

The Wheeler Times

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Editor and Publisher

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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1935

"Place any man behind a governmental desk and give him a few million dollars of government money to spend and he is likely to develop the fixation that any one who does not approve of the way he does his job is a public enemy."—Tyler Dennett, President, Williams College.

HOMEMADE DOLLARS

Salesmen for local firms not infrequently are met by the statement, "We can buy that cheaper out of town." Occasionally this is literally true. More often the cheaper out-of-town price contemplates a different quality of merchandise or, in many cases, the cheaper price is f. o. b. factory; and at other times it does not provide for the prompt delivery which would be required of a local firm and which is advantageous to the buyer.

However, for the sake of argument let us grant that in some purchases a lower out-of-town price can be obtained. Does such a purchase necessarily mean an ultimate saving for the local buyer—a firm, let us say, which has a large investment locally and whose employees have their homes here?

In this connection let us consider merely one factor, that of local taxes. We will all agree that the city must have a certain amount of money with which to provide the various municipal services which we, as citizens, demand. This money must be acquired from taxes.

These taxes are levied against you and me and all other citizens who declare the value of their taxable holdings. However, the sum required to run the city government comes solely from those of us who can pay. So it is evident that if more individuals had the money to pay taxes, the taxes which we ourselves must pay would be lower. Money spent at home means, among other things, more people able to pay their share of taxes, more people willing to render their property for taxation which materially lowers our own tax burden.

Before we jump to the conclusion that certain out-of-town prices are cheaper, let us consider not only this matter of taxes, but the several other angles of this subject. Especially let us remember that to build better local markets and stronger local industries there must be a large degree of support from the home folks.

It is generally true that we best serve our own interests when we serve those of the citizens of our community, the business firms and the individuals with whom we deal and who have common interests with us. Homemade dollars have the delightful habit of circulating more speedily in the locality where they know their way 'round.

WHAT ITALY WANTS

A few months ago it looked as if there MIGHT be an Italian-Ethiopian war. Now it looks as if there MUST be. Pressure and argument by the other great powers has not changed Mussolini's determination a whit—and Ethiopia answers that she will fight for her independence until her last man has met death on the battlefield.

Italy wants Ethiopia for one simple reason—natural resources. Today, Italy is dependent on foreign supplies of raw cotton, oil, coal, iron, copper. Lack of these national essentials—which Ethiopia is supposed to possess—is hampering Italy badly.

It's the old case of a big nation going after a small one when the latter has something it can use.

THE DECLINING YEARS

Nothing is more tragic than poverty-stricken old age.

And nothing—especially in these times—is more prevalent.

Something like seventy per cent of men, once they reach the age of retirement, find themselves without money sufficient to provide for the needs of life. To subsist, they must accept public charity—or become burdens to their relatives and friends.

Many such men were once wealthy. Many more earned comfortable incomes during their working years. Some managed to create sizable estates only to lose them. Most of them made some kind of an attempt to guard against the exigencies of the future, and failed. They can look back now and see the mistakes they made—and feel the bitterness of futility. In most cases, it is too late to mend.

Those disastrous examples should be pondered upon by men in the young and middle years.—They have a chance to avoid the pitfalls that


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Phones: Day, 48; Night, 124
Wheeler — Texas

Calendar of Historical Events

HOW ABOUT SUPPIN' ME A LITTLE EXPERT COUNSEL GRAN POP!



"It is better to seek advice at the beginning than at the end."

SEPTEMBER

- 3—Spain cedes all of Florida to England, 1783.
- 4—Eastman gets patent on his successful Kodak, 1888.
- 5—First Continental Congress meets at Philadelphia, 1774.
- 6—Fog of record density envelops Salem, Mass., 1881.
- 7—China revolts against its emperor, 1911.
- 8—Mendez founds the city of St. Augustine, Fla., 1565.
- 9—The colonies are re-named the United States, 1776.

Our Exchanges

Items of interest culled from newspapers on The Times' exchange list.

The machine gun, stolen from the vault of Sheriff T. B. Harris several months ago, was found in Gray county last week. The sheriff's vault was wrecked when the gun was stolen. An investigation has been steadily under way since the machine gun was taken. The gun had been abandoned and no one was arrested in connection with the recovery.—White Deer Review.

It's not all in the water, folks. The baby who was baptized in Ft. Worth with water brought from the river Jordan in 1906, served seven years for 'hoss stealin' in Tom Green county.—Donley County Leader.

Mayor W. E. Stocker is in receipt of a telegram from Senator Tom Connally, at Washington, stating that Roberts county had been allotted \$360 for employment of a permanent librarian. The past few weeks this expense has been paid by the various Federated clubs of the city.—Miami Chief.

We all know that the present plan of the government supporting the people cannot long continue. The people must support the government, and when the plan is reversed, as it seems to be at present, ruin is not far distant. The government has no source of income except taxes, and taxes are so high now that it is a problem to collect them.—McLean News.

Sheriff Guy Pierce this week in speaking of repeal stated that the liquor law heretofore governing Texas will still be in effect and would continue in effect until such time as special legislation was passed in regard to dry counties. Texas, stated Sheriff Guy Pierce, is still under the Dean Law and the liquor law will be enforced in Donley county until laws are passed governing the sale, if sale be permitted, in dry counties.—Clarendon News.

Pampa received their heaviest and most damaging storm Monday evening. Accompanied by a strong wind, rain and hail began falling here about 3 o'clock and continued until late that night. Considerable damage was caused by Monday's storm. The front glass of the Pampa Motor company was blown in as was Hill's and the Singer Sewing Machine shop. Road Runner park received the most damage when the entire east fence was blown in and caused temporary postponement of the baseball tournament now in progress.—Pampa Advocate.

W. J. Finley, band instructor recently employed to teach instrumental music in the Lefors schools, will be on hand at the opening of the term to begin instruction in band and orchestra. Finley comes to Lefors with a fine record of achievement in public school band work as

well as a rich background of experience in professional band work.—Lefors News.

