

LARGEST COUNTY CIRCULATION

# Carrizozo Outlook

"THE HOME PAPER"

Oldest Paper in Lincoln County

8 PAGES

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A. L. B.

### Memory's Lane

Something happened in the city of Gatesburg, Ill., about 23 years ago, which not only alarmed the public, but what the cause was, or who the strange being might have been, is still a mystery to the police. A figure wearing a long black dress and hood would appear at different places over the city, always at the twilight hour. The figure, as described by those who saw it, had a white face which bore no expression whatsoever. As a person approached, it would wave its long bony arms in such a queer manner, that people would flee from it in terror.

The apparition, or whatever it was, first appeared in the Negro district in the southern part of the town and one might well imagine just how much of a commotion it caused. At that time, the opinion existed that some wag had originated such a plan just to scare the darkies for the amusing part of such arrangement, but when it appeared in other parts, the case grew from the comical to the serious side. Therefore, the fact was evident that the more intelligent class of people suffered the same measure of fright that had at first gripped the colored population.

James Hinman was chief of police at that time, known as "Jimmy, the Flea." Hinman had a shrewd set of plainclothes men, who made it their business to run down the culprit who had caused such a reign of terror among the people, but to no avail. They witnessed the spectacle time and again, but all efforts to capture whatever it was, proved useless. Finally, as mysteriously as it came, the trouble ceased and to this day, people of old Gatesburg recall the "Woman in Black" with creepy shudders.

For many years in the above city, the C. B. and Q. railroad company had a Negro officer in the yards who was a terror to all tramps. He would relentlessly club them, many of whom had to be taken to hospitals as the result of his brutal treatment. He was known among the weary willies as "the Nigger Bull." For many years hoboes gazed at Gatesburg a wide berth, but now and then "the Bull" met the wrong man. The Negro officer was shot many times, so much so, that the common saying went that "he carried more weight in lead than in flesh." One good thing about him was that he kept tramps from annoying housewives in the residential districts, although the railroad company didn't employ him for that purpose. Finally, he died as a result of his injuries — and his death was kept a secret. Another darky of the same size was put in his place, and thinking him to be the same "Bull," the change wasn't noticed for about two years.

J. R. Blackmore of his ranch in the Red Lake country, was a business visitor in town this Wednesday.

### Corona Notes

Little Otho was taken to Carrizozo Tuesday for treatment for a broken arm. He is staying with his cousin Mrs. H. Harris.

Among those attending the district basketball tournament were Mmes. Curtis Hester, Buck Jolly, John Messer, R. A. Perkins, Misses Mary Simpson, Allison McKee, Messrs. W. E. Abell and Clive Jolly.

The D. W. Lyons of Newkirk, Okla. and the Harold Barres of Albuquerque were the week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Penix. Mrs. Alice Rhodes of Hoffman, Okla., is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Alva Roberts and family. Cards have been received here announcing the wedding of Miss Edna Varney, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Varney, to Hugh Conway on Feb. 19, at Albuquerque.

R. A. Perkins, Wade Porter and Joe Stroops were in Carrizozo Monday on business.

Mr. and Mrs. Carroll Berryman and boys have returned from Lubbock where they were called by the illness and death of Mrs. Berryman's brother.

### Methodist Church Notes

The orchestra of the church will play overtures at the opening and closing of the service Sunday evening. All who love music come. "He that hath not music in himself, nor is not moved by concord of sweet sounds, is fit only for treasons, stratagems and spoils." Services both morning and evening, 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.

Mr. Phillips, project work director at Three Rivers Fly Camp, has caged two wild Lynx cats. Some Sunday evening they may be on display at the church. There will be no extra charge for the wild cats. — J. A. Bell.

### Three-Linkers Initiate and Banquet

Tuesday night was another banner event in Oddfellowship when Carrizozo Lodge No. 80, I. O. O. F., conferred the First Degree on four candidates for the Alamogordo Lodge. The delegation from our sister city including the candidates numbered ten as follows: Messrs. Thomas, Newsom, Schultz, Buck, Anderson, Steffen, Cady and the three Williams brothers.

After the degree work was conferred, the guests, accompanied by the local members, 28 in number, were taken to the Tourist Inn Cafe conducted by Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Payne, where a sumptuous chicken dinner was served with all the trimmings, which, after the tiresome degree work, was much welcomed by the tired Oddfellows. The well-prepared dinner and excellent manner in which the same was served, is worthy of commendable mention.

Carrizozo Lodge also wishes to thank the visiting brethren for their attendance and "invite the company of as many more as can find it convenient to attend any future meetings." In making the long trip and the enthusiasm expressed by the delegation, furnished an inspiration to the Carrizozo membership.

Mrs. L. A. Boone, proprietor of the Buena Vista Hotel of Capitán, was a Carrizozo visitor on Thursday of this week.

Mayor F. E. Richard is setting out some Chinese Elms around his residence on Alamogordo avenue.

**C O M E**  
Saturday, March 20  
TO THE  
**Junior Class Spring Dance**  
AT THE  
**Community Hall**

### Bingham News

Mrs. Chester Ratts was a Carrizozo business visitor Monday.

Paul Harvey Wrye returned home Friday after a two weeks' visit with his uncle, Harvey Foster, in Roswell.

Mrs. Porter and son George returned home Saturday after a brief visit in Abilene, Texas.

Mrs. Wrye and son William visited in the D. F. Sawyer home Thursday morning.

Messrs. Frank and Henry Wilson left Saturday for California, where they expect to get employment.

Messrs. and Mesdames Fisher and Tucker will leave soon for California.

Mr. and Mrs. L. O. Moon were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Leroy Agan Sunday morning. The Moons and Agans were Sunday afternoon guests in the Sawyer home.

Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan were Saturday luncheon guests of the Agans.

### Donald E. Bent Dies Suddenly

Donald E. Bent, Albuquerque civil and electrical engineer, died suddenly Saturday afternoon in his home at 1609 W. Coal Ave. Mr. Bent, who had been in apparent good health, was found unconscious by his wife and daughter when they returned home from a shopping trip downtown. Doctors who were summoned ordered his removal to a hospital where he died — Albuquerque Journal.

Mr. and Mrs. Bent were here about two weeks ago and visited with their Carrizozo friends, who will be sorry to learn of his death.

### BARGAINS

I will be at Three Rivers for a period of ten days beginning Saturday, March 13, for the purpose of disposing of my household effects, consisting of furniture, rugs, draperies, electric stove, refrigerator, washing machine, heaters, cook stove, churn and separator. Here will be some rare bargains on quick sales.

Mrs. A. B. Fall.

### Edna McBrayer to Enter Albuquerque Contest

The Quartet of the Hi-School Glee Club spent the week-end at Alamogordo attending the District Conference of Glee Clubs. The Quartet won the honor of "Excellent."

Miss Edna McBrayer won the vocal solo contest which entitles her to enter the State Contest at Albuquerque the latter part of this month.

### Lyric Theatre

R. A. Walker, Owner

Show starts at 7:30 p. m. Friday and Saturday

### 'King of the Royal Mounted'

Featuring Robert Kent and Rosalind Russell. Defying danger and death — this gallant Red Coat gets his man — and a girl. Also "Happy Heels."

Sunday-Monday-Tuesday

### 'VALIANT For CARRIE'

with Gladys George, Arline Judge, John Howard, Dudley Digges and Harry Carry.

The story of a bad woman in a small town who forsakes her careless ways when two youngsters touch her heart and finally rescues one from a life of despair that the happiness of both might be assured. Also "Babes in Hollywood" and Betty Boop in "The Little King."

Sunday matinee at 2:30 p. m. Night Show at 8:00.

### B. F. Quillin

Benjamin Franklin Quillin was born Mar. 16, 1865, at Red River Ford, Montague County, Texas. He was married to Miss Frances Cazar Wood, Nov. 24, 1900, in Oklahoma. To this union were born six children. Mrs. Quillin passed away at Nocona, Texas, in 1910. In 1913 he married Miss Amner Palestine Cosby. He died at Corona Mar. 3, 1937, and the remains were interred in the Corona cemetery.

Mr. Quillin was beloved by all who knew him, being a tender husband, loving father and kind friend. He leaves his wife, one daughter, Mrs. Neva Katherine Kilpatrick, three sons, Charles Franklin and Wm. Campbell of Corona and Hervey Leon of Hot Springs, also four grandchildren, all of whom were with him during his last illness.

—Contributed.

### Notice

The next meeting of the Carrizozo Business Men's Club will be held on the evening of Friday, March 19, instead of Wednesday, March 17. The change for that one week was made for a special purpose and is not permanent.

F. A. English, Pres. Dr. R. E. Blaney, Sec'y.

### Who'll Win the Quilt?

The Missionary Society members have a lovely Quilt on display at the Carrizozo Hardware Company; said quilt is to be raffled off shortly. Maybe you'll be the lucky one!

A stork shower was given by the Missionary Society Wednesday in honor of Mrs. E. Baker at the home of Mrs. Phillip Bright. Refreshments using the St. Patrick motif were served.

### Personals

Mr. and Mrs. Lester Greer were here from their ranch in the San Andres mountains Monday, attending to some business matters and returning home in the afternoon.

Mrs. Bryan Cazier of Tucumcari is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. M. Johnson and other relatives this week.

M. C. St. John and Ernest Lopez were Tularosa visitors last Sunday, returning home late that evening.

C. P. Huppertz, Southern Pacific station agent, purchased a 1937, Chevrolet Sedan from the City Garage this week.

Joe R. Adams, who had been ill here at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Erva Claunch, for several weeks, left for Santa Fe last week to resume his duties as guard at the state penitentiary.

Johnny Mackey of San Patricio, Hilario Maez, Juan Chavez, Procopio Pacheco of Lincoln and Martin Herrera of Hondo are here this week attending to business matters in District Court.

Mr. and Mrs. John Dale and son Elmo of Ancho were visitors last week-end.

Former County Clerk and Mrs. Ernest Key and children spent Sunday visiting Ernest's parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Key at Capitán.

The Music-Drama Study Club will meet Thursday, Mar. 18, at the home of Mrs. R. R. Sale and Miss Grace Jones, at 7:30 p. m.

Frank Phillips, old-timer of Lincoln County, but now of Alamogordo, was here Monday on some business.

Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Cooper, Mr. and Mrs. George Cooper and children were here from their ranch last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Clint Branum and baby were here from Roswell this week, visiting relatives and friends.

Willie Zamora, crack baseball player of the Fort Stanton Triple C Camp, was a Carrizozo visitor last Saturday. Willie is contemplating playing with the Carrizozo Cobras this coming season.

Fireman Jimmy Lee of the S. P., was here on his regular run from El Paso on Monday.

Miss Margaret Shafer was a week-end guest of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Grumbles, Jr., at Socorro.

Mr. and Mrs. Lowell Burton, Mrs. Fay Harkey and Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Roberts were visitors at Alamogordo and the White Sands last Sunday.

Mrs. J. Edwin Eager of Tucumcari was the guest of Mrs. L. T. Bacot for the week-end.

Deputy Sheriff Hugh Bunch, Mrs. Bunch and her sister, Mrs. Grace Kennedy of Ramon, made a trip to Roswell last Saturday after receiving word to the effect that the ladies' father, C. C. Harbart, was ill. The deputy and his wife returned Monday, but Mrs. Kennedy remained with her father, who is now in a Roswell hospital.

### District Court

In the case of Claude Olguin, the defendant was convicted of wife desertion.

Melquiades Gonzales, charged with having stolen beef in his possession, plead guilty.

In the case of Homer McDaniel, charged with having deer meat out of season, a jury affirmed the decision of the J. P. Court.

Raymond Littleton plead guilty to a charge of assault and battery and drew a fine of \$50.00 and costs.

Julian Najar plead guilty to an identical charge and was fined \$80.00 and costs.

Antonio Luera was given a suspended sentence and fine on a drunken driving charge.

In the case of Max Sanchez, charged with assault with a deadly weapon with intent to kill, the jury returned a verdict of guilty.

Antonio Pino plead guilty to a charge of larceny.

Court adjourned until Monday.

### BUSINESS MEN'S CLUB

met with a good attendance at its regular 6 o'clock dinner and business session Wednesday evening in the dining room of the popular Southern Pacific Hotel. There were two visitors, guests of Mr. A. J. Rolland, Attorney Jack Hanny of Carlsbad and Mr. E. M. Peery of Santa Fe.

Inasmuch as Rev. Lloyd P. Bloodworth of El Paso has accepted an invitation to address the Club, it was the sense of the meeting that the regular session be postponed until Friday, March 19, as will be noticed in an official call elsewhere in this paper.

A pre-nuptial shower honoring Miss Ruth Brickley was given by the Music-Drama section of the Woman's Club at the home of Mrs. R. R. Sale and Miss Grace Jones. Many lovely wedding gifts were received by Miss Brickley, who leaves next Tuesday to become the bride of Harold Bishop, formerly assistant educational director of the local CCC Camp.

The Missionary Society will hold an Easter Basket and Baked Sale at the Carrizozo Hardware Company, March 27. They will have their next meeting Wednesday, March 24, at the home of Mrs. John E. Hall.

Wm. Balow, cafe proprietor of Ancho, was a visitor in town today, Friday.

The Rockwell-O'Keefe, Inc., an association for entertainment in Hollywood, Calif., has written the Country Club, offering the services of the famous Jimmy Dorsey orchestra, the Tommy Christian orchestra or the Seger Ellis orchestra for any of the club's future functions of entertainment. That mark of recognition goes to show how well our local organization stands with the large amusement associations of the Pacific Coast.

Mrs. Chlois Fisher and Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Hale of Capitán were visitors here this morning.

Mrs. Gunther Kroggel returned this week from El Paso, where she had been visiting friends for several days.

Elbert Dudley is agent for the Albuquerque Tribune.

**FAMOUS HEADLINE HUNTER**

**FLOYD GIBBONS**

**ADVENTURERS CLUB**

*How Everybody*

"When the Cable Snapped"

By FLOYD GIBBONS

YOU can have your wild rides on bucking bronchos, on run-away trains, and on automobiles gone haywire, but Warren Hoop of Orange, N. J., will back an ordinary coal barge against any of them. Maybe you never thought of a coal barge ride as either fast or exciting. Neither did I. But listen to Warren's tale. There are times, it seems, when those slow, easy-going barges can cut up and act nasty.

In 1913, Warren was captain of the barge, Victor, owned by the Peacock Coal company of Philadelphia. The Victor was a 10,000-ton vessel, practically new, and Warren was mighty proud of her. And maybe that's the reason he stuck to her when many another man would have quit the job the minute those November gales began whipping the river into an inferno of water and foam.

The November blow was particularly bad in 1913. A three-day northeaster had turned the water around Philadelphia into a boiling torrent. There were three barges tied up together and the Victor was on the outside. The other two barges were moored with steel cables, but the Victor's lines were of rope, and they were wearing thin.

The Rope Cables Snapped Quickly.

Warren called the office and told them he'd have to have a steel cable. "We've got none," they told him. Warren went back to the Victor and looked at the swollen river. Those rope cables wouldn't last long. The thought had hardly entered his mind when the headlines parted. The Victor's head swung away from the wharf.

"The stern lines snapped like so much macaroni," says Warren, "and the Victor started on a perilous trip down the river, hog wild on the rushing tide, and with four bridges ahead of her. There was absolutely nothing that could be done, for the barge was not power-driven. I stood there helpless, while the driving rain beat into my face and the storm seemed to increase in fury.

"I made my way to the bow, and clung desperately to the capstan. Carried by the tide, the Victor was tearing along at a twenty-mile-an-hour clip. She was loaded with ten thousand tons of soft coal, and I wondered what would happen if she struck one of those bridge abutments broadside."

Warren wasn't long in finding out. There came a sudden shock—a thunderous, grinding roar, and the Victor shook from stem to stern. She had struck the Pennsylvania Bridge. She veered around and shot through the draw stern first. Warren yelled to the bridge tender—thought he heard a faint reply. Then he was off, whirling down the stream again.

The second bridge was only four city blocks away. Again the crash—and again the Victor shivered as if she had been torpedoed. She heeled over at a ten-degree angle and went racing through the second draw, twisting round and round like an egg shell. And on she sped—sweeping under the third bridge—missing an abutment by a hair—heading for the fourth and last bridge.

Barge Went Tearing Down the River.

"We swirled into the last bridge with a sickening shudder that I thought would split the barge in two," says Warren. "Then suddenly I saw a red and green light looming up ahead of me. The police boat! She took the Victor in tow and hauled her ashore. Warren threw a line out. But the police boat hadn't gone ten minutes when the lines snapped again—and again the Victor was tearing away down the Schuylkill.

By now the wind was blowing a veritable hurricane. Warren had to crawl along the deck to keep from being blown overboard. He was making for the little cabin in the stern for he was numb with the cold, and he thought a jigger of rum would warm him up. But Warren never got to the cabin and the bottle he had stowed away there in a closet. At that moment, there came a terrific jar. The Victor shook as it had never shaken before. Suddenly it keeled over on one side, and Warren was hurled clear off the deck.

"I fell myself flying through the air," he says. "Then I landed and my body struck the port scupper railing. Instinctively I grabbed for it. My hand missed it, but my hand closed upon a two-inch line fastened to the midships cleat. I bounced from the railing, shot over the side, and there I swayed, now in mid-air, now huffed into the angry water."

And for a full fifteen minutes Warren hung there, dashed repeatedly against the side of the barge. He tried to climb back up that rope, but it was a slow, painful job. The barge was heading for the mouth of the Schuylkill now—heading out into the Delaware. The storm would be worse out there. Warren redoubled his efforts to climb that rope.

Terrific Climb for Life.

Hand over hand—one arm's length at a time—fighting every inch of the way! It was the toughest work Warren had ever done in his life. But it was work or drown, so he kept on. "I was fully three-quarters of the way up it," he says, "but I knew my bruised body could stand little more of that sort of punishment. I was breathless and worn. I think there was a moment in there when I lost consciousness completely. But if I did, I must have clung to the rope instinctively, for I didn't fall off."

"How I ever negotiated those few remaining feet to safety I will never know. What I accomplished after that must have been purely automatic. But the next thing I knew I found myself on the deck, looking over the side of the still lurching vessel."

"To this day, Warren doesn't know what gave the Victor that last wallop. He says he can only guess that some other vessel rammed her. It was quite a while later that the Victor was hauled against a dock on the New Jersey side of the Delaware river and a patrolling tug came up and stood by her all night to see that she didn't break away again.

The Victor was leaking badly by that time, and would have gone to the bottom if she'd been in mid-stream much longer. And Warren agrees that you can have your bucking bronchos. For sheer excitement, give him one of those big, sluggish coal barges in a storm.

—WNU Service.

Food for His Statue!

Sure to Be Remembered

The life-size statue of a modern Elijah who had it placed beside his grave so future generations could see what he looked like is to be seen in a rural cemetery near Maple Rapids, Mich., correspondent in the Detroit Free Press.

The statue is that of Elijah Elsworth, who died in 1906 at the age of seventy-seven. He was the last of his family and, according to local legend, conceived the idea of the statue so that his friends and those who came after them would not forget his appearance.

The name of the sculptor had been forgotten but it is said that Elsworth either sold his forty-acre farm or willed it to the artist to pay for the monument.

Romans Loved Cinnamon

Used It in Their Balms

The "strong fragrance" of cinnamon greeting our nostrils, gives us pleasure even before we eat the food that it flavors.

The human nose has always responded to this odor and the ancient Romans held it in particular esteem. They used it liberally in their ointments and balms as well as in their cooking, and as the ultimate mark of their appreciation of this spice they set it apart as the incense for sacrificial and ceremonial fires.

When a god was to be appeased, or the shade of a departed spirit was to be honored, it was the perfume of cinnamon wafted heavenward on uprising clouds of smoke that carried the message. No Roman doubted that an odor so pleasing to man could fail to placate the Olympian deities.

The Roman media of atonement was not buns, but bonfires, and their theory was that the more cinnamon consumed, the greater the incense and therefore the greater the pleasure of the deity or the spirit who was being honored.

Isles of June



"Salt Pans" Fill Salt Pans on Great Inagua.

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

LOOK down now!" shouts a passenger. "We're flying over a Sahara desert with blue puddles on it." "That's all water," explains the steward "But it's so clear you see right through it—to the white, sandy bottom. The blue puddles are just deep ocean holes."

