

GOLD AND CROSS LOW BIDDERS ON PWA JOB

LABOR BOARD GETS REPORT OF EXAMINER

Charles B. Bayly Recommends Board Ruling Against Inland Company

Findings Based On Testimony Given At Public Hearing Last Month

A recommendation that the Inland Lime and Stone company be ordered to reinstate three former employees...

Analyses of the samples taken are to be made and a progress report on the rock work...

Michigan's new primary law, providing for a secret primary election, went into effect on October 2.

Michigan voters will be given all-inclusive ballots at the next primary election.

According to the old law there is no competing dead and taxers are prone to resign themselves to the inevitable...

Women's Club To Hear Talk On Athletics

E. D. Mitchell, University of Michigan, Speaks Here Tuesday

Elmer D. Mitchell, associate professor of physical education and director of intramural sports at the University of Michigan...

He is the author of the following books: Theory of Organization; Play; Practice of Organized Play; Basketball; Intramural Athletics; Monographs; Racial Traits in Athletics; Play's Relation to Education; The Trend of Amateur Athletics; Intramural Sports; Physical Education; History of School Health and Education in Michigan; Progress in Intramural Athletics.

Before coming to the university to become a member of the varsity athletic coaching staff in 1917, Professor Mitchell was athletic director at Grand Rapids Union high school, and held a similar position at the University of Michigan from 1918 to 1919.

Leaders Are Chosen For Cub Packs

Organization of Boys Begun In Three Manistique Districts

Organization of cub packs among more than 150 Manistique boys who have enrolled in the younger boys' program of the Boy Scouts began with organization of the first pack at Lakeland school...

Prospective leaders for the cub program were chosen last week by three groups representing the Lakeland, Central and Westlake districts, and the concluding training session was presented by Rev. G. W. Wahlin, Rev. DeLoey Huennick and B. W. Phillips.

The following men and women were selected for Manistique: Mrs. Jessie White, Mrs. C. W. Tyrrell, M. F. Kotchen, William Miller, Gordon Brock, John Webster and Dr. George A. Shaw were selected as Den dads, and Dan mothers are Mrs. Henry Christensen, Mrs. R. D. Curley, Mrs. Roy Larson, and Mrs. William Cook.

DEER HUNTING SEASON OPENS HERE MONDAY

Local Hunters Prepare For Annual Trek To Camps In District

Local preparations for the deer season reached peak proportions this week as supplies were transported to outlying camps and equipment was made ready.

The conservation department also predicts some of the best deer hunting that Michigan has enjoyed in several seasons.

CCC YOUTH PLEADS GUILTY TO THEFT

Walter Cwik Steals Watch From Aldrich Home; Gets Thirty Days

Walter Cwik, 19, of Chicago, recently enrolled for CCC duty at Camp Manistique, was sentenced to serve 30 days in the county jail following his plea of guilty in justice court here Wednesday to a charge of petty larceny.

One slight addition has been made in the regulations pertaining to the wearing of license tag numbers on the back, the word "legal" has been inserted as a requirement of the identification.

Unemployment Census Committee Named Here

Mayor Frank M. Gierke this week named a committee of local residents to aid in the unemployment survey which will be conducted throughout the United States starting Nov. 16.

The data on the cards is to be used solely for the purpose of the census. Further, positive action was taken to prevent the census information from being used for any supplementary enumeration or registration which might be imposed on the regular unemployment census.

CITY COUNCIL VOTES CHANGE IN FRANCHISE

Proposed Utility Ordinance Redrafted At Special Meeting Saturday

Public Utilities Commission As Arbitrator Among Suggested Revisions

Several changes in the franchise proposal submitted to the city by the Manistique Light and Power company were proposed by the city council at an adjourned special meeting Saturday afternoon.

Principal changes recommended by the council Saturday included the designation of the Manistique public utilities commission as an arbitrator of disputes rather than a board of local citizens.

Some of the suggested changes were discussed at the special council session last Friday night as the city attorney read the franchise proposal and the council discussed its action by section.

The data on the cards is to be used solely for the purpose of the census. Further, positive action was taken to prevent the census information from being used for any supplementary enumeration or registration which might be imposed on the regular unemployment census.

CITY WILL SAVE \$7,895 AS RESULT OF \$82,008.50 BID

BOND SALE FUNDS DEPOSITED HERE

Braun, Bosworth And Company Sends Money To State Savings Bank

Fifty-three thousand dollars, representing the city's share of the cost of the PWA project here, was deposited in the State Savings Bank Wednesday by Braun, Bosworth and company, of Toledo, Ohio.

The Toledo bond company, with a low bid of three and a quarter per cent interest rate, was awarded the purchase of the city's general obligation bonds at a council meeting a few weeks ago.

Debate Trio Meets Felch Here Friday

Local Affirmative Team Opens Season At High School Auditorium

Manistique high school's affirmative debate team will meet the Felch high school negative trio in the opening debate of the season at the local auditorium Friday evening.

Members of the local team are Professor Vernon John Solar and David Shinar. They are coached by Preston M. Tania.

The project calls for new boulevard lighting standards on Arden street, on Maple street, on Cedar street, on South Cedar street, on Oak street, on Fifth street, and on Oak street between Maple and Cedar streets.

34 ARE LISTED ON HONOR ROLL AT HIGH SCHOOL

Students With Top Ranking Are Announced By Principal Carl Olson

Sophomores And Freshmen Have Highest Number On Second Period Roll

- Coyle, John, A.A.B. Erickson, Harry, A.A.B. Franckovich, Elva, A.A.B.B. Grimes, Geraldine, B.B.B. Haines, Gladys, A.A.B. Ober, Evelyn, A.A.A.A. Taylor, Jacqueline, A.A.A.B.

- Anderson, Howard, A.B.B. Backwell, Paul, B.B.B. Erickley, Sadie, A.A.A. Erickson, George, A.A.B. Hughes, Catherine, B.B.B. Longst, Mary, A.A.B. Haines, Gladys, A.A.B.B. Robinson, Thoma, A.B.B. Shinar, David, A.A.A. Sundell, Edwin, A.B.B. Watters, Duane, A.A.B.

ACHIEVEMENT TEST RESULTS ISSUED

Lincoln School Pupils Listed This Week By Principal Dayl Crosskey

The following list shows the results of the achievement tests, giving the names of the three students who ranked the highest in each subject in each grade of the Lincoln school:

- Reading: Maxine E. Jones, Richard Kordick, Helen Faxon.
- Second Grade
- Reading: Constance Peterson, Paul Hollock, Lorraine Rydquist.
- Third Grade
- Reading: Raymond Norberg, Chester LaFreniere, Rita Eakley, Language: Usner Raymond Norberg, Rita Eakley, Margaret Paulsen, Patricia Wilcox.
- Arithmetic Computation: Rita Eakley, Raymond Norberg, Chester LaFreniere, Margaret Paulsen, Elaine St. John.
- Arithmetic Reasoning: Billy Coyle, Raymond Norberg, Rita Eakley.
- Spelling: Raymond Norberg, Anna May Manassa, Jack Stigle.
- Fourth Grade
- Reading: Jean Hagston, Lyle LaMourie, Myrtle Salter, Wesley Smithson.
- Arithmetic Computation: Marilyn Larson, Myrtle Salter, Lorraine Patz.
- Arithmetic Reasoning: Marilyn Larson, Myrtle Salter, Joseph Wise, Language: Usner Myrtle Salter, Jean Hagston, Carl Berglund.
- Spelling: Carl Berglund, Myrtle Salter, Jean Hagston.
- Fifth Grade
- Reading: Alice Smith, Richard Buckley, Richard Eakley.
- Arithmetic Computation: Leola LaMourie, Beatrice Olson, Lloyd Johnson, Phyllis Nelson.
- Arithmetic Reasoning: Richard Eakley, Richard Buckley, Marvin Champoux, John Hayden.
- Language Usage: Marvin Champoux, Jack Shanley, Michael Mincoff, Richard Buckley, Beatrice Olson.
- Spelling: Alice Smith, Richard Eakley, Richard Buckley, Beatrice Olson, Leola LaMourie, John Snow.
- Sixth Grade
- Reading: Millie Hayden, Shirley Maitland, Zoe Bennett.
- Arithmetic Computation: Francis DeSaute, Shirley Maitland, Patricia Horie.
- Arithmetic Reasoning: Irene Peterson, Shirley Maitland, Patricia Horie, Francis DeSaute.
- Language: Betty Anderson, Zoe Bennett, Jack Hough, Irene Peterson, Patricia Carran.

RHEUMATISM IS COMMON DISEASE AMONG CHILDREN

(By Dr. E. J. Bremer)

Rheumatism is rather common in children and should be recognized more often than it is. The child may complain of aching joints and limbs and often the condition is called "stomach pains" and neglected.

There are no such things as stomach pains and any youngster complaining of joint or muscle pains is perhaps suffering from fatigue or infection of the joints. One should be on the lookout for rheumatism in the family physician consulted if the disease is suspected.

Gun Stating Law In Note Amended

Among game law changes now in effect and important to hunters is an amendment which extends the provision pertaining to the carrying of loaded firearms in automobiles, making it apply also to certain kinds of boats and vehicles.

PRIMARY SCHOOL FUND INCREASED

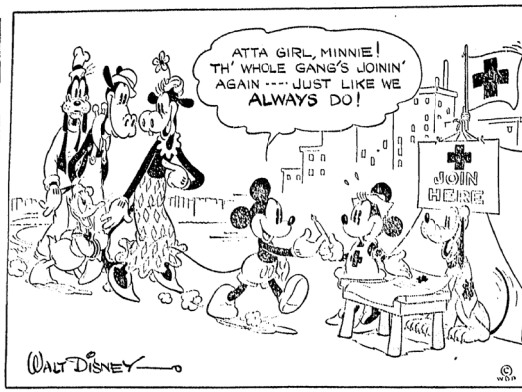
\$11,545.26 To Be Added To Schoolcraft County's First Allotment

An increase in the amount available to schools under the primary school fund will partially offset the 10 percent cut in the appropriation to schools ordered by Governor Murphy in his effort to balance the budget, according to word received here by school officials from Eugene R. Eklund, superintendent of public instruction.

This increase comes from an actual revenue of \$14,061.552 from the primary fund instead of the estimated amount of \$13,909.008 which was based.

YOUR NERVOUS CHILD MAY BE A CRUSHED GENIUS

An article in The American Weekly, the great weekly magazine with the November 14 issue of The Detroit Sunday Times, discloses facts explained by Professor Joseph A. Gates, noted educator, who tells how many brilliant minds could be saved if schools paid as much attention to high-strung, unruly pupils as they do to backward and stupid ones.



HIGH SCHOOL CAGE PRACTICE STARTS

Squad Of 35 Turns Out For First Basketball Session This Week

The first basketball practice of the season for Coach Oscar Wassberg's high school squad was held Tuesday in the gymnasium. A squad of about thirty-five hopefuls reported for the first session of the season.

