a hill now stands the St. Stephens Maori Boys' college, where Maori youths are being trained for useful pursuits.

Just beyond Hamilton, the largest provincial town in Auckland province, you may run into pastures that are smoldering and eating into the black soil in many places. The continued dry, hot summer weather causes an outbreak of many of these destructive fires.

A few miles to the west of the main road that leads to Te Kuiti are the fascinating Waitomo caves. Interest in the caves blazes on a glow worm—an unusual cavernous glowworm—scientifically, the *Photophorus luminescens*.

The Glowworm grotto is a magically moonlit spot. Floating along in a boat on the stillness of a subterranean stream, one looks up at myriads of these tiny creatures, with their lamps alight, that cover the roof of the cavern like a dense, scintillating Milky Way.

NOT IN THE BOX SCORE:

JIM TEN EYCK Jr., younger son of Syracuse's old man of the river, is reported to have for that crew coaching job at Princeton... A special act of Congress provides that the Coast Guard must be available to patrol courses wherever boat races are held... To celebrate his latest wrestling reunion with Jack Carly, promoter Jack Pfeiffer has submitted to a hair cut... Is it true that Dixie Howell of Reno Bowl fame is due to rejoin the Tigers any day now? They say he is burning up the Texas league.

All reports to the contrary, Bill Bonthron will not attempt another comeback. Bonnie's business is too good and his horse life too happy for him to monkey with fate. His workouts are simply to ease the heart that was three times its normal size when he graduated from Princeton in 1934. From now on he'll merely be in the stands applauding while others are setting track records.

Note to the eminent editor Marcus Griffin—"Why do you keep insisting one of our present day New York boxing commissioners is copying a page out of the book of a lamented predecessor in the job? Don't you know that celebrated gentleman never put anything in writing?"... Add scenes I like: Mothers greeting tall breasted Yale and Harvard sons in the Mexican lobby on the night of the annual boat race... Add scenes I don't like: The way sports writers are letting baseball magazines get away with their plans for ditching that All-Star baseball game the fans like so well.

Navy football followers are out on one of the earliest yardarms, many of them already claiming the Eastern championship. Incidentally, they have something more than rumor and the customary handsome donation from congress to support them this time, too. Last fall's plebe team was one of the strongest in years, the line is heavy, replacements are powerful and Young Bill Ingram ranks with the best triple threats.

Larry Snyder, Ohio State track coach, predicts there will be several 7 foot high jumpers in a few years and also 15 foot pole vaulters... Two of Snyder's high jumpers, Dave Albritten and Mel Walker, have cleared 6 feet 3/4 inches... Purdue and Notre Dame, who divided a two year series in football a few seasons ago, will play another game at South Bend in 1939.

Bill Dinneen, in his 28th season as an American league umpire, never has missed a game... Gene Sarazen plans to compete in the Japanese open golf tournament this summer... Lee Grissom, the Cincinnati Reds' contribution to the National league's All-Star pitching staff, never had a baseball in his hand until seven years ago... Milton Berle, the giggle gagster, is taking boxing lessons from Mushy Callahan, former junior welterweight champion... Jack Johnson believes he can outbox Joe Louis right now... Braddock thought so, too... Hank Greenberg of the Tigers has bet \$100 that Jimmy Fox of the Red Sox will finish the season with an average of .330 or better.

Nap Lajoie, the old Cleveland second baseman, used one bat throughout his brilliant major league career... It now is on exhibition at a Louisville hat factory... Ace Parker, Duke University's all-around athlete who has been sent to Atlanta by the Athletics, will return to school in February to receive a degree... Bowling costs Harvard from \$15,000 to \$20,000 annually... Bill McWilliams, the former De Paul athlete who began the season with Los Angeles, has replaced Dixie Howell of Alabama and Reese Bowl fame at third base for Memphis... Sammy Baugh is playing semi-pro baseball at Falls, Tex.

They say in the locker room—that Gene Sarazen still sticks to his opinion that Sammy Sneed will be the greatest golfer of all time whenever the boys try to break him down... That Frank Walsh, the Chicago-born pro once was given no chance to live after suffering a fractured skull when his auto wrapped itself around a pole. A few months later he was a finalist with Olin Dutra in the 1933 P. G. A. test at St. Paul. Also that Walsh's father, who brought five golfing sons into the world, never has had a golf club in his hand and will see his first movie when Farnell gets to Chicago. He was one of Farnell's followers during the Irish revolution... That Johnny Goodman, who used to be a little fellow himself, told Frank Strafaci to get plenty of sleep if he wanted to put on weight. Johnny is up to 170 now and never gets less than nine hours a night... That Johnny Farrell's favorite color is green... That Jimmy Hines is plenty sore because some one printed a story that he uses 700 shoes. It's true but it gives people the wrong impression, for Jimmy has had the shoes for five years and they have outlasted seven pairs of regular ones.

Earle Meadows, the sky scraping pole vaulter, seemed to promise he expects to clear 15 feet 3 inches before the season is over... But he's better after this year's regrettably... Coach John F. Nicholson of Notre Dame will be in charge of the U. S. track team which tours England and Europe this summer.

Gene Sarazen

WHERE COLUMBUS LANDED

Question of Spot in New World He Actually Discovered Definitely Settled by the Author; Famous Explorer's Tomb Opened to Him



As a special favor to the author, the Dominican government permitted the chest containing the bones of Columbus to be opened so that he might view them, as pictured at upper left. The map makes it easier to follow the proof of the actual discovery of America, as described by Mr. Halliburton. Below it is shown the beach on Watling's Island in the Bahamas, where Columbus first set foot on American soil.

