

# PENASCO VALLEY NEWS

## AND HOPE PRESS

A Democratic Newspaper Published in the Interests of New Mexico, Eddy County and The Penasco Valley

VOL. 11, NO. 49

Hope, New Mexico, Jan. 12, 1940

Published Every Friday

# Graveling Hiway 83 May Begin 22nd

## Hope School Board Being Sued for \$8,500 Damages

On January 5, 1940, a damage suit was filed by LaVern Wilburn against Irving Cox, president of the Hope school board, Virgil Craig, secretary of the Hope school board, Oddie Ludlow, superintendent of the Hope schools, and E. V. Autry, one of the teachers. The amount asked for is \$8,500. Wilburn is represented by Caswell Neal of Carlsbad, and the case will be tried some time in March. Wilburn who is the owner of the Hope Public Service was furnishing lights to the Hope schools. He closed down for repairs and Irving Cox was to furnish lights for the school temporarily. It is alleged that in the stringing of the line from Cox's store to the school house that Wilburn's line was damaged. D. W. Carson, deputy sheriff, served a copy of the complaint and a copy of the summons on Irving Cox Saturday night. As Virgil Craig was in Texas, Oddie Ludlow in Monument and E. V. Autry out of town the other three sets of papers were served later. In last Sunday's edition the Current-Argus has the following to say about the damage suit:

"A damage suit to recover \$8,500 was filed Saturday in district court here by LaVern Wilburn against Irving Cox, Virgil Craig, Oddie Ludlow and E. V. Autry. Wilburn's petition alleged that which he was doing business as the Hope Public Service Co., 3,200 feet of wire for electric current were cut, and 1,400 feet were torn down from supports, the damaged section extending to the public schools of Hope and the Baptist church. He further alleged that the northwest section of Hope was thereby cut off from the current, and that he suffered \$3,500 property damages and \$5,000 punitive damages."

### Get Your Drivers License

A last minute warning has been given to motorists by State Patrolman C. McCasland, that brake and light stickers and drivers licenses should have been secured before Jan. 1. The deadline for obtaining license plates has been extended to March 2. Hope motorists should obtain their drivers licenses from Mrs. Ethel Altman as 40 cents out of each dollar goes into the town treasury. A check-up on drivers licenses will be held in Hope in the near future McCasland said.

Rush Coates was a visitor in Artesia Saturday afternoon.

Howell Gage, sheriff of Eddy county, and Capt. McCasland of the State Police, were business visitors in Hope Saturday afternoon.

Ed Glasscock returned Friday from Goodman, Kansas, where he spent the holidays with relatives.

### Herbert Hoover Asks For Help For Finland

In an address at Madison Square Garden on Dec. 20, 1939, Herbert Hoover, chairman of the Finnish Relief Committee said:

"The story of Finland is a simple story, but that story rises today to high heroism in the history of mankind. No matter what may happen the soul of such a people can not be crushed. Finland is a little country, carved from the bleak forests of the far north, scarcely the size of Montana, with but four millions of people. Yet Finland is a great nation. A nation is great not by its wealth or by its square miles. It is great by the character of its people. It is great by their industry, by their education, their art, music and their courage. It is great by their moral and spiritual standards. Greatness lies in their devotion to ideals of peace and liberty. All these measures of greatness can be expressed in one word—Finland. Now they have been barbarously attacked. Their ships have been driven from the seas. They are making a heroic defense against appalling hordes of savages. Hundreds of thousands of women and children have been driven from their homes in the middle of northern winter. Every decent person is praying that these brave people shall yet be saved. Therefore we are asking the American people for help. We ask it that we may show the sympathy that lies within every human heart."

What are Hope people going to do about it? Are they going to donate a dime or a quarter to help in this great work?

### WEED ITEMS

The "Little Theater Group" is preparing an elaborate program to be given in the gymnasium on Friday evening Jan. 26. The funds are to be used to help complete the gymnasium. We hope everyone will feel it his duty to be present; for many a child's schooling will be the outcome of what we do now. This school will be the means of a large per cent of the children in the mountain section acquiring a high school education; and as was said long ago, "Full many a flower is born to blush unseen and waste its fragrance on the desert air," so let's all come out and feel the none, if they grasp the opportunities that Weed will have to offer, will have to waste their talents on the mountain air, and too, one will get his money's worth of entertainment. So be present.

H. I. Clark is on the sick list at present.

Mesdames Ruby Barron and

Dorothy Boles and two children from Sacramento saw mill are visiting relatives at Mule Shoe now.

Quite a few changes or moves have been made since the New Year came in as follows: Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Donaghe moved from Sacramento to the Winter's saw mill at Weed, H. A. Guillems from his farm in McCuen Canyon to his newly purchased Hughes farm, R. C. Pitts to the W. A. Gage farm east of Weed, Jeff Loring plans to move to Sacramento as soon as his house is completed there, Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Curtis Jr., are occupying one of the Mark Brewer cabins here, Frank Casteel bought and moved onto the Ross Jones place on Spring Canyon, Ross is leaving for Hot Springs soon.

Everett Page and D. L. Holder were in Artesia Monday on business.

Mrs. M. G. Hearn was the happy recipient of a piano for a Christmas present from her sons from other sections of the nation; the gift being delivered to the Hearn home here Saturday.

School work was resumed here Monday, the 8th with all teachers and bus drivers present.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith of Odessa, Texas, are here in interest of their the former F. T. Sanders home.

Frank Casteel caught a mountain lion a few miles west of Weed Wednesday night.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Bell and children of Bluewater Canyon spent several days during the holidays visiting relatives in El Paso and Alamogordo.

Flour salesman Mix of Clovis was here Tuesday morning, relating his experience and incidentally the experience of a number of others, on the mountain roads. Mr. Mix arrived in Weed at five o'clock A. M.

The pet deer belonging to Henry Jones at the Guillems saw mill died recently from a broken leg.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Riley of Hope were week-end visitors in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Pat Riley at their home west of Weed.

After spending a few weeks in Odessa, Texas, Mr. New returned to his home here Friday.

D. S. (Digs) Mills, who is employed at the Culbertson saw mill on the Penasco, had the misfortune of being struck in the face with some of the tools used in saw mill work, cutting and bruising considerably, but was recuperating satisfactorily when D.S. was here recently.

Homer Ship returned from Hobbs Tuesday night.

A party in the home of S. A. Winters Saturday evening was enjoyed by quite a crowd of the younger set. After several hours

### Gov. Miles Announces He Will be a Candidate

In a statewide broadcast last week Thursday night, Gov. John E. Miles took the people of New Mexico into his confidence and told them that he expected to be a candidate for re-election as governor in the next fall election. We quote in part from Gov. Miles' broadcast.

"If I do become a candidate for re-election, as I now plan to do, I am not worried about the outcome. Results, after all, are the basis on which an administration, and a man, is judged. I am confident that all departments of government will measure up to any administration since statehood. I have always found people to be fair and I am perfectly willing to leave the decision up to their judgement. In the meantime we are going ahead with our plans for the next three years, just as though the question had never been raised. So long as I am governor, whether it be two years or four years, there will be no compromise with principles. I consider that my responsibility is to the people themselves, and to my conscience."

The governors announcement as well as the one made by John Garner is most refreshing in the face of the usual hemming and hawing by many who would be or want to be candidates for some office or other.

### LOCALS

Miss Esther Johnson, county health nurse, of Carlsbad was in Hope Wednesday.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Bush a daughter, January first at the Artesia hospital.

Mr. Richard H. Westaway, deputy tax assessor, will be in Hope Jan. 24 and 25, to assist property owners in rendering their taxes.

Last week we announced the birth of a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Bill Madron but it should have read born to Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Madron a daughter on Jan. 2, 1940. We are sorry we made the mistake but hope this apology will be accepted.

spent in games, refreshments of cake and cocoa were served.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Begley of Cox Canyon were pleasant callers in Weed last week.

Among the Pinon citizens here recently are C. D. Sowell and son Ray, J. L. Dean and son Herman, Mr. Dotson and Harry Walker.

J. P. Riffe, one time resident in this vicinity but now of Bernillo, New Mexico, was here Wednesday.

Messrs J. R. Anderson, Tola Harbert and Mark Walters of the Avis community were here Thursday enroute to Alamogordo.

Chas. Johnstone, highway engineer announced Monday that the state was all set to start work on highway 83 as soon as the W.P.A. could furnish the labor. Frank Donohue at the W.P.A. office said, "I hope to be able to furnish the labor needed by Jan. 22." As much help as possible will come from Hope. It might be arranged to gravel the main street at Hope while the equipment is here.

At the R.E.A. office at Artesia the report was that they expected to get favorable action on the Hope extension by the end of next week. Then it will be up to the Hope people to get their houses wired for the electricity.

Verily, verily, everything comes to those that wait.

Miss Madeline Pruden entertained Tuesday at a covered dish dinner in honor of her father's 85th birthday. A large cake holding 85 candles was the centerpiece at the bounteous dinner that was served to a large number of friends.

Mrs. W. M. Keller and Mrs. C. B. Altman has been appointed to be in charge of the President's "Birthday" Ball at Hope

We received a list of Mother's who are scheduled to help in the school lunch room as well as the school lunch menus for the past two week but are unable to print them this week because they arrived too late.