What with racing cloud shadows, play of light on green islands, painted coral, and tinted sands, the human eye is easily fooled by some of physical geography's tricks on an air trip through the Bahamas.

Two hours from Miami, Florida, out over the Gulf Stream in a fast plane, you reach this 630-mile chain of some 3,000 British-owned islands, cays, and rocks that stretches almost to Hispaniola.

Just now we are flying past the north-tip-of-that-brush-strewn Andros island, largest of the Bahamas, its west shore lapped by milky shallows known as "The Mud," where rheumatic sponge fishers ply their back-breaking trade in the blue-green depths.

Everyone keeps his nose pressed against the windows, watching the fascinating panorama of reefs, islets, sand bars and multi-hued waters below.

So flat and low, so symmetrical are some of these tiny jungle-green isles that from above, in Jack-and-the-Beanstalk fancy, they suggest huge pumpkin leaves afloat on seas of opaline paint.

"Look at that long strip of land, with a pirate's tower on it!" some one urges.

"That's 'Treasure Island' (Salt Cay). It belongs to John T. McCutcheon, the Chicago cartoonist," explains the patient steward. "Now we're over Hog Island, where human swallows from Canada and the States sun themselves in winter. There's their Porcupine club, and Paradise beach. That wreck is an old Confederate blockade runner, sunk more than 70 years ago. The big island is New Providence, and this town is Nassau, capital of the Bahamas."

Landing at Nassau.

Flashes now of galloping ponies training on a dusty track, and a golf course dotted with palms bent by tropic winds; a ruined tower, which the steward says was Blackbeard's lookout; then ancient, abandoned forts, their rusty, muzzle-loading cannon no more harmful now than blind and toothless watchdogs, yet still frowning grimly at that sea long explored by Spaniards and haunted by pirates.

Swift glimpses, too, of stately Government house, the British flag, and stiff sentries on patrol, spacious homes set in gardens aflame with red, yellow, and purple. Then lower we glide, back over the long, narrow harbor with its trading schooners, lazy white yachts, and glass-bottomed sight-seeing boats drifting over coral beds and canary-colored fish, and so down to a smooth, bumpless landing.

One hears the greeting, "Welcome to the Isles of June!" as he scrambles ashore.

From the dock the arriving visitor drives through long, straight Bay street, which is the shopping center of Nassau. High-roofed, horse-drawn hacks, bells jingling and red curtains flapping, move in and out among motor cars, bicycles, and huge sponge carts, their cargo bulky but light.

"To your right," says your host, in mock imitation of a guide's lecture, "is Old Fort Montague, captured by the baby American navy during the Revolution. That wharf is where they hanged pirates."

"That big shed is the sponge market. The hymns you hear are sung by the old women who sit here in the shade and clip sponges with their shears, and get them ready to ship."

"But who are all these excited people," you ask, "crowding the curio shops for trick straw hats, turtle shells, and pickaninny dolls? Surely they can't all live in this small town!"

"They don't. They're travelers. Each season 60 or 80 big liners call here on Caribbean cruises. Plus those who come by planes and private yachts, Nassau winter visitors almost equal the whole population of the Bahamas."

"Fifty-nine thousand people are scattered through these islands. Eighty per cent are blacks and mulattoes; many never even get to Nassau, much less the Florida mainland. This is a town now, you might say, of hotels—and history."

Where Columbus Landed.

First and greatest event in all annals of our Western Hemisphere,

in fact, occurred right here in these islands. That was on October 12, 1492, when Columbus discovered America, in the form of San Salvador.

On this island, facing the open Atlantic, is a monument set up by the Chicago Herald in 1891 to commemorate the landing of the great navigator. Here also a lighthouse rises, but not to show modern ships how to anchor where the Santa Maria did; rather, to help them keep safely away, for few visitors venture now where Columbus set up the Cross and traded trinkets with the shy Lucayans.

All these Lucayans—about 40,000—were enslaved by Spaniards, sent to work in Hispaniola mines, and the Bahamas left quite uninhabited. Yet, in time, these islands were to become not only a historic stepping stone by which Europeans and Africans reached our shores, but the stage for almost incredible adventures.

Enmity toward England, after the loss of the Great Armada, brought sanguinary conflicts, which in time became notorious for the nautical brigandage of the buccaneers. For generations these outlaws were the cause of constant diplomatic friction between London and Madrid, as when English sailors, seized from the Boston ship, Blessing, were stripped by Spaniards, tied naked to mangrove bushes on a Bahama cay, and left to die of thirst in plain sight of each other.

Famous is the story of "Jenkins's Ear." When Spaniards took an English ship commanded by a Captain Jenkins, it is written that they cut off one of his ears and handed it to him, telling him to take it home and show it to his king! This ear, in a bottle, he exhibited later in the house of commons.

Even Virginia and the Carolinas dreaded these Bahama pirates, especially one Edward Teach, or "Blackbeard." With his last command, the Queen Anne's Revenge, mounting 40 guns, Blackbeard and another pirate leader spread terror all along our South Atlantic coast.

When, in desperation, the British government finally sent that iron-fisted governor, Woodes Rogers, to hang pirates and make Nassau safe for honest traders, it began the first normal life it had ever known. That was in 1718, and the motto put on its coat of arms was, "Expulsi Piratae, Restituta Commercium."

"Pirate Treasure" Still Hunted.

Today Blackbeard, his long whiskers worn in three ribbioned braids tucked into his waistband among his many pistols, is but a memory—or a favorite model for Nassau masquerade parties. Yet hunting pirate treasure is still a constant adventure. Always, just around the corner, is a mysterious man with an "old map" for sale.

"Feast, then famine, that's been our history," an Englishman born in Nassau will tell you. "Over and over again, in the last 300 years, hordes of people have swarmed into Nassau, on every errand from selling slaves to running rum; these boom periods meant lots of easy money, but there's been many a lean time in between."

When Liverpool used to send 100 or more "blackbirds" to Africa each year, and when our own American-built craft were in this traffic, as many as 74,000 blacks annually used to be sold into the West Indies, of which the Bahamas got their share.

After Cornwallis yielded at Yorktown, loyalists flocked to the Bahamas, bringing their slaves, silverware, and other personal effects. On plantations of cane and cotton developed by these royal refugees rose another tide of profits. This ebbed when slaves were freed, and when competing agriculture grew up in the States.

Agriculture Has Failed.

Loyalists, departing for England after this land boom faded, turned their farms over to ex-slaves or other retainers; lacking skill, capital, or sufficient energy, these latter failed. Farming declined. An easier living—if on a lower standard—was offered by the sea. Hence today the once productive fields are idle and brush-grown.

Andros island, for example, named for an early governor of the Massachusetts colony, was once the scene of such assiduous growing, well-known families in England being the owners. Now all that is abandoned.

Yet today a new kind of prosperity, wholesome and satisfying, is coming to Nassau. This is its rise as a popular winter resort, which compensates for the vanished revenues of former more exciting days.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

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

Lesson for March 7

LIFE HERE AND HEREAFTER THROUGH CHRIST

LESSON TEXT—John 14:1-15. GOLDEN TEXT—I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father, but by me. John 14:6.

PRIMARY TOPIC—In the Heavenly Father's House.

JUNIOR TOPIC—Many Mansions. INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Why We Need Christ Always.

YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Life Here and Hereafter through Christ.

It was the night before the darkest day in the world's history. On the morrow the Son of man was to hang on Calvary's tree for the sins of the world—for your sins, and for mine. But for the moment he was alone with his disciples. The last Passover had been eaten together, and the betrayer had been discovered, and the Lord has told them that he was soon to go where they could not follow. Peter had, by his bold self-assertion, brought forth the prophecy of his denial. The disciples were disturbed. Then came from the Saviour the words of comfort, assurance, and power which have been the strength and solace of his people through all the centuries. Our life both here and hereafter is in His mighty hands.

I. Comfort (vv. 1-3).

Troubled hearts are everywhere—in the palace and in the cottage, on land and sea. There is a place of rest, thank God! There is One who still speaks the majestic words, "Let not your heart be troubled, ye believe in God, believe also in me."

His comfort is one which covers the future life, for he says:

1. "I go to prepare a place" (v. 2).

Concern about future destiny is settled at once when Christ Jesus becomes our Lord and Saviour. We need worry no longer. He has gone on before to the Father's house to prepare a place for his own. When we come to that ever-peaceful shore we shall not come as strangers, but as sons and daughters to a prepared place in our Father's house.

2. "I will come again" (v. 3) is the word that gives present meaning to the future promise. He not only prepares the place, but he it is who brings us there. The glorious hope of his coming again is the Christian's greatest comfort and mightiest incentive to useful, holy living.

II. Assurance (vv. 4-11).

The doctrine of Christian assurance is one of vital importance, and should be taught in all its scriptural power and beauty. Unfortunately it has so suffered violence at the hands of some of its friends that others have not only come to fear it, but even openly to oppose it. This is most regrettable, for it is manifest that until one has assurance he will make but little progress in Christian usefulness.

The believers assurance rests fundamentally on Christ himself. Two grounds are given in the text.

1. "I am the way, the truth, and the life" (v. 6). These words are their own best commentary. Read their own again, slowly, weighing the meaning of each word. If we are in him who is the way, how safe we are! If we are not in him? Read his own solemn words in verse 6, "No man cometh unto the Father but by me" (v. 11).

In Christ dwells all the fullness of the Godhead. He is not only a supernatural being, he is God. How can anyone deny that and read his words in these verses? To do so is to make Jesus a liar and blasphemer.

III. Power (vv. 12-15).

His followers are not left in a world of sin and need as a little group of hymn-singing weaklings, thinking only of the day when they shall be in a brighter land. Ah, yes, they sing hymns and rejoice in them; they look for a better land; their weapons of warfare are not carnal—but weaklings? Oh, no! God uses them to do great and mighty things for his glory.

1. "He that believeth" (v. 12).

This army of God carries the royal banner of faith.

2. "Greater works . . . shall he do" (v. 13). Jesus only began his work on earth; its greatest development was to be the joyous privilege of his followers.

3. "If ye ask . . . I will do" (v. 14). Someone has called this a signed blank check on all the resources of God. Faith fills it in, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit. Moody knew how to use it. So did Mueller, Livingstone, J. Hudson Taylor—the list might go on indefinitely. Shall we dare to trust God and add our name as one of those who ask in faith?