By RICHARD HALLIBURTON Author of "The Royal Road to Romance," etc.

A WESTERLY gale was blowing across the Atlantic, driving before it the three immortal little caravels. For over two months, Columbus and his crew had been sailing blindly westward. Hope was exhausted, and from all sides the Admiral was beseeched to turn back. Perhaps he might have, had not a sailor on board the Pinta, at two o'clock in the morning, seen in the moonlight a line of white surf breaking on a tongue of land.

Land! But where? What land, on our modern charts? Some Bahaman island, without a doubt. The Indians called it Guanahani. Columbus named it San Salvador. But which island is San Salvador? Unfortunately, Columbus' original log-book disappeared soon after his death, but not before Fray Las Casas, a contemporary, had made faithful copies of parts of it, one part being dated October 12, 1492. The cleric, no man of science, failed to preserve the mathematical reckonings which would have located the island exactly. He did however extract literally Columbus' picturesque description of his landfall.

Seaman First Saw Land.

And that is how we know a stiff wind was blowing toward the west on the night of the discovery; and that Rodrigo, a seaman, was the first to see the tongue of land gleaming in the moonlight.

The same Spanish copy of the original record describes "San Salvador": "This island is quite large and very level. It has a large lake in the center. The shape of the island is that of a bean, and the vegetation so luxuriant that it is a pleasure to behold it." On October 14, after two days ashore, Columbus also wrote: "At daybreak I had the boats of the caravels made ready and went along the island in a north-easterly direction in order to see the villages. The inhabitants, coming to the shore, beseeched us to land there, but I was afraid of a reef of rocks, which entirely surrounded the island. But within this belt is a harbor of such size, that there would be ample room for all the vessels of Christendom."

This is not a great deal of information. But it is all that exists, and with it my pilot and I laid our course for the Bahamas.

Four days I had spent exploring from the sea and the air, and so far not one of the islands had remotely fitted the description given in the log-book. Perhaps Columbus, who did not hesitate to enlarge his discoveries, was romancing again. Perhaps there was no lake, no harbor, except in his imagination. There still remained, however, one more island to be explored—Watling's Island, the seawardmost of all.

Watling's island was in the news in 1922, when the directors of the Columbus exposition accepted it as San Salvador and raised a small monument on the east shore to mark the place where Columbus presumably landed. An excellent book by Rudolf Cronau, more carefully researched and more persuasive than the others I had read, also

lent considerable weight to the possibility that Watling might be the right island. But when I flew over the exposition's monument and down the east coast, I saw, not one coral reef paralleling the coast as Columbus described, but three. The caravels would not have dared come within a league of this shore, day or night, and certainly not while a high wind was blowing, as the log-book recorded.

Successful Search.

But the flight disclosed something else—a large lake in the center of the island—very large, and precisely in the center. Suddenly alert, we climbed higher in the seaplane, to 8,000 feet... Watling's island was visible below in its entirety, and it was unmistakably shaped like a bean. I looked for the encircling belt of coral reef. It was there, surrounding the island with scarcely a break. But what about the harbor? The coast was without any indentation whatsoever. And then I saw the harbor too. It was made by the reef swinging far out from shore at the northern end and back again, leaving a perfectly calm basin a mile wide inside the barrier, which acted as a natural breakwater. The basin was indeed big enough to hold all the ships of Fifteenth-century Christendom.

San Salvador! I had my Island!

But since it was apparent, even from the air, that the landing monument was wrongly placed, I decided to search further and discover, if possible, the actual spot where Columbus stepped ashore in the New World.

The east coast, facing Spain, was obviously out of the question, for its unbroken phalanx of reefs makes it unapproachable from the sea. Columbus would not have ventured such a hazardous in a rowboat, much less a sailing ship. However, on the west coast, right beside the hamlet of Cockburn, there is a beautiful beach, which boats can reach through a wide break in the coral wall. Columbus, as he reports in his log-book, having seen the moonlit tongue of land, lay to until daylight; and with the prevailing east wind, must have drifted past the northern tip of the reef. And then, during the morning, he sailed south, and finding the breach in the barrier, steered through and dropped anchor before the unobstructed beach. And it was here, on the leeward, the safe side, of the island, that he went ashore.

My seaplane, descending to within 30 feet of the sea, easily spotted the low coral cay that Rodrigo had first seen at the northern tip. We followed Columbus' course down the west coast, into the opening in the reef, landed on the lagoon inside, and came to a stop on the very same spot, I suspect, where the Santa Maria dropped her sails.

Exploration of Harbor.

What schoolboy has not seen the painting of Columbus disembarking on the beach with his sword aloft, his flag unfurled, and the Indians staring at him in wonder? I should have liked as a dramatic arrival. But instead of a Spanish admiral and his captains all dressed in purple velvet, two grubby aviators came ashore dressed in cotton coveralls, and suffering nothing more royal than a couple of postage mottos, with which we were removing the splatters of oil from our eyes. The negro "Indians" however (the inhabitants are entirely negro, and number no more than 76) were suitably astonished. For ours was

the first flying ship ever to visit the island, and the first most of them had ever seen.

The Grave of Columbus.

But another question now rose to plague me. Where is the great discoverer buried? Columbus died in 1506, in the Spanish city of Valladolid. His repeated request, when he felt death approaching, was that his body be buried in Hispaniola, the rich and beautiful island he had discovered on his first voyage. On this island had risen a thriving port, Santo Domingo.