WESTSIDE GARAGE

Expert Repairing on all cars at Reasonable Rates. All Work Guaranteed. DAY AND NIGHT SERVICE. Phone 231

Mr. and Mrs. E. Morrison and family, of Manistique, were visitors Sunday at the frames. Mrs. Morrison was Newberry earlier Saturday evening.

NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS

Blaney News

Mrs. Ed Sittes and son, Laurence, moved to Manistique Tuesday. The pupils at the Green school took their achievement tests Friday.

Raymond Olson made a business trip to Manistique Thursday. Luke Wagner was a caller in Manistique Saturday.

Woods District

Aid Meeting Pictured Woods Chapel Ladies' Aid will not hold a meeting until Thursday, November 18, at which time the aid society will meet at the home of Mrs. W. Davidson.

Box Social

An entertainment and box social will be held at the Woods school on Friday evening, November 11, at 8 o'clock.

Cooks News

Bridal Shower Miss Irene Toho was the guest of honor at a bridal shower Wednesday evening at the home of Mrs. Hector Popow, of Manistique.

Perfect Attendance

Primary room: Richard Dornan, Mary Ann Wilson, Carl Erickson, Thora Lloyd, Leonard Swisher, Dale Barton, Elinor Kennedy, Shirley Lawrence, Donald Locke, Bernice Leary, Theodore Sharrett, Arlen Swisher, Patrick Edwards, Betty Lou Burns, Gerald Caffery, Jean Caffery, George Dornan, Betty Hinson, Estelle Loyd, Marvel Leary, Bert Williams, Edward Salomon, James Snyder, Emma Grace Wallstrom, Joan Pelletier.

Germaak News

Rev. C. E. Morrison will hold regular bi-monthly services at Woods Chapel, Sunday, November 14, at 2:30 p. m. Everyone is welcome to this service.

Wesley H. Zerkusky

Wesley H. Zerkusky, of Menominee, U. S. A., held an office at the Schoolcraft A. C. A. office here on Tuesday.

What size bulb?

THE EYESTRAIN SEASON is here. Evenings grow dark swiftly. There's more reading to be done, more studying, more fine sewing and darning... all the family use their eyes more strenuously. Guard your own eyes and those of your family. See that they have plenty of good light by making sure that you have the right bulb in every socket.

KITCHEN WORK?

At the center of the ceiling there should be a glass-enclosed unit with a 100, 150 or 200-watt bulb, depending on size of room and color of walls.

READING?

Single socket floor and table lamps need a 100-watt bulb. Lamps with two sockets, two 60-watt bulbs; with three sockets, three 40's. New I.E.S. lamps do the job best.

SEWING?

Sewing is much harder on eyes. For even simplest needlework you need 100 watts; 150 is better. Sewing on dark cloth dark threads requires more light than ordinary sewing. Try a new I.E.S. lamp for eye safety.

FREE—Have your home lighting measured! Use our light meter to accurately measure your present lighting. Then you can "light condition" your home scientifically. We will show you how the light meter works and you can test your home lighting yourself.

Manistique Light & Power Co. "DO IT ELECTRICALLY" Service Phone—44

BRIDGES?

Drives and other games requiring close seeing should have as much light as reading—one 100-watt bulb, two 60's or three 40's. The new bridge lamps flood the table and room with light. Try one.

SHAVING?

Well lighted bathrooms are rare. Wall brackets beside the mirror should each have a 40-watt bulb in white glass shade. For a single fixture above the mirror, use a 60-watt bulb. For a central ceiling fixture use a 100 or 150-watt bulb.



1933 Buick

Monday — the Most Modern Automobile in the World is the new 1933 Buick — with DYNAFLEX ENGINE and TORQUE-FREE SPRINGING.

IF YOU'VE got a sparkling 1933 Buick through its thrilling passage. And tried to say in words what this stand-out car's got —

And found to your surprise you couldn't begin to do it justice.

Listen, don't think you're the only one!

"It's gotta lotta ummph!" say trier-outers valiantly trying to express all the marvelous things they've felt.

"Umph!" meaning zip — dash — power.

"Umph!" meaning all you ever expected to find in a car — and a great deal also in addition!

Fact is — demonstration, not conversation, is the thing to describe this new Buick.

To say it's quick — nimble — agile is to do only fractional justice to its DYNAFLEX engine and what it does every time you touch off its thrifty power.

"Better buy Buick!"

A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

CRAWFORD & HOLLAND

DEER STREET MANISTIQUE, MICHIGAN

THE MANISTIQUE PIONEER-TRIBUNE

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1939 POTATO SHOW SHOULD BE HELD IN MANISTIQUE

Schoolcraft county was the upper peninsula and state potato championship more times than any county in Michigan. This high honor has come to Schoolcraft county because of the agricultural capabilities of two farmers in lower Michigan, Alphonse Verschure and Russell Tennant.

CAUTION IN THE HUNTING AREAS

Thousands of armed men will prow the forests and plains of the upper peninsula during the next two weeks, starting Monday, November 15. Unlike thousands of armed men who tramp the by-roads of Spain or the flat lands of China, the red-clad army in the northwoods is not seeking human victims.

THE NATIONS DIVIDE INTO ECONOMIC BLOCs

It is a strange commentary on international affairs to find liberal democracies being forced to the side of communism as the fascist nations bind themselves together to stamp it out. If it were only a matter of governmental ideals, the position of democracy becoming a partner of communism would be untenable.

Better to have loved and paid alimony than never to have loved at all.

What the taxpayer would like to say to the national budget: "Hey, there, pull over to be cured."

Always a lot of men—and nations—need shooting; but a move in that direction is very often disastrous.

Manufacturers of silk stockings warn of shortage if Japan bans silk exports. What of it? We're used to bare legs.

The New Deal in France isn't going so good. Well, they haven't any Wallace and Hopkins over there to put it over.

President Roosevelt's statements about our duty to the world may be noble and high minded but somehow or other they remind us of the pronouncements of Woodrow Wilson before we got into the World War.

The human race has a small class of workers who attempt the difficult path uphill, and a larger class of shirkers who prefer the easy trail downhill. Each of us chooses his own.

6 milk Melocates advertisement featuring a bottle of Melocates milk and text: 'NOW, LINEMAN LOU IS OUT ALL DAY IN EVERY KIND OF WEATHER. CHILL WINDS OR RAIN WITH LAZARUS...'

route. But, having made the choice, don't complain about what you find at the end. Generally the fellows most anxious for war are those too old to fight and who have no sons to contribute to the cause.

Anyhow this talk about Japan's outrages against China serves to take the mind of the public off such things as the Klan, the supreme court and the slump in the stock market.

We are pleased to give the stars in Hollywood some extra credit marks for refusing to act with Dictator Mussolini's ambitious son who came here to learn all about the moving picture industry.

ECONOMIC HIGHLIGHTS

happenings That Affect the Dinner Table, Divided Checks and Tax Bills of Every Individual. National and International Problems Inseparable from Local Welfare. The cyclonic disturbances in the west of the country have detracted attention from business production and activity indexes.

So far as industrial production is concerned, there has been substantial drop—but the drop was nowhere near as severe as the drop in stocks.

A few industries—notably steel—were not in all probability, recover much of their recent losses in production for a considerable length of time.

Some specific business information of interest follows: Commodities: Dropped in value along with securities, but to a much lesser extent.

Power and Light: America is constantly becoming more completely electrified with the utility industry's output holding to a high level.

Construction: The rise in building costs has at least temporarily stopped. As a result, contracts let have been rising.

Cotton: This season's exports have been about 10 per cent ahead of last season's. Domestic consumption has been satisfactory.

Retail Trade: Has held to a high level throughout the country substantially surpassing the same period in 1938.

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State Geologist Sees Reclamation Stabilization of Lake Resort Values

Reclamation and stabilization of thousands of dollars in lake resort values damaged in the past by fluctuating water levels are seen by Dr. R. A. Smith, state geologist, as now being possible through operation of a new law.

The new act transfers the power of lake level control from the board of supervisors to the county drain commissioner.

In brief, the act makes lake level control a part of ordinary drainage work and the procedure for controlling a lake level now is essentially the same procedure as that for laying out drains.

The first step in preparing a water control project now is to submit a petition to the county department, after which the drainage commissioner holding jurisdiction in the area concerned and the department confer on the advisability of the proposed project and the names available.

Heavy damage to lake property has occurred in the past from shifting lake levels, the damage resulting in some instances from excessively high levels but more often from low levels.

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STAR DUST Movie • Radio

OFFSCREEN romance is having a big influence these days in casting picture. Paramount has given a three-year contract to John Barrymore and his wife, Elaine Barrie, and will feature them together in a picture as soon as a suitable story can be located.

Some days he was three hours late showing up for work, and sometimes he disappeared for days. When he did arrive on time, likely as not he would make such casual remarks to his fellow players that their nerves were practically shattered.

At last the quarrel between Freddie Bartholomew and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is over.

Freddie Bartholomew, who has just made a great success on the New York stage, is still on the air.

Ann Miller, who played Ginger Rogers' dancing partner, is playing the lead in "Radio City Revels" opposite Milton Berle.

Just the other day Warren Newell, a laborer at the University stadium, was fined for the disgrace of ten years ago when he was discharged from a minor league baseball team for dropping a flyball in a crucial point in the ninth inning.

ODDS AND ENDS—Bing Crosby was so delighted with the smart dialogue in "The Cowboy" that he insisted on having the author, Claude Binyon, write the next.

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At ANY TIME!

When you bank at this bank by mail, you are not restricted by banking hours—you may bank at ANY TIME from anywhere.

Checks or drafts, endorsed by you and slipped into an envelope and addressed to the bank, may be mailed at your convenience at the nearest mail box.

BANK BY MAIL—you will appreciate the time-saving convenience of this modern service.

1917-20th Anniversary Year 1937 Continuous Banking Service

State Savings Bank

Y. C. Savage officiating. The body was taken from the Johnson undertaking parlors at Manistique to the Claude Deloria home Sunday afternoon.

Funeral services for the late Alex Mayou, of Garden, who was found dead at his home, were held Monday morning at 8 o'clock at the St. John Baptist church, Rev. Fr.

Ann Miller, who played Ginger Rogers' dancing partner, is playing the lead in "Radio City Revels" opposite Milton Berle.

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NOW IS THE TIME... avoid the last minute shopping rush

Visit the Headquarters for Personalized Christmas Cards

The finest and most artistic selection of Christmas Greeting Cards awaits your call... and at the most reasonable prices...

There is no finer way to remember your friends than by sending them Christmas cards, and there are no lines of Christmas cards than those with your name, and more gram too, if you choose, on them.

Christmas cards are dignified and have prestige not obtainable in any other way.

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Tribune Publishing Company

Phone 19 Manistique, Mich

Manistique In Former Days

Fifty Years Ago
For names a being given to these people are getting that of kind of amusement.

M-04. The new machine, which was purchased through H. Voinne & Son, is the most modern on the market. Mr. Orr has a herd of 25 cows.