The Man of Wisdom

He is a wise man who does not grieve for the things which he has not, but rejoices for those which he has.—Epictetus.

Thoughts of Good People

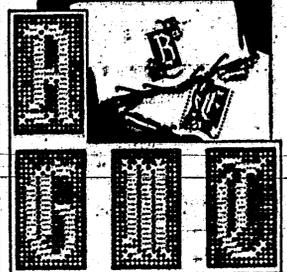
The thoughts of some people live so near to God, that to ask them to think of us is to ask them to pray for us.

Chief End of Education

Mankind, not scholarship, is the first aim of education.—E. T. Seton.

Here's New Way to Initial Your Linens!

Here's an exciting new way to initial linens—with crocheted letters that you can make in varied sizes according to the thread and hook you take. Used as insets in towels, pillow cases, sheets or



Pattern 5749

whatever, they make for a "showy" effect, and may be further enhanced by a bit of flower stitchery. There are enough cut-work motifs to make two pairs of towels or pillow cases or two scarves. In pattern 5749 you will find directions and charts for a complete alphabet; a transfer pattern of two motifs—5 1/4 by 8 1/2 inches and two motifs 5 1/4 by 6 inches; directions for use of initials; illustrations of all stitches used.

To obtain this pattern send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) to The Sewing Circle Household Arts Dept., 369 W. Fourteenth St., New York, N. Y. Write plainly pattern number, your name and address.

When You Want to Alkalize Stomach Fast



Try This Amazing Fast Way—The "Phillips" Way Millions Are Adopting

On every side today people are being urged to alkalize their stomach. And thus ease symptoms of "acid indigestion," nausea and stomach upset. To gain quick alkalization, just do this: Take two teaspoons of PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA 30 minutes after eating. OR—take two Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tablets. Relief comes almost at once—usually in a few minutes. Nausea, "gas"—fullness after eating and "acid indigestion" pains leave. You feel like a new person.

Try this way. Get either the liquid "Phillips" or the remarkable, new Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tablets. Each one equals a teaspoon of the liquid. Only 25¢ a box at all drug stores.



PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA

WNU-M 9-37

FEMINE WEAKNESS

Read this: C. Kennedy of 1941 Garfield St., Phoenix, Ariz., said: "Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has been the biggest help for my wife. She was weak during the change of life period and her appetite was poor. I knew of Dr. Pierce's Remedy because my people always had great faith in them and the 'Prescription' taken as a tonic soon had Mrs. Kennedy enjoying a good appetite and feeling better in general. My wife!"

"Quotations"

Education to be valuable must be primarily character education rather than a mere accumulation of information.—Newton D. Baker. Democracy substitutes self-restraint for external restraint.—Louis D. Brandeis.

The manner in which the community takes care of its sick and incapacitated is the gauge by which the degree of civilization of a people may be judged.—Fannie Hurst. In the long and dreary history of war, no idea has yet been conceived by man.—Cordell Hull.

Expectation is less a matter of waiting for breaks than of creating them.—Richard E. Byrd. Measured by the advances made in other fields, radio in the last ten years has lived a century. Perhaps it may crowd a thousand years into the next decade.—David Sarnoff.

My advice to young people is to work honestly and find themselves peace and contentment. That is the best part of life.—Charles M. Schwab. Let us pray that we shall never have to live in a totally predictable world.—Will Durant.

**Household Hints**

By BETTY WELLS

"NOT as a precious gift, you couldn't have given me this house, if I'd only known the catch to it," Adelaide was adamant, and furious. "Not if I'd had the remotest idea of how many miles of curtains I'd have to make. Well, count them yourself, if you have your doubts."

We found Adelaide simply engulfed in a cloud of ecru ninn. She'd just finished putting up curtains at the thirteen windows in the living room and dining room. Now she was starting those for the bedrooms. It was a house she and her husband had just bought in high enthusiasm as the most perfect house in the world and everything they'd ever dreamed of. Now Adelaide was ready to give the whole business away. And we didn't much blame her because she had been too ambitious about the headings. She was basting on buckram headings, then pinch pleating them and, of course, they looked very smart at the windows. But when the time came to clean them, there would be a problem. Obviously it would be too expensively impractical to send all those curtains to the laun-



Making Miles of Curtains.

dry every time they get dirty. On the other hand, to wash them herself would involve taking off the buckram and then putting it on again and setting all those pleats again. What a job for windows to the number of thirteen plus.

"But what can I do now?" wailed Adelaide. "And I'd like some kind of a finish at the top other than just a rod through a hem."

There is a buckram with snaps that is a little simpler to negotiate, but that too would involve ripping it off and rebasting it at each washing, which is too much work where there are so many windows. We told her we'd have a simple wooden moulding cornice made for each window. Then have an ordinary rod under it with the rod run through the curtain in the usual way. This will dress up the top of the curtain, yet actually it will be quick and easy to take the curtains down and put them up again for rehauling after washing.

**About Shawls.**

Shades of Shawls . . . how very lady-like we'd feel with a Paisley around our shoulders!

The reason those lovely Paisley designs have endured even after the shawls themselves went out of fashion is that the colorings and patterns are so infinitely suitable in so many combinations. Like Oriental rugs, they fit in most anywhere because the delicate intricacy of the designs gives them the effect of fine brocades, and their colorings, although brilliant, have the quality of taking on something of the tone of another color they may be used with.

Napoleon, Queen Victoria and thrifty Scottish weavers have made the history of the Paisley in the western world. The shawls coming from the East like so many of our



How very ladylike we'd feel with a Paisley around our shoulders.

decorative arts. Napoleon's soldiers brought some of them back from their Egyptian campaign, and Paris went wild over them. English officers in India came home laden with them among their treasures, and Queen Victoria adored them.

But these original cashmere shawls from the East were very expensive, often as much as ten thousand dollars! No wonder only queens and empresses could afford them until a canny Scottish weaver of the town of Paisley developed in the early part of the Nineteenth century a woven copy that was beautiful yet sold for only a hundred dollars. For fifty years Paisleys, as they were called from then on, were the rage in Europe and America and no lady of fashion felt well dressed without one. Even to this day we love the designs and use them for everything from blouses and bedspreads to oil cloth . . . yes indeed!

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**MODERN COOKING IS VERY SIMPLE**

Sauces Important to Dress Up Plain Cookery.

By EDITH M. BARBER.

"LIFE is so much more complicated today"—is a sentence appearing quite regularly in the journals of our period. In many respects this is, of course, the case but in the realm of housekeeping and especially cooking the reverse is the case. We are simplifying our menus and the dishes which make them up.

This simplification applies to recipes as far as title and methods are concerned. Even restaurant menus unless they are prepared by exponents of French cookery, are written in words which describe more or less nearly the dishes listed. There are a few French terms, however, that have been widely adopted and which we find in recipe books and on menus. There is "saute," for instance, which means fried in a small amount of fat in contrast to deep fat frying. There is "au gratin" which literally translated means "with browned crumbs" but which is used in not only this sense but also describes dishes dressed with cheese. Vegetables dressed with browned crumbs are usually known by this term, but we would feel cheated if cheese were omitted from the famous "potatoes au gratin" when we order them.

Other well-known dishes retain their original names which sometimes refer to a place, sometimes to a chef, and sometimes to a personage who has either originated the recipe or for whom it has been named. An example of the latter is "Melba" toast, that thin oven-made toast, which takes its name from the famous singer, who ordered her toast made in this fashion in hotels all over the world. Melba gave her name to Peach Melba that combination of ice cream, fresh or candied peaches, and fresh raspberry sauce. There is Chicken a la King which takes its name from a resident of New York state who showed the chefs of his favorite restaurants how to prepare chicken in this style. Perhaps this is the reason that dishes called by this name are so different at one restaurant and at another. The genuine must have a rich cream sauce, the chicken must be cut in large pieces, there must be mushrooms in it and either green peppers, pimiento or both, and there may be sherry flavoring. Another popular dish with a special name is Lobster a la Newburg, which has that very rich sauce made from cream and egg yolks, always flavored with sherry. I am afraid I cannot tell you the origin of its name. Other sea foods served with this sauce take the same name. With these dishes "a la"—"According to" is used or understood.

Many dishes take their names from the character of the sauce—Hollandaise, that combination of egg yolk, butter and lemon juice and nothing else, is occasionally translated literally as foundation of white sauce to which are added minced cooked mushrooms, and egg yolks. Sauce Espagnole, Spanish, is merely a brown sauce well seasoned. The sauce which is called by the elaborate name of Butter-Maitre d'Hotel is merely melted butter, flavored with lemon juice. There are any number of sauces used with poached eggs which indicate by their names the flavor of the sauce. The foundation of most of these is a white sauce. Combined with grated cheese the sauce becomes Mornay, with minced cooked onions Soubis-se, with spinach—Florentine.

**Spanish Sauce.**

- 2 tablespoons butter
- 1 tablespoon chopped onion
- 1/4 cup chopped green peppers
- 3 slices broiled bacon
- 2 tablespoons sliced mushrooms
- 2 cups tomatoes
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- Paprika

Cook the onion and peppers in the butter until light brown. Add the bacon, cut in small pieces, and the other ingredients. Cook fifteen minutes and serve around a French omelet. The mushrooms may be omitted and capers or olives used. Bacon fat may be used instead of butter.

**Baked Eggs with Spinach**

Into each greased individual "au gratin" dish put one tablespoon of chopped spinach. Cover the eggs with white sauce, into each cup of which has been stirred one-half cup of grated Parmesan cheese.

**Cara Griddle Cakes.**

- 1/2 cup cornmeal
  - 1/2 cup boiling water
  - 1 1/4 cups milk
  - 1 egg
  - 2 cups flour
  - 1/2 cup sugar
  - 1 1/2 teaspoons salt
  - 4 1/2 teaspoons baking powder
  - 4 tablespoons melted shortening
- Add the meal to the boiling water and boil five minutes. Add the milk mixed with the beaten egg, the remaining dry ingredients mixed and sifted and the melted shortening. Bake on both sides on a hot griddle.