To this New World cross-roads, therefore, Columbus' remains were transferred in 1540. The leaden casket, when it arrived from Spain, was reinterred with proper ceremony in the newly-built cathedral on the gospel side of the altar. At the same time the body of Diego Columbus, the son, was transferred to Santo Domingo and placed beside that of his father. Both graves were marked with marble slabs. Then in 1686, the English attacked Santo Domingo, and the church authorities, to protect the grave from desecration, destroyed the marble slabs and obliterated everything which might reveal the location of the bodies. Nor were new slabs ever put in place.

Perhaps that might be the situation even today had not Spain, in 1795, been forced to cede Hispaniola to France. Unwilling to surrender the body of their great national hero, the Spaniards decided to remove the Columbus casket to Cuba. They dug into the cathedral floor, below the altar, just where tradition said the grave lay. Coming to a lead casket they reverentially removed it to the cathedral in Havana, and sealed it in a vault in the presbytery wall.

Opening the Casket.

After that the Santo Domingo cathedral, bereft of its glory, was allowed to fall into such decay that by 1877 it had to be completely rebuilt. Delving below the stone floor before the altar, the workmen came upon an ancient lead casket just like the one removed to Havana in 1795. On the lid were inscribed the abbreviations, D. de la A. per Ate., which Rudolf Cronau, the great authority on Columbus, has translated as "Descubridor de la America. Primer Amirançe"—that is, Discoverer of America, First Admiral. On three sides of the box were engraved, one to each side, the letters C. C. A.—which could stand for Cristoval Colon, Almirante.

Realizing that this find was probably of extraordinary importance, the bishop of the diocese invited all the dignitaries of Dominican state and church, as well as the foreign consuls, to witness the opening of the casket. When the lid was raised it revealed on its under side a third inscription, Ilustre y Excmo. Sr. Dn. Cristoval Colon, which could only be interpreted as "Ilustre y Excmo. Sr. Don Cristoval Colon"—illustrious and most noble Baron Christopher Columbus.

There could be no doubt whose bones these were, crumbling in the bottom of the box. It was not October 12 when I reached Santo Domingo to visit the old cathedral. Nevertheless, a friendly church official granted me an extraordinary favor by opening the bronze chest and permitting me to examine the casket privately and at length.

Poor Man's Gold

Courtney Ryley Cooper
© Courtney Ryley Cooper
WNY Service

CHAPTER VII—Continued

"With Olson? I thought he was after your mother."
"She's after him, you mean. It's sickening. Now I've been rung into it. He wants to give a big dinner to celebrate this strike."
"Well?"
"I simply can't sit through a party like that. You've got to get me out of it—tell him that we're going for an airplane ride, anything. It's to be Fourth of July night."
"What time?"
"Seven o'clock."
"Thanks for that. I was afraid it would be later. I've got to be away by ten. I've promised to be with McKenzie Joe. It's something. I can't break. I simply can't. You'll let me go by ten?"
It was with a bit of pique that the said good-bye to him the night of Olson's party. Hammond almost ran from the cottage to his cabin. Joe already was dressing, a funeral procedure.

He patted at the buttoning of his collar, stretching his neck dolefully as he strove to accustom it to its confines. He peered into the crinkly mirror and tied his blue tie with its red polka dots for a third and a fourth time. He took his old hat to the door and brushed it meticulously; he had forgotten to order a new one. He rubbed another dose of bear grease on his boots. He put on his electric blue coat, and gave a hitch to his electric blue trousers with their impressed box wrinkles at the knees. Then he walked dolefully to the door.

"Ready?" he asked Jack.
There was quite a crowd in front of the dance hall when they arrived in Whoopee. At intervals a bomb hurled from a mortar into the air and exploded with a detonation which threw itself from mountain peak to mountain peak in scintillatingly ceaseless echoes.

Around the World Annie, resplendent in a dress of star-spangled bunting, topped by a blue-and-white tricorne, trimmed with a red cockade, was vociferously greeting all comers.

"Liberty frightening th' world!" she shouted. "Ray for Whoopee!" "Whoopee yourself!" shouted a miner.

"Took the words out of my mouth," answered Annie, with a merry little grin. "Whoopee for you. Whoopee for me. Whoopee for Alaska!"

After a time they went inside. An orchestra began to play, violin, clarinet, trombone, cornet and accordion, imported by air from Ju-neau. As if from nowhere, girls appeared, gliding smilingly toward the incoming miners. One of them, Florine, arms half extended, as if for dancing, placed herself directly in the path of McKenzie Joe.

He did not evade her. He did not brush her aside. He merely put out a hand and with a mournful, shelving motion, moved her out of his way. Straight onward he went, to the bar, and while Jack strove vainly to restrain him, ordered Scotch. Then, disdaining the whisky glass, he raised the bottle—a cork, in Canadian parlance—in a big hand.

For a long moment he eyed it. His beaverlike eyes circled under heavy brows. Then he raised the big bottle to his lips and allowed it to gurgle until Jack gasped, from the mere agony of watching.

CHAPTER VIII

An hour later, Jack Hammond searched the crowded dance hall in vain. All in a moment, he had lost McKenzie Joe, and this was a bad time to lose him.

Evidences of McKenzie's activities, however, were glaringly present. A window stood gaping at the graying dusk; darkness did not come now until after midnight. A bottle had broken the pane and Joe had thrown it, as a grand finale for the fireworks exhibit. There also were broken chairs, crushed to bits by McKenzie's tremendously strong hands, to the cheers of the mob. Joe had not joined in the enthusiasm—even that of Around the World Annie, who was charging 100 per cent profit on all breakage. True, he had lost some of his funeral air and his lips bore a hint of a smile, like a polar bear.

That is, the smile had been there when Jack last had seen him, with his hat on sideways, his electric blue suit badly disheveled, and his course in life a vague, wandering one, in which he sometimes walked flat into a wall without realizing it—until he bumped his nose. Then, solemnly, he would turn, blankly survey his surroundings, and begin another aimless excursion.

