

THE MESSENGER

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HAROLD DYE, Managing Editor ETHEL WILSON McKINSTRY Associate Editor.

ENEMIES

Every man who does his duty as he sees it will have enemies. It is no disgrace to have men and women hate you. No man has ever made good in this world without the help of his enemies...

"SINCERITY"

The sincere person—the one that you can trust, is all too rare among the haunts of men. Most of us live by subterfuge, and take advantage of another's credulity to make ourselves appear to be something which we are not.

Our word "sincere" is a compound of two latin words, "sine" and "cera" which mean, "without wax." It is said that the Romans used to utter these words in admiration of any statue which, carved from the finest marble, stood forth without blemish, dazzlingly white, with no cracks or pits, filled with wax.

A FENCE STRADDLER

Did you ever see a fence straddler? The fellow who dares not take sides on any issue for fear of hurting someone else's feelings, and thereby losing some of his prestige in the community?

The man who honestly takes a stand on the wrong side of an issue is more worthy of respect than the man who lacks the conviction and the courage to take any stand at all.

Of course Hagerman has some fence straddlers. Every town and community has them. They won't ever get mixed up in a controversy; they won't ever have to face a friend with whom they have differed, and looking him in the eye, stick with their opinion, tho they lose his friendship.

Odd—but TRUE



I WAS AFRAID THAT STUFF WOULD BECOME A DRUG ON THE MARKET! RADIUM IS NOW DOWN TO ABOUT \$33,000,000 A POUND

IN NORMAL TIMES THE AVERAGE PHYSICIAN COLLECTS ONLY 80% OF HIS FEES

WITH THE ADDITION OR SUBTRACTION OF NOTHING BUT HEAT WATER IS DRY



TAX PENALTIES TO BE PLACED JUNE 12

The holiday for payment of state and county taxes has been extended until June 12th, it was learned here yesterday. This will be welcome news to many who are laboring under the impression that May 15th is the last date the current half of taxes may be paid without a penalty.

DAVE HOWELL DEAD

Dave Howell, 75, a pioneer eastern New Mexico cattleman, well known to many of the old timers of this section, died at his home near Kenna early Thursday morning from a heart attack.

ASK ZIMMERMAN RESIGN

ALBUQUERQUE — Displeased with action taken to investigate the race attitude questionnaire and its connection with the University of New Mexico a committee headed by Eugene D. Lujan, former district attorney, asked the governor Monday to oust Dr. James F. Zimmerman and Prof. R. M. Page of the University.

The committee appointed at a mass meeting of Spanish-Americans last week, met Sunday and adopted a resolution asking the governor to demand the resignations of Dr. Zimmerman, president, and Page, professor of psychology and George I. Sanchez, employe of the general education board of the Rockefeller Foundation.

It is understood the governor has already asked for Sanchez removal.

LEASE BUYING ACTIVE IN ROOSEVELT COUNTY

Lease buying continues active in Roosevelt county, according to reports reaching here. Roosevelt county has been the most active section of the state in the sale of wildcat leases reports say. The Magnolia Petroleum Corp, has recently renewed several hundred acres in the Dora section, near where the Amerada Petroleum Co., holds 10,000 acres in leases.

Mrs. D. O. Atkinson of San Angelo, Texas who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Aaron Clark and the family of I. E. Boyce left last Saturday for her home.

R. P. Conner, father of R. W. Conner, who spent the week-end in Hagerman visiting with his son and friends, left Monday for his home in Lubbock, Texas.

HALF BILLION IN GAS TAXES IN YEAR 1932

State gasoline and motor fuel taxes and licenses for the sale of gasoline yielded a total revenue of more than \$514,000,000 in 1932 according to reports collected from state authorities by the Bureau of Public Roads, U. S. Department of Agriculture. More than 14 billion gallons furnished power for motor vehicles. The tax was at an average rate of 3.6 cents per gallon. Consumption of gasoline declined 7.5 per cent from the previous year. Delaware and Maryland were the only states reporting increased consumption.

