

THE AVON PARK TIMES

VOLUME I.—No. 37.

AVON PARK, FLORIDA, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1929.

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SPECIAL GRAND JURY HAS BEEN EMpaneLED

**To Investigate Sebring Bank
Failure Again; May Probe
'Legger Shooting'**

The fall term of circuit court came to an abrupt end yesterday afternoon and adjourned sine die to give a clear field for a new special grand jury investigations of the defunct Highlands Bank and Trust company. Judge Bird signed the order adjourning the court and the drawing of this new jury got under way immediately and was called to convene this morning at 10 o'clock. States Attorneys L. Grady Burton and L. Fabininski are both on hand to conduct the investigation. It was strongly intimated by Attorney Burton that this jury will also investigate the shooting of Bob Hall by the customs patrol early Wednesday morning.

The long looked for decision of Judge Bird of St. Petersburg in Highlands bank cases was handed down early Tuesday afternoon following a morning filled with arguments by both the state and defense on the motions made by the defense that the indictments be quashed. The judge overruled the motion to quash the indictment charging excessive loans and he made a similar decision on two counts in the indictment charging false entries and false reports. He sustained the motion of the defense on the other three counts in this indictment and quashed the three remaining indictments in the case.

Immediately after this ruling the defense entered a plea of abatement charging that one of the jurors on the grand jury returning the indictments was not a resident of Highlands county at the time he was a member of the grand jury. This plea was filed by the defense for J. H. Garst, Chesley A. Skipper and Fairfax T. Haskins and was set for a jury hearing at 10 o'clock Wednesday morning. The juror in question was named E. Edwards.

After considerable trouble in getting a jury to try this, the case got under way and the juror, R. Edwards, was called to the stand. After being questioned by one of the defense attorneys, Judge Bell of Arcadia, he was turned over to the state and State Attorney, L. L. Fabininski, put him through a long series of questions regarding his residence both at the time he served on the grand jury and at present.

Immediately after the noon recess Judge Byrd instructed the jury to bring in a verdict for the defendants on the plea of abatement. This disposed of these cases as far as these indictments are concerned, but it was current gossip around the court house that a special grand jury will be called and a special term of court held to consider all these cases again and bring in new indictments. It is understood that this new jury will be "hand picked" in order that no depositors or anyone owing the bank or connected with the bank in any way will be on this jury.

Miss Browne Home.

Miss Louise Browne, city clerk and tax collector returned to her home this week from Tampa, where she underwent an operation for appendicitis last week. She is greatly improved and hopes to resume her work at the city hall next Monday.

Postpone Templar Inspection.

The annual inspection of Holyrood Commandery, Knights Templar, by Deputy Inspector General Brown, of Bartow, has been advanced to December 16 from November 21, it was announced yesterday.

Move To Quash Mandamus Writ

Through the illness of Miss Louise Brown, City Clerk, Col. Lee said yesterday that he was unable to submit the city's answer in the mandamus proceedings against the city, but will move to quash the entire proceedings this morning before Judge Barker.

A hearing on the writ was scheduled for last Friday, but Judge Barker was called away on account of illness in his family and the hearing was continued.

CALLS MASS MEETING TO NAME CANDIDATES

**Qualified Voters To Gather at
City Hall Monday Evening
November 18**

No provision being made in the charter for a primary, Mayor Donaldson on Wednesday issued a proclamation calling for a meeting of qualified voters to meet at the City Hall Monday morning, November 18, to nominate a mayor and five councilmen to serve for the next two years. The election will be held December 3.

While many slates have been proposed during the past few months the first definite step towards firing the political pot was made recently by the Public Service committee of the Avon Club. That committee placed in circulation petitions for the following: Mayor Donaldson for re-election; Messrs. Masters, Pendleton, Perry, and W. T. Hall. The petition of C. M. Eisele was also placed in circulation at the meeting by a member of the club.

Petitions will also be circulated for Max Wild and Charles Schweigart, it was stated yesterday by one of their supporters.

Special Meeting of Commerce Body

A special meeting of the directors of the chamber of commerce, which has been dormant for some time, will be held this morning at 9 o'clock at the City Hall for the purpose of organizing a movement to revive the body. Clifford M. Eisele, acting president, will preside. Mr. Eisele recently returned from Schenectady, N. Y.

Present plans call for a mass meeting Monday night, but it was pointed out that Monday is a holiday and it is not believed with the people leaving town for the weekend and the extra Monday holiday that a large crowd could be gathered. Changes in the date are expected to be made at this morning's meeting.

When the new organization is effected Mayor Donaldson, who has handled the work since taking office, and without compensation, may be named secretary.

Armistice Sermon at Congregational

In commemoration of Armistice Day, Dr. A. P. Vaughn, pastor of the Congregational church, will deliver a special sermon Sunday morning at 11 o'clock. The choir will also provide special music.

In the evening at 7:30 o'clock, the pastor will present another of the series of illustrated sermons. The religious painting, "The Light of the World," by Holman-Hunt, will be shown on the screen, with accompanying interpretation.

Game League Meeting.

A regular meeting of the Avon Park Fish and Game Protective League will be held tonight.

STORES TO CLOSE ON ARMISTICE DAY

**No Celebration Here Monday
On Eleventh Anniversary
of World War's End**

There will be no formal observance of Armistice Day in Avon Park, the American Legion having agreed to aid in the celebrations of the posts at Arcadia and Lakeland, where big celebrations are being staged Monday.

All the merchants in the city have agreed to close for the day, and indications point to heavy travel from the city to Arcadia, where the rodeo will be held; to Lakeland for the Legion celebration, and to Plant City and other points. The city schools will also close.

The postoffice will be open as usual, Mrs. Skipper stated yesterday, although orders may be issued later to change the hours on Monday.

MUNICIPAL ELECTION TAKES PLACE DEC. 3

**To Select Mayor and Five
Councilmen; Registration
Books Now Open**

Qualified electors of Avon Park will cast their ballots for municipal offices on Tuesday, Dec. 3. A proclamation to that effect was issued Wednesday by Mayor C. S. Donaldson and the legal notice is carried in another section of today's Times.

The voters will be called on to elect a mayor and five councilmen to serve for a term of two years. The retiring officers are: Mayor C. S. Donaldson and Councilmen Delaney, Gregory, Hood, Lanier and Ott.

The registration books are now open at the City Clerk's office and will be open until November 22, inclusive.

WOMAN'S CLUBS MEET IN CITY TOMORROW

**Mrs. M. L. Stanley, State Fed-
eration President, and Other
Officers To Attend**

Avon Park's Woman's Club will be host today to the clubs of District Nine, of the Florida Federation of Woman's Club. The sessions will start at 10 o'clock this morning at the Highland Lakes clubhouse, at noon the delegates will assemble for luncheon at the Episcopal Parish house where the afternoon sessions will take place.