It had been during one of these sorties that Jack had lost his partner. One moment Joe had been steering straight for the middle of the dance floor, only suddenly to disappear as a surging mass of leg-flinging miners and their girls cut him off from the pursuing Hammond. By the time Jack had fought his way through the tangled mob, McKenzie Joe was gone. Now the younger partner sought him in vain, at last going to the gambling hall.

Here the crowd was even thicker. Throngs were jammed around the rails of the crap games; the clatter of the dice was continuous with the droop of the keeper.

tent intricacies of Faro, each game with its dealer, laconically fingering the cards from their wooden box, its frozen faced lookout, high on his long-legged stool, his green eye shade and his dead cigar each drooping at a similar angle, its never restless case-keeper, with his counting board, recording the cards as they came forth.

Here too was the glitter of the "big wheels," glaring with a maze of electric lamps, charged by the pride of Around the World Annie's establishment—a gasoline motor light plant, which had formed an entire load for Timmy Moon's plane. The stud games also were busy, slot machines, the blackjack games and the entrancing click of the ivory ball as it rounded the roulette wheel. Hammond turned in that direction. He had sighted Bruce Kenning.

He was costless, his collar loosened. Slightly drunk, he stood sweating at the board, his left hand incessantly riffling the pile of chips before him; his right stabbing outward, to place his bets, a four-way wager here, a straight bet there, a hedge on the Double O. A look of



"You Double-Crossing Beards."

surprise came into Hammond's eyes as he neared the man; there was terrific concentration about him, an air of obliviousness to everything save the lay-down board and the dizzy spin of the multi-colored wheel.

Jack was tempted to ask him if he had seen McKenzie Joe. But the very detachment of the man, the look of exquisite agony with which he watched the trepidation of the little ivory ball, clicking against the interstices, bounding out, hesitating, then rolling on again before it should finally sink into its final socket, withheld him. He turned away, while from behind him the call of the croupier blended with the queer, racking voice of Kenning, proclaiming his joy as he clawed for his chips. Jack went on, at last to corner the wandering Florine.

"Listen!" he commanded. "Have you seen that partner of mine?" "Baby," she exclaimed. "I ain't stolen him."
"I didn't say you stole him. I asked if you'd seen him. You helped him out with some liquor, didn't you?"

"Only five crocks," said Florine innocently.

"Only five?" asked Jack, with his hand to his forehead. "Which way did he go?"

Florine pointed to the entire North. Hammond hurried out the door, mumbling to himself:

"No need trying to find him. He's caching it somewhere—for later. And he always remembers where he puts it."

After a time, he returned to the pavilion. There was nothing to do but wait and watch. The dance hall had become steamy, the clatter from the bar louder, the music of the orchestra more raucous, Jack Hammond wandered ceaselessly, watching every entrance. An hour passed. Then the younger partner shot forward. McKenzie Joe had appeared, in a doorway, his hat crosswise on his head, his sleeves rolled back, and his electric blue suit grimy from contact with the forest. Jack knew the story, a wandering course to some point, deep in the bush, where McKenzie Joe had buried that liquor—again Jack reminded himself that no matter how much more liquid might flow down this beaverlike man's throat, Joe would be able to go to that supply like a hound dog to a flock of quail. Nevertheless, Jack went forward in a desperate attempt at a ruse.

"Well, Joe," he announced with simulated gusto, "I've been waiting for you. Where have you been?" McKenzie Joe looked at him with mackerel eyes.

"Go lay an egg," he said succinctly, but still with that inscrutable smile. There was no thickening to the voice, no slimminess to the tongue—only a suggestion of no-

notorious indifference. Then, disregarding his partner entirely, he attempted to walk through him to the next room.

Jack stepped aside. At this point in Joe's progress of inebriation, it was best to humor him. Hammond even allowed him to plod to the bar, where methodically he ordered drinks for the house.

Solemnly, but still with that polar-bear smile, McKenzie Joe watched his guests imbibe. Then he signaled the bartender to let the glasses remain on the bar, while, to the whooping encouragement of his watchers, he smashed them, one after another, upon the floor, bowing meanwhile to the applause.

Jack's heart went steadily downward. The next step would be for McKenzie Joe to pick a fight. It never failed.

The noise caused celebrants to assemble from every part of the rambling structure; it even halted the play in the gaming rooms; the players crowding in the doorway; it was just as they began to flood through that McKenzie Joe turned from the bar and his smile vanished.

A queer gleam came into his hitherto vacant eyes. His fingers widened until they were muscular half arcs. His tremendous shoulders hunched and his round, beaverlike head shot forward. Jack had been cut off by the sudden insurge of the gaming room crowd. Desperately he attempted to break through.

"Joe!" he shouted. "Joel Watch yourself!"

But McKenzie Joe pretended not to hear. The crowd fell back, suddenly silent, leaving in their wake a solitary man, hypnotized by fear, his hands gesturing futilely, a set, terror-stricken smile on his gray lips.

"Well, Joe," he said jerkily, "having a good time, eh, Joe?" "Let me, through here!" Hammond shouted. "You fools—let me through! Somebody stop McKenzie Joe. Do you want a man killed?"