The total revenue was allocated as follows: To state highways, \$301,788,231; to local roads, \$94,073,954; to state and county road bond payments, \$50,726,362; to city streets, \$16,776,050; to cost of collection and administration, \$2,832,820; and to other than highway purposes \$47,941,483.

GAS TAX REVENUES SHOW FIRST SLUMP

NEW YORK—Motor fuel consumption declined seven per cent from that of 1931 and state gasoline tax collections, despite high-roughly rates, apparently slumped for the first time in history, it is shown in reports from all states for the 12 months of 1932 compiled by the American Petroleum Institute.

Motor vehicle registrations, with reports from five states missing, fell off 6.6 per cent. Reports of new car sales from all states indicated a decline of 42.6 per cent. Following is a summary of the declines:

Table with 4 columns: Gas Tax Rate, Decline, Gasoline Consumption, Decline, Registrations, Decline, New Car Sales, Decline. Rows include 7e, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2.

MORE OIL PRICES CUT

HOUSTON, Texas — Reductions in prices for crude oil, initiated in the east Texas field last week, spread to other Texas fields Tuesday when the Humble Oil and Refining Co., announced slashes in the posted prices for crude in virtually every field in the state. Under the new schedule the Humble company reduced posted prices from 2 to 34 cents a barrel.

Woodstock Typewriters for sale at The Messenger.

Smilin' Charlie Says



A woman's conversation is almost all 'He'— a man's is always 'I'— makin' it unanimous

Nothing to Chance

By J. W. TAFF

© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate, WNU Service

CHARLES RANKIN, vice president of the First National bank of Colton, had just murdered Robert Knowels, president of the First National bank of Colton. Rankin looked down at the crumpled body and silently he gloated. He'd removed the last obstacle to his success. Tomorrow when the death of Knowels would be learned, he, Charles Rankin, would be elected to take the place of the dead president. And no one would ever guess that his rise from cashier to president in but a few years had not been the workings of a lucky fate. Only he knew that everything had been accomplished by cold, deliberate planning.

When George Curtis, former vice president of the bank had been discovered in a hotel room in a compromising situation which had resulted in his disgrace and finally in his forced resignation, it had not been an accident. Not at all. He, Rankin, then cashier, had seen to that. "And when I'm elected president, tomorrow," he visioned, "no one will ever learn that everything didn't happen through the mere whimsey of chance." And now with success in his grasp he was not going to slip.

He glanced at the clock on the mantel. Knowels' servant would be back in thirty minutes. He must work quickly. He knelt beside the dead body and rifled the pockets. Money and papers were taken from the dead man's pockets and dropped in the fire flickering in the fireplace. Then he dropped the iron cudgel into the flames. Blackened and charred, it would tell nothing. Finally, satisfied that his plan for making robbery seem the motive of the crime was completed, he left the fire.

He began to walk to each piece of furniture in the room. Anything which he might have touched by accident was scrutinized carefully and closely. At last, satisfied that on nothing in the room had he left any evidence which might implicate him, Rankin began to search himself. Too many murderers have been caught by the accidental dropping of some memento at the scene of their crime and he was playing it safe. He searched himself carefully. When his fingers went into the right side pocket of his overcoat and pulled out but one glove, he felt a chill start over him. He steadied himself and turned the pocket inside out. No glove.

As he stood there, sound stabbed him. Like a statue of stone, set and cold, he stood, listening intently. Then he remembered and looked at the clock. It had struck the quarter hour. He started. Only fifteen minutes left. His breath was coming in quick, short gasps. "The glove," he muttered, "the glove." He must find it. Or he'd be ruined. He retraced his steps, very thoroughly. It was useless. He could not find the glove. His eyes turned on the clock. Twelve minutes left. For a moment a wild terror swept him. He shook it off. He must keep cool. He must. The glove was in the room. He was certain of it. He'd find it. He must find it. He threw a straining, searching glance around the room. He saw the body on the floor. It was the only place he had not looked. In desperation he went to the dead body and turned it over. The glove was lying there. He grabbed it. Shivering from the contact with the murdered man, he stood up. A long sigh of a body relieved came from him. He was beginning to feel better. His confidence in himself was returning. Hurriedly he turned the glove over in his hand. Good. No blood on it.