Mrs. M. E. Covington, president of the Avon Park Club, said yesterday that Mrs. M. L. Stanley, state president, and Mrs. W. M. Wilson, state vice-president-at-large, and other state officers will be present.

Paul Garber Named Grand Jury Clerk

J. Paul Garber, of Avon Park, was elected clerk of the November grand jury when the inquisitorial body organized Tuesday. A. M. McAulay, of Lake Placid, was elected foreman.

Fred Smith and Clare Mann are the additional representatives from this city on the grand jury.

Melbourne Pastor at Baptist Church

Rev. Cofield, of the Melbourne Baptist church, will supply the pulpit of the First Baptist church next Sunday at both services.

No call has been given to a prospective pastor yet, one of the deacons said yesterday, and none is expected to be given for a few weeks at least. The pulpit committee, until a new pastor is engaged, will arrange for a preacher for the services.

LEGION POST NAMES FRANCIS COMMANDER

**To Hold Important Meeting
Next Wednesday
Night**

Election of officers, plans for a membership drive and arrangements for a meeting next Wednesday evening featured the meeting of the American Legion post Wednesday evening.

The newly elected officers are: J. S. Francis, commander; A. McKee Elwell, vice-commander; Prof. R. T. Faurey, chaplain; L. B. Correll, adjutant, and Bert Heathcock, sergeant-at-arms.

The retiring officers are: W. H. McCarthy, commander; Mark Lance, vice-commander; Ed. Welch, chaplain; Glenn Spink, adjutant; Sergeant-at-arms, Adams.

There are approximately 20 active members in the post, with a large number of ex-service men around the city that are eligible for membership. For this reason an intensive drive to increase the list to 50 or more will be made soon.

Next Wednesday's meeting will be held at the fire house at 8 o'clock. All ex-service men are cordially invited to attend. Refreshments will be served.

City Seeking Team of International League

Three International League teams, the Baltimore Orioles, Toronto Maple Leafs and Buffalo Bisons, are dickering in earnest with the city relative to training here next season. And from the interest displayed it appears that it won't be long before announcement will be made that one of the teams will accept the city's offer. No guarantees are being mentioned, but many considerations are being given to the teams.

The mayor and representative citizens, who are interested in getting a team here, are devoting their energies to getting a team and are not downhearted because they have been unable to get a major league team. The Jacaranda hotel management and owners are using all the agencies at their command to secure a team to train here, and are willing to go to a great expense to make the project a success.

Canning Plant Closed Until December First

The Scoville Canning company, a subsidiary of Hills Brothers, is not expected to resume operations until the first of December because it is impossible at this time to get a sufficient quantity of citrus fruit daily to keep the plant running, Manager R. D. Sinclair stated Wednesday.

He also announced that the employees will be paid for the short time the plant operated tomorrow afternoon about four o'clock.

GRAND JURY COMPLETES WORK; MAKES REPORT

**Returns Six Indictments and
Makes Several Rec-
ommendations**

Convening at 10 o'clock Tuesday morning the fall term of circuit court for Highlands county got busy with the empanelling of the grand jury under the guidance of Judge W. J. Barker. On being sworn and charged by the court the jury retired to the grand jury room and named A. M. McAulay of Lake Placid as foreman and J. P. Garber of Avon Park as clerk.

At six o'clock Wednesday evening the jury returned to the court with their report and the true bills found in their investigations. Indictments returned were Will Hubely, colored, resisting arrest and another indictment charged the same defendant with arson, Henry Jordan, colored, indicted for assault with intent to commit murder, Mrs. J. M. Gilbert charged with aggravated assault and Jim Williams charged on one indictment with larceny and on another with assault with intent to commit murder.

The grand jury report was as follows:

Final presentment of Grand Jury of Highlands County, Florida, Fall Term, 1929, A. D.

To the Honorable W. J. Barker, Judge presiding at this Fall Term of Circuit Court, of Highlands County, Florida.

Sir: We, the Grand Jury, duly empaneled and sworn to inquire and make presentment in and for the body of the County of Highlands and State of Florida at this the Fall Term of the Circuit Court in and for the Nineteenth Judicial Circuit of Florida, do respectfully make this our final presentment:

We have made investigation of all the matters brought to our attention and true bills have been returned and separately presented in all cases in which there has been sufficient evidence. In such cases brought to our attention and in which we were not furnished with sufficient evidence to indict, we have found no true bills. We have previously reported to the Court the cases under investigation in which we failed to find true bills.

The Grand Jury has investigated the condition of the County Jail, the Court House, books and records of the several county offices and the Court House grounds and wish to make the following report.

Court House.

The Grand Jury found a leak around the skylight in roof. Also found leaks on second and third floor which seem to come from cracks in ledge on outside and would recommend using kaukit to repair same. Walls on second and third floor found very dirty and should be enameled up to rail making it a hard surface and easy to keep clean. Some of offices on first floor had dirty walls and leaks under windows. Several steps on front entrance were found out of line and should be replaced. Window glasses were found broken on basement floor and should be replaced. We found two cracks on Southwest wall outside causing rust spots on building and should be repaired. We recommend that all of these conditions found to exist should be put in good state of repair at once.

Jail. The Grand Jury found conditions to be sanitary in the County Jail and all prisoners satisfied with food served. We recommend new mattresses and blankets for prisoners beds. Also are in need of additional pillows for beds. The

(Continued on page eight)

Not a Continued Story

THE YELLOW BLIGHT

By Frederick Happer

A Complete Story

THERE was whiskey on Mike Scovitch's breath as he slammed the door behind him, and sat down on the leather-covered seat that ran along the side of the power boat's small cabin. He grinned, showing teeth that were stained with dirt and tobacco juice.

"Damn, but I am lucky this night," he said with satisfaction.

Sam Stone, his partner, looked up from the greasy Canfield deck he was playing with, under the feeble light of the small globe set in the ceiling.

"Lucky," he grunted. "How come? You been playing the wheel again?"

"Me? No! The last time we were here in Havana, I lost every cent I had on the damn wheel. I told you then, no more for Mike Scovitch. You heard me. Eh?"

Same Stone shrugged.

"Once a fool, always a fool," he commented. "That's what you said—'but you don't think I really believed it, do you?'"

Mike Scovitch scowled.

"When I say a thing, I mean it. I work too hard for my money."

Sam Stone grunted again. "Well, what's on your mind?" he asked, sweeping the cards all together and shuffling them again.