### WILBURN-RAY

Mr. James Ray and Miss Wilhelmina Wilburn were married Monday morning in Carlsbad at the home of the minister of the Baptist church.

Miss Wilburn is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Buck Wilburn, and has spent her life here in Hope, having finished high school here. She also had three years of college work, one year in Taft, Calif., and two years in the New Mexico Junior College at Portales.

Mr. Ray is a well known young man having lived in Hope for many years. He is a cousin of Mr. Hollis Watson, Mr. Ed Watson and Mrs. Ed Crain of Artesia.

Mr. Ray left for Morenci, Ariz., Wednesday where he will be employed in the mines. Mrs. Ray will join him there shortly.

At a meeting of the directors of the Hope Water Users held on Monday, Bryant Williams was elected president, Chas. Barley, vice-president, Chas. Cole, secretary-treasurer Mrs. Ethel Altman clerk, Will Keller, major domo.

Miss V. Conley, home demonstration agent, was a visitor in Hope Wednesday.

Mr. J. P. Menefee was in from the ranch the first of the week.



WEEKLY NEWS ANALYSIS BY JOSEPH W. LaBINE

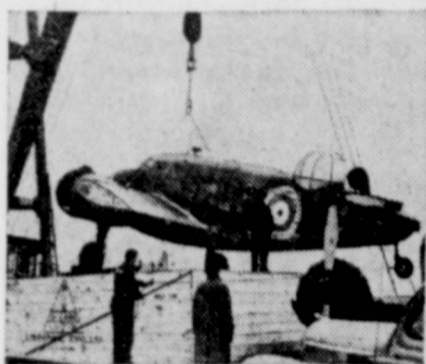
## U. S. Reacts to European War As Shipments Crowd Wharves; Ickes Warns Against 'Raiding'

(EDITOR'S NOTE—When opinions are expressed in these columns, they are those of the news analyst and not necessarily of this newspaper.)  
Released by Western Newspaper Union.

### DOMESTIC: U. S. & the War

Major fear of congressmen who opposed the neutrality act last October was that its practical effect was to favor Britain and France, who control the seas, meanwhile shutting off U. S. munitions supplies to Germany. Released by the state department at year's end were substantiating figures: In November, first month of neutrality's operation, France received export licenses covering \$95,579,000 in munitions exports; Britain, \$14,970,000; Germany, none.

Meanwhile New York port officials felt for the first time the press of war shipments. Bedded down in the foreign trade zone on Staten island were bombers, trucks, trench



PLANE FOR BRITAIN  
Trench diggers, too.

diggers, corned beef and miscellaneous war exports valued at \$18,500,000, all awaiting empty allied freighters to carry them across the submarine-infested Atlantic.

Items: 60 fast Lockheed reconnaissance bombers, their bodies painted a dark brown and camouflaged with weird stripings; 1,500 Studebaker trucks and 1,000 White trucks, the vanguard of 6,000 to be sent to the war zone within the next two months (wired to many of them were crates carrying machine gun mountings, and spare parts); 13 trench diggers costing \$3,000 each and destined for the Western front, to be followed soon by 270 more.

At Washington, the annual report of Interior Secretary Harold Ickes focused attention on America's need for conserving her natural resources which he said were threatened by efforts to break down conservation programs in an attempt to reap quick war profits. What specific attempts he had in mind Secretary Ickes did not say, but it is well known that army and navy departments have ordered strict conservation of domestic sources of certain strategic materials.

### ESPIONAGE: Dies to Murphy

Much maligned during the two years his committee has investigated un-Americanism, Congressman

Martin Dies of Texas has nevertheless managed to stir up trouble for Communist Earl Browder, Nazi Fritz Kuhn, Alien Harry Bridges, and many a lesser figure. For months the administration would not co-operate, but finally the justice department swooped down on Earl Browder, indicting him on false passport charges.

This month Attorney General Frank Murphy begins co-operating so completely that Martin Dies is shoved to the background. Opened in Washington was a special grand jury probe to study "direct evidence" of planned sabotage by representatives of foreign governments in U. S. auto, airplane and munitions factories. At the same time Frank Murphy began probing anti-Semitic activities, using the income tax, passport and foreign agent laws as his weapons.

### THE WARS: In the West

Where Christmas left off, a violent blizzard began to stop all operations on the western front. Sidelights:

☛ Britain, expecting "real war" in the spring, ordered 2,000,000 more men prepared for army service.

☛ In Paris *Le Petit Parisien* published a report from Italy that Adolf Hitler was ready to quit as chancellor and purge his more radical Nazis to "convince the allies to make peace."

### In the North

Attack-and-repulsé tactics continued featuring the war between Finland and Russia, the Soviet suffering bitter losses on all fronts from Petsamo to the Karelian isthmus. Main reason, as usual, was cold weather, an ally of the skillful Finns. Most gruesome story:

Near Suomussalmi it was learned the outnumbered Finns had surrounded Russia's entire 163rd division, waited three weeks in bitter cold while the Soviet supply lines broke down, then attacked to find the Russians so weak and frozen they could hardly move. Trapped were most of the 18,000 men, thousands of them already dead.

Far from an optimist, Finland's President Kyosti Kallio knew such luck couldn't hold out. As new waves of Red troops were rushed to the front he appealed for foreign volunteers.

### WHITE HOUSE: Appointments

As congress opened, President Roosevelt asked confirmation of his two most recent appointees:

☛ Charles Edison, assistant secretary of the navy since January, 1937, and acting head of the department since last summer, chosen for full secretaryship.

☛ Daniel W. Bell, former acting budget director, named undersecretary of the treasury.

### Rumors Behind World Headlines

York and Liverpool. Purpose of transfer: To escape ban imposed by U. S. neutrality law.

### Quints:

☛ Resignation of Dr. Alan Roy Daffoe as a guardian of the famous Dionne quintuplets may pave the way for their return to the home of the parents, Mr. and Mrs. Oliva Dionne.

### Strategy:

☛ Both Republicans and Democrats (the latter in self-defense) will probably concentrate their major 1940 presidential campaign in the mid-western states, normally a G. O. P. stronghold. For this reason leaders of both parties are urging Chicago as convention city.

### Tragedy:

☛ University of Nebraska's Dr. J. E. Weaver predicts that the most ruinous drouth in history will strike the middle-western "dust bowl" next year. Already dry, the dust bowl received only temporary relief from light snows.

### Protest:

☛ Agricultural business interests are planning a campaign to demand that the Farm Credit administration be removed from the hands of Secretary of Agriculture Henry Wallace, on charges that his recently expropriated control over FCA will result in loosened credit restrictions, thus endangering the investments of FCA stockholders.



## American Canteen Serves a Cup of Tea to Tommy



Lady Astor, left, is shown serving tea to a British soldier as she inaugurated the first of the American canteens in London. These canteens were presented by American women in England. From them free snacks will be served to soldiers, featuring doughnuts and hamburgers. The latter are slow in gaining favor with the Tommies, who claim they are filled amply during regular "mess." Additional canteens, donated by the same group, will be opened soon in several convenient points in England.

## Cosmic Ray Photographers Get Chilly Reception



It was 38 degrees below zero near Chicago recently—but John Q. Citizen didn't know about it, for that temperature recording was made at an altitude of 29,300 feet. A party of photographers ascended to that height to photograph cosmic rays. Perhaps Santa Claus' whiskers serve a practical purpose. They help keep him warm.

## Now He, Too, Is Gone With the Wind



Seated before the typewriter in his New York home, Howard Rushmore writes his own exclusive story telling just why he resigned as movie critic of the Communist publication, the *Daily Worker*. He refused to criticize the motion picture, "Gone With the Wind," in his review and as a result was forced to quit his post. Rushmore's article exposed the "pressure" brought to bear by Moscow on the Communist newspaper.

## Oil Land Judge



The problem of legal compensation to United States and other foreign oil companies for lands seized by the Mexican government now rests with Judge Ponciano Hernandez, who will appoint an appraiser to evaluate oil properties.

## FORECAST:

### New Job:

☛ Once U. S. ambassador to Italy, and an official of the state department since Woodrow Wilson's administration, Breckenridge Long is considered the best bet to succeed Joseph E. Davies as ambassador to Belgium. Davies has already taken over most of Long's present duties as head of the special department for repatriation of Americans living abroad.



LONG  
To Brussels?

### Goering Trouble:

☛ The London *Daily Herald* reports on good authority that Adolf Hitler's No. 1 aid, Field Marshal Hermann Goering, has fallen in disfavor and is living at his shooting chalet at Schorfheide, planning a comeback campaign "on his own terms."

### Neutrality

Observers expect wholesale attempts to transfer U. S.-owned passenger and freight ships to registry of European neutrals, following the maritime commission's approval of a deal whereby eight U. S. Lines ships are sold to a Norwegian company for operation between New



**Penasco Valley News  
and Hope Press**

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W. E. ROOD, Publisher

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Last week Thursday afternoon the main street of Hope was being irrigated as were several side streets also. We do not know who's fault it was but when one hears so much about the shortage of water something should be done about keeping the water in the irrigating canals where it belongs.

We are standing on the threshold of a new year. Naturally we wonder what the future holds for us. For Hope and the Penasco valley the prospects for 1940 are very bright. The construction work on the Hope Retard Dam will no doubt be started in 1940. The R.E.A. is almost sure of extending its line to the Penasco valley in the very near future. Graveling of the highway west of Hope will begin sometime in January. These are all projects that will have a great bearing upon the future of Hope. Let us get busy and put our shoulder to the wheel and help.