Cooks School News

Grade Honor Roll
Kindergrader: Viola Miller, Marie Desjardins, Frances Davidson, Rita Desjardins, Lehand Walter, Betty Wilson.

Stauben

Miss Lulu M. Hughes, Corsets and Sidney Latsch, of Marinette, were very fortunate to escape in Burton's car when it was overturned and turned bottom side up in the creek near Steuben, Mich.

Junior Program

The junior students presented a musical program in the assembly Wednesday morning which consisted of the following numbers: Promotion March, Pimper Bernhardt.

Basketball

A schedule has been formed for the grade rooms in which both boys and girls get a chance to practice basketball. The sixth and seventh grade boys are coached by Everett Knuth and the girls by Miss Victoria.

Start Practice

The basketball season having ended at Cooke the boys have taken turned to basket ball. Last week found them getting lined up for position. It is expected that the team will make a good showing this season.

School Party

A party was given Thursday evening by the high school students. The teachers were also present. The evening was spent in dancing and playing games.

Perfect Attendance

Kindergrader and First Grade
Barbara Gordon, Audrey Miller, Viola Miller, Betty Pascoe, William Popper, Betty Jane Reid.

ROWNERS
You tried our NEW LINE of Auto Batteries, New Built Batteries, New Glass and Auto Tires?
This handles second-hand auto parts.
New merchandise is guaranteed.

BOWLING NOTES

Table with columns for Bowler Name, Pins, and Score. Includes names like Isackson, Nicholson, and Cason.

Build Addition At Blaney Park

Blaney Park's new housing facilities next season will be increased by the addition of several cottages now under construction at the junction of highways 2-2 and 2.

Team Standings

Table showing team standings for various sports including Basketball, Football, and Hockey.

STATE PLAYERS RELY UPON MILK

Survey Taken At Michigan State For National Milk Week, Nov. 11-20
Nearly all the players on the football team at Michigan State drink milk by the pint and quite a few by the quart.

INSURE-A-GRAMS TRY YOUR SKILL

Table for a word game titled 'INSURE-A-GRAMS TRY YOUR SKILL'. It lists words and their corresponding letters.

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NOTICE

In the Circuit Court For the County of Schoolcraft in Chancery
The undersigned, trustee under the last Will and Testament of Louis Mallette, deceased, Plaintiff vs. Helen Tharrell, John Hunter Cooper, Nelson Mallette, William Mallette, Robert A. Mallette, Kenneth Mallette, Doris E. Mallette, Helen Mallette, Dunbar, Margaret Mallette, and Margaret Mallette, defendants.

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For Men of Action
You see them everywhere and all are particular about their clothes. They demand style that's up to the minute, plus perfect fit, comfort, and fabrics that wear.

WEAR GUARANTEED BY CURLEE
FIT GUARANTEED BY US
\$25 \$30 \$35
Peoples Store
A GOOD PLACE TO TRADE

FEATURING LORRAINE TRIQUE STRIP
Briefs, Panties, Vests, Slips, Brasieres, Combinations, Slips, Gowns, Palamas.
59c to 1.95
Rich frothy, satin stripes in Tricot knit firmly textured fabric. No figure smoothing or crumple. Every garment, stretch or ease. Every garment, neat pattern, fitting. Washes and wears wonderfully.

Peoples Store
A GOOD PLACE TO TRADE

JULES FOREST, SR., TAKEN BY DEATH
Pioneer Resident Dies Monday After Long Illness; Funeral Thursday
Jules Forest, Sr., 76, a resident of the community for the past 40 years, passed away Monday evening at 7:10 o'clock at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Joseph Forest, State Road, after a long illness. Mr. Forest suffered a stroke about eight months ago, and had been in ill health since that time. He was the last surviving member of a family of 20 children. He was born Dec. 3, 1861, at St. Lin, Canada, and was married there 50 years ago. He came to Manistique with his wife after a four year residence at Fayette, Mich. Mrs. Forest died April 3, 1935. Mr. Forest was employed by the Charcoal Iron Company and by the Chicago Lumber company before establishing a truck farm about 15 years ago. Survivors are three daughters, Mrs. Clara McBurney, of Manistique; Mrs. Dorinda Lee, of Detroit; and Mrs. Amanda Forney, of Manistique, and one son, Jules Forest, Jr., of Chicago. Five grand children also survive. Funeral services were held at 10 o'clock Thursday morning at St. Francis de Sales church, Rev. E. J. P. Schovers officiating. Burial was made in Fairview cemetery. Pallbearers were Charles Blais, Eocque Chartier, Napoleon Robaire, Dave Robare, Joe Henry and Ed Diabaneau.

Peoples Store
A Good Place to Trade
It pays to buy the best. E-Z Underwear combines warmth with style and quality at prices that fit your budget.

26 LOCAL BOYS TO ATTEND MEETING
Large Manistique Delegation Goes to Menominee For Conference
Twenty-six Manistique high school boys with Kenneth Musson, faculty leader, will represent Manistique at the Older Boys Conference which will be held at Menominee Friday and Saturday of this week. The local delegation is expected to be one of the largest at the conference.

MUSSER WILL HEAD STUDY GROUP HERE
Manistique Selected As University Correspondence Center
Manistique has been selected as a university correspondence center. High school graduates or other mature persons desiring to take correspondence work on a college level may do so by enrolling with Lawrence Musser at the high school.

August Nelson Hurt In Accident
August Nelson, Arbutus avenue, southwest of Manistique, was struck by a truck on Sunday night. Nelson is recovering from his injuries at the Manistique hospital.

They're called 'Budget' by PHOENIX and only 89¢
You'll find a rare service in "Budget," 4-thread chifon... exclusive Phoenix Custom-Fit top. Service plus new attractiveness on the leg.
PHOENIX HOSIERY
Peoples Store

JOE LESICA BAGS BIG CANADA MOOSE
Local Postoffice Employee Shoots 1200 Pound Animal On Hunting Trip
Joe Lesica, local postoffice clerk, returned this week from a hunting trip in northern Ontario, Canada, with a bull moose, which he killed Thursday. The animal weighed about 1200 pounds, with a 10-prong spread of 40 inches.

NEW SCOUT CAMP AT RED JACK LAKE
Abandoned CCC Facilities To Be Made Available To Troops In District
Boy Scouts in the Manistique, Gladstone and Escanaba district will establish a scout camp at a site on Red Jack Lake, about two miles southeast of Camp Kentucky. It was unofficially started here Thursday. The land, believed to be approximately a square mile, was made available by the government's Forest Service.

Zion Lutheran Festival Friday
Dr. C. A. Lund, of Escanaba, will be the principal speaker at the Lutheran festival being held at the Zion Lutheran church Friday evening. The program will include: hymns, "A Mighty Fortress is Our God," devotion by Rev. E. J. P. Nelson; anthem, "David's Psalm 150" (Wennerberg), in Swedish by the choir; clarinet duet by Leo and Dorothy Curran; vocal solo, "America," by the choir.

MRS. W. COUSINEAU CLAIMED BY DEATH
Local Resident Dies Here On Wednesday After Illness Of Five Years
Mrs. William Cousineau, 53, passed away Wednesday afternoon shortly after 10 o'clock after a long illness. She had been in ailing health for the past five years.

RURAL TEACHERS HEAR SPEAKERS
Schoecraft, Luce And Alger Counties Represented At Meeting
The object of the Michigan Rural Teachers' association, affiliate of the Michigan Education association organized at Mt. Pleasant four years ago, is professionalization of rural teachers. Donald Leitch, of Grand county commissioner, of Grand county and president of the association told a delegation of rural teachers from Luce, Alger and Schoecraft counties at a meeting here Saturday.

Local Woman Is Fined In Court
Mrs. Bessie Troyer, of Manistique, was fined \$50 and \$5 costs in justice court here Monday for the pleaded guilty to a charge of driving while under the influence of intoxicating liquor. Mrs. Troyer was arrested Saturday evening by Troopers E. J. Kers, who is now editor of the Apple News, official publication of the Michigan Rural Teachers association, also stressed the importance of professionalization of the rural teacher. Teachers from Seney, Germfask, Doyle, Manistique, Hiawatha, Thompson and Inwood townships in Schoecraft county were present at the meeting.

STYLEPARK HAND MADE HATS
"... made by hand"
The finer things are "made by hand"... and Stylepark Hats are no exception. Only careful hand craftsmanship throughout can give so much distinctive style and such sturdy wearing qualities. In every detail of finish and trim you'll find evidence that hand work makes Stylepark superior to any machine-made hat. Come in and let us show you the superiorities of a Stylepark.
3.50 and 5.00
Peoples Store

Here's a Blanket to Celebrate an EVI
A luxuriously soft blanket for comfort and at the same durable and light, 70" x 80" smart new color—rich blue or harmonizing "revere" picked by a famous interior decorator. The binding is a lustrous silk.
Peoples Store
A Good Place to Trade

THE Windsor BY SCRANTON
Fit for a Palace
YET THIS LOVELY SCRANTON Lace Dinner Cloth COSTS ONLY \$3.95
Peoples Store
A Good Place to Trade

\$4 Most Style
FORTUNE
From the British Isles, home of some of the smartest men's shoe styles, come the lines of this Fortune English toe—style specified to go with the popular new serge and homespun this season... \$4, most styles.
Peoples Store
A Good Place to Trade

Flotsam and Jetsam
(Continued from page 1)
the people of this country tax-conscious. They are delving deep into the real causes of the high cost of living taxes are hauling out the so called hidden taxes.

GERO
SATURDAY, Nov. 13—"BAD GUY"
with BRUCE CABOT VIRGINIA GREY CLIFF EDWARDS
SUNDAY, Nov. 14—"THE BRIDE WORE RED"
with FRANCHOT TONE ROBERT YOUNG
MONDAY, Nov. 15—"THE MAN IN BLUE"
ROBERT WILCOX MAN GREY RALPH MORGAN
WEDNESDAY, Nov. 17—"BETTY DAVIS and HER PANDA"
"THAT CERTAIN WOMAN"
THURSDAY, Nov. 18—"THE WILD CATTERS"
with SCOTT COLTON JEAN ROGERS
SHOWS: 7:30 and 9 P. M.
GERO THEATRE
Manistique

17 JEWEL BULOY \$20
LADY BULOY \$29.75
MINUTE MAN \$33.75
MINUTE MAN \$33.75
STAMM
JEWEL MANISTIQUE

...of the ...
...on which our grand-
...their teams. Speak-
...three ...