Cupid went on a strike here during August. The little fellow did some very poor shooting, or else suffered from the heat and did no hunting at all to speak of. At any rate, only one marriage license was issued by the county clerk's office during the month up until Tuesday. The lone license was issued on August 22 to Clifford Stewart and Miss Willie Lois Harris. Births and deaths were also conspicuous by their absence from the county records during the past week.—Hereford Brand.

According to records in the office of Geo. Parker, clerk of the United States district court at Dallas, the Harvest Queen Mill and Elevator company of Plainview was granted a temporary restraining order against W. A. Thomas, collector of internal revenue, prohibiting him from collecting or attempting to collect the processing tax of 30 cents per bushel on wheat. This restraining order was granted by Federal Judge P. M. Kennerly of Houston, on August 1, 1935.—Tulia Herald.

Fifty men were put to work Tuesday on Buffalo Courts from the local relief office when appeal was made Monday by Coach Al Baggett to the district office at Amarillo for men to complete this work. The men will work 40 hours this week, and indications are that 40 hours will be allowed them next week. This is the first work that has been given men on the relief rolls since the middle of July.—Canyon News.

James L. Standridge is again minister here for the Church of Christ located on the corner of Columbia and Ninth streets. Standridge was minister here in 1932, making many friends. Since then he has been in the Highland Park Church of Christ in Fort Worth where he has accomplished many things. For the last few months he has been connected with the church at Clarendon.—Plainview Weekly.

The commissioners court adopted the 1936 budget and set the county tax rate at 66 cents Monday. The rate is the same as a year ago.

Valuations for Carson county are around \$15,000,000.

The 66 cent levy will be divided as follows: General, 21 cents; road and bridge, 25 cents; jury, 3 cents; court house and jail, 2 cents; general sinking, 4 cents; road bond sinking, 6 cents; road and bridge sinking, 5 cents.—Panhandle Herald.

With the issue of August 15, J. H. Buchanan, a veteran newspaper man of the Panhandle, took over the active management and editorship of the Spearman Press. "Buck" is indeed a veteran at the publishing game, although he has been out of the harness for a number of years. He came to the Panhandle in 1911 and started publishing the Headlight at Old Hansford. After disposing of his newspaper interests he remained in Hansford county and has ever been one of its most enter-

A Pleasant Surprise



awaits the fathers and mothers and boys and girls who come to this store for school supplies. You'll be surprised at the completeness of our stock and the very moderate prices prevailing on the various items. Below we give a partial list of school needs, and many of these come in different grades to suit every taste.

Construction Paper
Crayolas
Composition Books
Drawing Tablets
Graph Paper
Inks for any pen
Lead Pencils

Pencil Tablets
Pen Tablets
Spelling Tablets
Paste and other items
Note Books
Note Book Paper
Water Colors; Brushes

Participating, Wheeler's New Series Goodwill Campaign

"If it's Drugs — we have it"

Royal Drug Store

Phone 11 MELVIN HOWE, Manager Wheeler

TRI-STATE FAIR SEPT. 14-21, AMARILLO



HEREFORD SHOW



\$4,500 in Cash Prizes — Competition open to world — The country's finest herds on display — See them!

HORSE RACES

Start Fri., September 13—
7 races daily—Big Purses—Mutuel Wagering

World's Largest Carnival

Beckmann & Gerety's stupendous midway attractions and circus side show—New rides—New shows!

SPECTACULAR EXHIBITS

Gigantic Livestock, Agriculture, Poultry, Home and Domestic Arts Displays.

FREE GATE!

THE BIGGEST FAIR IN TEXAS THIS YEAR

Big Added Attraction—Tri-State Fair!

HARLEY SADLER'S 3-RING-CIRCUS

(Formerly Bailey Bros.)

6 DAYS FEATURING JACK HOXIE, MOVIE STAR, IN PERSON
Mile-long Free Street Parade, Noon, Sept. 16-18-20. Popular Prices!

prising and progressive citizens. We welcome him back into the fold of Panhandle editors.—Ochiltree County Herald.

Miss Edith Ashley spent the week end with her mother, Mrs. Nellie Ashley and children in the Cort Valley community.

I looked up Satisfy and it says—



SAT-IS-FY. Something that pleases, gives satisfaction; something that just suits. For example, you are pleased with a dress. As applied to cigarettes, it means one that is **MILD**—that is not harsh or bitter; one that **TASTES** just right.

Chesterfield... the cigarette that's **MILDER**
Chesterfield... the cigarette that **TASTES BETTER**

Be a Wheeler Booster!

THE CORRAL

Edited weekly by Journalism Students of Wheeler High School.

Miami — Wheeler
Night Football Game
Here Friday, Sept. 13

VOLUME X—NUMBER 1

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1935

WHEELER, TEXAS

Three Busses Bought for School Purposes

Four Districts—Locust, Porter,
Sweetwater, Sandy Basin—
to Be Accommodated

For the purpose of accommodating all the boys and girls in the rural communities of Porter, Locust, Sandy Basin and Sweetwater, who wished to attend the Wheeler schools, three International busses have been purchased for the Wheeler public schools. They arrived Tuesday afternoon and were put into use Wednesday morning, at which time 222 persons were brought to school.

The busses have all steel bodies and have safety glass. Drivers have been procured to drive the busses in the four districts above mentioned. Ben Morgan will drive the one in Porter district, Harold Robertson in Locust district, and R. D. Underwood in the Sandy Basin and Sweetwater districts. The busses will leave each morning about 7:30 on the routes. There will be transportation to the school for all the boys and girls in these four districts.

Since the busses were not shipped from the factories in time, it was impossible for them to be sent after the children Monday. However, cars were sent to the various places.

TEACHERS ATTEND COLLEGE TAKE TRIPS DURING SUMMER

Faculty members of the Wheeler schools visited, made trips and attended school in Texas and many other states during the summer months.

Supt. and Mrs. J. L. Gilmore spent a large portion of the summer working for the interest of the school. They also toured parts of Missouri and Arkansas. Both are graduates of W. T. S. T. C. of Canyon.