The editor of the Eddy County News takes Governor Miles to task for designating a certain day as "Finnish Relief Day", claiming that it might lead us into war, and asks, "what about the Russians, poor Germans, French and English". He forgot to mention the Polanders or the Turks, Finland did not start hostilities. The Soviets forced the Finns into war. The same way with Germany. Poland did not attack Germany. England and France are able to take care of their own sufferers. No one is forced to donate to the Finns, anything no matter how small is acceptable. The Eddy County News editor should have a little more compassion in his heart for a tiny nation that is fighting for its life against overwhelming odds.

**The "Old Timer"  
Drops in for a Chat**



How be ya today? Say do ya know that the weather has been purty tolerable cold the past couple o weeks? Dad-burn-it sech kind o weather jest keeps me a packin in the wood. I ain't been feelin any too good either but Ma she jest put her foot down an says that if she done milks the cows an slops the hogs that I should tote in the wood. That be all right when the weather be nice an mild but when it gits ta freezin ice every night why thats jest too much. Ya cin tell by jest a look-in at ma pictur that I be in no shape ta be a doin too much hard work. Wal everybody up yere in the mountins be a thinkin that

we be a goin ta do right well in 1940. All tha farmers that put in cabbage last year be makin plans ta increase their acerage this year. An then they be a goin ta put in right smart acerage ta other kind o vegetables too. I done met up with some o the biggest vegetable growers up yere an I up an tole em that they hed better go slow. Jest cause tha price o cabbage was up in 1939 be no sign that tha price stays that way in 1940. Las Sunday when Ma an I was over ta tha meetin house somebody tole us that tha Hope schule board be a bein sued fer damages by that thar feller by tha name o Wilburn, seems as if tha ruckus be all bout tha lectric light line runnin up ta tha schule. Wal I don't know too much bout it an I be mighty glad I don't. An then I done heard that Ludlow an that Crockett feller hed some trouble an be a goin ta hev a trial er somethin. An then we done heard that nother feller from Hope be round huntin someone ta go on a bond fer him. I cain't see why that feller be so anxious ta git bond an git out o jail. I guess they don't know that we hev a bran new jail down thar at Carlsbad an that thar sheriff that Eddy county hes got now sure does feed good. An tha jail be equipped with hot an cold water, jest as nice as ya please. I be a tellin Ma that I hed a durn good notion ta be a doin somethin so that I could be throwed in fer three months (an then ya see I wouldn't be a hev in ta fool with this yere wood) but Ma she says nuthin doin. Wal I better be a goin. Goo'by. See ya nex week, maybe.

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Rev. T. H. Norris, pastor  
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Morning Worship, 11:00 a.m.  
Epworth League 6:30 p.m.  
Evening Worship, 7:00 p.m.

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**Pathfinder Polls  
of  
Public Opinion**

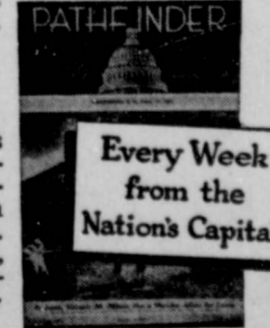


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'ZANY' NO MORE  
**Martin Dies Grows in U. S. Esteem**  
**As 'Ism' Investigation Bears Fruit**

By HOWARD LANCASTER  
 (Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

WASHINGTON.—“The only thing that counts in these investigations is what gets into the papers.”

That was Martin Dies' credo the moment he opened the first hearing before his congressional committee investigating un-American activities and propaganda.

Within a few weeks most of the nation was laughing at him. Strip-Teaser Gypsy Rose Lee offered to bare all for the committee, and little Shirley Temple was labeled a Communist decoy by one of Mr. Dies' witnesses.

It seems strange, therefore, that much of America is laughing on the other side of its face today. There are still plenty of people who think the committee's early investigations were a farce (and Dies admits he got a few crackpot witnesses), but a peculiar combination of circumstances has placed the un-Americanism committee front and center on the Washington stage.

This month, having submitted a report on its second year's investigation, the committee is asking congress for a new appropriation. Here's why it happened:

First, you have the correct combination of men and times. Dies is the 38-year-old Texan with heavy hands and yellow hair whose sole claim to fame after seven lean years in congress was his penchant for speech-making and a hatred for "isms."

Two other men instrumental in this affair were New York's Nazi-hating Rep. Samuel Dickstein and Vice President Jack Garner. Dickstein used to have a habit of baiting Hitler from the house floor and reading long lists of citizens whom he accused of being Nazis. His fellow Jews thought he was doing the race more harm than good, and the house didn't like to be embarrassed. So the rules committee (of which Dies was a member) decided to silence Dickstein by stealing his thunder.

Jack Garner's place in this affair is mysterious, but possibly very important. Being a fellow Texan and a friend of Dies, he might have seen an opportunity for poking the red-hot spotlight of publicity into left-wing elements of the New Deal, thus paving the way for his own candidacy in 1940.

By 1938 the shirt crowd—black shirts, brown shirts, silver shirts, etc.—were getting to be a dirty shirt crowd. When Martin Dies read about Bundsfuehrer Fritz Kuhn, his shirts and his camps, his blue eyes saw red.

Another reason was the LaFollette civil liberties committee, which had been accusing industrialists of employing spies to prevent their employees from organizing. To provide an offsetting influence, many congressmen thought somebody



ORATOR—Until he started red-baiting, Martin Dies' only claim to fame was presidency of the "Demagogues" club, whose tin badge is awarded only to those congressmen who get particularly windy.

should investigate subversive influences.

Finally, there was the Dies mania for publicity. It's rumored that he called off an important hearing last autumn because the world series was monopolizing the headlines. And he's not ashamed to admit it: "The good that this committee does depends on how many people read the testimony in newspapers. Who in the world is going to bother about the official record?"

Paying \$5 a day and traveling expenses for each witness eats up a \$250,000 appropriation like a cat laps up milk. Which is one reason the committee's first year was a perfect model of what congressional investigations shouldn't be. Dies had no counsel, no co-operation from the administration and no reason to expect any.

But he did get publicity, and last year an alarmed citizenry demanded that these un-American upstarts be ferreted out and shot at sunrise. Result: A \$100,000 appropriation.

Dies couldn't fight a world series but he used a much bigger competitive news story as a stepladder to fame. That story was World War II. The Communist-Nazi pact last August gave him new stature, for

it proved the swastikas were blood brothers to the hammers-and-sickles.

Since the war started America has tried to lock its gates against foreign propagandists, and has begun wondering if Martin Dies isn't something of a prophet. Suddenly the nation has realized that—despite his blustering and apparently misdirected efforts—this red-baiter has actually hung quite a few scalps outside his wigwag.

In 1938 he pointed the committee's guns westward from Washington and helped mow down 45 Democratic congressmen. Dies charged that Frank Murphy failed to carry out his gubernatorial duties in the Flint sit-down strike back in 1937, and the resultant rumpus contributed to Murphy's defeat when he sought re-election.

Even the administration has started to co-operate. President Roosevelt called it "sordid procedure" when the committee published names of 565 government employees on the mailing list of the American League for Peace and Democracy, the inference being that these people were Communists. But a few days later Dies' charges against Communist Earl Browder took shape in a federal indictment. Bundsfuehrer Fritz Kuhn, limelighted by the committee, was sent to Sing Sing by New York District Attorney Tom Dewey.

The case of Harry Bridges, radical west coast labor leader, was shouted from the housetops until Madame Secretary Perkins agreed to a hearing on charges that Bridges was an undesirable alien. A decision is now pending.

Glaring at labor, Martin Dies accused the unions of harboring foreign agents. He now claims one of the largest unions is quietly purging its ranks. He was partially responsible for the recent house investigation of the National Labor Relations board, in which unsavory reports were aired.

Dies put a stop to the WPA federal theater project, which he said was alive with Communists. He also talked congress into halving the appropriation of Senator LaFollette's civil liberties committee, which is working the other side of the "ism" street.

Even his most severe critics now admit Martin Dies is coming of age, though they still notice a lot of rough edges that need polishing. Oblivious to criticism, Dies has made his report to congress and started campaigning for more funds.

Here's his view of it: He's proved conclusively the existence of "isms" in the United States. Therefore the next logical step is to get at the cause of these radical movements. To this end he would ask congress for funds to interview share-croppers, laborers, sailors, dispossessed farmers, bootblacks and all other unhappy Americans who come within ear shot.

It would be the biggest show on earth, with Martin Dies as ringmaster.

IMPROVED  
 UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL  
**SUNDAY SCHOOL Lesson**

By HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST, D. D.  
 Dean of The Moody Bible Institute  
 of Chicago.  
 (Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

**Lesson for January 14**

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**THE PROBLEM OF FORGIVENESS**

LESSON TEXT—Matthew 18:21-35.  
 GOLDEN TEXT—And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.—Matthew 6:12.

Christianity and forgiveness belong together. Among the religions of the earth Christianity stands out as the one true faith because it properly and adequately meets the problem of sin. In Christ is provided forgiveness for sin, cleansing from all unrighteousness, a new birth by which one enters into a life of holiness and power.