The question restored Mike Scovitch's good nature. He smiled again, with the same display of unsightly teeth.

"I have found where there are six Chinks who want to get across to the mainland."

Sam Stone stopped shuffling the cards and held them still in his hands.

"Six Chinks?"

"Yes."

Sam Stone dropped the greasy cards on the table top and grinned also. "That's more like it," he declared jovially. "Why didn't you say so in the first place. Six Chinks, eh? Who's got 'em?"

"Billy Soo."

"Billy Soo's thin, sharp face crinkled in a reminiscent grin as he asked: 'Going to take them all the way across?'"

"I guess so—this time. We've got to make the trip anyway, with the booze and dope."

"Seen Billy Soo about them?"

Mike Scovitch shrugged. "Naw. There's plenty of time. Not many boats running across now, and those that are don't want to fool with Chinks. They haven't got the guts to get them out of the way if a revenue boat gets on their back. Billy Soo is running all over town hunting someone."

Sam Stone stood up. "He might find someone, too. Let's go around and see him. We can use the money."

"All right. Come on."

Darkness lay over Havana harbor. Out on the water the lights of anchored ships made dots of color.

The city itself lay around the curved sweep of the harbor like a light-studded dandelion of life and gaiety.

The two partners left the dark wharf corner where their boat was tied, and plunged into the heart of the city. They came after a time to the two-story building in a dim side street that housed the shop and living quarters of Billy Soo.

In reality the store was only a blind, behind which Billy Soo carried on other activities that brought in much more money. One item alone, the handling of his countrymen's passage to the States, brought in a handsome income. For a long time Billy Soo had done a great deal of the illicit running himself. Then hard luck had set against him and he had lost two boats in succession. After that he gave up the actual running and collected his fee for handling the men and finding someone to take them over. That, to Billy Soo, was honest business. He could see no reason why his countrymen should not go where they chose.

Billy Soo was in his shop, alone, as they entered, he came forward to meet them, smiling recognition.

He was a short, slight little fellow who seemed always to wear that same smile. Those who knew him, however, could say that the smile didn't always mean what it seemed to. Billy Soo had brains, and

what's more, he used them.

Mike Scovitch came to the point at once. "I hear that you got some men you want to send over."

The smile did not change in the slightest on the face of Billy Soo. He looked at Mike Scovitch without answering.

They were a contrast as they stood there. Billy Soo, short and slight; and Mike Scovitch, powerfully built, flat faced, with cheeks and chin always dark from the heavy beard that pushed out through the greasy skin. His eyes were little and extraordinarily bright, his arms long, his hands big and powerful.

After a moment Billy Soo spoke smilingly: "How you know I have men to send over?"

"Heard it. Right, isn't it?"

"Mebbe so. Why you care?"

"We're going to make a trip over tomorrow night. We can take care of them for you."

They were all known to each other. That part of it was of no concern. After a moment Billy Soo asked: "How much you want?"

"Five hundred dollars a head."

Billy Soo smiled blandly and shook his head.

"No pay that much," he said flatly. "What you think I am—big fool? I send 'em for one-two-hundred dollar."

Mike Scovitch sneered; and Sam Stone gave a grunt of disgust and disbelief. "Hell!" he said.

Mike Scovitch declared flatly: "You know damn well you can't. There ain't a boat around here

where they want to go? Eh?"

"Sure. We'll put 'em ashore in a nice safe place. You have the way greased. They'll get through all right."

"All right," agreed Billy Soo. "I think we talk business. Come back here."

The night was dark. There was very little sea running. The speedy power boat had little roll as it nosed down the coast from the Havana harbor entrance.

A winking light on shore marked the cove agreed on with Billy Soo. The nose of the craft swung in toward that point, and not long after the boat was rubbing against a small rickety landing that had been built there by fishermen, now gone.

In silence six figures filed aboard. They were ordered down in the hold and shown where to lie, so that they would be out of sight on the run across to the mainland.

Billy Soo was there to see his charges off and translate for them. As the last man went below at his singsong command, he drew a roll of bills from his pocket and handed them to Mike Scovitch.

"Three thousand dolla's. You take good care them men now. I tell them you will."

Mike grabbed the bills and counted them rapidly in the rays of his torch.

"Sure," he said carelessly. "I'll take care of them. They'll be a little uncomfortable down there in the hold with the hatch closed, but it won't last long, and there ain't

many times he had lost count of the number, steered by compass. The feeble light that illuminated the compass was the only bit of brightness on the boat. True, the cigarettes that Mike Scovitch smoked had a little red glow at their ends, but he was careful to keep that covered.

They were in dangerous waters. Dangerous, that is, for men of their ilk. The government was fully aware of the whiskey, dope, and alien running that was going on between the mainland of the States and the lands outside the twelve-mile limit. A young fleet of cutters, launches and other craft had been detailed to patrol the waters along the Florida Coast. They had guns of all kinds, and orders to use them if necessary. And they did. A smuggling boat was out of luck, if it happened to run afoul of one of the Government craft which was faster than it was. And some of them were very fast.

They had started early; almost as soon as it got dark, for the trip was long. Hour after hour passed. The motor hummed sweetly, the water gurgled away from the sharp bow, and the long sea miles fell behind.

A little wind sprang up. The sea became less calm, and the boat, which after all was very small, began to rock and pitch.

Mike Scovitch had been taking a drink every now and then from the flask that he seemed always to keep about his person. He came presently to Sam Stone's side and said



Two Modern Smugglers Sail Into Weird Trouble on the High Seas

that's willing to touch them. Chinks is risky business right now. The price is going up. Five hundred a head—or they stay here. You'll be getting plenty of rake-off at that price."

Smiling, Billy Soo shook his head. "I no pay that much," he insisted.

"All right. Keep 'em here and feed 'em." Mike turned toward the door. Sam followed.

Just as his hand clasped the knob, Billy Soo called him back. Still smiling, he asked casually: "You better runner now than you were three months ago?"

Mike scowled. "What you mean?" he asked roughly.

"I never hear from one bunch my countrymen you take over then. I wonder maybe something happen to them."

"Spit it out. What you hinting about?"

"I just ask what happen to them. Why is no word come from them?"

Same Stone caught his lower lip between his teeth and suppressed a grin. But Mike Scovitch blustered: "Listen—they went ashore like I said they would. That's all I know about them. Most likely they was stuck up somewhere on the mainland, or else just couldn't get through the way they wanted to go, and went somewhere else. There's plenty of room for three Chinks to get lost in the States."

Billy Soo considered, and then nodded, still smiling.

"Sure, I know. You right. I just wanted to ask. For five hundred dollars you put these men now

much sea. They'll be ashore in no time."