It availed nothing. McKenzie Joe was moving forward; Bruce Kenning attempted to run. A drunken miner shoved him back into the open. Then Joe shouted:

"You double-crossing hound!" With a lunge, he shot forward. Wildly Bruce Kenning struck out and then, with a cry, strove to dodge him. It was impossible; McKenzie Joe had caught him, one huge arm around his neck, blocking off all resistance save short arm blows, which struck the prospector's huge chest and iron-muscled torso with no more result than if they had been pounding against the trunk of a giant fir. Suddenly the geologist was spun about, impelled by the force of McKenzie Joe's giant muscles. Jack Hammond, now literally throwing celebrants out of his way as he fought to get to his partner, saw the face of the man, green-gray with horror. Then McKenzie Joe began to beat at Kenning's features—almost instantly they seemed to become mis-shapen, swollen, spurting red from a dozen lacerations as the triphammer blows cut deep into his flesh. Bruce Kenning cried out, an agonized appeal. "Help me! Help me, somebody!" "Get to him," Hammond shouted. "Haven't you any sense? McKenzie will kill him!"

It awoke the men about him; they stirred; Hammond broke through, plunging forward that he might leap upon his partner's back and, with a heavy forearm under his chin, pull him backward, momentarily stopping the assault. Then a staggering miner lurched forward.

"Don't jump on a man from behind!" he commanded, attempting to break the younger man's hold. Around the World Annie swept into action.

"Keep out of this!" she shouted and swung a blackjack. The man fell. Instantly a roar sounded from a dozen equally drunken pals; all in an instant, Hammond found himself surrounded by milling forms and the wildly flailing fists of a free-for-all fight.

Desperately Jack held his grasp on his struggling partner. With a feeling of great relief, he saw the half-conscious Kenning slip from the loosening hold of the prospector, and, buffeted by the fighters about him, stagger into the mass of tangled forms.

Shortly afterward, Hammond felt a terrific wrench as McKenzie Joe exerted his full strength and broke free. After that, the room became a vague conglomeration of noise and conflict, above which Annie's shrill voice sounded again and again as, her bunting costume torn, her hair streaming, she swung her blackjack and gave blasphemous commands for quiet. Finally the turmoil calmed. The orchestra started again; blaring its loudest. Hammond disentangled himself from the grasp of a 200-pound Swede and looked about him for his partner. McKenzie Joe had disappeared.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Faint Prescriptions
"Industrial paints" are those coatings designed for use in the multifarious products of industry. The range is very wide—from automobile to agricultural machinery and implements—and in each case this paint is designed for its specific purpose, usually under specifications of Aset requirements.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

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

Lesson for July 25

LESSON TEXT—Exodus 12:1-29.
GOLDEN TEXT—The Lord thy God hath chosen thee to be a special people unto himself.—Deuteronomy 1:8.
PRIMARY TOPIC—Ready for the Journey.

JUNIOR TOPIC—Ready to Start Home.
INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—How God Prepares a People.
YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Equipped for a New Era.

"Let my people go"—such was the word of the Lord to Pharaoh through Moses and Aaron: "Who is the Lord, that I should obey his voice to let Israel go? I know not the Lord, neither will I let Israel go"—thus hardened Pharaoh his heart. The issue was so drawn for one of the great struggles of history. On one side was a bold and mighty monarch with all the resources of the empire of Egypt, and on the other an unorganized multitude of slaves. No, wait, on the other side was Almighty God! The outcome was never in doubt and through the unspeakable horror of the plagues we come to consider the last of the ten, the death of the first-born, with which is joined the establishment of the Passover.

The Passover is of sufficient importance to justify careful study simply as the perpetual feast of Jews, but to the Christian it is also a most blessed and instructive type of Christ who is, according to Paul, "our passover" (I Cor. 5:7). Let no one who studies or teaches this lesson fail to point to—"the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world" (John 1:29).

I. A Lamb Slain (v. 21).
The sacrifice appears, a gentle, submissive lamb, a male without blemish, which is separated for the giving of its life that the first-born in Israel might be saved.

Notice that God's instructions were explicit, and were to be obeyed if there was to be redemption. There are those in our day who would substitute any and every other method of salvation for God's revealed plan. They talk about character development, the redemption of the social order, peace and politics, and forget the Lamb of God.

II. A Blood Salvation (vv. 22, 23).
The act of faith in marking the lintel and the doorposts with the blood, brought salvation to the families of Israel. Had they waited until they could reason out the philosophy of their promised redemption, or had they shrunk from the blood as their covering, their first-born would have been slain! It was when the destroying angel saw the blood that he passed over them.

Many there are in our time who speak disparagingly of the blood of Jesus Christ, but it is still the only way of redemption. "Without shedding of blood there is no remission."
"It lifts an age that is so base and sophisticated as ours to attempt to cover its dislike for God's way of redemption by suddenly becoming too cultured and sensitive to hear of the blood of the Lamb of God shed on Calvary's tree for our cleansing from sin."

III. A Perpetual Memorial (vv. 24-25).
God wants his people to remember. We, like Israel, are to remember the bondage from which we were delivered. Down through the ages the Jews have kept the Passover. Our Hebrew neighbors do it today. Let us honor them for their obedience to God's command and at the same time seek to point them to the One who is the true Passover, Jesus Christ.

IV. Christ Our Passover (I Cor. 5:7).
Let us add to the assigned lesson text this New Testament passage which speaks of our Lord Jesus Christ as "our passover"—"sacrificed for us."

The bondage in Egypt was terrible in its afflictions and sorrows, but far more serious is the bondage in which men find themselves under the rule of Satan. Surely there is need of divine redemption, and there is none to bring it to us but the Lamb of God. He was the One who without spot or blemish (I Pet. 1:19) was able to offer himself in our behalf that in him we might find "redemption through his blood" (Eph. 1:7, Col. 1:14).