Since these things are true it would seem to be almost unnecessary to urge God's children to be of a forgiving spirit. But as Bishop Ryle says, "It is a melancholy fact that there are few Christian duties so little practiced as that of forgiveness. It is sad to see how much bitterness, unmercifulness, spite, harshness and unkindness there is among men." Surely these things ought not so to be.

**I. The Extent of Forgiveness (vv. 21, 22).**

"How long do I have to stand it?" is the question of the human heart untouched by the spirit of Christ. The injustices of life, the offenses of our fellow men against us, all seem to pile up until the burden is about to crush us. What is the answer to man's cry?

The Jews had an answer. Three times is enough. Forgive once, yes. Again, yes. But the third time, no. Peter was big-hearted enough to more than double that allowance of mercy. He was willing to forgive not just two or three times, but seven times. The point to be kept in mind, however, is that whether forgiveness means three times or seven times, if there is a limit, it is a matter of reckoning, of keeping books, and of ultimately bringing down our judgment upon the heads of the offenders.

The spirit of Christ swept all of that aside. He said that one should forgive 70 times seven. In other words, Christian forgiveness is to be untiring, unlimited, to know no weariness and have no boundaries.

A word of caution is in order at this point. Let no one suppose that our Lord's instruction means that offenses against the law of the land or against the good order of society are to be overlooked and condoned. It relates to the cultivation of a personal spirit of forgiveness, the laying aside of revenge, of malice, of retaliation which do not become the Christian.

**II. The Motive of Forgiveness (vv. 23-34).**

Two motives are given in our text, the first being that since we ourselves are daily and hourly in need of forgiveness at the merciful hand of God, we should in turn be merciful toward those who sin against us.

The second motive is the remembrance that a day of judgment is to come. There is always a time of reckoning ahead even as was the case with these servants. Remember not only what God has done for you and is doing for you, but what you must yet expect Him to do in that day of judgment.

**III. The Importance of Forgiveness (v. 35).**

A man dealing with his fellow man is apt to think that it is merely a matter between man and man. We are not dealing with a straight line between ourselves and our brother (that was Peter's error), but with a triangle at whose apex is God Himself. If I expect God to forgive me, I must let that same forgiveness flow out to my brother. If I deal with him as though God had nothing to do with the matter, then I must not try to count God's forgiveness into the picture when I stand indebted before Him.

Here again we express a word of caution. Let no one suppose that our redemption in Christ is contingent upon what we do toward our brethren. "For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God; not of works, lest any man should boast" (Eph. 2:8, 9). Nor does the truth of our lesson mean that we are somehow going to bargain with God, trading a bit of our forgiveness toward others for His forgiveness of us. God is not interested in such transactions. But it does mean that if you cannot or will not forgive, you may well consider whether you are a Christian at all.

Smiles

Calling His Bluff  
 Husband—It's money, money, money. The next time you mention money to me I'll leave you.  
 Wife—How much?

Paired  
 "Tell me at once, doctor, is it a 'him' or a 'her'?"  
 "It's a 'them.'"

The heroes who put out fires aren't the only ones. How about the heroes who get up early these mornings and start them?

YES, WHO DID?



Editor—Have you ever read proof?

Applicant for Job—I don't believe so. Who wrote it?

Verbatim  
 "Look here, one of your reporters has misquoted me!"  
 "Yes, so I see. I believe the speech should have started. 'I—er—that is, I think—er—I—er—ahem.'"

**ACHING CHEST COLDS**

Need More Than "Just Salvo" To Relieve DISTRESS!  
 To quickly relieve chest cold misery and muscular aches and pains due to colds—it takes MORE than "just a salvo"—you need a warming, soothing "counter-irritant" like good old reliable MUSTEROLE—used by millions for over 30 years.  
 Musterole penetrates the outer layers of the skin and helps break up local congestion and pain. 3 strengths: Regular, Children's (mild) and Extra Strong, 40%.



Better Than A Mustard Plaster!

No, No, No  
 Never volunteer for nothing under no circumstances.—Wirkus.

**CONSTIPATED?**  
 Don't Let Gas, Nerve Pressure Keep You Miserable

When constipated two things may happen. FIRST: Accumulated wastes swell up the bowels and press on nerves in the digestive tract. This nerve pressure often causes headaches, a dull, lousy feeling, loss of appetite, and dizziness. SECOND: Partly digested food starts to decay forming GAS, bringing on sour stomach, acid indigestion, and heartburn, bloating you up until you sometimes gasp for breath. Then you can't eat. You can't sleep. Your stomach is sour. You feel tired out, grouchy, and miserable. BALANCED Adierka containing three laxatives and five carminatives gives you DOUBLE ACTION. It relieves that awful GAS almost at once, and usually clears the bowels in less than two hours. No waiting for overnight relief.  
 Sold at all drug stores

Soul of Wit  
 Brevity is the soul of wit.—Shakespeare.

666 relieves misery of Colds fast!  
 LIQUID - TABLETS  
 SALVE-NOSE DROPS

WNU—M 2-40

THE TRUTH SIMPLY TOLD  
 Today's popularity of Doan's Pills, after many years of world-wide use, surely must be accepted as evidence of satisfactory use. And favorable public opinion supports that of the able physicians who test the value of Doan's under exacting laboratory conditions.  
 These physicians, too, approve every word of advertising you read, the objective of which is only to recommend Doan's Pills as a good diuretic treatment for disorder of the kidney function and for relief of the pain and worry it causes.  
 If more people were aware of how the kidneys must constantly remove waste that cannot stay in the blood without injury to health, there would be better understanding of why the whole body suffers when kidneys lag, and diuretic medication would be more often employed.  
 Burning, scanty or too frequent urination sometimes warn of disturbed kidney function. You may suffer nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—feel weak, nervous, all played out.  
 Use Doan's Pills. It is better to rely on a medicine that has won world-wide acclaim than on something less favorably known. Ask your neighbor!

**DOAN'S PILLS**

**The Fury of Martin Dies Fell On:**



**FRITZ KUHN**  
 New York became interested in his German-American bund after the Dies committee had polished him off. Result: He's now serving time at Sing Sing.



**JAMES A. FARLEY**  
 His national Democratic organization suffered in 1938 when 70 congressional seats were lost, most of thanks to Martin Dies' activity in critical states.



**EARL BROWDER**  
 He admitted traveling abroad on a fake passport in testimony before the Dies committee. Now America's No. 1 Communist is under federal indictment.



**BOB LA FOLLETTE**  
 His civil liberties committee is accused by Dies of coddling undesirables. As a result, LaFollette's committee received a smaller fund last year.



**HARRY BRIDGES**  
 Dies hammered against this alien west coast labor leader until Madame Secretary Perkins was forced to hold an extradition hearing. Decision is pending.



**FRANK MURPHY**  
 He lost his Michigan gubernatorial re-election campaign, mostly because the Dies committee charged he shirked his duty in connection with a sitdown strike.



# EAST AND WEST

BY TALBOT MUNDY

TALBOT MUNDY—WNU SERVICE

**CHAPTER XVIII—Continued.**  
—16—

Norwood drew rein beneath the baobab tendril. He didn't even have to stand in the saddle to reach it. The sais rode forward and took the reins. Norwood climbed the tendril, hand over hand, swung himself on to the wall, and walked forward. As he emerged out of the shadow of the overhanging trees, he saw O'Leary looking backward toward him. Norwood extended both arms and moved them slightly up and down. That was an order to O'Leary to patrol the road. Norwood wanted no witnesses. He walked forward along the wall, toward the kiosk, where Rundhia stood talking to Lynn.

Lynn saw him first. She looked startled and Rundhia faced about—for a moment speechless.

"You, is it!" he said. "What the devil do you mean, climbing walls at this hour of the night?"

"I came looking for you. No, it isn't my ghost. They missed me. Did you hear the shooting? Aren't you rather a duffer at choosing marksmen?"

"I don't know and I don't care what you mean by that remark," said Rundhia. "Get off the wall."

"When I'm ready. Rundhia, what have you been saying about me?"

"You flatter yourself. I don't care to talk about you."

"What did you say to the Resident? He mentioned that you had called to see him."

"Did he? Well, my conversation with the Resident was confidential."

"So was mine, Rundhia. Say to me what you said to him."

"You may go to the devil." Rundhia glanced backward at Lynn, then sneered at Norwood: "People who pocket bribes are not entitled to—"

It wasn't exactly a haymaker. It was a right-handed wallop without any ringside pedigree, but with all the strength, contempt and anger of a clean-living man behind it, that landed on Rundhia's chin like a gun going off. It brought a laugh from O'Leary, who couldn't possibly have seen it. Rundhia reeled backward toward the garden as if pole-axed, out for the count. He did a forward knife-bend on the edge of the wall, and toppled backward into the darkness. The crash of shrubbery announced that he had fallen soft. Norwood glanced at Lynn then:

"Just a minute, please."

He ran down the steps to take a look at Rundhia and dragged him out of the shrubbery on to the path. He made a rough estimate that no bones were broken and let him lie there. He returned up the steps and confronted Lynn.

"I suppose you've killed him."

"Oh, no."

They could see each other almost as distinctly as in full daylight. Lynn's hair was a mass of spun gold. Her emotions, revealed on her face, her parted lips, her startled, questioning, proud eyes drove out of Norwood's mind the few terse phrases that he had prepared. He said suddenly, because he couldn't think of anything else to say:

"What are you doing in that make-up?"