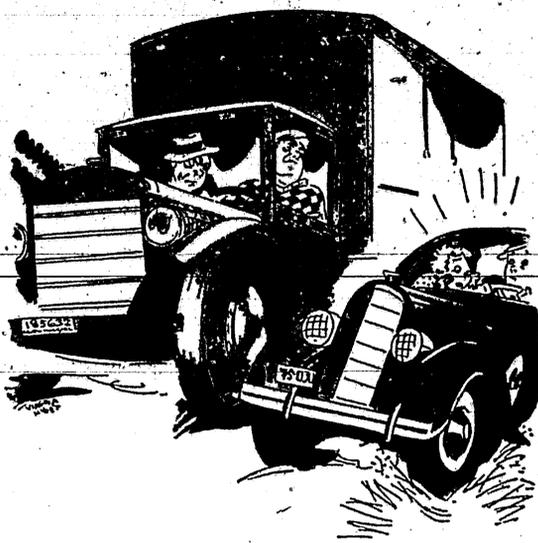
**Fruit Juice Combination.**

- 1 cup orange juice
  - 1 cup pineapple juice
  - 1/2 cup lemon juice
  - Ice
- Mix fruit juices, pour over ice and serve.

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*The Regues' Gallery*  
**FRANK CONDON**

*Stymied by a Truck*



Your task at the moment is to keep your car on the highway, avoid the soft shoulder and not get killed, so you have little time to be looking at the trucker's sneer.

By FRANK CONDON

THERE is no sneer in the world as insulting and supercilious as the sneer of the modern truck-driver, as he sits up there in his little pilot house, tooling his leviathan of the road and watching you struggle by in your sedan.

Now it must be a matter of record that truck drivers are good citizens, perhaps loving fathers, kindly husbands and all in all, a desirable class of men to have in the community, and yet I am continually having such painful experiences with them that I am prejudiced beyond saying. During the last few months, I have been driving copiously over our beautiful California highways and my relations with the truckers have been more intimate than ever. On the larger and more repellent trucks, they travel two by two, like airplane pilots or love birds, and the man at the wheel always wears a stony expression, mingled with scorn. He holds to the steering gear and his face is a mask. The other one—the one not driving—is the one who sneers. He sits on the right hand side and can sneer steadily for seventy miles.

It is the custom on the larger trucks to have two pilots, so that one can drive and the other sleep or sneer. After a few hours, the driver exchanges places and then he becomes the sneerer or sleeper as the case may be.

**Try to Pass a Truck.**

My definite complaint against all truck drivers is that they proceed at too slow a pace and secondly, they refuse to get over. It accomplishes nothing to blow your horn, as the truck man cannot hear you anyhow and doesn't want to hear you. If your horn reaches his ears by accident, he merely pretends he didn't hear any horn and his feeling is that you and your nasty little sedan have no business on the state highway, annoying an honest trucker.

To my notion, the worst offenders are the lads who tool along slowly on their oil tankers. I certainly hate and detest oil tankers and am always hoping they will catch fire and burn up, but they never do. California oil tankers are the worst of all, because following an old tradition, California must have the largest of everything and its oil tankers are simply prodigious. Each one usually has fourteen to eighteen wheels, enormous rubber doughnuts, about as large as a Toledo cistern and when one of these babies is going your way, the road is filled and it would take Lindbergh and a compass to get by.

Furthermore, it is never one of them, worse luck—it's two. The second mammoth is attached to the first by an iron bar and is playfully called a trailer. Each tanker holds about sixteen thousand gallons of gasoline, or perhaps it is sixteen million and at night they are gaily caparisoned with red, pink, blue, green and purple lamps and look like a repulsive Christmas tree.

When you come up behind a couple of these tankers on an ordinary hilly or curving highway, you might as well remain calm and not blow your horn or curse or do anything. The driver up front is making an honest ten miles per hour and that is what you are going to do. He is perched up so far ahead of you that ordinary communication is impossible and that is why we need these two-way radio telephone sets on all cars, for then you could call up the truckman and have the following conversation: "Pardon me, Jack, but would you mind letting me go past? I am down here right behind your left hand faucet and all ready to go by."

The man would reply pleasantly and either let you go by or deny your request and if the latter, you could take a neat revenge by smashing into the back end of his trailer and knocking off all your

fenders, headlights and bumpers.

In my humble opinion, these oil tankers have no business or right on the public roads. They plug along aimlessly and I don't believe they're really going anywhere. They merely pretend to be hauling oil and gasoline between Los Angeles and El Paso. All day long, you meet them, toiling over the hills, with thirty thousand gallons of gas for El Paso. All day long, you meet them, coming the other way with thirty thousand gallons of gas for Los Angeles. Why don't the ones that are in El Paso just stay there, and if the ones in Los Angeles would never move a wheel, everything would be square and each town would have all the gasoline it required.

**No Sense to It.**

There exists a state law supposed to regulate these monarchs of the road, but it doesn't. The law states that when more than one truck and trailer are crawling along, thus making a caravan, the second truck shall remain at least three hundred feet distant from the one ahead, in theory giving the hapless passenger car a faint chance to duck in and out. Do they do it? Do they remain respectfully three hundred feet away? Thirty inches would be nearer the mark. The second driver worms up as close as he can and stays there and if you come upon seven or eight of these double trucks you may as well haul up under a shady tree. The other day I came upon a dozen truck drivers in their kindlier moments, and it seemed a good time to get acquainted and see if they were like other men.

Well, sir, they were. In the conversation that ensued, I learned many an interesting item and finally said: "Well, why would anybody want to be a truck driver, when he could easily be something else?"

Answer came from the man on the next seat. He weighed over two hundred, wore a blue shirt, open at the neck and a battered cap. He said: "I'll tell you why, mister. Trucking is better than having a white collar job. Why? Well, I average thirty-eight dollars a week and so do these guys and we get home Sundays. Where else can I do that?"

"Yes," said the next man, "and last week, I pulled down fifty-one bucks."

"Your pay changes weekly?" "Sure but usually, it's around forty bucks. When we start out, we just keep on going till we get there, day and night, one guy drives and the other sleeps, and extra pay for the extra hours. That's better than being a clerk, ain't it, or pumping gas in a filling station?"

After this, it is my intention to be more tolerant and charitable and not to swear at the boys when a couple of oil hogs loom up ahead in the fog. I'll never forget the black and blizzard night I slid off the pavement into a ditch, the concrete having suddenly turned into a skating rink, and found five large trucks buried hopelessly against the muddy bank. It was below zero, nobody could move a wheel and the blizzard was like buck-shot.

"Pretty bad night," I said genially.

"Yeah." "You men have plenty of trouble, haven't you?" "Yeah." "But," I said hopefully, "if you boys would all push on the side of my car, maybe I can wiggle it back on the road and start down hill."

"Yeah," said the yeah man, "and who's gonna shove us out on the road?" I pleaded eloquently, they all came over and shoved like heroes and in fifteen minutes, we wormed out and I was creeping off down the road, leaving them to spend the night in the ditch. God bless 'em. And that is why, when I swear at a crawling oil tanker on the highway, I am not nearly as mad at the truck driver as I appear to be.

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**Dwelling on Grievances—**

Power of Trouble Is Increased And Distributed by Talking of It

THERE is a curious and very much mistaken idea that by talking of our grievances and our troubles, we decrease their power over us to make us miserable. Instead, by dwelling on them we reinforce their power. We not only do this, but we scatter the seeds of their discontent, as we unburden our hearts, and a whole new crop of disturbing thoughts enters into the minds of those who bear with us during our outpouring of words.

**Making Misery.** If the person to whom we speak is near and dear to us, our troubles weigh on them almost as their own. We are unwittingly the cause to them of an added weight of discordant thoughts, and perhaps they may be trying to get the better of their own bothers.

**Sympathy Versus Help.** We have only to consider the effect on ourselves of listening to others talk of their worries, misfortunes, and hard luck, to realize the depressing power of such conversation. It is seldom we can do anything to help them. In fact persons who talk of their troubles

seldom do it to get helpful suggestions. They are bespeaking sympathy and often are disturbed, hurt or annoyed, when they get advice, even though it be excellent. What is wanted is to hear expressions of understanding of their position as difficult, and to hear their actions considered wise. Is this not really what we, ourselves, hope to hear when we air our troubles?

**Trouble Mongers** When we are awakened to the fact that talking of our woes adds to those of the listener without lessening ours, that we are implanting troubles in the minds of others, we surely will try to be more careful about giving vent to the misfortunes by talking about them. Moreover, if we do continue to be trouble mongers, no one will be eager to talk with us.

**Winning Out.** If, instead of dwelling on our grievances, we discuss pleasant topics, we are not only giving pleasure to others, but we are actually doing ourselves a kindness as well. We diminish our own depression by rising above our troublous thoughts, thus becoming conquerors in and through our conversation.

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**Household Questions**

A tablespoonful of vinegar will soften glue that has become hardened in a bottle.

A pinch of alum added to the water when washing blue or green articles of clothing will prevent the colors from running.

Don't use any kind of artificial heat for drying stockings. Hang by the toes in an airy place to dry and don't fold away damp.

Oatmeal on a dampened cloth is excellent for cleaning white paint.

Pack box cookie dough can be packed in pound butter cartons, loaf pans or small bowls, or it can be shaped into rolls 2 inches in diameter and wrapped in waxed paper. The dough should be chilled 24 hours or longer and then cut into thin slices using a sharp knife dipped frequently in cold water.

Wash sweaters on a windy day, then put in a pillow case or twin bag and hang out to dry. Shake often until dry. All knit or crocheted articles should be dried in this way if you want them to keep their shape.

Never fasten suspenders below the reinforced hems of stockings. Wash stockings with lukewarm lather and squeeze out gently—they'll ladder if they are wrung.

Two or three slices of bacon placed on top of a liver loaf during baking adds to the flavor.

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**DON'T TAKE UNKNOWN REMEDIES**



Sometimes It's Pleasure In combining business with pleasure, one or the other suffers.

**A Three Days' Cough Is Your Danger Signal**

No matter how many medicines you have tried for your cough, chest cold or bronchial irritation, you can get relief now with Creomulsion. Serious trouble may be brewing and you cannot afford to take a chance with anything less than Creomulsion, which goes right to the seat of the trouble to aid nature to soothe and heal the inflamed membranes as the germ-laden phlegm is loosened and expelled. Even if other remedies have failed, don't be discouraged, your druggist is authorized to guarantee Creomulsion and to refund your money if you are not satisfied with results from the very first bottle. Get Creomulsion right now. (Adv.)