Sam Stone slid the hatch cover into place, and then went to the rope that moored them beside the dock. "All set?" he called under his breath.

Mike Scovitch pocketed the bills. "All fine," he looked at Billy Soo. "We'll be seeing you later. Might get another bunch ready for us. We need the money."

"All li. I think about it." Smiling, Billy Soo walked to the rail and leaped lightly over on the dock.

Mike Scovitch hunched his shoulders and grunted to his partner: "Let's get out of here."

The two of them manned the speedy power boat by themselves. It was rather a large order, but the profits were greater. Billy Soo faded into the darkness of the shore and Sam Stone threw off the mooring line. They backed around, pointed the nose of the craft toward the open sea, and slipped silently out from land.

The launch had no name painted on the bows. It was a shabby-looking thing, needing paint and, apparently, many repairs. But underneath all that a keen marine eye would have seen at once the lines of speed and power.

Sam Stone was steering, and as they got away from land he opened the motor to cruising speed. Even at that pace the bow waves curled high, and the dark waters slipped past at a dizzy pace.

They were running without lights. There was no moon. Sam Stone, who had made the trip so

with a chuckle: "Less them Chinks are feeling a little stirred up down there."

"Better unfasten the hatch," Sam Stone advised curtly. The air will be bad. They'll all be sicker than dogs if we keep pitching like this. We'll have to unload them by hand."

Mike swore. "Hatch, hell!" He spat. "I don't let no Chinks out on deck while I'm running. They paid for their passage, and they'll get their passage—where they're put. If they don't like it they can get out an' walk." He chuckled.

Sam Stone frowned, but said nothing more about the matter. After all, this was a cutthroat game. The men were only so much meat to be set ashore. Their comfort didn't matter very much to him either.

Another hour went by. The night still stayed dark, with clouds in the sky, and now and then a hole through them where the velvety sky and the stars shone. They should be raising the coast now, any time. Far off to the west, Key West light, or rather Sand Key light, had shown at varying intervals, giving them their position.

Sam peered watchfully on all sides now. So did Mike Scovitch, who prowled the little deck with pantherish strides—that now and then lurched a little. He had been drinking more than he should have for dangerous business like this.

Off on the starboard bow the running lights of some unknown craft became visible. Sam Stone saw them, and a few moments later

Mike told him.

Sam had been studying them. "That's a freighter," he decided. "She don't want nothing to do with us."

The lights came nearer, until Mike Scovitch became uneasy and begged Sam to turn off their course and get away. Sam refused. "She's only a freighter," he repeated.

And so the boat turned out to be, passing less than a mile from them, like a lumbering old cow, which now and then emitted a few sparks from its back.

Both the men had been so intent on watching the freighter that they had neglected to keep an eye on the surrounding waters. How they done so they would have seen a low dark shape, even lower than their own craft, pushing over the water in their general direction.

The other had not seen them either. But suddenly it veered and headed right toward them. The muffled purr of its motor, that had been inaudible to any ears, now increased, and the white shear of water at its bow swelled up higher.

The sound of their own motor drowned for a time the oncoming one. But suddenly Mike Scovitch saw it. He wheeled from his post by the rail and dashed at the small open wheel house.

"Government boat! Government boat!" he cried in panic.

Same Stone caught the sound then, and located the other craft a moment later. He acted before he spoke. A twist of his hand swung their boat off its course, away from the other. A shove on the throttle sent the purr of their own motor up to a high whine. They leaped ahead at greatly increased speed.

A shaft of light darted out and covered them. The crack of a rifle sounded, and a bullet whined just over them. Then a machine gun chattered, and the air was suddenly full of screaming lead death.

Mike Scovitch ducked. His face was pale in the night.

"They got us!" he burst out.

And indeed it seemed so. The other boat had slipped in too close before its presence had been discovered. And though it was smaller, it was faster. It was walking right up on them.

Sam Stone pondered a moment, and then shouted to his partner. "Get them eggs out. We'll have to stop for them. As soon as they come alongside, you have one or two."

A moment later he cut the motor off.

As the other craft raced up to them, Mike Scovitch crawled out of the low cabin companion and crouched down behind the solid bulwarks that formed the rail.

Before they had lost steerage way, the other craft was alongside. A rough voice ordered harshly: "Stick 'em up an' shell out, boys. We got you covered."

From the protection of the wheel house Sam Stone shouted back: "What you doing, trying to hijack us?"

He was corrected. "Not trying brother. We're doing it. Shell out and run back and get another load."

Sam parlayed right back. "We ain't got nothing worth taking. Come on and see if you want to."

The other craft was already sheering in, its small searchlight sweeping across their deck.

Mike, crouched behind the rail, waiting, picked a moment when the light had passed him and the spot where he was shrouded in darkness. His right arm made an upward, sweeping toss. And then another right after. Each time a dark object sailed through the air and dropped over on the craft alongside. Then Mike crouched lower and waited.

Almost at once there came the shattering sound of two terrific explosions. The smaller boat seemed to dissolve in a blaze of fire and smoke. Wreckage flew out on all sides, some of it breaking the windows of the plot house.

Sam Stone was crouched down in there also. None of it hit him. High-pitched screams of mortal agony rose on the night. A sheet of flame licked up from the stricken boat.

Sam Stone leaped to his feet and shoved hard on the motor throttle. The engine had been idling. It now picked up to full speed at once. The propeller at the stern thrashed the water. They forged ahead, and away from the devastation they had wrought.

The flame went higher as they (Continued on page seven)

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DEMONSTRATION CLUBS WITNESS BREAD BAKING

Meetings Held at Avon Park,
Sebring and DeSoto City
This Week

Miss Winfield, Home Demonstration Agent, has had the assistance this week of Miss See Rice, of Nashville, Tenn. As the major problem being studied in the Senior Home Demonstration Club this year is Foods, one form of food being studied in breads, particularly home baked breads. This series of demonstrations given by Miss Rice was a part of the county-wide program of Food and Nutrition. Miss Rice, who has charge of the Home Economics department of the Soft Wheat Millers association, demonstrated the making of breads, and cakes with the soft wheat flour commonly used in the south. Many housewives who have tried to make yeast bread by following the usual methods, have found that the result was far from satisfactory, because the methods were suitable for hard wheat flours, and they were using soft wheat flours. The difference in the two flours lies in the nature of the gluten, and soft wheat gluten does not require the kneading, required by hard wheat flours. The rolls demonstrated by Miss Rice were out of the oven in one and one-half hours from the time she started them.