BUCKSHOT AS

To Auto Owners
Buying Plates

MAILS 1.500

Bags Big Buck
Early Tuesday

The Manistique Pioneer-Tribune

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1937

WEEKLY SECTION

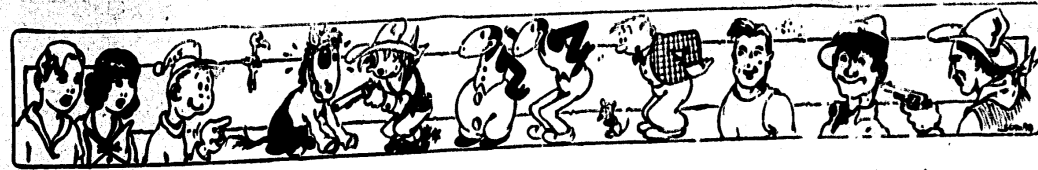
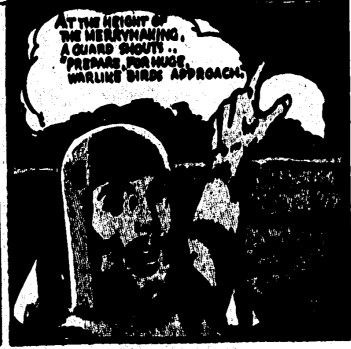
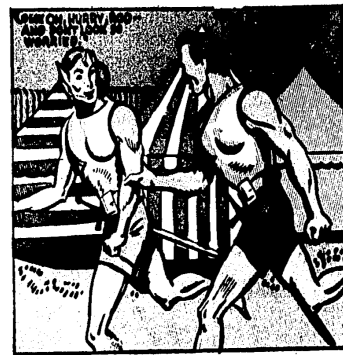
COMICS **Feature** Magazine FICTION

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WEEK—NOVEMBER 7, 1937

ROD RIAN

OF THE SKY POLICE
by
PAUL HJEPSON



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... Gayar.

JANE ARDEN

by Monte Barrett and Russell E. Ross

JANE IS IN STAMFORD TO CHECK UP ON BIGGE, THE RACKETEER, WHO IS BUYING OPTIONS ON ALL THE NEARBY FARMS -

THERE'S MR BIGGE, TALKIN' TO EZRA JONES - I BET EZRA SELLS HIM AN OPTION ON HIS FARM!

BUT WHAT DOES HE WANT WITH IT? HE ALREADY HAS AN OPTION ON NEARLY EVERY FARM IN THE COUNTY!

CAN'T MAKE UP HIS MIND WHICH FARM HE WANTS - LONG AS HE'S PASSIN' OUT MONEY, WE JUST NACHELLY TAKE IT!

IS HE OFFERING GOOD PRICES?

WHY, IT'S A SHAME THE PRICES THESE FOLKS ARE ASKIN' HIM - I ORTA SET HIM RIGHT ON IT - HIM BEIN' SUCH A NICE FELLER -

I SHOULD 'A GOT MORE OUT O' HIM FER MY PLACE, THOUGH!

BUT SUPPOSE HE BUYS ALL THESE FARMS?

HUH, EVEN BIGGE AINT GOT THAT MUCH MONEY - MEANTIME, WE ALL GOT SPENDING MONEY FROM OUR OPTIONS -

THE WAY HE'S PASSING OUT MONEY BEATS FARM RELIEF!

I'LL MOVE THE RIG ONTO THAT TRACT SOUTH OF TOWN!

GOOD - THESE YOKELS ARE ALL SET FOR A TRIMMING - BUT REMEMBER YOU AND I ARE STRANGERS!

FOLLOW ME BOYS - WE'RE GOING TO START DRILLING!

G-GOSH! OIL! AN' I SOLD THE OPTION!

HOW MUCH FOR YOUR LEASE? I'M A SQUARE SHOOTER - THERE'S OIL ENOUGH IN THAT FOOL TO MAKE US ALL RICH!

WELL, I'LL HAVE TO SEE THE MAN WHO OWNS THE OPTION!

NO, NO - YOU WAIT HERE - I'LL GET IT BACK!

GIDDAP THERE!

CONSERN IT! I'VE GOT TO GET THAT OPTION BACK AFORE BIGGE HEARS O' THIS!



How BOULDER DAM may create a GREAT INLAND SEA

By Ronald L. Ives

DID the engineers who built Boulder Dam inadvertently start a process which will cause the flooding of the fertile Imperial Valley by the waters of the Gulf of California?

Will the Gulf, in future years, extend as far north as Indio, Calif., making that town a seaport?

Perhaps battleships will maneuver over the present site of El Centro, Calif., and Yuma, Ariz., will be a naval base!

Is this all a dream? A geological Jeremiad? Perhaps, but it has happened twice in the past, and a third occurrence was prevented only by the expenditure of millions of dollars.

Studies of the Gulf of California-Imperial Valley area, summarized by Dr. John P. Buwalda of the California Institute of Technology show that: "The floor of the Salton Basin-Gulf of California trough has been subsiding in recent geologic time and the sea would invade it some 200 miles farther but for the fact that the Colorado river has been building an alluvial cone and delta across it concurrently with the subsidence."

That is, the Gulf of California and Imperial Valley are really one continuous depression in the earth's surface, and the waters of the Gulf would even now be rolling over the submerged valley, but for the fact that the delta of the Colorado forms a great natural dam or levee to hold back the sea.

Back in the dim geologic past, before man came to North America, when the continent was the playground of mammoth and the ground-sloth, the Colorado river began to build a delta into the ancient Gulf of California, and when the icy of the great glaciers carved the Rocky Mountains into their present

form, the Imperial Valley was isolated from the Gulf and occupied by a great freshwater lake.

Soon man came to the lake, and lived on the shores, hunting and fishing, and in his spare time carving pictures on the rocks. Then the water of the lake fell, and became salt, and man moved his camps to the bottom of the basin, below sea level.

Floods came down the Colorado breaking into the Imperial Valley, and driving the early inhabitants out. Minerals deposited by the water covered the ancient pictographs and preserved the story of this great American flood for scientists who came later. Gradually the waters dried up, and the lake level fell, and man reoccupied the valley.

Irrigation made possible a great agricultural center on the shores of America's Dead Sea, and the population of the Salton Sink, now renamed the Imperial Valley, increased year by year.

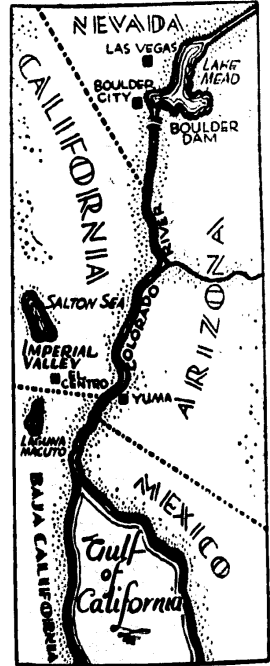
Again the Colorado river, source of the irrigation water, threatened to destroy the valley, and cut away the headworks of the irrigation canals. The resulting inflow of river water raised the level of the Salton Sea 52 feet in less than two years. In 1907, after a desperate struggle by railroad and irrigation companies, during which whole



"And the fountains of the great deep were broken up." . . . Will Americans of the southwest, some thousands of years hence, re-enact this Deluge scene of thousands of years ago?



Boulder Dam, with its spillways opened. . . . This great reclamation project may create a vast inland sea where the Imperial Valley now lies.



A map of the Boulder Dam area. Should the Colorado river's delta sink enough to allow the waters of the Gulf of California to invade Imperial Valley, a great inland sea would be created.

carloads of broken stone were dumped, cars and all, into the ever-widening channels, the inflow was stopped, and the valley was saved—for a time at least.

Frequent minor earthquakes warn that the sinking of the trough in which the valley lies has not stopped. The alluvial land built by the Colorado river is still an effective dam, keeping the waters of the Gulf of California out of the Imperial Valley, but the danger of floods in the valley is ever-present. Only one long crack is needed to let the waters in. Fortunately, alluvial soil seldom breaks into cracks 50 miles long, no matter how violent the quake.

TODAY, the Colorado river is not building any more delta. Boulder Dam and the other smaller dams on the Colorado are holding back the sediments. The great natural dike separating the Imperial Valley from the Gulf of California is no longer being built up. In fact, the now clear water of the river will probably cut into its former deposit, and carry away portions of the great dike. In addition, the waters of the Gulf are forever cutting away at the south end of the dike, removing material and invading the land.

Will the trough continue sinking un-

til the dike is too low to hold back the waters of the Gulf? Geologists would like to know that, too. According to the theory of natural balances (called isostasy by geologists) the land will sink only as material is piled on it. If this theory holds true, and if it can be applied to the Imperial Valley area, the sinking will not continue. If, however, the sinking is caused by other factors (and these other factors are many and complex) then, despite all efforts of man, the sea eventually will invade the Imperial Valley, creating a great inland sea nearly 200 miles long and 50 wide.

What will this day in the far-distant future be like? Great masses of water will plunge into the valley, which lies more than 200 feet below sea level today, and which will have to sink at least 50 feet more before the cataclysm can occur.

There will be warnings, perhaps. Men will flee by highway and railroad, by plane, perhaps afoot. Earthquakes may accompany the deluge as new strains are set up in the earth's crust by the shifting of great masses of water. Great waves will rush across the growing lake, crushing all before them, and destroying the boats of those men of the far future who might attempt to emulate Noah. A week may be necessary for

the final filling of the basin—perhaps it will require two weeks.

Then, under the blazing sun of the California desert, a new sea, dotted with wreckage and the bodies of those who fled too late, will shimmer and ripple in the vagrant breeze. After a million years the sea will have reclaimed its own. The Imperial Valley will then be the Imperial Sea.

FLOODS similar to the one that may take place in the distant future in the Imperial Valley have not been unknown in the geologic past, and may have occurred in the ancestral home of mankind some thousands, or tens of thousands, of years ago. Many nations, on several continents, have legends of floods almost identical in all their major features with the Noachian Deluge.

Among the Papago Indians of the American southwest, whose tribal range is not far from the site of this possible future flood, there is a very complete legend of a tribal hero-god, named Ilit, who knew that there was going to be a flood, and made a boat, using locally available materials, in which he saved himself, the coyote, and the beetle. After a tempestuous journey, during which he floated four times around the world, his craft stranded on a mountain-top in Sonora, and he emerged "very thin after his long journey." With the aid of the beetle and the coyote dry earth was excavated from under the mud, and new lands were built.

Perhaps the Noachian Deluge is an account of an actual flood, transmitted from generation to generation and tribe to tribe by word of mouth. Perhaps this flood was the result of the inundation of the Mediterranean Basin by the waters set free by the melting of the glacial ice.

Dr. JOLSON

History in Song ★ By Pauline Swanson

HISTORIANS cull the most vivid pictures of older times from folk songs; if the same truth holds true when modern times are round the dial and ancient in their turn, then Al Jolson certainly must go down as one of the historians of his day.

Glance back through the song sheets that the mammy singer has imprinted upon the consciousness of his people. There are history's headlines, of American national life, in the colorful first decades of the Twentieth Century. A changing spirit in the New World? Al Jolson's songs—as surely folk songs as any music of the new century—have changed with them.

This colorful song-history of a new century is passing in review on Jolson's radio program, as the singer and his company revive and re-dramatize the hits of the past. Jolson doesn't shy away from new songs. He points a finger at as many hits today as in the days when "April Showers" flourished and "Swanee" and "Mammy" had a whole nation humming.