"Is the blood upon the house of my life? Is the blood upon the doorpost of my dwelling place? Have I put up against the divine judgment some hand of self-protection? Verily, it will be swallowed up in the great visitation. In that time nothing will stand but the blood which God himself has chosen as a token and a memorial.—The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin" (Joseph Parker).

Labor and Patience.
Truth is to be costly to you—or labor and patience; and you are never to sell it, but to guard and to give.—Ruskin.

Judging Another's Sorrow.
One can never be the judge of another's grief. That which is a sorrow to one, to another is joy.

Follow Our Convictions.
Never swerve in your conduct from your honest convictions.—Horace Bushnell.

Ask Me? Another

A Quiz With Answers Offering Information on Various Subjects

1. How much does it cost the United States to turn out each piece of paper money?
2. What are the dimensions of Big Ben on the House of Parliament, London?
3. What is the average pay of state governors?
4. How do the Chinese indicate the use to which a building is put?
5. Are any of our states debt-free?
6. Who transcribed the Declaration of Independence?
7. How many telephones are there in this country?
8. How much income does the government derive from dead letters?

Answers
1. Each piece of paper money made by the bureau of engraving and printing costs Uncle Sam around six mills, and for the same

Favorite Recipe of the Week

THIS is truly an ice cream age, for never was ice cream more easily obtained or better than it is now. Good ice cream can be bought, and it can be made at home—in a freezer or in the freezing tray of an automatic refrigerator. As quick as a wink a package of ice cream powder can be turned into luscious dishes of many-flavored ice cream.

Here is a basic recipe for freezer ice cream—and with the addition of fresh fruits and berries or sauces, the recipe can be varied in many delicious ways.
Freezer Ice Cream.

1 quart milk
1 package ice cream powder (vanilla, strawberry, lemon, maple, or chocolate flavor)
Add milk very gradually to ice cream powder, stirring until dissolved. Pour into freezer can; place in freezer and pack mixture of cracked ice and salt around can (use 8 parts ice to 1 part salt). Turn slowly for 3 minutes, then rapidly and continuously until frozen. Makes 1½ quarts ice cream.

Any of the following may be substituted for milk in this recipe: 1 quart rich milk or light cream, 1 cup cream and 3 cups milk, or 2 cups evaporated milk and 2 cups milk or water.

*With chocolate ice cream powder, add ¼ cup sugar.

- amount he can turn out 100 postage stamps.
2. The dials are 22½ feet in diameter; hour figures, 2 feet; minute spaces, 1 foot square; pendulum, 13 feet; weight, 700 pounds.
3. Governatorial pay in the various states ranges from \$3,000 in South Dakota to \$25,000 in New York. The average is about \$7,500.
4. In China the use to which a building is put is not indicated by its design but by the color of the tiles used for the roof, etc. Green indicates an official place, yellow a commercial place and brown a place where people live.
5. Nebraska, Florida, Ohio and Wisconsin have no debt. Nebraska has a balance of over \$21,000,000 in her treasury.
6. The actual work of transcription was done by Timothy Matlack.
7. American telephone users can now be connected with 17,000,000 telephones in this country and some 15,000,000 in foreign countries.
8. In 1936 its revenue from all sources, including sale of unclaimed packages, recovery of unused stamps, fees collected for returning misdirected letters, and money contained in letters, totaled \$229,353.

CONSTIPATION

Unrelenting Enemy of Health
"HOW are your bowels?" The doctor asks this important question because a primary need of good health is for the bowels to regularly pass off the waste of metabolism. Every doctor knows you cannot be well, feel well or look well if you allow constipation to hinder daily evacuation and thus prevent body cleanliness. You should know! Then why let a bad condition continue? Try Doan's Regulets. They are mild and effective; set a digestive and hepatic stimulus; increase the flow of bile and relieve temporary congestion of the intestines. Be regular with Regulets. For sale at all drug stores.

DOANS REGULETS

ADVERTISING is an essential to business as it is rain to growing crops. It is the key-stone in the arch of successful merchandising. Let us show you how to apply it to your business.



PE-KO EDGE JAR RUBBERS

If your dealer cannot supply you, send 20c and your dealer's name for a Trial Package of 48 genuine age-resistant, live rubber Pe-Ko rings; sent prepaid.