Miss Rice gave three demonstrations, one in Sebring, one in Avon Park, and one in DeSoto City. An enthusiastic group of women greeted her in each community, and were very well repaid for coming. Miss Winfield considers the Home Demonstration clubs of Highlands county are to be congratulated for the opportunity of having Miss Rice with them and of learning the methods of baking with soft wheat flours, most of which have been worked out during the past few years.

Miss Winfield announces that the Demonstration in the December meeting will be the use of Citrus fruits, particularly the making of crystallized fruit peel.

Observer Gives Monthly Summary of Weather Here

Mark W. Lance, U. S. Observer, summarizes the weather conditions here for October as follows:

Maximum temperature 88 on the first; minimum temperature, 46 on the 26th; mean temperature, 72.45; rainfall 2.40 inches; heaviest rainfall was .70 on the 10th; mean maximum 82.35 and mean minimum 62.65.

The weather report for the week ending November 2 follows:

	Max.	Min.	Rain- fall
Oct. 27	81	49	...
Oct. 28	83	55	...
Oct. 29	79	63	...
Oct. 30	86	65	...
Oct. 31	86	69	.06
Nov. 1	86	72	.06
Nov. 2	88	71	.02
Average	84	63	.14

Church Controversy Hearing in December

The case of J. V. Chapman, et al. vs. L. D. Roberts et al, over the local Baptist church controversy, will probably come up for final hearing the first week in December.

Judge Barker, because of the heavy docket facing him at this time of court, may appoint a Special Master in Chancery to take the testimony. After the master makes his report to the court the judge will make his final ruling on the case.

Stebbins Girl Improving.

Mary Lydia, young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Stebbins, who sustained a severe sprain of right ankle last week when struck by a bicycle, is improving. Mary Lydia disliked missing school so she attends classes on crutches.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

FOR NOVEMBER 10, 1929.

SUBJECT: World Peace through Mutual Understanding.

GOLDEN TEXT: "They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain: for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea." Isa. 11:9.

LESSON TEXT: Isaiah 2:2-4; Acts 17:22-28; John 4:20-21.

Outline of Lesson: Learning and teaching the truth as to God and Christ and its application to all government, and the better understanding by people and nations of each other.

Such a plan sounds well, but the task appears overwhelming and impossible. And so it is, if we depend on human effort alone. God must be appealed to and his power used, if world peace is to be secured.

Isaiah says, "It shall come to pass * * that the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established * * and all nations shall flow into it. Many people shall say * * let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, * * and he will teach us his ways * * he shall judge among nations * * they shall beat their swords into plowshares * * nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

If the ten commandments and the Sermon on the Mount could be written into the laws and school books of all nations, and obeyed, then wars would cease and mankind would be at peace. But before that can be accomplished the people of the world must know something of God and Christ and true religion. Even now most people in the world are serving an "Unknown God."

The Apostle Paul found this so when he came to the city of Athens to whom he said, (Acts 17:22, 23) "Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious (very religious) for as I passed by * * I found an altar to THE UNKNOWN GOD." Then Paul explained to them who this "Unknown God" is, and how he should be worshipped; that "God * * dwelleth not in temples made with hands * * and hath made of one blood all nations of men * * that they should seek the Lord * * for in him we live, and move, and have our being."

In another passage for our lesson (Jno. 4:20-23) Jesus was talking with the woman of Samaria, and said, "The hour cometh, when ye shall neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father, * * but the hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshipers shall worship the Father in Spirit and in truth." These contentions as to where and how to worship God have divided professed Christians into more than 200 sects. When such conditions exist among those who claim to follow Christ, how can we expect fellowship and brotherly relations among nations and peoples who know almost nothing of each other? In discussing "World Peace," as the subject of today's lesson a good authority says, "We still continue to foster the spirit of war, by the prominence we have given to the men who have been the most successful warriors. Their exploits are published in our school histories, extolled by our orators, and sung by our poets. Painters have painted the notable charges made on the battle-field. Such has been our practise until the young people have almost worshipped the warrior, and are led to emulate his ways. If we wish to secure world peace, we must give more prominence than we have been giving to the benefactors of mankind. The philanthropists, the reformers, the inventors, the scientists, the architects, the musicians, the scholars, and the great religious leaders must be held up as the true ideals of life."

Of course, all that most of us can do in any world work is to "Brighten the Corner Where You Are"; but it seems to me that the greatest human means of cultivating and spreading Christianity, "Mutual Understanding" and fellowship among all peoples must be.

The public press; the moving pictures; the radio, and the school books. You all know the influence which the newspapers and maga-

zines have.

The moving picture is established, and must wield a powerful influence either for good or for bad, and why should not all good citizens unite to make that influence good?

And what of the radio? While I am writing these words in South Florida, the radio in the next room is furnishing good music from Pittsburgh, and last night we heard Premier McDonald discuss "World Peace" in New York. Doubtless he was also heard by people in every civilized country. But perhaps the greatest human influence toward "World Peace" can be had by giving to the children in the public schools text books which praise and make known the works and heroes of peace and industry, rather than of war and destruction.

English-German Masonic Relations Recently Resumed

London, Eng., Nov. 7.—The 150th anniversary of Pilgrim Lodge No. 238 was celebrated recently. This is one of the two lodges in London which works in the German language, the other being the Deutschland No. 3315. Both of these lodges suspended operations during the World War to resume the work in 1927. At this celebration of Pilgrim Lodge telegrams of congratulations were received from two of the Grand Lodges in Germany. This is taken as another indication that the Anglo-German Masonic relations which were suspended on account of the war will be once more resumed. The London Freemason states concerning this question:

The receipt of telegrams of congratulations to the Pilgrim Lodge from two Grand Lodges in Germany is certainly significant; and when the full report of the meeting and the President of the Board of General Purposes' speech is read, further indications of a desire to resume the old status may be forthcoming.

"The international aspect of Freemasonry looms larger every day. While the meeting of the Pilgrim Lodge had a special concern as regards Anglo-German relations, the presence of Masters or representatives of all the Anglo-foreign lodges in London gave it a wider scope."

The trouble with labor-saving machinery is that it compels so many young men to seek a livelihood playing in jazz orchestras and peddling silk stockings.

Phil Lacey Accepts Position In Alabama

Phil Lacey, city engineer for the past two years, and a resident of Avon Park since 1919, left Monday morning for Montgomery, Ala., where he was offered a position in the Alabama highway department. Mr. Lacey is a native Alabamian, being born at Birmingham.

Mrs. Lacey and the children will remain here for several months before they will rejoin Mr. Lacey.

New Chevrolet Owners.