C. B. Witt, principal of the high school, made a trip to Carlsbad Cavern and made improvements on his home during the vacation.

Miss Bernie Addison will complete her B. J. degree from the University of Missouri, Columbia, some time this week. She will return Sunday.

Miss Winona Adams has been attending the University of Colorado at Boulder. After finishing her course, she toured many interesting parts of Colorado and Utah.

Robert Mayne came here from Fort Worth, but the preceding year he had taught in Salem, Oregon. He has attended school at T. W. C., Fort Worth, and S. M. U., Dallas.

Miss Lois Kirby, science teacher, spent the summer in McLean. She is a graduate of W. T. S. T. C. at Canyon.

Miss Frances Alice Clark, music teacher, spent the summer in Los Angeles, Calif., studying piano. She is a graduate of W. T. S. T. C., Canyon.

Mrs. Gordon Whitener, home economics instructor, spent the summer with her husband in Shamrock. She has attended school at W. T. S. T. C., Canyon and C. E. A., Denton.

ADDISON TO RETURN SUNDAY

Since Miss Bernie Addison is completing her Bachelor of Journalism degree this week at the University of Missouri, Columbia, Mo., it was impossible for her to be present this week for the school activities. However, she is expected to return to Wheeler some time Sunday.

Miss Winona Adams, who attended school at the University of Colorado, Boulder, Colo., this summer was unable to return to Wheeler Monday morning, because of car trouble. She came Wednesday morning at 6 o'clock after having driven all night.

Twenty-one Teachers Employed for Term

That this year is to be a good one for the Wheeler schools seems to be proved by the fact that there are now 21 teachers to do the work in the Wheeler public schools for this school term. With the opening programs of the schools Monday, the teachers began their work.

Nine teachers will give instruction to the high school students, with all teaching a subject in which they majored when they received degrees.

The teachers, with the subject in which they will give instruction, are as follows: Miss Lois Kirby, science; Miss Frances Clark, music; Miss Winona Adams, social science; Miss Bernie Addison, English and journalism; Mrs. Gordon Whitener, home economics; Mrs. J. L. Gilmore, Spanish; Robert Mayne, history and English; Principal C. B. Witt, mathematics, and Supt. J. L. Gilmore, mathematics. This is the first year in the Wheeler schools for Miss Kirby, Miss Clark and Mr. Mayne.

For each of the first three grades, which will be taught in the grammar school building, there are two classes and two teachers. Miss Rose Bowden teaches low first and Mrs. Gordon Phillips high first. Mrs. Roscoe Morgan and Mrs. C. C. Crowder have charge of the second grades. The third grade instructors are Mrs. John Hood and Mrs. Lloyd Davidson. Mrs. C. J. Meek will teach the fourth grade in the Legion hall, just south of the school buildings.

There will be two fifth, two sixth and possibly two seventh grades. All are to be taught on the lower floor of the high school building. The teachers and their respective subjects are as follows: Coach Bob Clark, spelling; Roscoe Morgan, arithmetic; Miss Ruth Ewing, geography and penmanship; Mrs. Allen Smith, English, and Mrs. G. O. McCrohan, history.

P-T. A. Reception Friday Night

Honoring the teachers, the Parent-Teachers association will entertain with a reception at the high school building Friday evening, Sept. 6, beginning at 8:45. All parents are invited to attend.

Staff of '35 Edits School Paper

Those who studied journalism last year make this edition of The Corral possible. It is assumed that the new journalism class will have charge of the paper the remainder of this school term.

JACO, LEWIS LEAD PEPSTERS

Lavell Jaco and Geraldine Lewis, freshmen, were elected Pep Squad leaders at a meeting last Wednesday morning at 11:30 in the study hall. Miss Frances Alice Clark was chosen sponsor, with Mrs. Gordon Whitener, assistant sponsor. Cowboy costumes have been selected.

"We appreciate the kindness Lee Guthrie has shown to the Pep Squad girls by allowing them to sponsor the show, 'Girl of the Limberlost,'" states Mrs. Whitener, Miss Clark and the Pep Squad girls.

Football Practice Begins In Earnest

(By Carlisle Robison)

Football again holds the high point in the nation's interest in sports. Everywhere pigskins fill the air as football gets underway. Training camps, with hard workouts, are featured as coaches whip their squads into shape for the coming battles on the gridiron.

The grid season for Wheeler has a favorable outlook, with the present squad of Mustangs numbering between 35 and 40, nine of whom are lettermen. In a statement made by Coach Bob Clark, Wednesday to the reporter, it is to be a rip and tussle between all of the boys for a regular position. Herbert Whitener, Olen Maxwell and Alton Weeks are the best prospects for end positions, while at tackle a battle is going on between Ford Newkirk, Clifford Tillman, Bob Tillman and Troy Shipman. O. D. Conner, Cecil Sherwood, Junior Jamison and James Passons are having a fight for the guard positions, while Captain Lowrie Deering and J. N. Tucker are carrying on at center.

In the backfield, Coach Clark has a group of players that are all one could expect of a back. All are shifty, speedy and good blockers, according to Clark. In this group are Curtis Weeks, Lewis Cain, Jack Tate, W. J. Ford, Guy Robison, Ocie Pace, Wallace Pendleton and Ray Norman.

"Starting next Monday, secret workout, with no one but players allowed will begin," states Coach Clark.

SOCIAL GIVEN EX-GRADUATES AT CLARENCE ROBISON HOME

Ex-graduates were entertained with a social at the Clarence Robison home Friday evening. Mrs. Robison acted as hostess, with Nerine Young and Betty Finsterwald assisting her. Many outside and inside games were played.