"You should have hit me," Lynn answered. "That was a cowardly blow. You gave him no warning. Are you sure you haven't killed him?"

"I'm afraid he'll live. Is it true, Miss Harding, that you told Rundhia about a packet of diamonds that you saw drop from my pocket this morning?"

"Yes."

Norwood stared at her. She didn't flinch. She continued speaking after a moment:

"That is why I wrote inviting you to come and see me. I wanted to tell you what I had done, and to explain how I came to do it, and to apologize."

"I didn't believe you had said it," Norwood answered. "I came to—"

Lynn interrupted: "I did say it. It was my fault. I wish you had hit me, instead of Rundhia. I would have preferred that to the humiliation of being despised and of being—"

Rundhia moaned on the path in the darkness below.

"Captain Norwood, I must go and help Rundhia. Will you please let me pass?"

"No," said Norwood. "I will shoot for servants presently, to carry him to bed."

"His nose may be bleeding!"

"Serve him right. I came to tell you—"

"I can't bear to be told. I know. You're too late, Captain Norwood. I have heard that what I said has got you into serious trouble. I am ashamed of it, if that is what you want to know. If you had read my—"

Norwood interrupted her. "What do you mean by too late?"

"If you had answered my letter—"

Lynn's lips were trembling. She was choking. "Rundhia—"

She couldn't continue. She felt like crying. Suddenly she controlled herself and looked straight in his eyes:

"Captain Norwood. If you please. I must go and look after Rundhia. Will you let me get by?"

Norwood didn't move: "What did you say in your letter?" he asked.

"If you despised me too much to read it, why ask that now? I know you got the letter. It was sent by one of the Maharanees' messengers, who came back and said he had given it to you. He said you tore it up; he saw you do it."

"Did the messenger tell you that?"

"He told Rundhia."

"Oh," said Norwood.

O'Leary whistled, in the distance, somewhere between the kiosk and the palace front gate. Rundhia groaned again. By the noise, he appeared to be helping himself to



Lynn interrupted: "I did say it." his feet by holding on to the shrubbery. Norwood called to him:

"Are you all right, Rundhia?"

"None of your business!" said Rundhia's voice from the darkness.

"I'm going to have you arrested."

Rundhia's footsteps went staggering away in the direction of the palace.

Norwood faced Lynn again: "Sorry. I'm in a hurry. Would you like me to see you as far as the palace steps?"

"Oh, no. Thank you."

"Well, look here: I wrote you a letter, just in case I didn't find you. I brought it with me. Will you take it now and read it later? It's quite important. Perhaps you'll give me an answer next time we meet."

"If we do meet," Lynn answered.

"Why should we? Good-by."

"So long. Don't forget my letter, will you? I didn't expect to find you alone, so I wrote what I thought you wouldn't care to have me say in other people's presence. I said exactly what I think."

Lynn paused on her way to the head of the steps. O'Leary whistled again, twice this time.

"So long," Norwood repeated.

"See you as soon as I can."

Lynn spoke abruptly: "One moment, Captain Norwood. You say you have said what you think of me in this letter? I said what I thought of myself and of you, in my letter to you. You tore mine up."

She tore up Norwood's letter. She scattered its fragments into the darkness.

"Good-by!"

"Careful down those steps," said Norwood. "See you later."

"Why?" Lynn answered.

Norwood swung himself down from the wall, by the baobab tendril. He swung himself on to his horse and was off at a gallop. O'Leary had whistled three times. That meant "urgent."

**CHAPTER XIX**

The horses and their riders were invisible in the shadow where the high wall curved away from the moonlight. O'Leary spoke hoarsely:

"That must ha' been a snorter! You could ha' heard that punch half-way to Delhi. Who did you hit?"

"Mind your own business. Why did you whistle?"

"Stoddard sent a man from camp to overtake you. He gave the message to me. He said there'd come a sweeper, running like hell, from Mrs. Harding in the guesthouse. She says she has to see you in a hurry, it's important, and won't you come quick?"

"What's become of the sweeper?"

"He lit out. He said all's quiet at the palace."

"Nothing else new?"

"No."

Norwood thought a second: "You go to the Residency. Ask to see the Resident in person. Give your message to nobody else. Here—here's my card. Send that in. Ask the Resident to stand by the phone and expect a call from me at any minute."

"Do I know anything, if he asks?"

"No. Look here, O'Leary: I know what I'm going to do, but I don't know what will happen. You follow the Resident to the palace. Slip in through the gate after him and watch for that Bengali doctor. Hold him, if you catch him coming out or going in. When you see me coming out of the palace, if I hold up my right hand, let him go. If I hold up both hands, turn him over to the gate guard. You've no police power, remember. So be careful."

Norwood was off at full gallop, with the sais hard after him, before O'Leary could answer. He drew rein at the palace gate and was delayed there for a moment or two by an argument between the commander of the gate guard and an Indian contractor, who had turned up with a motor truck for Mrs. Harding's luggage and a car for Mrs. Harding. Because Norwood was in uniform, the contractor appealed to him:

"Sir, I am refused admission. Sir, I have an order from the American lady, Mrs. Harding, to collect her luggage and to convey her to the station. It is a long way and a bad road. She has already paid me. I fear we shall not catch the midnight train unless—"

The commander of the gate guard drew Norwood aside: "It is his honor the Resident's wish," he said quietly.

"No business of mine," said Norwood. "May I leave my horses inside the gate?"

The great gate clanged behind him. He walked to the guesthouse. Mrs. Harding was no longer recumbent on pillows on the chaise longue. She seemed even to have partially recovered from her lameness. She was seated bolt upright on one of her trunks, on the garden path, in front of the veranda door.

"There's no understanding you English," she remarked. "Why don't you use your title?"

"I haven't one."

"But your brother is an Earl, isn't he? So you're an Honorable, aren't you?"

"That is not what you inferred at our last interview."

"Well, I didn't know who you are. How could I? I have a letter for you, from Lynn. But the envelope was addressed to me. I have thought it over, and I suppose she must have put it into the wrong envelope by mistake, because I have received no answer to my letter to her. Here it is."

Norwood stepped on to the veranda to read it by the light from the window.

"Dear Captain Norwood,

"I am feeling ashamed and so sorry that I hardly know what to write. Won't you please call as soon as you can and let me explain. I mentioned, without thinking, something that occurred this morning. To my horror, I have now learned that what I said has been repeated, and that the result may be—I can't write it! Please, Captain Norwood, please believe that what I said was merely thoughtless; and that what I have heard about you I refuse to believe. I know you are an honorable man. Please help me to undo my very bad mistake. I will be waiting for you at the palace. Won't you call as soon as possible?"

Lynn Harding."

Norwood returned to Mrs. Harding. "How long have you had this?"

"Don't try any of that hoity-toity arrogance on me!" she retorted. "I'm a Harding, I'll have you understand! I sent a messenger for you because—"

Norwood was gone before she could answer. He dashed into the house, seized the phone and gave the Residency number. Then he lowered his voice:

"That you, sir? Norwood speaking from the guesthouse. Can you come to the palace? . . . Yes, I know you told me to keep away. But I'm a ghost, I'm supposed to be dead . . . You say you'd heard it already? My God, they were quick! . . . No, no, I wasn't hurt. The point is this, sir: they are betting even money in the bazaar that the Maharajah won't outlive the night. I suspect poison . . . What's that? . . . Well, for one thing, I know for a fact that Mrs. Harding has been given poisoned toast to make her vomit . . . Well, sir, obviously to keep her away from the niece . . . Yes, yes, I have that letter. I've just read it . . . If I'm not too late, and I don't think I am, I'm going in to upset someone's apple-cart."

He hung up, thought for a couple of seconds and then returned to Auntie Harding.

"Thanks," he said. "Good night. I'm in a hurry."

"Stop! Come back. Captain Norwood, I didn't send for you to use my telephone! Here are my trunks, and I can't get anyone to wait on me. I can't get away and I can't go back in! I paid a contractor in advance, and he hasn't turned up. Please do something."

"Were you running out on Lynn?" Norwood asked her.

"Captain Norwood, how dare you say that!"

"Were you?"

"No, I was not! I was bluffing."

"Uh-huh. Shall I tell her you were bluffing?"

"Don't you dare! If you know where she is, you bring her here."

Rundhia was punch drunk. All the physical fight had been knocked out of him. He knew his nose was bleeding. He knew Lynn was in Norwood's grasp. That Norwood had escaped death was a staggerer almost worse than the punch on the jaw. For the moment, he could think of nothing but Norwood. Like a man in the ring, who is almost out on his feet, he obeyed the instinct to deliver a fabled blow.

He reeled and staggered, gradually recovering, along a short cut toward his own palace. As his nerves and muscles recovered, so did his brain. He began to think a little clearly. By the time he reached his palace and had sent for the Bengali doctor, his nose had ceased bleeding and he needed nothing more than a bath and a change of clothing. There were plenty of servants to lay out clean clothes. He talked to the Bengali doctor in the bathroom, where the shower drowned the sound of their voices. Even so, he spoke English, lest one of the valets should overhear.

"Now listen. Don't answer me, or I'll have you hanged. Damn you, I mean that. I'm desperate. Thanks to your letting me down in a pinch and refusing to have anything to do with it, the attack on Norwood was bungled."

"He is alive? I heard they killed him."

"Do I look as if they'd killed him! He's on the rampage. I'm going to get him."