But his listeners won't let him sing them. Last spring Jolson sang "Make Way for Tomorrow," a new song by Gene Schwartz not yet in the hands of the publishers. The mail bags burst during the following week with demands from his radio audience that he sing the songs he had made famous a decade before. "Sonny Boy" just won't wear out with the Jolson fans, nor will "Keep Smiling at Trouble," "Brother, Can You Spare a Dime." Al says he feels a little silly about singing that dime song. It was a pretty grim thing when he introduced it in 1929. Now, he says, "they're asking for dollars."

NOT EVERY old-time hit will stand the test of revival, Al Jolson believes. Unless their rhythms are modern—"unless you can dance to em"—the songs are meaningless to a modern audience. Thus most of Irving Lurkin's early songs, "Blus Skies," "Alexander's Ragtime Band" and Jerome Kern's melodies are still understandable rhythmically and live on and on, while

songs which shared the spotlight when they were written have been forgotten.

"Sonny Boy," "Frisolous Sal" and their like, says Al, are "just as modern as 'The Love Bug,'" despite the fact that they were written 35 years ago.

Americans have been whistling the Al Jolson favorites for 30 years, whistling gaily through the pre-war era, defiantly through the war, whistling through prosperity and depression, through the sorrows and joys of a people. And weeping and laughing alternately with Al, they have helped to record a history in song of the birth pangs of the Twentieth Century.

IT'S BEEN a long road from the Winter Garden in New York in 1911 to the Hollywood CBS Playhouse in 1937, but Al Jolson's song story of his journey along it make the way seem short indeed.

"La Belle Paree" was the Winter Garden hit which brought Al Jolson first to the stage. In that he introduced "My Sumurun Girl" and the Jerome Kern number, "Paris Is a Paradise," the latter one of his recent revivals.

During the period from 1911 until the beginning of the World War, Jolson popularized the Southern Era of songs.

In 1918 Jolson starred in one of his greatest musicals, "Sinbad," and passed the third milestone of American song, an era of melody brave with the spirit of wartime. Americans who remember the war attach special significance still to "Rose of No Man's Land," "Hello Central, Give Me No Man's Land" and "How Are You Going to Keep Them Down on the Farm After They've Been



Al Jolson: He remembers the old songs.

Paree" that was a period of whistling. Followed the Twenties, and "My Buddy," a sad, backward glance at the war years, "Swanee," "Mammy" and "Keep Smiling at Trouble."

JOLSON recalls the first time he heard the late George Gershwin play "Swanee." He told him he'd like to sing it. Gershwin, however, shrugged his shoulders and said that he'd already gone the rounds of the publishers, who had told him it was no good. Al had never been one to doubt his own judgment, so he introduced "Swanee" and watched it become one of the great successes of its time.

When the song, "Keep Smiling at Trouble," became popular Jolson says he believed he too could write a "cheerer-upper" song, so with Buddy De Sylva he wrote the hit song, "Don't Mind the Darkness, Morning Will Come." He says he got the theme melody for this number from the hymn, "Oh, Come All Ye Faithful," which he used to sing when he was at St. Mary's School, where his father sent him when he became incorrigible at home. The De Sylva-Jolson combine prospered and was responsible for "Avalon," "California, Here I Come" and "I'll Say She Does."

DURING the making of his first picture, "The Jazz Singer," produced in Hollywood in 1927, Jolson introduced the still popular "There's a Rainbow Round My Shoulder." Although there was no particular story behind the song "Sonny Boy," which he sang in his next film, "The Singing Fool," Jolson says it is still his favorite number.

There were others: "Dirty Hands, Dirty Face," which Jolson turned down as impossible only to change his mind two hours later when he saw a dirty little newsboy hawking his papers on a street corner; "O Donna Clara," "Go Into Your Dance."

The history in song is not finished. Nor is Jolson's role as its chief narrator. When his series of broadcasts recessed for the summer it was with the understanding that the entire company, Jolson, Martha Raye, Parrymakus and Victor Young's orchestra, should return intact in the fall. So here they are. And there are more songs: Old and new from Jolson; crackling new from Martha Raye.

Class is not dismissed.



Al Jolson and Martha Raye

WITCHCRAFT TERROR, Like that of Old Salem STRIKES FEAR AMONG SOUTHWEST INDIANS



Ronald Jones, 36-year-old Yuma Indian, admitted in a federal court preliminary hearing that he killed John Stokes, a fellow tribesman, because he believed Stokes to be a witch.



There were bizarre accounts of murder in the night and bodies hidden where no white man would find them.

By Mildred Gordon

In old Salem, almost 250 years ago, the Puritan fathers hung witches on the scaffolds of gnarled oak trees. Only the tightening of the noose about the neck could garrote the magic of the evil eye.

Out on the hot desert lands this year the terror of witchcraft, thought dead for these many centuries, stalks through the hogans, the wicki-ups and the adobes of a primitive people.

As in Salem, here witches may kill their victims by just a glance. As in Salem, too, the death of a witch is the only salvation for the one who is cursed.

Only this time witches die to the roar of a shotgun or to the thud of a heavy ax.

It is murder as cold and relentless as in the days of the Puritan fathers that is bringing weather-beaten desert sleuths and Department of Justice agents riding through the sun-fire kingdoms of cactus and scraggly mesquite in a far-flung investigation into strange cults of witchcraft.

Medicine men are scurrying for cover and terror-stricken tribesmen are torn between fear of the sorcerers and the long arm of their Uncle Sam as the intensive search is centered on the Yuma Indian reservation. The entire reservation, a barren strip of dune country which stretches along the Colorado river from Boulder Dam to the Mexican border, is being sifted through a fine screen.

The ax-slaying of John Elce Stokes, a 48-year-old Yuman made the witches' brew boil over.

A motorist, bouncing along over the narrow "washboard" road that leads into the little river town of Parker, Ariz., noticed an Indian lying under a mesquite tree, just off the highway. Squinting his eyes against the glare of a blazing April sun, he saw that the man was stretched out with his face in the sand, and that there was an ugly gash on the back of his head.

Driving at full speed into Parker, he noticed Deputy Sheriff James Washum, who in turn advised C. H. Gensler, superintendent of the Indian agency. In less than an hour, deputies were scouring the sandy desert trails and rocky bluffs in search of the killer.

WHEN Deputy Washum and Justice of the Peace J. B. Roberts arrived a short time later, little groups of tribesmen had gathered. Although they grunted volubly in their guttural native tongue, their sun-blackened faces showed no traces of the good humor so characteristic of the southwestern tribes.

Searching the ground in the kleg-like brilliance of the desert sun, Washum and Roberts found only one thing that they thought might be a clue to the mystery. Perfectly imprinted in the hot sand near the body was a set of tire tracks. Washum did not overlook the fact that they might have been the tracks of any of a hundred passing cars, but just the same, he kept an image of them in his mind.

In questioning the Indians, the authorities encountered more than the usual reticence. Stokes was well-known on the reservation, and from the great flow of Yuma words, the officers knew that excitement was at fever heat. Gradually the Indians became strangely silent, and fear settled over the crowd.

Washum had difficulty breaking the silence.

"Stokes was a witch," came the grudging admission from a chunky old chieftain, whose face was the color and texture of burned toast. The deputies turned to the other tribesmen. They nodded.

"The ancient one was filled with devils," declared another. "He caused the death of his own son."

"You mean he murdered him?" Washum asked.

"No," said the chieftain. "He bewitched him. He put the curse on him. He was angered because his son had married a girl who looked with scorn on the ways of our forefathers. So he made him die."

"But how?" the deputies insisted.

The Indian shifted his weight to the other foot and shook his head.

"Who knows—who but witches?"

For years, wild fantastic stories had filtered through to white men from little villages lost in the sand dunes—tales of witches and fellishes and strange

deaths. There were bizarre accounts of evil ones murdered in the dark of night and of bodies hidden where no white men ever would find them.

When investigators began to talk to the Yumans about possible suspects, they found the lips of the braves sealed in the legendary stoicism of the Indian. Before, in other strange murders of the Indian land, that silence had almost balked some of the cleverest justice agents in the nation.

There was the time in 1933 when the beautiful Columbia university co-ed, Henrietta Schmerler, had been found on the Apache reservation, hacked to death with rocks. Many months went by before her fiendish slayer, Golney Seymour, an Apache youth, was trailed down.

Remembering such cases, the desert sleuths worked feverishly. From adobe huts to little shacks of cactus wood, went the leathery-faced riders, accompanied by Indian interpreter-guides, but everywhere only the shaking of heads answered their queries.

Then one day, while stopping cars along the desert roads leading into Parker, they saw one with tire treads similar to the impressions in the sand near the scene of the killing. The driver of the car was a handsome, wiry Yuman in his middle 30's.

The investigators, who had been joined by this time by W. E. Miller, a crack Department of Justice agent, found that the Indian was Ronald Jones, a hard-working farmer, who lived quietly with his wife and two children in an adobe house on the hot wastelands that stretch along the Colorado.

"Sure, I knew Stokes," he admitted, talking along quietly in fluent English. "His son married a relative of mine."

The lanky Indian hesitated for a moment and scuffed one toe of his shoe in the sand. "What's all this about Stokes being a witch?" someone asked.

"The old man was a witch, all right," declared Jones gravely. "He was wild when his son married. And he put the curse on him to make him die a horrible, lingering death."

Suddenly his eyes narrowed.

"I hated Stokes," he said. "He swore that he would bewitch my wife and put the evil eye on my children. And I knew he would."

A few weeks later, when Jones was taken into federal court in Phoenix for a preliminary hearing, he related the grisly details of how he killed Stokes with an ax.

THAT the eerie witchcraft-murder of John Stokes is not alone in the recent crime annals of the wastelands is believed by numerous archaeologists. In the backwashes of the Indian country—the mountain-locked villages where the white man seldom, if ever, treads—bands of witch-doctors gather in caves at night to chant their hideous songs of death.

Up into the forgotten worlds of the Navajos recently went Richard Van Valkenburgh, trained for years in the ways of these nomads of the sagebrush.

Reporting to the Museum of Northern Arizona, at Flagstaff, for which he is a research worker, he told of the Un-tees (Poisoners).

"The price of initiation into a band



An Apache Indian executing the Devil Dance, one of the weird of all southwestern ceremonials, and rarely photographed.

of witches is the killing of a person dearest to you in your family," Van Valkenburgh wrote in a bulletin which was released by the museum.

"This fraternity or band of witches gathers and holds 'sings' in hidden caves. They make pictures on the floor of colored ashes of the person that they desire to be-witch. After the picture is made, usually the head witch and his assistants take a small bow and shoot a turquoise at the picture, and where the stone strikes, the person whom they wish to be-witch is affected there."

In the Apache wilds, where wicki-ups dot the mesas and valleys where Geronimo led his last war against the whites, federal authorities are sifting through the evidence in eight brutal murders of the last 18 months on the chance that sorcery might have played weird roles. The dances of the Apaches, where painted, masked dervishes whirl in secret, age-old rituals, also are being watched.