The Avon Motors company, Chevrolet distributors, announce the sales of Chevrolets to the following: H. N. Gump, manager of Pine Crest Lakes Country club, a station wagon; and W. L. Maddox, a coach.

Fire . . .

—like the lightning that causes so many—is an unannounced visitor.

The safest course is to expect it—and be always on guard.

Your property represents a potential loss unless you have dependable fire insurance protection.

Avon Insurance Agency

CHARLES R. HEAD, Manager

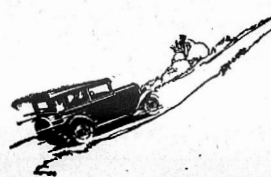
First National Bank Annex

Phone 144

For Economical Transportation



-have you driven
a Chevrolet Six?



Have you felt the thrill of its six-cylinder performance—so smooth, quiet and vibrationless that you almost forget there's a motor?

Have you known the satisfaction of its six-cylinder reserve power—ready to shoot you ahead at the traffic light, to carry you over the steepest hills, or to speed you along the highway?

And do you know that anyone who can afford any car can own a Chevrolet Six?

If you have never driven a six-cylinder car, it is impossible for you to form any idea of Chevrolet performance from your imagination alone.

Smoothness! No rumble in the body—no tremble in the steering wheel—no vibration to loosen windows and doors!

Flexibility! Power that flows in a silken stream—and never a trace of "lugging"!

Quiet! Hardly a whisper from the motor. You can drive it for hours without the slightest noise fatigue!

But why try to tell you the story when only a ride can give you the facts? Come in. There's a car waiting for you . . . Now!

The Roadster, \$525; The Phaeton, \$535; The Coach, \$595; The Coupe, \$595; The Sport Coupe, \$645; The Sedan, \$675; The Imperial Sedan, \$695; The Sedan Delivery, \$595; Light Delivery (Chassis only), \$400; 1½-Ton Truck (Chassis only), \$545; 1½-Ton Truck (Chassis with Cab), \$650. All prices f. o. b. factory, Flint, Michigan.

Consider the delivered price as well as the list (f. o. b.) price when comparing automobile values. Chevrolet delivered prices include only authorized charges for freight and delivery, and the charge for any additional accessories or financing desired.

(a13)

AVON MOTORS CO.

Avon Park, -:- -:- -:- -:- Florida

A SIX IN THE PRICE RANGE OF THE FOUR.

THE AVON PARK TIMES

Published every Friday by the Schaefer-Broking Printing Co., Inc., at No. 5 South Forest Avenue, Avon Park, Florida.

J. HAYDEN WILLIAMS

Editor

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

One Year in Highlands County.....\$1.00
One year outside of Highlands County.....\$2.50

Entered at the postoffice at Avon Park, Florida, under the Act of March 3, 1879, as matter of the second-class.

ADVERTISING RATES FURNISHED UPON REQUEST

FEDERAL PRISONS.

Speaking over the radio from Washington last Sunday night as the guest speaker on Collier's radio hour, Hon. William D. Mitchell, of Minnesota, Attorney-General of the United States, told his unseen audience of millions the causes for the recent outbreaks in the federal penitentiaries.

He pointed out that Atlanta, which normally has accommodations for approximately 1,800 violators of the federal laws, had at one time this year about 3,700 prisoners; Leavenworth had nearly twice as many as they could handle under normal conditions; and about the same proportion applies to MacNeil Island, Washington.

Not only overcrowding was responsible for the restlessness, the Attorney-General stated. The preparation and quality of food served was another reason, he said.

To overcome the housing conditions the government, as soon as the bill is passed by Congress, will start a building program to cost approximately \$6,000,000, Mr. Mitchell informed his audience.

Possibly by now Uncle Sam has rectified the situation relative to feeding his "guests" at the penitentiaries. While Mr. Mitchell did say so, we suspect that the finest chefs in the land have been engaged to provide the cuisine that is second to none.

Getting away from facetiousness, we were surprised to hear that about 20,000 men and women, many able-bodied, are domiciled in the federal prisons, state, county and city jails for infractions of the federal laws. And to provide for their moral, physical, mental welfare the government plans to build more industrial schools, such as those at Alderson, West Virginia and Chillicothe, Ohio.

Capital and labor, Mr. Mitchell said, oppose the government's plan on the grounds that the products of the prison compete with those manufactured by the rank and file of the country who have not been caught in the toils of the law. This, Mr. Mitchell, believes, is a selfish standpoint, for the reason that the products would be bought for governmental use only and not for general consumption.

We, too, oppose the plan because we do not see the fairness in penalizing the law abiding citizen who manufactures his goods for sale to the government to which he pays his taxes and by whose laws he abides.

All of which leads us to remark that if a person with criminal intentions should get one look at our local jail the unlawful act would never be committed and the would-be-criminal would be on his way from here in a jiffy.

ARMISTICE DAY.

Eleven years ago next Monday the World War came to a close. With the signing of the armistice the slaughter was ended and our boys returned to their homes, hoping that wars would be eliminated in the future.

Since 1918 the world's greatest men have bent their efforts to an everlasting peace and good will on earth. Conferences on limitation of armaments have been held; the nations have approved the Kellogg Peace Pact; the United States and Great Britain through President Hoover and Premier Ramsay MacDonald have come to an understanding, and are looking forward to the London meeting next year for world disarmament.

May the twelfth anniversary of Armistice Day find all the countries of the world in one accord in banishing wars in the time to come.

THE MUSE OF 'CADY.

Nate Reece, "The Arcadian Muse," was one of the chief attractions at the South Florida Press Association meeting at Melbourne recently by virtue of his chapeaux, a ten-gallon sombrero.

The Muse seemed perplexed as he inquired of us: "Is Tom Mix good looking?" "Not so bad (which means not so good), Nate," we replied. "But why bring that up?"

"Because one of the ladies told me I looked like the actor and I wondered if she was giving me a compliment or a dirty dig."

The first Humanist marriage took place recently in New York, the happy couple being Wyatt Schoonmaker and Miss Chiacka Andreevna Polliachova. The humane part of the ceremony, which discards the Diety and promise and obey stuff, was giving the bride a new name.

It may be jellied wine and maybe it's just plain grape jelly. But that California company putting up the grape products with a five percent alcoholic content ought to do a rushing business. We've tasted five varieties already.

The Gulf Scream has been silenced—temporarily. The Skipper is away from his post on a vacation. May he write two columns a day when he returns as punishment.

Bet the birth control advocates raved when they read the stories of the arrival of six sons to a South African white woman and four sons to a Texas woman.

The Seald-Sweet was christened by Miss Virginia Taylor, of Tampa, with a bottle of orange juice. If she kissed the pilots we'd say they were sweet-sealed.