**MORNING DISTRESS** induce to acid, upset stomach. Miletina wafers (the original) quickly relieve acid stomach and give necessary elimination. Each wafer equals 4 teaspoonfuls of milk of magnesia. 20c, 35c & 60c.

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—made her look old

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Birdie Walker, Secretary  
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Sunday Mass at 7:30 a. m.  
Evening Service at 7 p. m.  
The public is cordially invited.

**St. Paul's Church**  
(Episcopal)  
Rev. L. E. Pates, Vicar  
**Methodist Church**  
Rev. J. A. Bell, Pastor  
Church School at 10 a. m.  
F. Eric Ming, Supt.  
Sunday Evening Service at 7  
Sunday Morning at 11 a. m.  
2nd, 4th and 5th Sunday  
Capitan—1st and 3rd Sunday  
at 11 a. m. Church School at  
10 a. m., Mrs. Rockwell, Supt.

**Baptist Church**  
Church services every first and  
third Sundays of each month, at  
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School every Sunday morning  
promptly at 10 o'clock. Every-  
body welcome. Don't wait for  
an invitation. The W. M. U.  
meets each 2nd and 4th Wednes-  
days from 2:30 to 4 p. m. at the  
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**Recess for Diabetics**  
Taking virus roses in the form of  
a tea as a remedy for diabetes is quite  
a common practice in Africa and Aus-  
tralia. Now science has decided to  
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the plant.

Just Unpacked—

**New  
Cinema  
Prints**

In Dresses worn by your favorite  
Movie Star. From Hollywood,  
of course. See them while  
the assortment is complete.

—Reasonably priced.

Burke Art & Gift Shop

This Week's Thought

**VOICE OF  
EXPERIENCE**

Now is the Time to set out Chinese  
Elms and discuss BASEBALL!

**BABY CHIX**

All Varieties

Write for Prices

**CLARENDON HATCHERY**  
Clarendon, Texas

High Twist Sheer  
**CHIFFON**  
STOCKINGS  
for DAYTIME



Beautiful Silk Stockings  
Free from Hinge

Sheer and lovely to look  
at — and their high  
twist construction makes  
them outwear ordinary  
stockings many times  
over! Tiny seams, small  
French heel . . . no run  
that starts above can pass  
the gold strips. 3 thread  
chiffon.

**79c PAIR AND UP**  
BURKE ART & GIFT SHOP

Bring your Brass, Copper, Rubber, Iron,  
Aluminum, Radiators and Batteries in Now.

It's Way Up!

JACK ROGERS

HARRIS GARAGE

**HOW OFTEN CAN YOU  
KISS AND MAKE UP?**

NEW husbands can understand  
why a wife should turn from a  
pleasant companion into a shrew  
for one whole week in every month.  
You can say "I'm sorry" and  
kiss and make up easier before  
marriage than after. Bewise. If you  
want to hold your husband, you  
won't be a three-quarter wife.

For three generations one woman  
has told another how to go "smil-  
ing through" with Lydia E. Pink-  
ham's Vegetable Compound. It  
helps Nature tone up the system,  
thus lessening the discomforts from  
the functional disorders which  
women must endure in the three  
crises of life: 1. Turning from  
girlhood to womanhood. 2. Pre-  
paring for motherhood. 3. Ap-  
proaching "middle age."

Don't be a three-quarter wife,  
take LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S  
VEGETABLE COMPOUND and  
Go "Smiling Through."

**Boy Scouts  
of America**



The Carrizozo Scout Troop is  
sponsored by the Boosters' Club.  
We received our charter in Oct.,  
1935. It runs for one year. We  
have 27 Scouts in our troop.

The Scout Law: A Scout is—  
Trustworthy, Loyal, Helpful,  
Friendly, Courteous, Kind, Obe-  
dient, Cheerful, Thrifty, Brave,  
Clean, Reverent.

**ARE YOU ONLY A  
THREE-QUARTER WIFE?**

MEN, because they are men, can  
never understand a three-  
quarter wife—a wife who is all love  
and kindness three weeks in a  
month and a hell cat the rest of  
the time.

No matter how your back aches  
—how your nerves sear—don't  
take it out on your husband.

For three generations one woman  
has told another how to go "smil-  
ing through" with Lydia E. Pink-  
ham's Vegetable Compound. It  
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Don't be a three-quarter wife,  
take LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S  
VEGETABLE COMPOUND and  
Go "Smiling Through."

**The Tourist  
Inn Cafe**



Invites YOU to come in and

DINE Where It Is  
**Home-Like**

and the  
FOOD and SERVICE  
Is Different and Better!

Mr. and Mrs. W.B. Payne  
Managers

**PROGRESS**

Means going forward; and  
when you begin to save sys-  
tematically you begin to go  
forward a long whatever  
road you have chosen for  
yourself. A Savings Ac-  
count points the way.

Lincoln County Agency  
Citizens State Bank  
of Vaughn

Carrizozo, New Mexico

Member Federal Deposit  
Insurance Corporation.

**TYPEWRITER PAPER**

—at Bargain Prices

500 Sheets BOND, #1  
at Outlook Office



# MURDER MASQUERADE

By INEZ HAYNES IRWIN  
Copyright Inez Haynes Irwin  
WNU Service

## WEDNESDAY

My sleep Tuesday night was so soft and sweet—it was the rock garden I am sure which produced this result—that when Sarah Darbe brought my tray into my room, I was conscious first of self-reproach. I thought at once of Bessie: "Oh Sarah," I exclaimed, "I feel more like myself today than I have since Saturday. How did Bessie sleep?"

"Not at all well, Mrs. Avery," Sarah declared. "Whatever it was that Doctor Geary gave her, it wasn't strong enough. She sort of dozed off the first part of the night, but she woke up before midnight and I think she walked the floor the whole rest of the night."

Inside something seemed to break off from my psychology and disappear in the depths of my mind. As though that mind-slide revealed a writing on a wall, conviction took hold of me, held me close. "Something will be done, Sarah. Call up Doctor Geary at once and tell him that Bessie slept no better last night than the night before. Tell him to come again."

After Hopstall had departed for tennis with Caro and after Sylvia and Nancy Burton had withdrawn to their favorite playground, I found myself sitting idly in a chair, waiting. It was no use to start working in my old garden. It was no use to start working in my new garden. For I knew that the instant I got started, Patrick O'Brien would arrive. I did not mind his coming day after day like this. I welcomed it. And so, all I said when Patrick came into the room, was, "Good morning, comrade! I've been waiting for you."

For the first time, Patrick showed signs of inward stress. His face was as fresh as ever, but his eyes looked a little hollow.

"Is there anything new today?" I asked.

"I'm giving my whole thought now to finding out who it was, if any one, hiding in the bushes when Margaret Fairweather left the Spinney. If I can lay my hands on that guy, I think I've got the thing sewed up. You see, it's getting pretty close to midnight now. I've been over Mattie Stow's list backwards, forwards, sideways and every which way. I've been over the list of people who live on the Head, similarly. I've talked with every member of the force until they've begged me to lay off them. They saw Tony's car come over the Head and saw it go back. They saw Walter Treadway and Molly leave in her car. They did not see them come back. And there you are. Nobody has mentioned seeing Margaret—except Tony. But that was easy enough. The force didn't extend down to her house and she, all in black and the moon behind a cloud, could easily enough slip along the road into the path which led into your Spinney. I'm going around in circles, Mary. Nothing I think of makes sense."

"No," I agreed, "nothing has seemed to make sense so far and yet every day something occurs that makes the whole situation a little clearer."

"Yes, I think of that a lot. And it helps to think of it."

At this precise moment, Sarah entered the room. There was a strange look on her face. For the first time in my life I saw Sarah Darbe frightened.

"Mrs. Avery," Sarah said, "Bessie has just asked me to ask you if she could come in and talk with you and Mr. O'Brien."

I looked for what seemed a long interval straight into Sarah's eyes. By this time, Sarah had got herself under control. Never has that affectionate gaze met mine with so neutral an expression.

"Tell her to come in!" Patrick and I said together.

In a moment the two girls appeared in the doorway. I had been shocked by Bessie's appearance the day before, but I was doubly shocked now. Her face had gone dead.

"Sit down, Bessie," I said. Sarah Darbe started to leave the room. "Don't go, Sarah!" Bessie screamed and then immediately reverting to her normal soft-voiced accents, "Can Sarah stay with me, Mrs. Avery? It will make it so much easier for me."

"Of course Sarah can stay," I agreed. "Sarah, you sit on the couch beside Bessie. I don't have to warn you, I am sure, that you must not speak unless Mr. O'Brien addresses you."

"Oh, I understand perfectly," Sarah Darbe assured me.

"You have something to tell me, Bessie," Patrick said in his kindest tone. He smiled. Never in Patrick so calm as when he smiles. I have never known a man to be so beguilingly winsome. I could see Bessie relax a little.

"Yes, Mr. O'Brien," she faltered. "Well, now," Patrick said in a wheedling tone, "tell me your story in your own way. Take all the time you want. Don't be frightened. I feel quite certain nothing's going to happen to you, Bessie—I see you think you can tell me something that will help me in this matter. I hope you can assist me, Mrs. Bessie, I need help, it is my message—" he went on. Patrick

was rambling, but deliberately rambling. I saw that he was trying to put Bessie at her ease. How important little things are, sometimes in matters of this kind and how unimportant big things. Your story as a whole may not mean anything. And yet there may be one tiny fact that will point to others and they will point to still others, and before we know it—bingo—the whole mystery is solved. So Bessie, as I said, tell your story in your own way, but don't leave out anything. Don't leave out things that you think are unimportant."

By the time Patrick had finished this address, Bessie was, I could see, a little reassured. She was ready to talk.

"Yes, Mr. O'Brien," she agreed in a faint voice. "You see, Mr. O'Brien, what I have to tell you and Mrs. Avery happened a long time ago—oh in the spring. It was Decoration day. I didn't say anything about it because, happening so far back, it didn't seem to me that it had anything to do with what happened to Doctor Blaikie. But I got to thinking about it nights and it worried me and worried me and worried me. I couldn't sleep. Doctor Geary gave me some medicine, but it didn't help any. I've got to tell somebody! I've got to tell you!" her voice ended on a wail, but it had grown shriller.