Among those present were Anna Mae Puett, Texas Miller, Nerine Young, Mary Eunice Noah, Annie Mae Green, Elizabeth Joss, Helen Gilmore, Betty Finsterwald, Jacqueline McCrohan, Coy Hix, Paul and Max Wiley, Bill Miller, M. L. Gunter, Pete Morgan, Grainger McIlhenny, Lindsay McCasland, Demaris Holt, Isaac Carter and Kilborn Bow-

Buildings, Grounds Improvement Made

Lighted Football Field, New Class
Rooms, Home Economics
Cottage Built

With the new school year come many improvements on the high school building and the school ground. The new lighted football field, on which work was begun last Spring when the sodding was done, has been completed, and will be ready for use as soon as the lights have been turned on. Bleachers have been built on all sides of the gridiron. The field is located just east of the high school building. The field east of Wheeler will no longer be used as a football ground.

Another great improvement is the addition of the home economics cottage to the school. The building, located on the school ground south of the grammar building, consists of four rooms: living room, bedroom, foods room and clothing room. The dimensions of the foods and clothing rooms are 23x38 feet. All fixtures have been installed and a cabinet built in the foods room. The building probably will be ready for use by the last of next week. The home economics III class will make the drapes for the rooms and plan furniture for the entire building later.

In the high school building the room that was formerly the home economics room is now a music room. The study hall has been divided into two class rooms. In the auditorium, seats and desks have been placed, in order that this room might be used as a study hall. The library will also be in this room. The walls of the high school building have been done in buff colored calcimine.

As yet, no work has been done on the grammar building.

ENTIRE ENROLLMENT MONDAY CONSISTS OF 539 STUDENTS

With 539 students in the entire school on the opening day, enrollment in the Wheeler schools this year is the largest Wheeler public schools has ever had.

In high school Monday there were 159 students, and in grammar school 380.

SCHOOL OPENING PROGRAMS HELD AT CHURCHES MONDAY

With the high school opening program at the Baptist church and the grammar school opening program at the Methodist church Monday morning, beginning at 9:30, a new term for the Wheeler schools was begun.

The Rev. Taft Holloway delivered the address to the high school students, with Dr. H. E. Nicholson giving a talk. The address to the grade school students was made by the Rev. J. Edmund Kirby. Coach Bob Clark also talked to the students. Songs were sung at both programs. According to Supt. J. L. Gilmore, school will begin each morning at 9:00 o'clock and will close at 3:15 in the afternoons.

H. Rider Haggard's Great Novel Now on the Screen

She

With Helen Gahagan, Randolph Scott, Helen Mack, Nigel Bruce.



MERIAN C. COOPER

recreates in mighty spectacle the weird story of the woman who learned the secret of continued youth. Read the story in The Times . . . see the picture at The Rogue . . . soon. RKO Radio Picture.



IN the library of his London home, John Vincey lay dying. Death was in his eyes, imprinted in ghastly lines on his face, and in the hoarseness of his voice. Horace Holley, his friend, stood near the couch, his eyes trying to hide the sorrow that was in them for his dying friend.

"Do you feel that you must tell him tonight?" Holley questioned.

"Yes—yes, tonight," Vincey answered. "It may be my last."

The sharp jingle of the old fashioned English doorbell broke through the silence that followed Vincey's last sentence.

"There he is now," he cried. "Hurry!"

Holley walked into the hallway. When he opened the front door, a young man was standing there, who in manner and looks was an American.

As Leo Vincey walked in the library, his uncle sat up weakly.

"I'm sorry I couldn't get here any sooner," Leo said.

"Holley," John Vincey said feverishly, "did you ever see such a striking resemblance?"

"Extraordinary," Holley agreed.

Leo looked at his uncle and then at Holley in amazement.

"Turn on the light," Vincey cried. "There—look at that!"

LEO VINCEY turned and stared at a painting over the fireplace. He might have been looking at a painting of himself, except that the man in the picture was dressed in the fifteenth century costume.

"That is John Vincey, your ancestor," his uncle explained. "There is no time for explanation. My time is short. I have an important purpose in showing you that portrait. I'm a man of science, not superstitions! If I were, I might imagine your resemblance to a man dead five hundred years was fate's way of showing me that you will find again what he discovered."

"What is that?" Leo demanded.

"The enemy of all living things—Time," John Vincey said hoarsely.

And the story Leo Vincey heard was as strange and as weird as the strange words of his dying uncle. The story dated back five hundred years, starting with the first John Vincey, who left England with his wife, leaving a son behind. Where they went nobody knew, but five years later the wife collapsed at the door of an English merchant's home in Northern Poland. She told a raving and fantastic story of terror and hardships.

Before she died she asked for paper and ink to write a message. This message John Vincey took from a black box and handed it to Leo. The letter was something of a puzzle. It told about her husband being killed because he refused to abandon her. She mentioned vaguely about the land of Muscovy, which was northern Siberia in the 15th century. She told about her escape with an English servant. Natives guided them back across the Sugul Barrier, but there a great beast killed the guides and the servant, she alone escaping.

The most mystifying part of the strange letter was about a flame, which when a person stood over it, triumphed over death.

"Do you really take all this seriously?" Leo demanded.

"Believe the words of a dying man, Leo," his uncle said weakly. "This flame of life does exist in a glacial region of volcanic character. I believe that John Vincey found it. You're the last of the Vinceys. Holley can't do it alone, but he'll go with you."

The voice of John Vincey became low and labored. Death was on him, taking life from his eyes and face.

"If you should try," he added, sinking back on the couch, "if you succeed, I won't be there."

His eyes flickered; his body trembled as the spasm of death passed over it, and then he relaxed as the last breath of life left him.

DAYS of hectic preparation followed to make that journey to the land of glaciers, a journey that was all the more fascinating because neither Leo nor Holley had any remote idea where they would finally go. After that the bleak and frozen land of the north. Weeks of trekking across that glistening white tundra, enduring hardships that tested every fibre of their beings. On and on they went until at last they had passed the last known outpost of civilization.

And then the dreaded Sugul Barrier. Two other white people were with them when they arrived there, a man and a girl. The man was Dugmore, the white trader whose post was the last vestige of civilization. The girl was his daughter, Tanya.