THROUGH WITH LOVE

By
FLORIA HOWE BRUESS

Peggy Didn't
Want a Dream
Cottage—She
Craved a
Swanky
Apartment, but
Tom Changed
All That

THE car slid up to the curb and stopped. "Here we are," Tom said briskly, looking down at the curly head cuddled on his shoulder. "Hey there, were you asleep?"

Peggy shook her head. "Day dreaming, darling. I was just walking down the aisle, hoping step to Lohengrin—my white satin was trailing softly behind me and—"

She passed abruptly as she stared at the bungalow Tom indicated. "Surely that isn't the house?" And felt her heart sinking to her toes.

"This is it," Tom said, proudly. "It's all finished. Ready for the furniture that is to come from Grandma's attic in Vermont. Every piece of it Early American. That's why I built a Colonial style bungalow. Perfect type, including porch and—"

"But, Tom!" Peggy wailed. "It's so small!"

"Five rooms. Plenty large enough for a young couple who still have to make the grade," Tom said cheerfully.

His eyes crossed the charming little house. Perfect lines. Well, they should be. He was assistant to old Chambers, biggest contractor in town.

"But, Tom, darling, we don't have to make the grade—as you call it. Dad promised me last night that he would double my allowance after I was married."

Alrty, Peggy neglected to mention the remarks that had accompanied that promise. Was she to mention to Tom



others, then strolled nonchalantly toward Gloria. Gloria must not think she—Peggy—cares if Tom was flirting with her.

"Hello, Peggy!" Gloria sparkled. "Tom was just telling me that you've walked out on him. I'm surprised! But since you don't want him, I'm sure I'm what the doctor ordered for him. Perhaps I'll be his favorite heartbeat, now."

Gloria looked up at Tom and laughed. He put his hand under her elbow. "There's the first dance. Let's." His blue eyes were smiling.

PEGGY was very gay that night. She talked with desperate animation, her laughter came trillingly. She'd show them!

Every dance she waited hopefully, heart beating fast, for Tom to cut in. That hope gave way to fear, trepidation as the dance neared the end and Tom never looked at her.

A week passed. Had ever the days crawled so? And they used to fly along. Each morning Peggy told herself: "Tom will telephone today." But

A voice hailed them. "Say, are you girls playing bridge?"

Blindly Peggy returned to her table. It couldn't be true, but it was! Gloria was going to marry Tom. She had caught Tom's heart on the rebound! No doubt the engagement would be announced soon.

How all their crowd would laugh at her—Peggy. They had thought it was only a lover's quarrel between herself and Tom. But now—

She would marry some man. Any man, she thought wildly, before Tom and Gloria married!

That night behind her locked door Peggy fell on her bed and buried her face in her pillow. She was through with love. Only 19 but love was forever gone. Nothing was left save pride. A girl had to have pride—

She rose, pushed back curls damp with tears and went to the telephone, dialed a number.

"Lo, Bob. I'm home tonight and nothing to do—all right, about 8:30."

When Bob left Peggy that night, he looked up at the stars and winked. The stars twinkled back at him.

"What a break!" Bob exulted. "Peggy's old man has money to burn and I'm the boy that can burn a lot of it for him. After we're married, I'll see that he settles a lump sum on Peggy and I'll handle it. Peggy will turn it over to me. She'll eat out of my hand. I never knew she was so much in love with me. Why, she's crazy to elope! That sure suits Bobby. Now I won't have to go in Dad's old office. What a break!"

Peggy sat by the window in her darkened room. Occasionally she ran a distracted hand through the curls on her damp forehead.

would tiptoe into the room and she'd open her eyes and look at him—

But what if there was no wreck? Bob was such a careful driver and the traffic on the Fremont road would be light at 8 o'clock. No, there would be no wreck.

A little half-sob caught at Peggy's throat.

"Aren't you dressing for the evening, Peggy?" Her mother stood in the doorway of Peggy's room looking at the girl who stood by the window staring out at the wide plush-like lawn.

"Not tonight. Better toddle along, Mother, or Dad will be hollering for you. He hates to be late at a dinner party."

"Well, good night, Peggy. I'm sorry you're to be alone this evening."

When they drove away Peggy gave a sigh of relief. "Dad isn't very crazy about Bob. I'm glad they didn't bump into each other."

She pulled the smart little sport hat down over one eye and, keeping the other eye cocked for the butler, she carried her packed suitcase down to the porch and hid it behind the swings.

BOB would be here any minute. There was a car turning in now. The headlights shown on the driveway. Peggy trembled. She wanted to run, to hide—

"Hello, Peggy." It couldn't be, simply couldn't be, but it was Tom's voice!

He strode to the porch. Peggy's heart turned over, then froze as she saw the headlights of another car coming dancing up the drive.

Tom saw that car, too.

"Peggy," he said swiftly, "I met Jack Carter in the club a few minutes ago. He told me Bob wanted to borrow money from him. As he asked for so large a sum, Jack wanted to know for what purpose Bob intended using the money. Bob said he needed it for a wedding trip—that he was eloping with you tonight. Jack told me this as one friend to another, for he thinks we are engaged and wondered what Bob was up to."

Peggy's voice locked in her throat. She heard Bob slam the door of his car. Saw him hurry to the porch and mount the steps.

"Ready, Peggy?" he asked, and gave Tom a brief nod.

Tom drew a deep breath and played his last card.

"Peggy isn't coming," he said quickly. Bob's heart did the sinking act. He saw his dream of matrimony melt in thin air. Tom was here with Peggy. She must have told him she was in

Airly, Peggy neglected to mention the remarks that had accompanied that promise. Nor did she mention to Tom what she had said to her father.

Tom turned, stared at the brown-haired, brown-eyed girl. "What did you say?" he demanded.

"Dad will doubt my allowance, and he gives me \$300 a month now. And with your salary, we don't have to live in a little coop like that!"

Dismissing the big brown eyes swept the little house.

"Do you mean," Tom's voice came straggling, "that I'm going to allow your father to support you after we are married? Nothing doing, Peggy. That's my job, and I don't want any help."

HE WAS sick with disappointment. The little home he had planned, had built so lovingly, Peggy called "a coop." He hadn't even let her see it until it was finished. He wanted to surprise her. Well—he had, but how? And that row of white tiles—she hadn't noticed them, nor the red brick walk—

"Don't be fantastic, darling," Peggy laughed. "Dad has money. I'm the only child. Why shouldn't I help him spend a little? Tell you what, Tom. We'll rent one of those stucky apartments in that smart new apartment building and you can sell this house."

"Peggy, get an awful of this. We are going to live here, and you are going to take it and like it. Inside that house is a little jewel. I've got an electrically equipped kitchen for you. The work will be easy—"

"Work! Do you think I'm going to do my own work! Her eyes were round and shocked.

"You'll have to—on my salary. For the love of Pete, you know what I draw. And we're going to live on it—and put a spot of it away every month. I want a savings account."

Slowly the little face hardened, the soft young lips set. "I'll do nothing of the sort. My allowance will pay the rent and services of a maid in that new apartment building. We can entertain there. Here—" again her eyes flicked the white painted shining little bungalow—"there isn't room to entertain a dozen people."

"The living room is larger than you think," Tom said dully. "Aren't you going to? Honestly, sweetheart, it's a honey inside. Please, let me show it to you!"

Desperate pleading was in his deep blue eyes. He started to open the door. Peggy laid her hand on his arm.

"I'm not interested, Tom. I'm sorry to disappoint you, but I couldn't live in that house. And I don't like this part of town, either."

"It's the new subdivision. Property is going up here, right along."

"Then you can get a good price for it later on," Peggy said lightly.

Tom's lips tightened. A hint of steel came in his eyes—blue steel.



Peggy's voice unlocked. "Back him, Tom! He asked for it!"

"I'll never sell it," he said voice so quiet she could not guess at the pain that stabbed his heart. "And from the day of our marriage, you don't take another dollar from your father."

They stared at each other. Stormy blue eyes, little flames beginning to dance in brown ones.

"I'll do just what I've outlined," she said, voice tight, "or else." She pulled off her glove, glanced down at the modest little diamond on her finger.

He saw the glances. "You can't threaten me, Peggy. When you're my wife you'll live here and I am going to support you."

"Here's the answer to that," she slipped the ring from her finger, held it in her little pink palm. "Take it. Our engagement is washed up."

With inscrutable eyes he looked at the bright winking diamond. To her astonishment he picked it up, slipped it in his vest pocket.

"And that's that," his voice came clipped, brittle, as he started the car. After ten minutes of frozen silence between them, he said:

"shall I take you home, or shall I drop you some place?"

"I'm going home," she said, stonily.

SO THAT was all he loved her, was that? Well, she'd show him. She could live without him, too. Expected her to live in that dinky little house—do her own work—what a laugh.

Only she was not laughing. Her throat was hot and choking with the tears she fought back. To think that Tom would act this way—

She didn't want to do it, she couldn't help stealing a little sideways glance at him. How set was his face. Tom had a square, aggressive chin. All right, let him take it right there. He asked for it, didn't he? How funny—and dear—his hair looked. As though every red thread of it was bristling.

They turned in at the wide curving drive that led to her home. The big swallow house stood dreaming in the late afternoon sun. A lovely, a gracious home, that proclaimed in quiet dignity the wealth behind it.

"Good-by," Tom said briefly, and Peggy marched up the steps, back rigid, head high, heels clicking.

She heard voices in the library. Dad was home, talking to mother.

"Home so soon," Peggy? Mrs. White-sore asked.

"I've been jilted," Peggy said, without preamble.

"Peggy! Has Tom dared to—"

"I told him I wouldn't live in his five-room house. He said I'd do it and like it. He expects me to cook, wash dishes—he won't let me take a dollar of the double allowance you promised me, Dad."

"Tangle young eyes looked at the man. He began to chuckle, then whooped,

"Good for Tom! I knew that boy had the right stuff in him."

"See here, young lady," her father went on; "when your mother married me, we lived in three rooms. Your mother did the work, including the washing and ironing, and cooking and dish-washing—"

"But Peggy doesn't have to do what I did," Mrs. White-sore remonstrated.

"You're damn right I don't have to!" take a spritied filly, Peggy threw back her head. "And if I never see Tom Darcy again, it will be too soon."

She stormed from the room. They heard her flying little feet running up the stairs.

She slammed the door, stood panting against it. "The hot tears trembled on her long black lashes and dropped to her flushed cheeks.

"I'm crying because I'm so mad," she snarled herself. "Why should Tom expect me to live that way when I don't have to! I—wash dishes! She spread out her little flower-like hands—pink tipped like the petals of a rose, and as velvety. "The very idea," she whispered.

Perhaps Tom was sorry now. Peggy brightened. Her spirits lifted. Of course, Tom was sorry. Magically her tears dried. She would be firm—punish him a little—not too much—and then he would give in. She would see him tonight at Joan's party. Of course he wouldn't call for her after their row but she would go alone.

She would wear that new white lace gown. In that, she would simply say Tom. It was such a flattering little gown.

He was already there when she arrived. He was standing at the end of the room, talking, laughing with Gloria. He looked briefly at Peggy, nodded, looked again at Gloria.