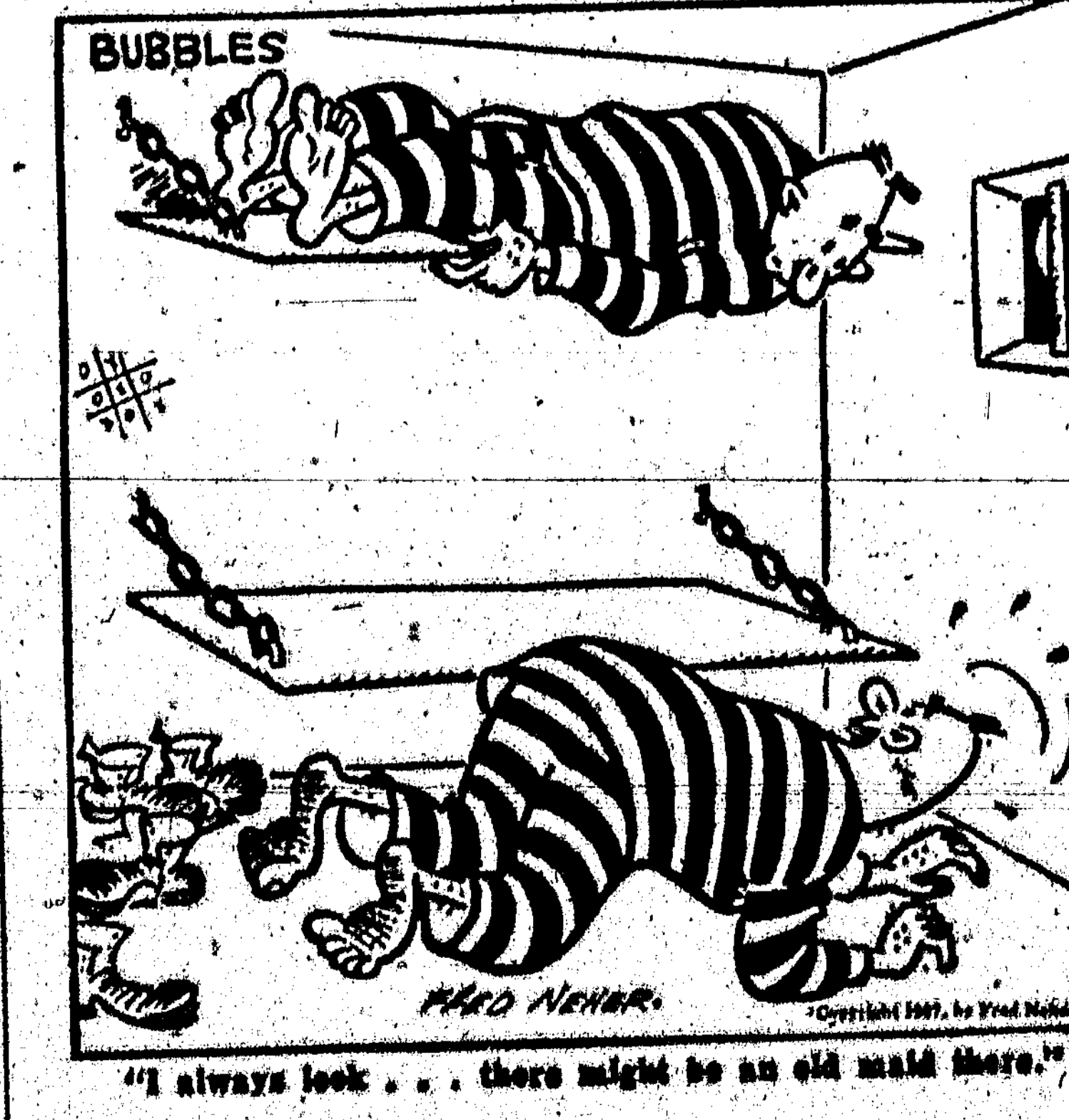
United States Rubber Company

You Stand Alone
As you start upward in your career you get slaps on the back; at the top, you get none.

Squeezed From Her
Many a girl on receiving a proposal is hard pressed for an answer.

CHEW LONG BILL NAVY TOBACCO 5¢ Plus

LIFE'S LIKE THAT By Fred Neher



COMMENTS



Lewis Burke

Howdy, Boys and Girls.

—And R U Listenin'?

AGAIN FLEW OVER POLE

The second lot of Russian aviators report that the temperature while flying over the North Pole at an elevation of 8,000 feet was only 17.6 degrees above zero. — Not bad a-tall! Clever Hombres, these Russians.

While Europe has its mind engaged with warfare in Spain, Japan is taking advantage of it, by starting hostilities against the Chinese.

—Rather reminds us of the time China sent Japan a needle so fine you couldn't see it. The Japs, not to be outdone, bored a hole in the needle and sent it back. Deucedly clever are these Nipponese.

Japan is having a war with China forced upon her as just as quickly as she can arrange it. — El Paso Times.

CHINESE ELM TREES

and Bermuda grass at the City Park are growing like magic. So much so, that a group of eastern tourists asked the privilege of retired railroad conductor John Miller, who is the caretaker of the Park, of eating their lunch 'neath the trees.

—And it wouldn't hurt to say some word of praise concerning the grass and trees of the park to John, who works without pay, and really takes an interest in his duties. Try it once; we're all human.

HE CAN'T DO IT

David Lawrence says that the President alone "can silence his third term talk." How can he do it? When Calvin Coolidge in 1927 said, "I do not choose to run for president in 1928," all who knew Coolidge knew that was a final. Should President Roosevelt use the same words in 1937 as to 1940, who could say that it would be final?

President DEMANDS action on Supreme Court Bill.—Dictatorship?

He who indorses a party platform 100% in 1932 and repudiates it 100 percent in 1933 has no possible way of silencing third-term talk.—Seguro Miguel.

SMALL TOWN LIFE

In a big, dynamic city There's a fascination—true! There is much that's fine and pretty.

There is life, of every hue! There's a certain charm about it That imparts to life a zest— And the small towns are without it—

Still, I like the small town best. There's not the chance for riches

In a little town—I know— But I'm not the kind that itches For a life of pomp and show. I'd exchange my chance for treasure

That a city might extend. For the small-town kind of pleasure,

With my neighbor as my friend. —Chas. Kinnison.

—Be, Adios, Amigos Mios— from the Land of Enchantment, Cool Nights and Turquoise Sky.

WE CARRY IN STOCK

Procter & Gamble Products

- Camay Soap
- Ivory Soap, Large & Medium
- Guest Ivory
- Ivory Flakes
- Ivory Snow, Large & Med.
- Oxydol
- Lava Soap
- R & G Naptha & Kirk's Fl. Wh.
- Chipso
- Kirk's Castile
- CRISCO

The
Titsworth Co., Inc.
Capitan, N. M.

SEE US FOR
DEPENDABLE

Used Cars

- 1936 Ford DeLuxe Tudor
- 1935 Ford Sedan
- 1935 Chevrolet Coach
- 1935 Chevrolet Truck

Carrizozo Auto
Company

Carrizozo Cleaners
Made-to-Measure
Suits

The Best in Dry Cleaning
Prompt Delivery Service

John Allen Bell, Gordon Bell, Agents

Be Wise--Trade at Home!