Because the female star utters the last line must be the reason that a leading film company advertises its latest product as "the last word in talking-pictures."

With all the cowboys around there ought to be a lot of rope for the novices at Arcadia's rodeo-Shrine ceremonial next Tuesday.

Mary A. D. aETOI SHRD LUU—was registered at the Orange Hotel recently, according to the Citrus County Chronicle.

We have yet to hear the clinking of coins dropped in the collection plate during the broadcast of church services.

"There's a lot of bull in the stock market" piped one who was called upon to bear the burden recently.

It's come to a pretty pass when even a lawmaker can't enjoy his nip without being investigated.

Besides improving the eyesight of the aged, short skirts have benefitted the hosiery business.

Echoes of the State Press

HIS AMBITION GRATIFIED.

There are many times when a writer feels that urge to write something as it really is, but the impulse is seldom obeyed. However, a man signing "A Friend" sends the following from the Honaker Herald of Honaker, Va., which is an illustration that it could be done. I have not checked up to see if there is a Honaker, Va., or a Honaker Herald. From what I have heard of the country up that way, I would not like to be the editor who wrote the following:

The nerviest editor in the whole country is being widely advertised because of a truthful account given of a recent marriage in his town. After the preliminary announcement he described the groom as follows:

"The groom is a popular young bum who hasn't done a lick of work since he got shipped in the middle of his junior year at college. He manages to dress well and keep a supply of spending money, because his dad is a soft-headed old fool who takes up his bad checks instead of letting him go to jail where he belongs.

"The bride is a fast, skinny, little idiot about 35 years old, who has been kissed and handled by every boy in town since she was twelve years old. She paints like a Sioux Indian, sucks cigarettes in secret, and drinks mean corn liquor when she is out joy riding in her dad's car at night. She doesn't know how to cook, sew or keep house.

"The groom wore a rented dinner suit over athletic underwear of imitation silk. His pants were held up by pale green suspenders. His number 8 patent leather shoes matched his state of tightness, and harmonized nicely with the axle grease polish of his hair. In addition to his jag, he carried a pocket knife, a bunch of keys, a dun for the ring and his usual look of imbecility.

"The bride wore some kind of white thing that left most of her legs sticking out at one end, and her bony upper end sticking out at the other.

"The young people will make their home with the bride's parents—which means they will sponge on the old man until he dies and then she will take in washing."

The editor adds a postscript saying that this may be the last issue of his paper, but his life's ambition had been to write up one wedding and tell the unvarnished truth. After that death could have no sting.—Miami Review.

Manager Pusey Arrives.

W. I. Pusey, manager of the West Beach hotel, and former manager of Miami Beach and Atlantic City hostilities, arrived here this week. Formal opening of the hotel will be held in the near future, although they are equipped to care for guests at the present time.

Want Ads

WANTED—Position as general housekeeper; have had experience in care of children. Inquire at Mrs. Bon, Tulane Circle. 36-4tp

FOR SALE—Batten fed friers, Fat Hens, Fresh Yard Eggs at Market Prices. We will dress chickens on Saturdays. Gibson's Poultry Yards, East Cornell street. 36-4t

FARM WANTED—Located near Avon Park, suitable for general farming and dairying. If a bargain write me full description and price. John Baker, Mena, Ark. 36-8tp

WANTED—White waitresses. Apply H. N. Gump, Pine Crest Lakes Country Club. 36-4t

Legal Advertisement.

NOTICE

REGISTRATION BOOKS OPEN

Notice is hereby given that the registration books of the City of Avon Park, Florida, are open at my office in the City Hall, for the registration of the qualified electors of said city, and will remain open from day to day, except Sunday, until the 22nd day of November, A. D. 1929, at which time they will be closed.

This the 6th day of November, A. D. 1929.

LOUISE BROWNE,
City Clerk and Collector.

Nov. 8-15-22

MAYOR'S PROCLAMATION CALLING CITY ELECTION.

Whereas, the first Tuesday in December of each year is fixed by the City Charter of the City of Avon Park, Florida, for the holding of the general election of the city officers for the City of Avon Park, Florida.

Now, therefore, I, C. S. Donaldson, Mayor of the City of Avon Park, Florida, do hereby proclaim that on December 3rd, A. D. 1929, the same being the first Tuesday in said month, between the hours of 8:00 A. M. and sundown, a general election will be held in the City of Avon Park, Florida, for the purpose of electing the following officers, to-wit:

One Mayor.
Five Councilmen, each for a period of two years.

At said election all qualified electors of the City of Avon Park shall be allowed to vote.

Done in the City of Avon Park, Florida, this 6th day of November, A. D. 1929.

C. S. DONALDSON,
Mayor of City of Avon Park.

Attest: LOUISE BROWNE,
City Clerk.

Nov. 8-15-22-29

For Quality Meats

Western and Native Meats at reasonable prices

Follow the crowd to

Lane's Market

Next to A. & P. Store

Armistice Day

Before starting out on your Armistice Day trip let us provide your tire needs. Make the day one of pleasure and safety. We have your size at the right price.

Have you seen the new improved Goodyear Pathfinders? World's Greatest Low-Price Tires.

More Miles at less cost than ever before!

Record-breaking Sales bring these New Low Prices on

GOODYEAR Pathfinders

Full Oversize Balloons	Big Oversize Cords
29x4.40.....\$ 5.90	30x3½.....\$5.19
30x4.50..... 6.73	31x4.00..... 9.05
30x5.00..... 8.75	
31x5.25..... 10.35	
32x6.00..... 13.75	

The year round interest we take in your tires is your final assurance of the most satisfaction for your money.

GOODYEAR

Over 150,000,000 Now!

Goodyear can offer greatest values because Goodyear builds nearly one-third of the world's tire production—almost TWICE as many as the next largest company. In August Goodyear made its 150 millionth tire! Come in—we'll show you why millions more people have "the best luck" with Goodyears!

Phone 115 for Sudden Service

Main Street Service Station

SOCIAL and Personal News

Marguerite Sheffield
 Society Editor
 Telephone 37

B. P. W. C. Elects New Members.

The regular business meeting of the Business and Professional Women's Club was held Tuesday evening, Nov. 5, in the club rooms, Brickell building. There were 12 members present.

Five new members were voted into the club, namely, Jereldyn Heim, Creola Fortner, Ethel Clark, Grace Reddick, and Mabel Seybert.

The Public Relations Committee reported \$59.31 net receipts from the Halloween parties given by the various civic organizations to raise funds for the park. Mrs. Hagood, chairman of the general park committee, stated that the committee had decided to hold a dance, card party, or some other form of amusement once a week for several weeks to raise funds, and the B. P. W. C. decided to hold a card party for this purpose next week. More details will be forthcoming later.