"Careful!"

"Watch your own step. If you fail to kill your man tonight, up goes your number! Is the old fool mulling over his stamp albums?"

"Yes. His Highness is studying stamps. He has with him that stamp salesman from Lahore, who can speak nothing but Punjabi, but can swindle without speaking at all."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

**Lincoln at Prayer**

The statue called Lincoln at Prayer is in the Washington cathedral, Washington, D. C. It was executed by Herbert Houck of Harrisburg, Pa., and presented by his sister, Mrs. William T. Hildrup, Jr., of New York. Houck was inspired to make the statue by hearing his grandfather recount his experience of coming upon Lincoln on his knees. The figure in the statue is kneeling on a blanket of leaves.

**AROUND THE HOUSE**

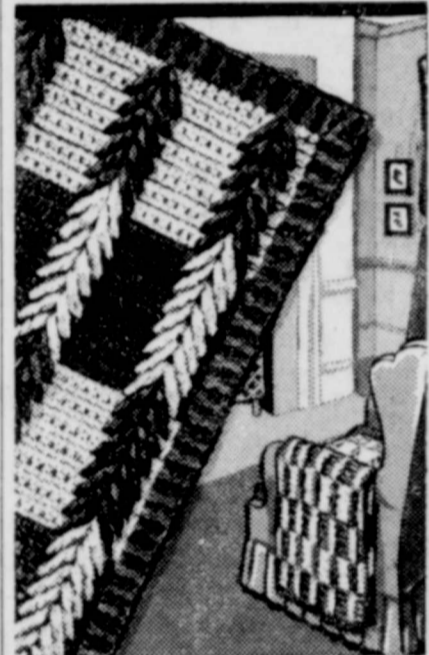
Suede shoes can be given new life by polishing with plenty of ordinary shoe polish and hard rubbing. They will be better for wearing in bad weather.

Seven drops of lemon juice added to a pint of cream before whipping it will cause it to beat up in less than half the time it would without the juice.

An excellent light crust for meat pies can be made with half flour and half freshly cooked and mashed potatoes. Less fat is required than when all flour is used.

**Easy Afghan Smart Done in Two Shades**

An afghan for a beginner! In two shades of a color, it's worked in single crochet, with rib stitch forming a herringbone design. Pattern 6505 contains directions



Pattern 6505

for making afghan; illustration of it and stitches; materials required; color schemes; photograph of section of afghan.

To obtain this pattern send 15 cents in coins to The Sewing Circle Household Arts Dept., 259 W. 14th St., New York, N. Y.

**WEARY DESPONDENT GIRLS:**

Crying spells, irritable nerves due to functional "monthly" pain should find a real "woman's friend" in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Try it!

Lydia E. Pinkham's VEGETABLE COMPOUND

**Best Beloved**

It is a good thing to be rich, and a good thing to be strong, but it is a better thing to be beloved by many friends.—Euripides.

**Beware Coughs from common colds That Hang On**

Creomulsion relieves promptly because it goes right to the seat of the trouble to loosen germ laden phlegm, increase secretion and aid nature to soothe and heal raw, tender, inflamed bronchial mucous membranes. No matter how many medicines you have tried, tell your druggist to sell you a bottle of Creomulsion with the understanding that you are to take the way it quickly allays the cough or you are to have your money back.

**CREOMULSION for Coughs, Chest Colds, Bronchitis**

**To Be Pitied**

If our inward griefs were seen on our brows, how many would be pitied who are now envied!—Metastasio.

**OUT OF SORTS?**

Here is Amazing Relief of Conditions Due to Sluggish Bowels. **Nature's Remedy** If you think all laxatives act alike, just try this all vegetable laxative. So mild, thorough, refreshing, invigorating. Dependable relief from sick headaches, bilious spells, tired feeling when associated with constipation. Get a 5c box of NR from your druggist. Make the test—then if not delighted, return the box to us. We will refund the purchase price. That's fair. **NR-TONIGHT** Get NR Tablets today.

**NEW IDEAS**

ADVERTISEMENTS are your guide to modern living. They bring you today's NEWS about the food you eat and the clothes you wear. And the place to find out about these new things is right in this newspaper.



# NOTICE!

to

## Property Owners of Hope and Vicinity

I will be in Hope on Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 24 and 25 to assist property owners in rendering their taxes.

Avoid the 25% penalty by making your tax renditions before February 1st.

### Richard H. Westaway

Deputy Assessor

#### PINON ITEMS

Mr. J. W. Withers and little Billie Jay are uncomfortably ill with chicken pox

Miss Dorothy Boyd of Carlsbad who has been visiting Miss Betsy Tanner returned to Carlsbad on Saturday with Mr. Sam Tanner.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Inman, of Globe, Arizona, have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Gage.

Manuel Ivan Tanner has been spending his Christmas vacation with relatives in Carlsbad.

**Use of Adobe Brick**  
The use of adobe bricks, distinctive to buildings in the American Southwest, is said to have developed independently in North Africa.

**First Engineering School**  
The first school of engineering in the United States was the Rensselaer Polytechnic institute, founded at Troy, N. Y., by Stephen van Rensselaer in 1824, as a school of theoretical and applied science to furnish instruction in the application of science to the common purposes of life.

**First Wine to White House**  
Jefferson brought the first wine to the White House, \$10,000 worth in eight years.

### Just a Reminder---

We appreciate your business of last year.

Come in and see us.

## PRESLEY'S

The 5c to \$5.00 Store  
Next to Post Office at Artesia

### Dunken

Dunken, New Mexico.  
January 12, 1940

Howdy Folks:

Since you heard from me last I kinda rattled and bumped around through this here Dunken district and gathered up the news-- gossip.

Mrs. Dad Parker was operated on last week at Carlsbad. The whole family was down there. Paw -- maw and all the kids -- we shore hope she's getting along alright and will be home soon.

Mr. Helms went to Roswell Friday on business. We hear he is gona get some more stock to start the New Year. We been a thinkin it would be a good idea. These Dunkenites shore like to be right up to date.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Inman of Globe, Arizona, are visitin their son, John Inman and family. and I be a thinkin all the other friends and relatives 'cause they usta live here and these folks be mighty glad to have them back.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. McGuire was in Roswell Saturday. Mrs. McGuire was in to see the do tor we shore hope she's feelin better by now.

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Watts and family were visitin Mr. and Mrs. John Inman last Monday night.

You know I am reminded of somethin that happened the other day. Mr. and Mrs. Ed Watts, Mr. and Mrs. E. D. McGuire and Mr. Ralph Lewis went out to hunt

one of them thar howelin coyotes. You know they just made it so dad-burned hot for that there coyote he dug under the fence and got away. Them fellers was purty mad 'cause that coyote had killed some of their sheep, so they are playin hide and seek with that thar coyote again today, ye know coyotes are pretty duru good at that game.

Them thar Wattes, Mr. and Mrs. Ed Watts, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Watts and children, Joe Dean Sonny and Ralph Lewis went by and ete dinner offin Mr. and Mrs. E. D. McGuire Sunday. Then Sunday night Mr. and Mrs. E. D. McGuire and sons, Mr. and Mrs. Ed Watts and Ralph Lewis all went over to Bill Wattses and had a big pitch game. You know them Dunkenites shore are neighborly folks.

I heard Mrs. Glenn Stevenson was over at Dunken one day last week.

Mrs. Earl Netherland has returned home from Roswell where she has had Earl Lewis under the care of a doctor.

Well folks this all sounds kind of free and easy an pappy go lucky like I wuz feelin as happy as a fool can. Well folks to be right frank with you, I haint an I don't think I am foolin many peop.e least wise myself.

As Ever  
R. E. Porter

**Aztecs Played Hockey**  
A stick game, bearing a general resemblance to hockey, was played by the Aztec Indians.

**Indians Dug Deep Wells**  
Deep wells were dug in the California desert by Indians long before white men came.

## NICK CARTER, MASTER DETECTIVE

Adapted from the  
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER  
Picture by  
FRANCES BARBOUR

SYNOPSIS: Nick Carter (Walter Pidgeon) master detective, is travelling to the Radex Aircraft plant in Pasadena in one of the company's transport planes. Also on the plane is John A. Keller (Henry Hull) inventor of the sensational Rocket Ship. But when they are over the desert the treacherous pilot sets them down. Three men appear. They are after Keller's plans. Carter and Lou Farnsby (Rita Johnson), the stewardess, are trying to hold them off.

NOW READ CHAPTER TWO--BELOW



"Go on! Get going, I tell you!"

Carter suddenly remembers that Lou has said she can fly a ship. He forces her to the controls, though she is obviously frightened by the array of complicated instruments. Then, as Carter still shoots out at the men, the plane lifts off the ground and in a few hours they arrive safely at their destination.

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"The whole business is right there--the variable chamber."

At the plant, Hiram Streeter (Addison Richards) president of Radex, shows Carter the Rocket Ship, which is equipped with a stratosphere wing that is expected to be invaluable in wartime. Keller explains other sensational details. The plane does 420 miles an hour and climbs to 11,000 feet in two and a half minutes.



"Oh sorry. Dropped my cigarettes."

Carter makes mental notes of everything he sees, for Streeter has actually sent for him in order to discover through what means reports of their secret plans are finding their way into the hands of foreign agents. Carter now becomes interested in Otto King (Martin Kosleck) a mechanical assistant to Keller.