At Dugmore's trading post, where Holley and Leo spent the night, they had asked about the Sugul Barrier and about what lay beyond. Dugmore, savage and domineering, had warned them that no native would guide them beyond the barrier, but when Leo showed Dugmore a gold locket, with its strange inscription, which the wife of the first Vincey had sent back to her son with the letter, the greedy eyes of Dugmore flashed with avarice believing that the two white men were going for that precious metal.

His whole manner changed. He promised to get natives to guide them if he could go with Holley and Leo. In vain they tried to explain that they were not going after gold, but Dugmore told them flatly that unless he went, he would see that no native could be hired to go with them. In the end they were forced to accept his offer and because they

was no place for Tanya to wait for her father's return, she was forced to accompany them.

A strange girl was Tanya, with the beauty and grace of a noble woman, though all her life had been spent in the wild and barren country of the tundra. It was she who told Holley and Leo of the Legend the natives told about the land beyond the Sugul pass, a legend of a woman, white and fair, who came out of that land ages before. This woman told the natives that she escaped from a magic place where, if a man finds his way, he would never die.

This legend convinced Leo and Holley that they were on the right track of the mystery of what the first John Vincey had discovered, and they pushed on, accepting Dugmore's proposition to accompany them without protest.

Three weeks of following ice and snow, the party came to the end of the passage they had been following between two great snowdrifts. A giant glacier loomed in front of them, barring their way. To the right lay a great gorge.

"Look!" Leo said, "this gorge may

great smooth faced surface of ice, and then suddenly in this ice appeared the grisly remains of a tragedy enacted centuries before.

FROZEN in this ice were four natives, in grotesque attitudes, just as they had been left by the ghastly killer, a sabre-toothed tiger of gigantic size. Under the huge paw of this animal was the body of a white man, clad in furs, holding in his hand an ancient bell-mouthed blunderbuss.

A spear in the side of the tiger had brought death to him, but before that came, he had killed the four people. His great jaws were fixed in a ferocious snarl that must have been the dead man's last sight.

"Holley," Leo cried. "The servant who was with John Vincey's wife! Do you remember what the letter said. The servant killed the great beast—but died of wounds it gave him, and the wife of John Vincey escaped alone."

Holley looked at the sight, his face registering the incredible miracle that he saw.

"Must have been embalmed in this ice for five hundred years," he gasp-



Helen Gahagan as the mysterious and glamorous empress looks upon Randolph Scott, the adventurous explorer, as the reincarnation of a 500 year old love and begs him to accept eternal life and rule with her the kingdom of Kor in "SHE," RKO Radio's thrilling screen version of H. Rider Haggard's classic.

lead to a way over the Sugul barrier."

"I hope so," Holley replied. "We've followed this cliff for three weeks and now we can't go any further. Any way, this is a good place to make camp."

"I don't like it," Holley said nervously. "It's dangerous sitting down under this wall of ice. In this narrow place any noise might start vibrations that would cause an avalanche. Merely shouting might do it."

The natives were visibly excited by this time. They pointed to the ice wall, crying, "This place no good!"

"Dugmore," Leo said, "why can't we save time now by finding out if there is a way over the ice wall? I'll go up."

"I'll send the natives," Dugmore replied.

It took considerable effort to drive the natives to the top of the wall, and when they got there, they cried in stark terror: "White man! Up here! We won't go up!"

Dugmore was with them and he was staring at something. Leo Holley and Tanya scrambled up the ice

ed. "They must have camped on this glacier when a sabre-toothed tiger attacked them. Amazing! Extinct in all parts of the known world for thousands of years. A sleet storm came after their deaths and sealed them in. A perfect tomb."

"Holley," Leo cried. "We've found the way to the Flame."

"All this crazy talk isn't fooling me any," Dugmore sneered. "Talking about some Flame—when that stiff down there has a chain around his neck and a ripped canvas bag. It's gold. The ice isn't thick—and with the axe—"

"Don't be a fool," Leo cried. "You heard what Holley said about any vibration starting an avalanche."

"There was a groaning of ice and a frozen fragment crashed down past them, shattering to bits on the ledge where they stood. Leo grabbed Tanya and she clung to him in terror.

"Let's get out of here," Holley cried.

They climbed down to another ledge of rock, projecting out from the side of the gorge across the face of the glacier and directly below the ledge of ice from where they had seen a frozen reminder of death five

mained on the icy ledge, staring at the sack of gold around the neck of the servant under the paw of the sabre-toothed tiger.

"We better not stop here," Leo said nervously.

"Think of it," Holley protested. "That fool up there could only think of gold when the greatest scientific treasure of all time lay at his feet . . ."

The sharp crack of an axe on the ice broke in on his words, echoing and re-echoing throughout the ghastly silence of that land of ice and snow.

"Dugmore," Leo cried, "stop it! Stop it!"

From the glacier came an ominous rumbling. What happened next was all a blur to Leo and Holley and Tanya. Ice and snow came tumbling down. The earth seemed to roar and move in anger. There was a scream from Dugmore, the pitiful scream of death. The natives, standing below the ice cliff started a chant of fear. This chant was cut off as a river seemed to come out from the earth and swallow them up. Ice broke in the river.

Holley and Leo and Tanya remained standing on the rock cliff. Their bodies were almost covered with snow. Below them was the river, a swirling mass of ice and water. But neither Dugmore nor the natives with the sleds and supplies were in sight. All had gone with the avalanche, sent to their death in the river and the tons of snow that had fallen down on them.

"The river is broken up," Holley said. "No sledges—no food—no way back."

"And no way forward," Leo added grimly.

Holley had turned and was staring at a dark opening in the ice a little to their right.

"Look," he cried, "our way out. A fume-ole cave. Don't you understand? Volcanic formations. An hour ago—ice and glaciers. Now volcanic heat."

The three crawled over the snow and into the opening of the cave. The fumeroles were so placed that they filled the width of the passage and forced the three to climb the rims and walk perilously over them.

They plunged into the warm darkness of the opening, and as they did, an Amahagger the strange type of native, peered around a rock. He ducked back, his knife scraping on the rock, and then suddenly ahead of Holley and Leo and Tanya appeared a number of Amahaggers, each holding torches.