Sarah reached out and took her hand, she held it the rest of this session.

Patrick spoke at once, "There! There! There!" He soothed Bessie exactly as though she were a teething baby. "That's all right."

"Well, now I guess you can go back to the kitchen," Patrick concluded. "If you think of anything further, please tell it to me. Otherwise, put it out of your mind. I think you'll sleep all right tonight."

"And now, Mary," Patrick turned to me, "I've got to get Walter and Molly over here."

Patrick and I sat in complete silence the few minutes that, after Patrick's telephone call, it took Walter and Molly to get to my house. Brief as the distance was, they came in their car. Automatically I wondered, as I had so often wondered before, if the younger generation would ultimately lose the use of its legs. But that wonder merely filled the surface of my mind. Underneath I was thinking so many things that virtually I thought of no one thing. My thoughts cut and slashed and jagged each other in their maniacal way of the last few days. Over them all, like the poison gas over a modern battlefield, hung a cloud of sick foreboding. The effect of my sweet night's sleep seemed to disappear. Again I felt myself trembling on a huge abyss.

What Patrick thought, I don't know. He sat with his head back, gazing at the ceiling of the room, his face blanked with his grimaced expression.

Presently Molly's roadster curved up to the door. "There they are!" Patrick exclaimed. Sarah ushered the Treadways in.

It seemed to me that day that, every time I saw Lolly Eames—Molly Treadway—I mean—she was more beautiful than the last time I saw her. Something splendid had flowed into her psychology. Of course I know now that it was the certainty that she and Walter belonged to each other forever. Almost as definitely, but not quite so obviously, Walter too had become another person. Happiness seemed to have cleared all kinds of mists from his mind. He walked with a different step. He met one's eyes with a different look.

Authority—that was it. Authority as definite as a golden aura exuded from him.

"Sit down, children," I said. "Patrick wants to talk with you." I myself did not sit down. "I think perhaps I'd better leave you alone."

Involuntarily, Patrick made a restraining gesture. He started to speak and then apparently thought better of it. He looked inquiringly at the Treadways.

"Oh no, Aunt Mary," Molly remonstrated. "Oh no!" There was unfeigned emphasis in that second no. And Walter reinforced her with, "Please stand by, Aunt Mary! We need you."

"Of course I'll stay then." I sat down making myself and that huge uproar in my psychology as quiet as possible.

Patrick began, "Walter, when was the last time you came to Satul, previous to your coming this time?"

Walter answered without hesitation, "Not quite three months ago, I should say. Oh, I can tell you exactly. It was Memorial day."

"How long did you stay that time?"

"Just a day!"

"Did you spend the night?"

"No. I came in my car by night and I returned to New York by night."

"Did your people know you were here?"

"No."

"You didn't see them at all?"

"I saw them, but they didn't see me."

"Where?"

"I came up to the house at night and peeped in the windows. I wanted to see if mother looked all right."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

"They were walking then," Patrick put in. "Had they stopped?"

"Yes, walking and talking at first," Bessie answered. "Then they stopped where they were. But they kept right on talking. Their voices was pretty loud. I couldn't help hearing every word they said."

"One moment Bessie," Patrick interrupted again, "you say it was Doctor Blaikie and Walter Treadway. Are you sure?"

"I saw them," Bessie said with finality. "They passed right by me. They didn't see me. They were looking at each other. But I saw them plain as could be."

"You're sure?" Patrick said quietly.

"I'm sure," Bessie replied.

"Go on!" Patrick ordered.

"Well, I think they were talking about Miss Molly," Bessie went on. "They didn't mention Miss Molly's name but it couldn't have been anybody else—from what they said. As I stopped, Mr. Treadway was speaking. He said, 'You'll never marry her. By God, you'll never marry her!' Doctor Blaikie says, says he, 'And how are you going to prevent it? You know what I can do.' And Mr. Treadway says, can

do, 'I don't know how I'm going to prevent it. All I know is that I am going to prevent it—if I have to kill you, Ace Blaikie!' Doctor Blaikie says, says he, 'You haven't the guts to kill anything, Walter, and you know it!'"

My mind snapped back to Walter's well-known tenderness so far as animals were concerned. He was the only boy in his group who would not hunt.

"Mr. Treadway said, said he, 'You'd be surprised what I could kill to save her from you. And I'll do it if it's necessary!' Then they went past me down the road and I couldn't hear a single word more, but those words seemed to burn into me. Yes, they burned in. I've never been able to forget them. When Doctor Blaikie was found murdered, of course I thought of them at once. I didn't want to tell anybody. I was afraid it would get Mr. Treadway into trouble. But I had to tell. I couldn't go through what I was going through any longer."

Patrick's first comment was an oblique one. "Now you feel better, Bessie," he said, "don't you?"

"I sure do, Mr. O'Brien," Bessie agreed; and indeed her whole tense figure had begun to relax; the tightness was flowing out of her look. Patrick asked Bessie many questions, but he approached them by circuitous routes. He threw in comments by the way. He even told stories. By the time he had finished, one of Bessie's dimples had actually reappeared. But he managed to make Bessie tell her story three times and he had not managed to shake her in any detail. That brief conversation between Ace and Walter had indeed "burned" into her.

"Well, now I guess you can go back to the kitchen," Patrick concluded. "If you think of anything further, please tell it to me. Otherwise, put it out of your mind. I think you'll sleep all right tonight."

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"I came up to the house at night and peeped in the windows. I wanted to see if mother looked all right."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

# STAR DUST

## Movie • Radio

By VIRGINIA VALE

IT HAS always been difficult to get permission to visit studios in Hollywood. From now on, popular comedians, like the Marx Brothers, Jack Benny, and Burns and Allen hope to make it impossible. In fact, if there were any way that they could make pictures without having a flock of carpenters, electricians, property men, and extras around, they would be heartily in favor of adopting it.

Thieves on the set are the reason for all this uproar. It would be bad enough if the thieves merely lifted jewelry, or furs, but these thieves steal ideas whose worth cannot be estimated unless you can think in staggeringly big figures. When comedians and their gag men have finally worked out a funny situation and filmed it, two months may elapse before it is shown on the screen. But almost at once comedians elsewhere introduce their funny situation. Obviously, someone from the studio told them about it—but who?

It is always gratifying to see a real trouper win out over all odds. That is why everyone is rejoicing over Alice Faye's hit in "On the Avenue."

When Irving Berlin moved into the Twentieth Century-Fox studio with a knockout musical score under his arm, the studio officials said, "We've got something big here." So, they decided to build up a marvelous cast with players borrowed from other studios. They got Dick Powell from Warner's, and Madeleine Carroll from Walter Wanger Productions for the leading roles. And then their own Alice Faye in a secondary role walked off with all honors that weren't taken by the crazy antics of their own Ritz Brothers.

A long time ago Paramount bought a story called "Easy Money" for Carole Lombard, but she has been so busy on other pictures she never got around to make it. Meanwhile the studio officials have been impressed by the bounding popularity of Jean Arthur and decided she would do nicely in the leading role. After a vacation in New York, she will.

For months Cary Grant has gone around saying that if his Paramount contract would only come to an end, he would never sign another with anybody. He would just make pictures when he felt like it, and spend the rest of his time lying on the beach at Santa Monica or taking leisurely trips to England. But after watching his work in the new Grace Moore picture, Columbia officials didn't like his idea at all. They decided they must have him under contract. No one has ever been known to win an argument with Jack Cohn, the grand mogul of Columbia Pictures, so Cary signed the contract he offered.

Back in New York all the young stage players and all the dramatic school students go to see Greta Garbo in "Camille" over and over. Two girls who are living on a tiny budget that permits eating only now and then and never riding on a street car or bus, had gone every day for six days and seen the picture at least 14 times. They were broke and hungry, but they felt they just had to see it again. So, they screwed up their courage and told the manager of the Capitol theater how much they were learning from watching her, and he arranged to let them in free.

Deanna Durbin, the fourteen-year-old sensation of Eddie Cantor's radio program and Universal's "Three Smart Girls" thinks New Yorkers aren't very good mathematicians. She realized her lifelong ambition of climbing the stairs inside the Statue of Liberty on her first visit to New York a few weeks ago. But the sign at the foot of the steep winding stairs said there were 168 steps, and Deanna counted 167. Determinedly she dragged her weary feet up the steps again, only to find that she was right the first time.

ODDS AND ENDS . . . Clark Gable's birthday on the "Parnell" set was a hilarious occasion. Fellow-players gave him a cake inscribed to the greatest actor in the world—Robert Taylor. . . . Joan Crawford has brushed out her curls; wears her hair very straight and plain and uses colorless nail polish. Judy Garland made a tremendous hit singing at a bond benefit, and will get some big film roles now. . . . Western Newspaper Union.

# First Stirrings of Spring



THE chic young miss above, center, says, "I make my own clothes. I learned sewing from Mother first, got a touch of it in school, and a real exposure in 4-H activities. I choose this dress for Spring because it looks like Spring, and because it takes the minimum of time and money. Puff sleeves and princess lines give a formal note if I wish to impress the folks (which I often do) and the peplum jacket is added for frivolous reasons—when I want to feel a bit sophisticated, and it makes a sweet all-occasion dress."

A Practical Choice. The Lady on the Left says, "I'm practical. I choose patterns that I can cut twice; then I have a gingham gown to set me off in my kitchen and an afternoon dress in which to entertain the Maggie Jiggs club. The all-of-a-piece yoke and sleeves make me look years younger, the shirred pockets give the decorative note every dress needs, and I can run it up in an afternoon."

Three-Purpose Pattern. The Girl in the Oval has a far-away look in her eyes. She says it's because she wears glamorous blouse-like this one. She cuts her pattern three times—no less—and evolves a blouse in eggshell for her velvet skirt; one in velveteen for her tweeds, and the third in metallic cloth for after-five activities. "The skirt with its simple well directed lines is equally well suited to tweeds for sport, velvet for dress and wool for business," says Madam.

The Patterns. Pattern 1832 (above left) comes in sizes 32 to 44. Size 34 requires 4 1/2 yards of 39 inch material. Pattern 1263 (above center) is designed in sizes 12 to 20 (30 to 40 bust). Size 14 requires 4 1/2 yards of 39 inch material for the dress and 2 1/2 yards for the jacket—to line it requires 2 1/2 yards of 35 inch material. Pattern 1958 (above right) is available in sizes 14 to 20 (32 to 46 bust). Size 16 requires 2 1/2 yards for the blouse in 39 inch material and 2 yards of 54 inch material for the skirt.