"You see what happens--with all our precautions?"

While Carter is striking up conversation with Otto, another mechanic is injured. Almost simultaneously, Burkhardt, the wing assembly foreman, reports that a blueprint is missing. Carter immediately starts an investigation. Streeter is almost frantic with worry. Don't miss reading the next exciting episode.



LION

By THAYER WALDO

(McClure Syndicate—WNU Service.)

She swung the Hispano-Suiza into Western avenue and saw the gates 50 yards ahead on her right. As she approached they swung open and a truck came lumbering out. With a swerve that squealed rubber across pavement, she veered around it, turned into the studio driveway, and shot forward.

From behind sounded an angry shout.

The little mirror at her side showed a man in uniform following on the run. In front loomed a building with Zenith Pictures, Ltd.—Production Offices, in gold lettering over the entrance.

Once more she slid at right angles, and pulled the long phaeton to a stop before it. Then the gate guard was alongside, puffing his indignation.

"Look here, madam," he spluttered, "I'll have to see your pass to come on the lot—and no cars is allowed in, anyways."

For one surcharged instant there was no response.

The hard-breathing man stood with a foot upon the running board, his hands gripping the nickel-trimmed door. The girl sat immobile, erect, inscrutable eyes staring at him from a pale and almost bony face.

Then suddenly the tableau broke.

With a cat-quick movement she snatched off one driving gauntlet and slapped it smartly across the guard's cheek.

As he staggered back, grunting amazedly, she vaulted the car door and came down facing him.

Words commenced firing from her in an edged, staccato voice:

"You lout! How dare you have the infernal impudence to order me! Get back where you belong before I have you thrown out of this studio."

He wavered, momentarily indecisive; then:

"But, lady," he began, "there's strict rules about—"

The words were drowned by a shrill blare as the girl's fist slammed down upon her car's horn button and relentlessly held there.

Wave after wave of two-toned din reverberated through the lot.

In a moment people were appearing.

Out of the building close at hand came a slight man with sandy hair. He strolled unconcernedly to the Hispano-Suiza's side, lifted its hood and gave something a quick twist. The racket ceased.

The girl turned her head sharply to glare at him.

Sauntering around toward her, he said:

"It's okay—go right on as you were. There just won't be so much noise now."

She didn't wait for him to reach her, but stalked aggressively forward. Her long legs were clad in blue flannel slacks; a kelp green blouse of loose pattern was tucked into them. The tawny, windblown hair had no covering.

"So the menials," she snapped, "aren't the only insolent ones around here, eh?"

He gazed at her coolly and retorted:

"Yeah—I was thinking that myself. What kind of trouble are you trying to start, and what are you doing here, anyway?"

The glitter in her eyes held real venom now.

"Publicly flaunting such filthy ignorance is your idea of a joke, I suppose. Well, I'm not in the mood. This swine—" with an outflung of her arm toward the gateman—"insulted me, and I want him attended to."

"All right."

The man in front of her addressed the other:

"Frank, take this gimcrack on wheels out in the street and park it with the rest of 'em."

Viciously the girl struck at him with her open hand. He ducked, caught her wrist, and added:

"Guess you better take this hell-cat along, too. Unless you want me to get a straitjacket for her first."

The fellow in uniform came toward them, saying:

"I didn't know what to make of it, Mr. Garrison. She hit me when I told her cars couldn't come in and—"

With a jerk that nearly cost Garrison balance, the girl wrenched free of his grasp.

Her sallow features had grown dark and were working spasmodically.

For the first time she appeared to become aware of the small crowd that had gathered. Hoarsely she cried:

"For God's sake will one of you gaping vultures tell this jackass who

I am, before I murder him!"

No one answered.

Garrison beckoned two men in overalls from the onlookers.

"This has gone far enough, boys," he told them; "during all my years in the publicity racket, never have I seen a cruder gag. This dame's just some movie-struck nitwit who's gotten hold of a flossy car and swigged a little gin to fix her nerve. Well, the act's not even funny. Put her out."

Promptly they seized the girl's arms.

In a tantrum of near-hysteria she fought and kicked and writhed, but to no avail.

Strength and stolid determination were with the workers.

Into the foreign auto's rear seat they half-led, half-carried her.

The watchman clambered in front.

"Don't use any rough stuff," Garrison instructed. "Just drive up to the boulevard and sit there till she calms down. Then leave her and report back to me."

Incoherent sounds were coming from the girl as the car rolled away, down the drive and out through the gate.

Gradually those who had watched drifted off, exchanging amused comments on the episode.

As Garrison turned to re-enter the building, he was hailed from behind and a tall dark man approached, saying:

"Nice job you did clearing up that rumpus, Louis. Going my way?"

Garrison gave affirmation; together they went inside and along the broad corridor.

As they reached the publicity man's office, he suggested:

"Come on in a minute, Wait. Got something to show you."

Facing them as he opened the door was a large portrait photograph.

It showed a woman whose prominent-boned face—arresting, though not beautiful—was topped by an unruly mass of hair.

"Our new star, Kathleen Hodgson," Garrison said; "the one the New York office signed last week and's going to send on. Thought you might be interested; this happens to be the only picture of her we have so far."

The other was staring at it like a man transfixed.

After a second of stunned silence he cried:

"But, great Scott, Louis—that's the jane you just had bounced!"

Garrison had seated himself on the desk, back to the portrait, and was setting fire to a cigarette.

A slight smile tweaked his mouth- corners.

"Sure it is, you chump," he agreed calmly. "I knew that the first minute I looked at her. But my technique had to be used for its chastening effect. Remember, actresses get screwy enough in this game even when they start off like lambs!"

Byrd Expedition Takes

Newest in Dairy Foods

Some new dairy foods, not yet on the market, will add variety to the diet of Admiral Byrd's men during their stay in the Antarctic.

The new products were made in the laboratories of the Federal Bureau of Dairy Industry and represent the efforts of dairy scientists to devise new ways to utilize skim milk and whey as human food.

The list includes a new kind of dried pea soup, made with whey powder; a new kind of wafer to eat with the soup, which is a mixture of potatoes, skim milk, and salt; and new kinds of candies that contain whey solids.

In addition, the bureau sent a quantity of American Cheddar cheese. The cheese was made and packaged in valve-vented cans, a process that represents a relatively new development in merchandising this type of natural cheese.

Cured in the cans, which vary in size from 12 ounces to five pounds, this cheese forms no rind, does not dry out or shrink, and is more convenient for small servings than the usual bulk cheese or large size and odd shape.

The dried soup is a precooked dry powder which makes a complete soup when one can of the powder is mixed with four cans of water and boiled. It contains 65 per cent split pea solids, 25 per cent whey solids, and 10 per cent fat. It has the advantage of being easily transported and quickly prepared, and it also keeps well.

The dairy scientists expect that the fat it contains will remain free of rancidity for at least a year at room temperature or below.

The skim milk and potato wafers are somewhat similar to potato chips, but contain no fat and therefore do not become rancid. The wafers are made by drying or toasting a mixture of boiled potatoes, skim milk and salt.

Two kinds of candy—caramels and fudge—were made by formulas that include 25 per cent whey solids. The whey candy is superior in food value to ordinary candies, because the whey solids displace some of the cane sugar and corn syrup.

It contains extra milk sugar, milk salts, milk albumin, and water-soluble vitamins. Also it is slightly less sweet than ordinary candy.

Chinese Boy Thought One Letup Deserved Another

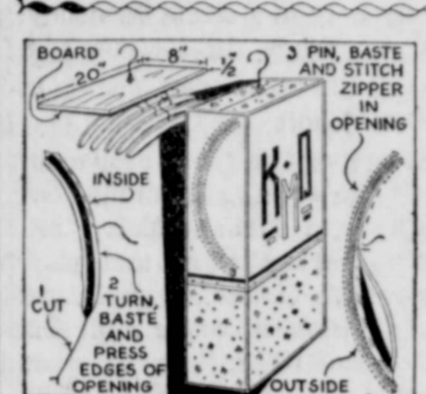
In a Shanghai bungalow shared by several young Englishmen, the Chinese houseboy had a perfectly round head which he kept shaved and polished like a billiard ball.

The young men were always taking pot shots at this tempting target with paper pellets or giving it a pat as they passed by. To all of which the Chinese said nothing.

One day they decided it was a shame to keep worrying the boy, so they called him in and told him they had decided to stop doing it.

He replied: "Thank you, masters. I very pleased. Now I not make your coffee with dishwater any more."

HOW to SEW By RUTH WYETH SPEARS



opening, the 36-inch length is best. If you put it in a curved line, you will have a wider opening.

NOTE: The Sewing Basket in every thrifty household should contain a copy of Mrs. Spears' Sewing Book 2, in which she illustrates the five standard methods of repairing all kinds of fabrics. Thirty-two pages to delight every lover of fine handwork. To get your copy send 10 cents in coin to Mrs. Spears, Drawer 10, Bedford Hills, New York, to cover cost.

Confetti Popcorn

2 quarts pop corn 1/2 cup water  
2 cups sugar Vegetable coloring  
2 tablespoons butter 1 teaspoon flavoring

Divide pop corn into three equal portions. Combine sugar, butter, water, and coloring; bring to boil and cook until the syrup spins a thread (about 15 minutes). Add the flavoring. Pour over popped corn and stir until kernels are sugar coated and separated. Repeat process three times, using a different color and flavor each time; mix batches.