"Try your lingo on them, Tanya," Leo suggested. "Maybe it will work."

But it didn't. Tanya tried to talk to them in all the native dialects she knew. The leader of the Amahaggers looked at her with utterly expressionless faces.

Holley walked up to him and said: "Ed . . . how are you, old chap?"

The leader looked him up and down and then answered: "Nago da."

What these words meant was a mystery to the three white people, but they were soon to find out what they meant. The Amahaggers escorted the three into the cave where many Amahaggers were assembled, women, men and children.

At the sight of Holley they all started crying. "Nago da." Holley not suspecting what this meant permitted them to lead him up to the group and a fire. He saw too late the meaning of the words. He recoiled back, but as he did, powerful arms grabbed him and started to throw him in the pot to be boiled

A rifle cracked behind them. One of the men holding Holley crumpled to the ground. Back against the side of the cave, Leo and Tanya crouched, each holding a rifle. Slowly and carefully they fired, each shot taking effect, but sheer numbers overpowered them and crushed them to the ground.

"Sa daska," a voice said above the din.

The Amahaggers fell away from the three white people and stared at an old man, tall and clad in flowing robes, a figure of calm authority in contrast to the half naked wildness of the Amahaggers.

Behind the man was an armed escort, all dressed alike. They looked barbaric and strange, yet they were evidently well drilled troops. Each carried an assegai.

What happened next neither Holley nor Tanya understood. As for Leo, he lay on the earth, his head covered with blood. Tanya kneeled over him. Holley made a hurried examination of Leo and found that he was suffering from a concussion of the head, a wound that did not look serious.

The white leader talked in a strange language to the Amahaggers, who looked at him with fear stricken eyes. Leo was placed on a litter.

And it was then that Holley and Tanya got their second surprise. Calmly the tall leader looked down at Leo and said in perfect English: "He will not die."

"How," Holley demanded of him, "can you know English?"

"I have a wise teacher who knows all tongues," was the calm reply. "My name is Billali."

"Wait," Holley cried. "Who was your teacher? What is this place? Where are we going? What's going to happen?"

"You will learn your fate from SHE," Billali answered, crossing his hands before his forehead.

Through the passage of the cave the procession proceeded, Leo carried on the litter and Holley and Tanya walking behind him. It seemed to Holley and Tanya that they walked for hours through the passage, and then they came out into open space, flooded with a bewitching moonlight and before them was a great palace, carved out of a mountain of stone.

A HUGE gate, swung open by manacled slaves, let them into this amazing place. The art of ages seemed to be in the weird decorations. Through many rooms Holley and Tanya went, following the litter that carried the unconscious Leo, until at last they came to a great reception room, the room of the Queen. In front of them was a great pillar of smoke. Billali prostrated himself before this and mumbled something in a strange language and from the smoke came a woman's voice—mysterious, bell-like and unearthly.

It was the voice of SHE! SHE said in English: "If these strangers be English, speak in that language so they will understand."

"Returning from the journey on which you sent me. Oh Queen," Billali replied, "I passed the place where dwell the people of the caves. There I found these strangers fighting for their lives."

"Against my order," SHE'S voice came back. "I have ordered that any stranger must be brought unharmed to me."

"What is your name?" SHE asked Holley.

"Holley," was the reply. "You are not the one for whom I

"I say—who are you?"

"I am yesterday and today—and tomorrow."

"But you speak my language."

"I learned it from a countryman of yours—long ago."

"What's that? There has been another Englishman here?"

Holley walked up to the column of smoke, but Billali pushed him back. From SHE came a mournful choking laugh—like a sob.

"There is another, oh Queen, who was wounded," Billali said.

"Have him brought to me at once."

Two soldiers brought the litter carrying Leo in the room.

From the column of smoke came a cry, so startling and so arresting that every person in that room looked toward the smoke. It seemed to drift away slowly and SHE, radiant of beauty, walked down to Leo.

"John Vincey," SHE cried.

SHE looked up at Billali and ordered, "Take him there."

"Through the forbidden door?" Billali demanded.

"Yes, and bear him gently."

Tanya sprang forward as if to follow, but SHE stopped her.

"Please," Tanya pleaded, "let me stay with him."

"You are his wife?" SHE asked with a haunting fear in her eyes.

"No, I—I'm nothing to him, but he needs someone."

But the rough hands of soldiers

pushed Tanya away, and Leo was carried through the forbidden door into the room of SHE. He was laid on the couch and the soldiers slipped out of the room as silently as they came, and SHE kneeled by the couch, her eyes feasting in sadness on his pale face.

"Have you come back only to die again?" SHE said softly, carressing him. "If you die now, how can I face the years?"

SHE got up, walked to a table and picked up a crystal globe, held it over the flame of a lamp. The globe was filled with curling wisps of vapor. Then SHE walked back to the couch, stood over Leo, crushing the globe in her hand. The curling wisps of smoke did not rise. They settled in a cloud over his face. He took a long deep breath. His body relaxed and his breath came easy and natural again.

"One moment more," SHE said, "and perhaps I had been too late."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Dr. Robert Smith of Jerome, Idaho, spent the week end with his cousin, A. B. Crump and Mrs. Crump.



(LITTLE THINGS WORTH CONSIDERING. NO. 3)

Some Walk, Others Ride Through Life



Many go through life, on the same route, in the same direction as others, yet get nowhere. Some walk all the way, while others ride. The difference between "hoofing" it and riding the cushions is largely up to the individual. Generally speaking, the practice of reasonable economy combined with selection of a sound banking connection, is the first requisite toward accumulating the difference between want and comfort. Just a small sum laid away each week will soon count up. Try it.

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Phone 122

Wheeler

THE CORRAL

Last Year's Staff

Editor in Chief.....Fay Ficke
 Assistant Editor.....Theodore Conner
 Columnist.....Helen Gilmore
 Sports Editor.....Carlisle Robison
 Exchange Editor.....Dorothy Burgess
 Joke Editor.....La Veau Cole
 Grammar Grades Editor.....Mazie Bean
 Literary Editor.....Ruth Faye Garrison

Reporters: Jack Guynes, Travis Jones, A. B. Turner, Fay Ficke, Theodore Conner, Carlisle Robison, Dorothy Burgess, La Veau Cole, Mazie Bean and Ruth Faye Garrison.