How dry his mouth was. How weak his body felt. He snatched the wine glass from the table and in one quick gulp, he drained it. Ah, that was better. He hurried the glass into the fireplace and heard the tingle as it broke. No glass with finger prints on it was going to be found.

He looked at the clock. Eight minutes left. One final moment he let his glance rove and loiter on everything in the room, and then sure of his safety, he started to leave.

Suddenly a great vice-like pain seemed to be cracking his heart. His feet buckled under him. He staggered. He tottered to the table and braced himself. In his struggle for breath, he shook the table and the book on it fell off. He saw there a sheet of paper and it had writing on it. It seemed to be mocking him. With a great effort he straightened up and regained a bit of control over himself. He picked up the paper. With fast dimming eyes he read:

To the First National Bank of Colton:

Gentlemen: This is my resignation. For the last year I have been gambling in the stock market and losing. I have lost not only my money but also the bank's. In a few days the auditors will find it out. Rather than bear the disgrace, I am drinking poison in my wine tonight.

I would suggest as president of the bank the election of Mr. Charles Rankin. He is a fine man, has much ability, and is too shrewd to take chances.

ROBERT KNOWELS.

SUBSCRIBE TO THE MESSENGER

Pumping Plan Supplies

Come here for your pumping needs before you go elsewhere... gine Head Gaskets... Belt Lacing Shellac... Babbit... Belting... anything you need.

Triangle Lumber and Hardware Co.

Dexter, New Mexico

Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Vickers of Miami, Arizona announce the birth of a baby boy, Thomas Edwin, Jr., April 23rd. Tom Vickers is the son of Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Vickers of Greenfield.

Mrs. Ella Holt who lives with her sister, Mrs. W. ... the Mineral Wells ... last week for her ... going by way ... for a visit.

Friend of Wild Life Now Protects Birds, Animals

In Canada there is an Indian backwoodsman whose name is Grey Owl and who at one time was a trapper, but the cruelty of the trapping and the awful toll of wild life that took place aroused his pity, and from trapping he became a most valuable protector of the wild things all around him. In the wilds of Quebec, near Lake Temiscouata, he built himself a log cabin and in the country around his lonely home he began to study and protect the mammals and birds. His home became a regular sanctuary for wild life and many specimens of mammals and birds make their homes about his hut. He befriended and raised an orphan beaver which has formed a colony in a pond nearby, and these animals have learned to answer the call of their guardian. The Canadian government was so appreciative of the fine work of Grey Owl in saving some of the disappearing wild creatures from extinction, it appointed him to supervise that great wild life sanctuary—Riding Mountain park. Manitoba, where the beaver and his companions can live in security and where a remarkable film of its wonderful life story has been obtained.—Washington Star.

Ancient Glass

The residents of ancient Pompeii used glass in their windows, but as late as the Fourteenth century Richard II issued a writ to scour England to find enough glass to repair the windows in just one castle, and near the close of the Seventeenth century all of the great towns in Italy, with the exception of Genoa, used paper in their windows. For centuries glass was regarded as a luxury, and was taxed accordingly, down to recent times. Discovered by the Phoenicians, according to Pliny the Second, modern manufacturing methods have made glass so common today that no one gives it a thought. But the windows of America's first homes were provided only with parchment or oiled paper.

Effective April, 1933 only

Table with 4 columns: Daily, Daily, Daily, Daily. Rows include Roswell, Carlsbad, El Paso, etc.

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