Gloria, her best friend, cutting in like that!

Peggy spent a few minutes greeting the

that poisonous telephone never relayed Tom's voice.

One night her father said: "I heard Tom got the contract for his firm to build the new schoolhouse. That boy is going places some day. He has a Grade-A mind."

"That reminds me," Peggy's mother said lightly, "I saw him hunching with Gloria today. She looked lovely."

A little knife turned in Peggy's heart, she said lightly. "I'm going to her bridge party tomorrow afternoon."

When Gloria and Peggy were both dumpy, the next afternoon, Gloria linked her arm through Peggy's and took her out on the porch.

"I want to tell you, Tom took me through his new bungalow, Peggy, and it's the darriest thing! Simply adorable inside. His grandmother had a big attic full of Early American and clipped the furniture to Tom. It's all ready now, except the drapes and little things. And he has the loveliest hooked rugs. And the dearest pewee candlesticks with tall blue candles on the living-room mantel."

"There's a big fireplace—I could live in that darling place forever! Even when Tom can afford a larger place I won't move—"

in thin air. Tom was here with Peggy.

Jack was the only man in the room who would loan him money. He didn't owe Jack anything.

Peggy and Tom were not looking at each other as though their quarrel had been bridged. If he put on a good act there was still a chance for him.

"Move along, big boy," he said. "You're blocking traffic. Peggy and I have an important date."

"Why didn't Peggy say something?" Tom thought desperately. "The color drained slowly from his face.

He stepped close to Bob, put his hand on the boy's arm. "Green light for you, young fellow. Get going."

Bob saw that Peggy was staring at him. She seemed to be waiting. If he fought for her that would make a hit with her. His fist shook out and Tom staggered under the unexpected blow.

"And how do you like that, Tom Darcy?" he exulted.

Peggy's voice unlocked. "Back him, Tom! He asked for it!"

Exactly she slipped from one foot to the other.

Tom looked. When Bob picked himself up he said: "The green light is coming for you. Tonight was a bad night for a date, Bob."

Yes, she and Tom had made up. It was this, wasn't it? And had better that Tom Darcy get out a walking in the right of his.

Peggy and Tom stood silent, Tom's small hand on Peggy's arm. Then Tom's long arm reached out and closed around the girl.

"Peggy, as Gloria is your best friend, I told her about our row. She said you loved me, but just wanted to have your own way. She said 'Well, give her a dose of jealousy. It'll work like a charm.' But, Peggy, you know I love you. If you love me, why were you going to elope with Bob? I read figures that out."

"Men are so dense," Peggy said softly. "For a moment she rubbed blissfully in Tom's strong arms.

There was silence on the porch, for a dark curly head and a tumbled head were very close.

You can't kiss and talk at the same time.

Finally: "Marry me soon, Peggy? Please."

Reluctantly she nodded. "I'll go to our darling little home tomorrow, Tom, and see about the drapes and things. And I must learn to cook. I'll get a cook book—"

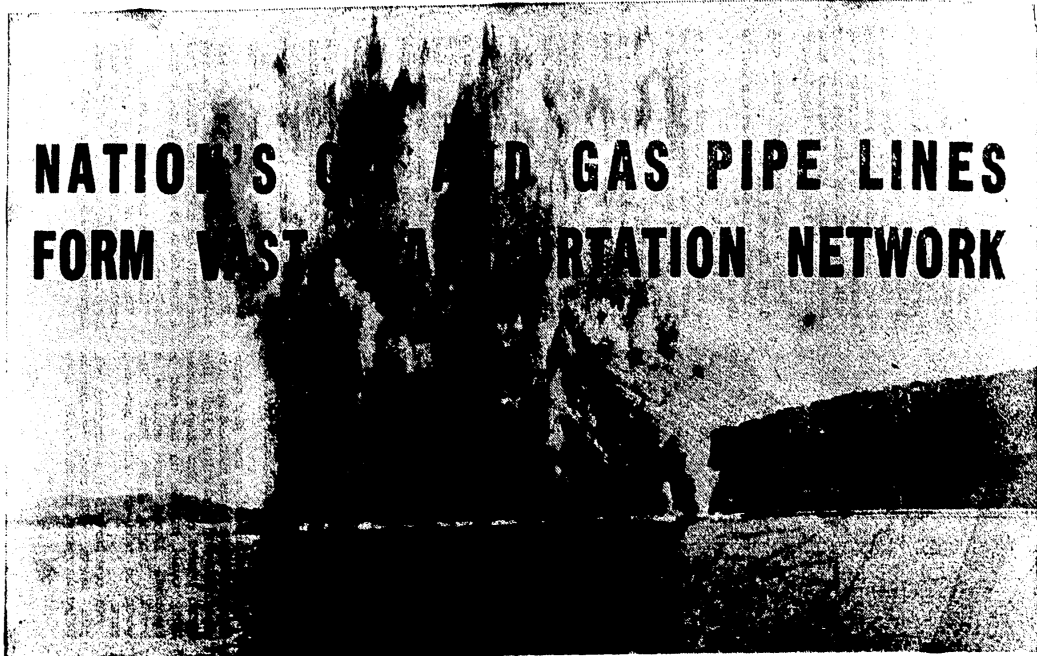
"There's one there. It's a dandy."

They looked at each other and their happiness, went out to join the soft murmur of the sweet night wind.

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NATION'S OIL AND GAS PIPE LINES FORM WESTERN TRANSPORTATION NETWORK



Blasting a trench in the bed of the Susquehanna River, Pennsylvania, preparatory to laying a pipe line to carry gasoline and other petroleum products of The Atlantic Refining Company.

A map of the oil and natural gas pipe lines in the United States would show an enormous network of steel, forming one of the most important but least known of our present-day transportation systems. Petroleum and its products flow through pipes laid all the way from Texas to storage tanks on the outskirts of Manhattan. Factories in Detroit draw natural gas from pipes running to the Texas Panhandle. Thousands of people cross arteries of the great underground pipe line system every day without a thought for the traffic passing beneath them.

In addition to the trunk lines carrying oil and gas from the oil regions to industrial centers a thousand or more miles away, thousands of miles of pipe line connect seaboard terminals and refineries in or near the oil regions with the wells from which the supplies of crude petroleum are drawn. Another network of lines carries the products of refineries in other parts of the country to points throughout their marketing territory.

One of the largest pipe line construction jobs being carried on at the present time is a 225-mile extension being built from Williamsport, Pennsylvania, to Buffalo and Rochester, New York, by pipe line transportation subsidiaries of The Atlantic Refining Company. When the extension is completed it will be possible to pipe the products of the company's Philadelphia refinery across the State of Pennsylvania to the markets of western New York State. Eleven hundred miles of pipe lines of companies affiliated with The Atlantic Refining Company connect the oil fields of East, Southwest and West Texas, and New Mexico, with terminals on the Texas Gulf Coast, including the terminal at Atreco, near Fort Arthur, where the company has recently completed a new refinery.

THE FIRST OIL PIPE LINE

The first oil pipe line in the United States was built in western Pennsylvania in 1865, six years after Colonel Edwin L. Drake drilled his first well and struck oil near Titusville. The line was laid down by M. E. Van Syckel and his associates. It consisted of a five and one-quarter mile stretch of two-inch pipe running from the Miller farm at Pithole, and had a capacity of 800 barrels a day. In 1874 J. J. Vandergrift and George W. Foreman completed a line from the Pennsylvania oil regions to Pittsburgh, capable of transporting 7500 barrels a day. Four years later work was started on a pipe line that crossed the Allegheny Mountains and carried oil from the western Pennsylvania fields to the Atlantic seaboard.

Within the next few years pipe lines began to multiply with amazing rapidity. As the producing areas of West Virginia and eastern Kentucky were developed, and as new fields were opened in Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, it was logical for the trunk pipe lines to build western extensions and as new refineries were constructed, to build branch lines to these. When oil became plentiful in the Mid-Continent area, the lines were extended again. Lines were built in Louisiana and

Texas to carry the oil to the refineries on the Gulf Coast. Pipe lines spread their network in the Rocky Mountain region and in California. At the present time, in addition to the enormous mileage of natural gas lines, there are well over 100,000 miles of petroleum pipe lines in the United States.

THE PIPE LINE CREW

Many of the operations involved in laying a pipe line demand a high degree of skill. To cite a single instance, a line-up gang must align the pipe with extreme care and accuracy prior to the tacking. An even spacing around the circumference of the joints is essential in order that the weld metal may penetrate down to the very root of the weld. In hot weather the attainment of this even spacing is sometimes extremely difficult. Great care must be taken to see that, in localities having a wide range of temperature, expansion problems are overcome so that the line will remain below the earth's surface at all times.

In practically all of the pipe line construction being carried on at the present time, the sections of pipe are welded together as they are placed in position beside the trench in which the pipe is to be laid. Pipe line construction is carried on in a systematic manner. After the pipe has been strung, along comes the line-up gang to align the pipe on skids and dollies, and tack-weld the joints sufficiently to retain alignment during the welding operation. The string line or welding gang follows the line-up crew and welds the joints into sections from 80 feet to 1,000 feet in length. The tie-in or laying gang then pulls these sections together, welds them into position and places the pipe in the trench after bending it to fit the terrain. The pipe is then buried below interference with cultivation and, after the first tilling of the soil, forgotten by property owners and all except the pipe line company's operating staff.

OVERCOMING NATURE'S OBSTACLES

Heat, cold and the many other obstacles which nature offers are seldom sufficiently formidable to thwart the pipe line builders. Within the last few months a Canadian oil company has announced plans for the construction of a pipe line within the Arctic Circle. Last year the men pushing a line through the swamps of Louisiana worked up to their waists in muck and water. Pipe lines cross deserts, climb mountains, burrow under rivers and even run along the bed of the ocean to enable tankers to load their cargoes without docking.

Water crossings frequently provide tests of ingenuity and courage. When the tide is low, Nueces Bay, on the Texas Gulf Coast, becomes a vast expanse of black muck, but when the tide is high and a strong wind is blowing in from the Gulf of Mexico it becomes sufficiently deep and rough to be extremely hazardous.

The normally shallow water, and the fact that at times there is no water at all, merely a sticky mud, requires the use of shallow draught barges and heavy pulling and hoisting equipment. To meet



Welder making a joint between sections of pipe

these conditions, engineers in charge of a recent pipe line job devised a piece of equipment called "The Mud Hen," consisting of a barge having a tractor rear end connected with a gasoline engine. Heavy plates were welded paddle fashion to the axle shafts of the tractor and were extended to the outside of the barge hull. In this manner "The Mud Hen" was propelled through the muck and shallow water, drawing the barges containing the men and materials about the Bay.

BATTLE AGAINST CORROSION

Corrosion is a destructive agent against which a constant battle has to be carried on after a pipe line has been laid. When the steel pipe is buried underground small electric currents are frequently set up on which the metal floats away. The steel pipe is the anode from which the iron ions run off into the soil. One ampere of current can carry off twenty pounds of steel a year.