GOOD OLD WHEELER

A large pep squad, more classrooms, a new library, 21 teachers with degrees, a home economics cottage, three school buses, a lighted football field, and more than 35 men practicing every day for the big football games this year! What more could one school want? What more does a school need to succeed?

Indeed, there is a great year ahead for the Wheeler schools. All the teachers seem to be very enthusiastic about their work, and the students are entering into their work with just as much zeal as the teachers, if not more. A greater interest seems to be taken in school work than ever before. People of the town are more ready than ever before to do all they can to help the schools succeed.

And will the schools succeed? Of course they will! There is nothing to stop it! Wheeler, as well as the schools, is going ahead. And you are going, too, are you not? Then, BOOST FOR OLD WHEELER.—F. F.

NEWCOMERS

"Who is he?" "Where does he live?" "Is he a junior or senior?" These are some of the questions asked Monday when school opened. Because of the great number of new students who have been transferred there were many new faces grouped about the classrooms. They aroused the interest of the old students, as they wanted to make friends with the newcomers.

Although there has not been much classwork, the questions have apparently been answered and new friendships have sprung up. Everyone seems to be in the best of spirits and with a little help the newcomers will adjust themselves to the atmosphere of W. H. S.—T. C.

JOURNALISM STUDENTS HOLD VARIOUS POSITIONS IN TOWN

Journalism students of the preceding year who are not attending high school have secured various positions.

Fay Ficke, editor, is employed in the Title Abstract office. Theodore Conner, assistant editor, is assisting in the Beal Tailor Shop. A. B. Turner, reporter, is working at R. D. Underwood's Produce. Jack Guynes, reporter, has been employed at the Puckett Cash Store No. 4. La Veau Cole, joke editor, is employed in the First National bank. Carlisle Robison, sports editor, is working at the J. T. Green Service station. Travis Jones, reporter, is at home now.

Those attending high school are Mazie Bean, grammar grade editor, Dorothy Burgess, exchange editor, and Ruth Faye Garrison, literary editor. Loula Clarke, who helped with The Corral work the first semester, has moved away.

The Wampus Cat

(With Apologies to Odd)

As I was walking around "ye ole Alma Mater" last Monday it suddenly occurred to me that not only the students had been graduated but that the school itself had been graduated from its "old class" and had gone to a bigger field.

"Bodie" Cole, the Walter Winchell of last year's paper (and by the way, the keyholes he peeped through were limited to class rooms) now has the appearance of a dignified banker.

If you pass by any of the students and hear something clicking, don't get alarmed—it's just some rusted brain cells starting to work again.

Last Wednesday morning before regular school hours, Miss Clark, the music instructor, started to enter the school building but, just as she got to the door, she ran into a strong arm barring the way; the explanation given was that only school teachers were allowed to enter the building before 8 o'clock.

The Wheeler "exes" who are complaining because they didn't build the school up while they were in it, should console themselves with the fact that the building didn't have to be burned in order to get rid of them.

The best of the year: Walter receiving rat poison at the post office one day which said, "Rough on Rats."

VOLUME, ISSUE NUMBER OF CORRAL IS DESIGNATED

Did you notice at the top of the Corral where "Vol. X, No. 1," is printed? How did you like it? Makes it seem that this old Corral is really a big paper now, doesn't it?

From the files, it is found that The Corral was published Nov. 2, 1926. Miss Sallie Lee Williams was editor. Alonzo Wood, assistant and Ralph Randel, instructor. That accounts for the Volume No. X.

To Editor C. G. Miller is due thanks for "fixin'" The Corral this way. Members of the staff certainly appreciate it.

CAUGHT IN THE LASSO'S NOOSE

Is it true "Goofy" Dean is trying to swipe Curtis' Lefors girl?

This school is full of Briscoe boys this year. What will we do? That one last year was more than we could stand.

Miss Fay is already working for the Title Abstract company—you know one of those seniors last May read in the class prophecy that she would be twenty years from then.

At last the gym is started. The football boys really had a job the other day—pulling grass.

Ford's head gear really should protect him; at least it is large enough.

W. J.'s hair surely did curl up in that high climate he was in last summer.

We hear that Charlie is going to school at Mobeetie.

Miss Kirby is already calling those "snooping" journalists "silly." Just wait until next May.

The coach is tucking the boys to bed this year.

Shore 'nuf. Real lights and everything. Yeah sa'ah.

Old M. L. Gunter (ex-) is going to teach school this year.

Miss Addison must have missed her train. Getting in a week late.

Have you seen the new red shoes? Aren't those new teachers pretty? Hope they like it here.

Date of Opening Library Undecided

According to Supt. J. L. Gilmore, it has not been decided when the high school library will be open for the students to begin checking out books. Several books have been bought for the various classes. The library will be in the study hall this year, in the room that was used as the auditorium last year.

Reporter's Vague Idea of Coverage

Boy, O Boy! Did you say this was getting to be a city? There is a building going up on every corner. Yeah—the new home economics cottage, and gym, and Poncho's big Empire State building. (Actual size, 1000 by 950, twenty-seven stories). Shore 'nuf. That new gym of a thing, or whatever they call it, is going to cover several acres. In fact, just the seats alone for the football field cover one section.

Now about the garage for the fleet of school buses. There are, in all, 71 buses which will carry about 1,300 children. You can imagine how much space the garage will cover. Yeah!—and old Uncle Bill is constructing a new sidewalk from town to the high school. Frank Buck is hauling the sand and cement in a wheelbarrel from Whale's Port, Shamrock, which is a suburb of Wheeler.

Have more about the great City Water and Sewer System, Paving, Swimming Pool and Sidewalks—next week. Also Parks. Go'by. (Good-by).