New Pattern Book. Send for the Barbara Bell Spring and Summer Pattern Book. Make yourself attractive.

Uncle Phil Says: Time for All Things. Men noted for efficiency almost never appear to be hurried. They seem to have plenty of time for every task that comes to them; Likewise they have ample time for leisure. Conceit is deceptive, but it is rarely perceptive. Strong-minded wives are a treasure whenever husbands do not want to be bothered making a decision. Doubt, the Pernicious Weed. A suspicious person raises a large crop of doubt. It takes men who know men to govern men; any kind of recluse, scholarly or otherwise, has a slim chance. Add one new word to your conversational vocabulary every day; first you will surprise your friends, then floor them, then lose them.

MY O-CEDAR MOP KEEPS MY FLOORS CLEAN AND POLISHED BEAUTIFULLY, AND I INSIST ON O-CEDAR POLISH, TOO. I COULDN'T KEEP HOUSE WITHOUT THEM.

Don't Irritate Gas Bloating. If you want to really GET RID OF GAS and terrible bloating, don't expect to do it by just doctoring your stomach with harsh, irritating alkalies and "gas tablets." Most GAS is lodged in the stomach and upper intestine and is due to old-fashioned matter in the congested bowels that are loaded with ill-causing bacteria. If your constipation is of long standing, enormous quantities of dangerous bacteria accumulate. Then your digestion is upset. GAS often presses heart and lungs, making life miserable. You can't get to sleep. Your head aches. Your back aches. Your symptoms are slow and simple. Your breath is foul. You are sick, greasy, wretched, unhappy person. YOUR SYSTEM IS POISONED. Thousands of sufferers have found in Adierka the quick, saluting way to rid their systems of harmful bacteria. Adierka rid you of gas and cleanses your bowels out of 80% upper and lower bowels. Give you powerful REAL standing with Adierka. Get rid of GAS. Adierka does not grip and does not habit forming. At all Leading Drugists.

A Sure Index of Value. . . . Is knowledge of a manufacturer's name and what it stands for. It is the most certain method, except that of actual use, for judging the value of any manufactured goods. Here is the only guarantee against careless workmanship or use of shoddy materials.

Buy ADVERTISED GOODS

COMMENTS



L. B.

Cheer! You're looking fine today. The writer is greatly peeved; I go on wishin' you good cheer week after week—and no one makes the inquiry of how this scribe is.

R U Listenin'?

The perpetual sunshine, combined with the invigorating, rarified ozone, is indescribable here; one really should be in Carrizozo and Lincoln County in order to appreciate it.

WOULDN'T IT BE FINE IF—  
The El Paso highway between Oscura and Three Rivers was paved?

If all of us had a million \$?  
If we didn't have to work?  
If it were summer all year?  
To have someone "beat time" while sitting in the seat back of you at the show?—Curse.

Radio station WLW in Cincinnati put on their "Salute to the Cities" last Friday night, and had a Salute to Santa Fe. The names of the various places were mispronounced by the eastern announcer—and no wonder, such tongue-twisters as we have in this state. The broadcast was very good, despite the mispronounced words. For instance, take the hamlet of Jicarilla, an easterner would pronounce it "Jic-ar-illa" with hard "J," instead of "Jic (Hic)-ar-ee" as is the proper way. Note—Do we make ourselves clear?—Clear as mud.

Floor Leader J. V. Taylor and Representative L. P. Hall voted "NO" on the Bill rendering aid for Hollis Martin, confessed murderer of his uncle and aunt Mr. and Mrs. Willard Shaffer and his cousin 9-year-old Tommie Shaffer at the Shaffer home near Hondo in November, 1935, Martin awaits the death sentence in the electric chair.

DEWEY STOKES SAYS:  
"There are a hundred reasons why you should kill this Bill. Lincoln County wants to see him go to the hot seat. We don't see why we should put up money to protect a bird like that."

IN THE SPRINGTIME—  
Spring is coming, tra-la! Rather reminds us of the old saying, "In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love."

VIOLINIST SUED FOR \$500,000  
From New York City comes the report that Peggy Garcia, who sued Rubinoff, the radio fiddler for this sum was ended abruptly when Justice Salvatoro Cotillo granted a motion to discontinue the case. Note—We doubt that half a million bucks could be obtained by playing the fiddle—what do you think?

A lot of fellows are not as lonesome as they used to be when their wives went back home on a visit. Now they can turn on the radio and never know the difference.

The 1937 seeds are on display at various stores over town. But why can't you and I grow flowers like those illustrated?

THE TALLEST PERSON  
always takes the seat in front of you at the show. — Adios, Amigos.

We Carry in Stock:

- |               |                    |             |
|---------------|--------------------|-------------|
| Cement        | Lime               | Roofing     |
| Nails         | Paints             | Varnishes   |
| Paint Brushes | Horse Collars      | Collar Pads |
| Trace Chains  | Strap Goods        | Lariat Rope |
| Rubber Boots  | Irrigating Shovels |             |

Onion Sets, Garden Seeds, Garden Tools  
Colored Pottery Dishes, Glassware,  
Enamelware, Chinaware

JUST RECEIVED—A shipment of Wash Silk Dresses at \$3.95 to \$5.50. Ladies' White and Grey Shoes in latest Spring Styles. Mail Orders Filled Promptly.

Our Prices Are Reasonable

The

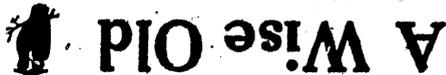
Titsworth Co., Inc.

Capitan, N. M.

Carrizozo Cleaners

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

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



High Twist Sheer  
CHIFFON  
STOCKINGS  
for DAYTIME

GOHAM  
GOLD STRIPE

Beautiful Silk Stockings  
Free from Rings

SHEER and lovely to look at—and their high twist construction makes them outwear ordinary stockings many times over! Tiny seams, small French heel... no run that starts above can pass the gold stripes. 3 thread chiffon.

79c PAIR AND UP  
BURKE ART & GIFT SHOP

Horns Measurement  
A "hand" is actual measurement in four inches, the common unit of measurement of the height of horses.

Longest Indian Trail  
The war trail of the Six Nations from Chautauque, N. Y., to Georgia, is the longest Indian trail known.

Light From Sugar  
If two lumps of sugar are rubbed together in a room that is completely dark, they will give off a faint light.

OUR TIME, knowledge and experience in the printing business.

For Sale

When you are in need of something in this line DON'T FORGET THIS

Local Mention

Fred Sweet of the Ancho country was in town last Saturday, transacted some business matters and left for home in the afternoon.

Party and Evening Dresses—25% Discount at Ziegler Bros. It

Mrs. Lillie Casey Klansner of Roswell was a visitor in Carrizozo the latter part of last week.

Richard Kimbrell, state highway employee, was a guest at the home of his parents, Deputy Assessor Wm. Kimbrell and Mrs. Kimbrell.

Gunther C. Kroggel, manager of the New Mexico Mechanical Equipment Co., was a business visitor in Albuquerque the first part of the week.

Adolfo Freeman and son Billy were business visitors from Capitan on Monday.

Sam Bigger, old-time printer of Capitan, was here Monday and while in town, made the Outlook office his customary call. "Just to say howdy and get a sniff of printer's ink," said Sam.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Riggs were in town last Saturday from the J. V. Taylor I-X ranch.

Mr. and Mrs. Jim Greer were shoppers in town last Saturday from their ranch near the Malpais.

Entire Stock of Evening Dresses—25% Discount at Ziegler's It

Bryce Duggar, employee of the New Mexico Mechanical Equipment Co., made a business trip to Gallup last Saturday, returning home Sunday.

Winter Is Here!

Give your order to Nick Vega for good White Oaks Lump Coal

Any amount from 50c up

Rathmann Hospital

Mrs. Rich Hust was dismissed with satisfactory recovery. Mrs. Tom Bingham has been dismissed. Cicero Green returned home after a major operation. H. O. Smith is improving after a minor operation. Bill Yates admitted to hospital Saturday. Mrs. Ada Grey and Rich Hust have been dismissed.

Diego Salcido and Trinidad Maa were business visitors from the Hondo valley the latter part of last week.

Mr. R. A. A. Chase was a Lincoln visitor on this Wednesday, conducting his classes in music.

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Rathmann and Mrs. Mamie Bennett spent Thursday in El Paso.

Carrizozo Lodge No. 80, I. O. O. F. held a big meeting Tuesday night. Visitors were Herbert Willis of Los Angeles and John Stamm of Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dr. T. H. Williams, Dentist, will be in Carrizozo on Saturday, March 6, for one week. 2t

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Craig of Ancho were visitors in Carrizozo last Saturday.

Albert Wraight and John Stamm were here from Fort Stanton Tuesday night to attend Oddfellows' lodge.

Ziegler Bros.

Are You Paying Too Much For Your Hose? If So—W H Y?

Try The 79c Kayser Mir-O-Kleer!



It's wonderful—it's beautiful & it wears and wears as all good hosiery should. You'll find it perfect for day-in and day-out purposes. 79c and up

Be Wiser—Buy Kayser!

Ziegler Bros.

The Leading Dry Goods, Clothing and Grocery Store.

FOR SALE:

5000

BARREL TANK

Also a few Steel bottomless Tanks, 8 feet high by 39 feet across. Capacity 1660 barrels or 80,000 gallons of water. \$125 each. Inquire at Outlook Office

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

Twice Weekly Service—Tuesday and Friday  
Work Guaranteed and Insured

Excelsior Cleaners

OF ROSWELL  
RAYMOND BUCKNER, AGENT

Do You Suppose That—  
Geo. Washington

KNEW—That Vitamin D was called the "Sunshine Vitamin"—or Foods containing calcium are needed by growing children to build strong bones and teeth—or Caviar comes from the Roe of a Fish—or Allspice is made from the dried fruit of the Pimiento tree—or that California Avocados, Florida Grapefruit, Bermuda onions and Fresh Oysters from Chesapeake Bay

Could be Purchased at—

ECONOMY Cash Grocery & Meat Market

PHONE 62

J. F. PETTY, Prop.

OK'D BY MILLIONS for thrift and comfort

10¢

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