At the upper left is sketched the foundation that this reader used. If a zipper is used for the

ASK ME ANOTHER ? A Quiz With Answers Offering Information on Various Subjects

The Questions

1. What is the supercargo on a ship?
2. Why do stars twinkle?
3. Can the speaker of the house of representatives cast his vote when there is no tie?
4. What is meant by on the qui vive?
5. What is the difference between command and commandeer?
6. Can a President legally take the oath of office on a Sunday?
7. How many people live in what is known as the New York Region?

The Answers

1. An officer who manages the commercial concerns of the trip.
2. The twinkling is an illusion.
3. Yes, he has the rights of any other representative.
4. On the alert.
5. Command—to direct, have under control; commandeer—to seize arbitrarily, to force into service.
6. Yes. President Wilson did so.
7. This region, which includes all people living within a radius of 50 miles of New York city, has a population of 11,500,000.

A Good Mind

He that procures his child a good mind makes a better purchase for him than if he laid out the money for an addition to his former acres.—Locke.

FOR a GOOD TIME Any TIME..



Granted Wishes

If a man could have half his wishes he would double his troubles.—Franklin.

CLOTHESPIN NOSE

Has a cold pinched your nose shut—as if with a clothespin? Lay a Luden's on your tongue. As it melts, cool menthol vapor rises, helps penetrate clogged nasal passages with every breath... helps relieve that "clothespin nose!"

LUDEN'S 5¢ Menthol Cough Drops



ROLLIN' ALONG — WITH P.A.

C. M. GOODWIN, JR. (left) ASKS D. D. JENKINS (right) ...



GETTING SOME 'SHINE' IN YOUR LIFE, DEL?

IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE, CHARLEY! THIS EASY-ROLLIN', RICH-TASTIN' PRINCE ALBERT PUTS REAL SHINE IN ANY 'MAKIN'S' SMOKER'S LIFE!

FASTER ROLLING? YOU BET!

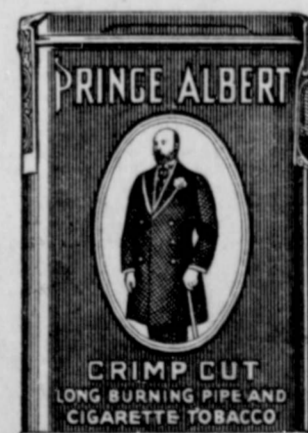
YES, indeed, "makin's" fans, Prince Albert nestles in your papers the way you like for speedier, neater rolling. It's "crimp cut." There's no bunching or blowing around. And what a tip in the facts below! Prince Albert BURNS COOLER—lets you enjoy rich, ripe taste, mellow goodness with MILD, "no-bite" smoking! That's real "makin's" pleasure—and plenty of it, too! Around 70 of those smooth "makin's" smokes in every P.A. tin. Get Prince Albert. (Treats your tongue right in a pipe, too.)

In Recent Laboratory "Smoking Bowl" Tests, Prince Albert Burned

86 DEGREES COOLER

than the average of the 30 other of the largest-selling brands tested—coolest of all!

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70 fine roll-your-own cigarettes in every handy pocket tin of Prince Albert

Prince Albert THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE



# OCOTILLO THEATER

SAT-SUN-MON-JAN. 13-14-15

GARY COOPER in

## "The Real Glory"

Exciting, pulse-firing drama of the Philippines

# VALLEY THEATER

SUN-MON-TUES-JAN. 14-15-16

GINGER ROGERS—DAVID NIVEN in

## "Bachelor Mother"

Don't Miss Joyous Ginger who mothers a doorstep baby

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### AVIS NEWS

School opened Monday with a perfect attendance, regardless of the bad weather. Everyone reported having had a very fine vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Munson and family spent some of the vacation days at their ranch. They were accompanied by Roberta Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Tanner and family spent all the holidays at their ranch, in El Paso and Alamogordo. They attended the Sun Carnival while in El Paso.

Barney Anglin spent the holidays with his folks here. Robert Anglin was also here during the holidays.

**Bats Do Not Fancy Hair**  
The idea that bats have an affinity for human heads is entirely erroneous. No bat would ever become tangled in the hair of a person, if it could possibly avoid it and there is no flying creature which has such amazing accuracy in flight as a bat.

### PENASCO NEWS

Mr. and Mrs. Loren Reeves, Ernest Harwell, Lonnie Reeve, and Louise Reed spent Sunday evening in loudcroft, skating and sleigh riding.

Mr. and Mrs. Huston Teel and family were in Artesia Saturday. Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Willingham of El Paso, were visiting in the community last week.

Several of the young people enjoyed the evening Thursday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Loren Reeves making candy and playing cards. Those present were: Ernest Harwell, Jessie and Bill Bates, Jene Riley, Robert Marljar, Edwina McGuire, Madie, Thelma and Lonnie Reeves and the host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Loren Reeves.

Mrs. Austin Reeves is spending a few days in Roswell with her daughter, Mrs. Howard Hendricks. Mrs. Oris Cleve substituted for Miss Hattie Sature in the Elk school last week.

The Ladies Club met at the home of Mrs. Boyd Williams, Jr., Thursday. Those who enjoyed the day were: Mrs. J. W. Harwell, Mrs. Loren Reeves, Mrs. Edward McGuire, Mrs. Edsill Runyan, Mrs. Jim Hooten, Mrs. Amos Marljar, Mrs. Tom Runyan, Mrs. Houston Teel, Mrs. Fay Riley, Mrs. Bony McGuire and Mrs. Helms of Dunken, and Miss Virginia Crim of Alamogordo, and the hostess, Mrs. Boyd Williams, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Powell and Rachell were in Carlsbad Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Harwell and Tommy, Mr. and Mrs. Loren Reeves and Hezzie Powell attended the show at Artesia last week.

**The Original Petticoats**  
Petticoats were originally what their name implies—little coats worn both by men and women for warmth of the upper part of the body. But fashion, which is apt to turn everything topsy-turvy, soon transformed them into exclusively feminine garb.

**The Catskill Mountains**  
New York's Catskill mountains are about the same altitude as the Highlands of Scotland.

**Finnish Lapland**  
Finnish Lapland is an extensive, thinly peopled domain, in which waste lands, desolate plateaus, enormous forests, wide bogs, and swift rivers alternate for more than 300 miles. There are fewer lakes there than in southern Finland.

**Where Donkey Was Domesticated**  
The donkey was probably first domesticated in the valley of the Nile, where it was known and used for centuries in advance of the horse. It found its way into ancient Greece through Asia Minor, but is mentioned much less frequently than the mule by Homer and other early writers.

Keep Your Face Looking And Feeling Fit With This New **Gillette Blade**



LOW-PRICE blade users everywhere are switching to the new Thin Gillette. And no wonder. For this precision-made blade fits your razor exactly... gives you better shaves and lots of them at a real saving. Buy a package of Thin Gillettes from your dealer today.

Thin Gillette Blades are Produced By The Maker Of The Famous **Gillette Blue Blade**

### WATCH REPAIRING

Diamonds, Jewelry Gifts for Everyone

**JENSON & SON**  
Artesia's Leading Jewelers

### BONITA ITEMS

We are back in school after two weeks of Christmas vacation. We have two new pupils, J. W. and Roy Everheart.

Wendal Tarrant is absent from school this week because of illness.

The roads have been so muddy and snowy, it has been bad on school bus drivers, as well as Sunday afternoon callers.

Lessie and June Smith spent the week end in the Owen Prather home.

Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Stevenson spent the week end in the Walter Stevenson home.

**"No Man's Land" in Switzerland**  
Until quite recently there was a "no man's land" in Switzerland. A small triangular acreage was set aside more than 100 years ago as a refuge for "wayfarers without a country."

### SAVE MONEY

By Buying Your Groceries From Us at Bargain Prices

### BATIE'S

Grocery & Market  
Artesia, N. M.

## NICK CARTER, MASTER DETECTIVE

Adapted from the METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER Picture by FRANCES BARBOUR



"Well, my dear, that smile makes me feel better."

The private transport plane of the Radex Aircraft Corporation is carrying John A. Keller (Henry Hull) to the company's plant in Pasadena. Keller is the inventor of the sensational Rocket Ship and has with him some of his valuable plans. At the airport he greets the hostess stewardess, Lou Farnsby (Rita Johnson).



"Something in here that interests you, Miss?"

Also on the plane is Nick Carter (Walter Pidgeon) master detective engaged by Radex to ferret out a mysterious leak on the company's new airplane inventions. When Lou, thinking to make Keller more comfortable, tries to take his briefcase, Carter grabs it from her and hurriedly makes sure the contents are intact.



"Hand your baby over, Keller."

They are flying over the desert when Pete, the pilot (Frank Faylen), pretending that there is engine trouble, sets the plane down at a lonely spot. Then, at the point of his gun, he takes Keller's briefcase. Suddenly, three men who have been waiting outside in an automobile, make a rush toward the plane.



"Now if we can only get the jump on them—"

Carter has been edging close to a wall compartment. Then he sees his opportunity and lunging forward, grabs up a sub-machine gun. A volley of shots is exchanged and Pete is killed by one of his own gang. Now it is up to Carter and Lou to hold off the approaching gunmen. Be sure to read the next thrilling episode.