Impressing a small voltage from some outside source, thus reversing the current, provides one of the many methods of preventing this electrolytic corrosion. The pipe then becomes the receiving end, the cathode. Any source of direct electric current power can be used for this cathodic protection, and one of the most widely used sources is a series of small, low-voltage generators driven by wind-mills.

Theft by tapping is another possible source of loss and every precaution is taken to guard against it. Line walkers patrol the route, always being on the alert watching for signs that betray the presence of a tap. A drop in the pressure due either to tapping or any other cause of leakage is revealed by delicate gauges in the pumping stations and terminals along the systems. Modern precautions against tapping have made the practice of stealing gasoline and other products

from the pipe lines much less frequent and more hazardous than it used to be. In practically all attempted cases of tapping a line, the attempt is unsuccessful and the thieves are caught.

OPERATION OF THE PIPE LINES

In many respects the operation of a pipe line system is similar to the operation of a railroad, with its trunk lines, feeders, terminals, storage yards, switch systems, stations, dispatchers, telephone and teletype systems. Unlike the freight train, however, the pipe line does not have to transport itself as well as its load. The fluid is kept moving through the pipes by pumping stations, usually located about forty miles apart, although in hilly country, or for heavy and viscous oil, they may be placed at more frequent intervals.

Each station is equipped with pumps powerful enough to send the stream on to the next station, and is provided with storage tanks having a capacity ranging from 10,000 barrels to more than 50,000 barrels. Frequently three or four different "alugs" or batches, each consisting of from 40,000 barrels to 400,000 barrels, and each consigned to a different destination, will move through the same pipe line at the same time. Each "alug" may consist of a different grade of gasoline or other petroleum product.

Dye inserted in the constant stream of fluid at each point of contact between "alugs" is the signal that tells the pumping station operators where one consignment ends and another begins. The intercommunicating telephone, telegraph, teletype, or radio system enables the dispatchers to keep the station operators informed of the time when each batch will reach them, and to give the necessary instructions for shuttling off the different consignments to the connecting line that carry them to their different destinations.

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EVER since David O. Selznick announced that he was going to make "Gone With the Wind," Margaret Mitchell's three-pound novel of the War Between the States, the number-one indoor pastime of America, and particularly Hollywood, has been picking a cast for the film.

The latest contender announced as a "sure thing" for the leading role of Scarlett is Tallulah Bankhead, the frequently sensational daughter of Alabama's royal family. But since the game started, every actress in or out of pictures has been unofficially picked for the part.

Hollywood's favorite selections so far are Miriam Hopkins, Margaret Sullavan and Miss Bankhead. Katharine Hepburn also has supporters. At one time it was announced that the late Jean Harlow would have the part. At another Norma Shearer was heading the list.

Selznick has been discreetly silent, letting the publicity fall where it would with the result that "Gone With the Wind" is getting the biggest pre-production buildup in the history of Hollywood.



After the Bankhead "announcement" Selznick said that nobody had been cast for the picture except Walter Connolly in the role of Scarlett's father, Gerald O'Hara. Selznick insisted that he was still looking for an unknown who could be made into a star by the picture.

"If a suitable unknown can't be found," he said, "I'll give the role to the biggest star I can get."

IN THE unofficial casting, Clark Gable has been an almost unanimous selection for the role of Rhett Butler. But nobody knows anything about that, either, except that his home studio, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, would like to have him play the role provided Metro can make a deal to release the picture. Selznick is releasing through United Artists, but "Gone With the Wind" is not listed in his United Artists contract. Furthermore, Selznick is deliberately holding up production on the picture until after Jan. 1, 1938, so that he will not have to sell it under any existing contract.

Hollywood would not be surprised or displeased if Tallulah Bankhead did get the assignment. She has always had a peculiar attraction for film notables. When she plays on the stage in Los Angeles, the picture colony turns out in a body. Also, when she has deigned to appear in pictures, she has been successful at the boxoffice.

So possibly this is Scarlett. Do these photos showing Tallulah in a variety of poses, suggest to you that here, at last, is the perfect Scarlett?

Is this Scarlett? Tallulah Bankhead (left), a new portrait by Hurrall, of Hollywood. Below: (upper left) in a picture, "The Cheat," produced in Hollywood in 1931; upper right, when on the London stage; lower left, with Philip Reed in the play, "Forsaking All Others"; lower right, as Margaret Mitchell's glamorous heroine?



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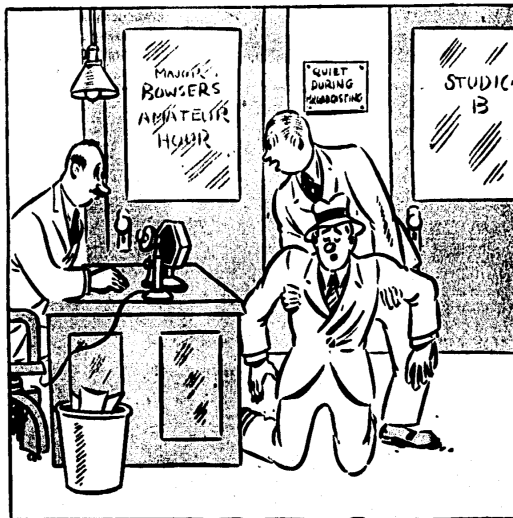
OFF THE RECORD *by* ED REED



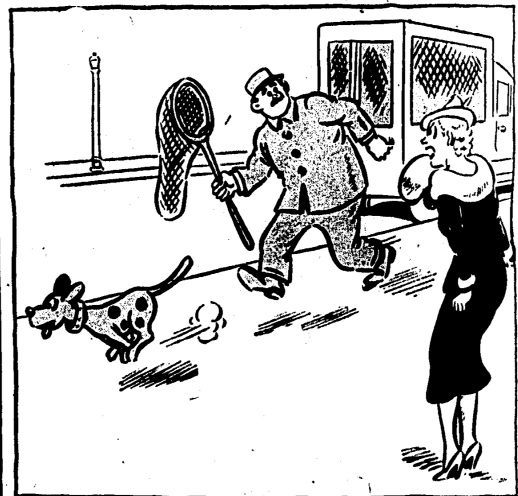
"Good Night, Smith---Don't Forget to Turn Out the Lights!"



"Let's See---Old Age Pension, Group Insurance, Social Security, Public Welfare---You Owe Us Two Sixty!"



"He Says He Does Drunk Imitations, Sir!"



"You Dog! Let That Cur Alone---I Mean, You Curl Let That Dog Alone!"



"He's the Most Conscientious Judge I've Ever Known! He Got a Ticket for Speeding This Morning!"



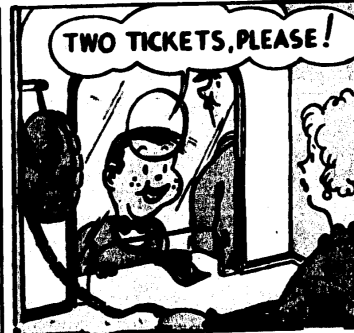
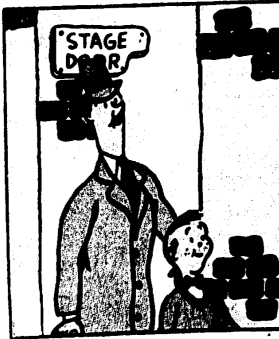
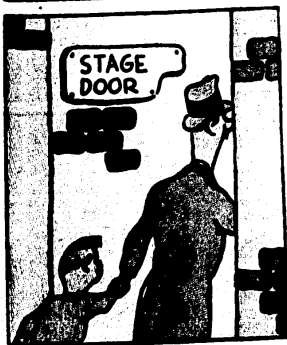
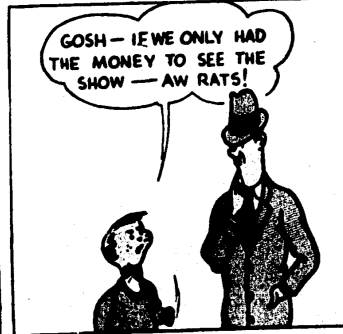
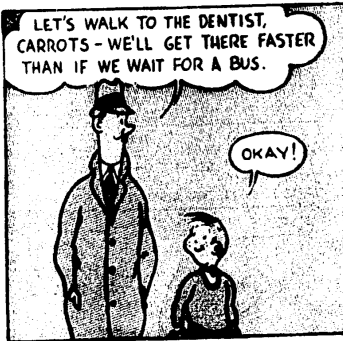
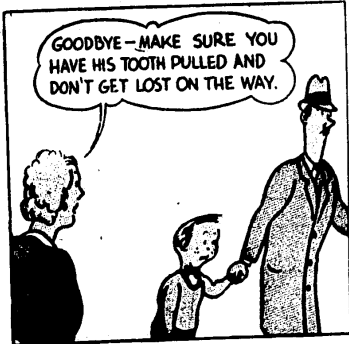
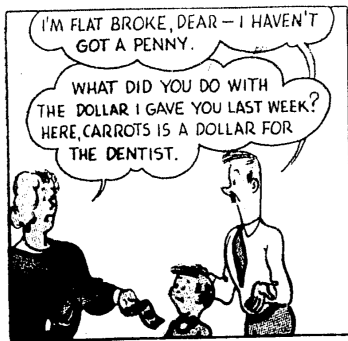
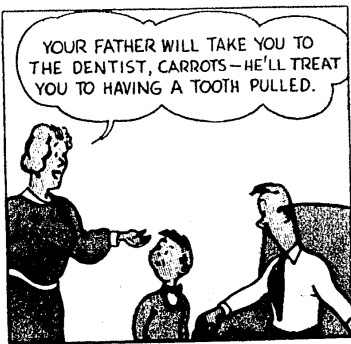
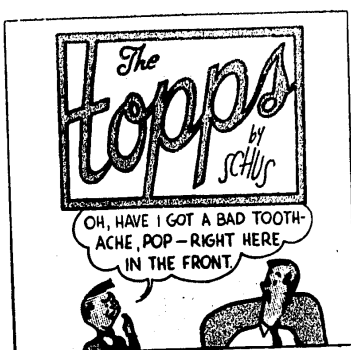
"Earl, We Can't Let Your Interest in Goldfish Interfere With Business!"

H U M O R I S T I C

The Best of the Best

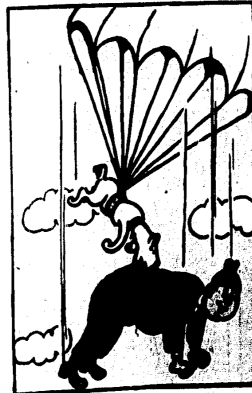
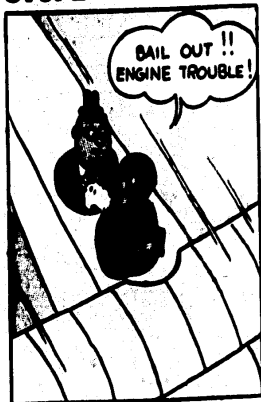
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SEND IN YOUR SUGGESTIONS TO STUPE BY LINE IN CARE OF YOUR NEWSPAPER.

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