SNICKERS

Verna, on the school bus said to a friend, "Wish that good-looking boy would get up and give me his seat." Ten boys fell out of their seats.

Nerine: "Why are you looking so gloomy this fine morning?"

Jonnie: "My doctor told me to eat more fruits and their skins in order to get more vitamins, and my favorite fruits are coconuts and pineapples."

O. D.: "But doesn't my devotion arouse in you some sort of feeling for me?"

L. M. T.: "Yes—the kind of feeling that prompts a person to take a tonic in the spring."

Mrs. Gilmore: "Ninety-nine women out of a hundred are naturally generous."

Coach Clark: "Yes, where one woman will keep a secret, ninety-nine will give it away."

Teacher: "Now, if I subtract 25 from 27, what's the difference?"

Student: "That's what I say, who cares?"

"A moth leads an awful life."
 "How come?"

"He spends his summers in a fur coat and the winters in a bathing suit."

Earl Howard: "Dad, what is a safety match?"

Mr. Gilmore (whispering): "A safety match my son, is when a bald-headed man marries an armless woman."

Joe and Wendell Meek will leave Saturday for Abilene, where they will attend McMurry college. Joe is a sophomore and Wendell is a junior.

Uncle Ted Looks 'Em Over

Whew! Them thar school buildings are going right on up. The Home Ec. home (guess that's whut it is) is almost done and just as soon as them hired hands are through with it they are gonna start on the "jim" (people call it that, but to me it is a great big building to play games in). The "jim" will shore be a wonderful piece of work. Why, mister, I heard it tole on the streets that it is gonna be the biggest in the Panhandle. Hope so.

A lighted and fenced-in football field has always took my eye and the Mustangs now have one. Boy, ef they feel as proud of it as I (a old W. H. S. er) do they could whip eny Panhandle team (well, mebbe not Amarillo) with the greatest of ease. Yessiree, with that grand field and a good coach (tawlkng about Mr. Clark) they aught to feel proud.

And now about the Mustangs. I wus looking them over the other day out at the field and they seemed to be in pretty good shape. The reason for that there last statement is this. One boy would run and tackle, block, or stiff-arm another and there never was a grunt. They shore can take it!

RAMBLINGS ON THE RANGE

Bonnie Adams and Ferrol and Lois Ficke were visitors in Canadian Tuesday.

Mrs. C. J. Meek and sons, Joe Field and Wendell, were in Amarillo Wednesday.

Ruth Faye Garrison went to Amarillo Wednesday.

Dorothy Burgess was seen in Twitty Tuesday night.

Dorothy Tolliver and Ruth Faye Garrison were callers in Shamrock Friday.

Dorothy Burgess visited school in Kelton Wednesday.

Miss Mildred Watts of Pampa, spent the week end in Wheeler with friends.

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BITS OF EARLY-DAY HISTORY ABOUT TEXAS

SERIES II, NO. 34

Wheeler Phone 122

(This is one of a series of articles taken from the Bexar archives at the University of Texas. This collection, considered the greatest single historical treasure on the North American continent, has been catalogued and is now being translated by the university and supplied to the press for publication.)

December 26, 1847, to "come and live with me. You can fit up and occupy part of the new house." The biographer here becomes reminiscent.

Pleasant Hill

(Helen Sanders)

Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Stovall and granddaughters, Miss Aubrey Mae Pond and Mrs. George Null and daughter, Effie Jean, all of Kelton, and grandson, Archel Meredith of Roswell, N. Mex., were dinner guests of Mrs. W. M. Sanders and daughter, Helen, Friday.

GOD AND HIS HIGH HATS

by WOODBEE UMBLE

"No rain yet, not a cloud in sight. We do need rain so much on our parching crops. Dear Lord, help us to patiently await your own time."

sometimes by being too generous and they ceased to appreciate our efforts but expected it as their rights; sometimes almost demanding we do even more for them, regardless of what they deserved.

Wheeler

Returning to the bride and groom, Erskine writes that his father accepted the offer and invitation of his father, Michael Erskine, owner of Capote Ranch, made by letter

and Mrs. A. F. Stovall and granddaughters, Miss Aubrey Mae Pond and Mrs. George Null and daughter, Effie Jean, all of Kelton, and grandson, Archel Meredith of Roswell, N. Mex., were dinner guests of Mrs. W. M. Sanders and daughter, Helen, Friday.

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CITATION BY PUBLICATION THE STATE OF TEXAS.
To the Sheriff or any Constable of Wheeler County, Greeting:
You are hereby commanded to summon A. O. Sweet, A. H. Crowley, R. Davidson, L. Davidson, Charles F. Tuttle, Kate E. Reed, and unknown heirs of James D. Reed, deceased, by making publication of this Citation once in each week for four consecutive weeks previous to the return day hereof, in some newspaper published in your County, if there be a newspaper published therein, but if not, then in the nearest County where a newspaper is published, to appear at the next regular term of the District Court of Wheeler County, to be holden at the Court House thereof, in Wheeler, Texas, on the 2nd Monday in November A. D. 1935, the same being the 11th day of November A. D. 1935, then and there to answer a petition filed in said Court on the 29th day of July A. D. 1935, in a suit, numbered on the docket of said Court No. 2574, wherein

The Chickasha Cotton Oil Company is Plaintiff, and A. O. Sweet, A. H. Crowley, R. Davidson, L. Davidson, Charles F. Tuttle, Kate E. Reed, and unknown heirs of James D. Reed, deceased, are Defendants, and a brief statement of plaintiff's cause of action, being as follows:

An action in trespass to try title to Lots 1 to 7, inclusive, and 20 to 26, inclusive, in Block 2, in the incorporated town of Allison, Wheeler County, Texas. Plaintiff seeks judgment quieting its title to the property above described, as against all defendants named in the petition and all persons claiming under either of such defendants.

Given under my hand and seal of said Court, at office in Wheeler, Texas, on this 15th day of August, A. D. 1935.
HOLT GREEN,
Clerk District Court, Wheeler County, Texas.