FILL THE
Picnic Baskets
With Meal-in-a-Minute Foods

All Kinds Delicious Cheese. Luncheon Loaves.
Hams, Sandwich Spreads. Olives, Pickles.
Potato Chips, Pork & Beans, Weiners.

Fruits and Cakes.

Ice For Cold Drinks!

Always-The-Best-For-Less

ECONOMY Cash Grocery
& Meat Market

PHONE 43 — J. F. PETTY, Prop.

The Lincoln County
Singing Convention

was held Sunday, July 11, at the Methodist Church of Carrizozo. A typically small mid-summer crowd was present. Nevertheless, a very enjoyable program was presented. Lead songs and special arrangements were given by the Misses Edith Smith and Wanda Garrison of Torrance county, the Underwood sisters and Mrs. Don English of Carrizozo, Messrs. Meek of Ft. Stanton, Peipelman of Melrose, Johnson of Plainview, Texas, L.J. and W. R. Lassiter, Garrison, Benson, Le Blanc, Austin and Foster of Torrance county, Merrill, Tipton and Brooks of Ruidoso, Colonel Jones, Murel Burnett and J. A. Bell of Carrizozo.

Rev. Bell delivered the welcome address. The response was given by Prof. Johnson of Plainview. Pianists for the day were Mmes. Kelley, English and Mr. Chase. A basket dinner was enjoyed at noon and a meeting of the board members of the convention immediately followed.

At this meeting the dates of the convention were changed from the 2nd Sundays in April, July and October, to the 4th Sundays in March, July and September. The 4th Sunday afternoon conventions were then scheduled to meet on the 2nd Sunday in each month. The next county convention, therefore, will be held at Ancho on the 4th Sunday in September and the next Sunday afternoon convention will be at Ruidoso on the 2nd Sunday in August.—Contributed.

No Forest Fires on the
Fourth of July Week-End

Capitan—Fourth of July week-end produced a record crowd for Lincoln County Recreational areas. It is estimated that there were about 15,000 people on the Ruidoso, 150 at Eagle Creek and about 500 on the Bonito. 4000 attended the Ft. Stanton Rodeo and Barbecue; Pine Lodge in the Capitans entertained about 500. Again we are able to state that we survived a 4th of July week-end without a fire on the Lincoln Division of the Lincoln National Forest.

Due to the fine cooperation of the residents and merchants of Ruidoso, the shooting of fireworks was very scarce, thus eliminating one of the most prevalent sources of injuries and fires. G. J. Gray, Forest Ranger.

Mattress Work
Priced Right
Mattresses Re-Built
All Work Guaranteed.
Homer McDaniel,
Nogal, New Mexico.

Ziegler Bros.
"Where Value has a Meaning"

July
Clearance

OF
Summer Frocks
Clearance on all Silk Dresses,
Wash Dresses, Millinery
and White Shoes.

At Much Less than replacement
prices—affords

Genuine Savings
TO YOU!

Ziegler Bros.

The Leading Dry Goods, Clothing
and Grocery Store.

FOR SALE—Kook Kuick cook
stove good as new. Will burn
bottle gas or gasoline. Bargain.
See it at this office. tt

PEACHES-APPLES
—AT—
Clements Farm
ON
Ruidoso Highway
Hondo, N. M.

Rixie B. House, photographer
at Fort Stanton, was a caller at
this office Wednesday. Mr. House
was very active on the 4th of
July, getting scenes of the entertain-
ment in general and of the rodeo
in particular. He stated that
business was exceptionally good
as a general thing.

John E. Wright of the New
Mexico Light & Power Co. was
a business visitor in Alamogordo
on Monday.

Mrs. Mary Forsythe is assist-
ing at Ziegler Bros. store this
week in the absence of Mrs.
Ada Grey, who is in Tucumanari.

WANTED—Goldfish. Inquire
at The Outlook office.

Travel Over
the World..

While Sitting in Your Easy Chair

Not all of us can go, as we
would like to, and see for our-
selves the strange peoples
who live in foreign lands and
the wonders of nature that
lie beyond the horizon.

It is for such stay-at-homes
as we that the writers and
travelers of the National Geo-
graphic Society are securing
the world for interesting
accounts of the "far places"
which we would like to see,
and their descriptions of what
they have seen and what they
would have seen were appearing
regularly in this newspaper.

Look for the travel articles
in this paper. Then tell your
friends about it for they
will be as interested in this
feature as you are.

Report No. 7

CONDENSED STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION OF—
AMERICAN BANK OF CARLSBAD

as made to The Federal Reserve Bank and the State Bank Examiner
at the Close of Business, June 30th, 1937

RESOURCES		LIABILITIES	
Loans and Discounts	\$159,705.32	Capital Stock	\$ 50,000.00
U. S. Bonds and Notes	245,711.73	Surplus	10,000.00
Federal Farm Mort. Bonds	25,005.87	Undivided Profits	4,534.14
Home Owner's Loan Corp. Bonds	25,009.88	Deposits	544,926.80
Real Estate	1.00		
Furniture and Fixtures	1.00		
Stock in Federal Reserve Bank	1,800.00		
Cash and Sight Exchange	152,325.36		
Total Quick Assets	396,038.09		
Total	\$609,580.94	Total	\$609,580.94

I certify that the above statement is correct.
E. M. BRICKLEY, Cashier.

We pay interest on Savings Accounts

"Deposits Insured under the U. S. Government Plan."

"TRY AMERICAN BANK SERVICE"