Mrs. Hagood also reported that the Florida Public Service is putting in poles on our diamond ball diamond, stringing wires, and furnishing globes, at no cost to the club, and that these materials and the labor connected with the same would cost the company somewhere between \$250 and \$300; that Mr. Ed DeLaney of the Mutual Crates company was donating materials and labor in making reflectors for the ball diamond at a nominal cost to the club; it also appears that Mr. Ott has contributed \$5.00, the Avon Park Drug company \$3.00, Mr. Latham \$1.00, Mr. Sappington \$2.00 to the club's park fund. As an indication of its appreciation for this very valuable help and operation, and that of the various citizens of the community who gave so willingly of their time and labor in clearing off the park grounds, the club unanimously voted to give a rising vote of thanks.

The Legislative Committee of the club, at the close of the business session, put on a short program. Mrs. J. V. Chapman played very beautifully a piano selection, Miss Martha Marsh, accompanied by Mrs. Chapman at the piano, played a violin solo, and Mr. S. C. Pardee gave a very interesting and instructive talk on the President of the United States, his cabinet, and their problems. The program was very much enjoyed by the members and for these services so ably rendered the club is very grateful and appreciative.

Woman's Club Hears Mrs. Reid.

Mrs. Laurie Jean Reid was the principal speaker at the November meeting of the Woman's Club last Friday at City Hall. Mrs. Reid spoke on "Child Welfare and Hygiene," and her talk proved very interesting and instructive.

Mrs. M. E. Covington, president, presided and current topics were discussed by Mrs. R. W. Swearingen.

A club banner of white satin with green and gold lettering, the handwork of Mrs. E. O. Williams, was presented by the maker. Mrs. Williams was given a vote of thanks by the members for her beautiful contribution.

New additions to the membership are: Mesdames J. W. C. Boone, M. A. Bass, G. D. Daley, J. C. Delegal, R. T. Fairley, C. R. Ginn, Jack Head, Henry Hughes, Leon Ragsdale, James Spencer, D. G. Skipper, R. A. Stamey, Dave Stuckey, H. A. Latham, and Misses Anna Wise, Mildred Myers and Millie Pearson.

Mrs. Dorminey Hostess In Bridge Club.

Mrs. W. D. Dorminey entertained the Monday afternoon Bridge Club. Color scheme yellow and green was carried out in the decorations and refreshments.

Mrs. L. V. Pringle won high score, and Mrs. S. E. Booth second high. Miss Hazel Mayes of Fitzgerald, Ga., the guest of the hostess was also a recipient of a gift.

Younger Set Honor Thomas Baldwin.

Members of the younger set honored Thomas Baldwin with a farewell party at the home of Rodney Durrance Monday night. The house was prettily decorated with red and white roses, the high school colors. Dancing and games were enjoyed and served as amusement. Mertice Coker and Thomas Baldwin won the prizes for the games.

Late in the evening refreshments of cake and punch were served to: Misses Kitty Martin, Mertice Coker, Kathrynne Caggus, Novella Conner, Helen Schwiegar, Honey Sue Roberts, Oleta Bigbie Heim, Carmineetti Fagan, Edith McFarland and Eulalia Melton and Messrs. Lamont Roberts, Martin Roberts, W. A. Maddox, Marshall Jordan, Colquitt Pardee, Cameron Epperson, Jimmie Roberts, Cleo James, Rodney Durrance, Harrison James, Paul Baldwin, Claude Daley, Jack Baldwin, of Arcadia and the honored guest Thomas Baldwin.

Mrs. S. S. Saggus, Mrs. Connell and Mrs. B. F. Martin were the chaperones.

Baptist Societies Compliment the Baldwins.

The B. Y. P. U. and the Y. W. A. gave a joint party in honor of Rev. and Mrs. T. O. Baldwin and son Thomas. The party was held in the basement of the Baptist Church, and games and contests were enjoyed during the evening. Refreshments of punch and wafers were served and gifts were given to each honor guest.

Those attending the affair were: Mertice Coker, Annie Mae Adams, Genevieve McClelland, Kitty Martin, Edna Overstreet, Wava Godwin, Lora Lee, Inez Helmes, Lois Williams, Hazel Cameron, Bonnie Lee Douglas, Barbara Weaver, Kathrynne Saggus, Virginia Reddick, and Thomas Baldwin, Paul Baldwin, Clarence Wilcox, Fred Simpson, Clifton McClelland and Jack Baldwin of Arcadia and Rev. and Mrs. T. O. Baldwin and Mrs. B. F. Martin.

Junior Woman's Club Is Organized.

A group of young girls met at the Woman's Club Room last Saturday afternoon for the purpose of organizing a Junior Woman's club.

The following officers were elected: Wava Godwin, president; Kathrynne Saggus, vice-president; Kitty Martin, secretary; Barbara Weaver, treasurer, and Mrs. L. V. Pringle, leader.

The officers will attend the Florida Junior Woman's Federation at St. Petersburg tomorrow.

Those present were: Kathrynne Saggus, Kitty Martin, Oleta Bigbie, Edith McFarland, Genevieve McClelland, Barbara Weaver, Mrs. L. V. Pringle and Mrs. P. L. Rumpssa.

Auxiliary Donates Money To Park Fund.

The American Legion Auxiliary, Unit No. 69 held their November meeting last Monday at the home of Mrs. Demos Mandis.

Mrs. Francis reported \$18.50 received from sale of eats and drinks by the Auxiliary committee Halloween, this being contributed to the fund for equipping Donaldson park for amusements.

Child Welfare and other departments of Auxiliary work were discussed.

After the meeting adjourned Mrs. Mandis served dainty refreshments.

Coens Entertain at Dinner Party.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Coen entertained at a dinner Monday evening in honor of Rev. and Mrs. T. O. Baldwin and family, and J. B. Coen, Jr., who celebrated his birthday Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Dorminey and Mr. and Mrs. Carmichael motored to Ocala Sunday to meet Miss Hazel Mayes of Fitzgerald, Ga.

Eastern Star Meets Tonight.

Members of Leigh chapter, Order of Eastern Star, will meet tonight at the Masonic hall. Mrs. Ola Head, the Worthy Matron, is anxious that all members attend as matters pertaining to the coming visitation of the Grand Worthy Matron will be discussed.

W. A. Sheffield spent Monday in Tampa.

Mrs. E. P. Loomis returned Saturday from Tennessee.

W. A. Sheffield was a business visitor in Wauchula, Thursday.

Miss Eura Lee Durrance spent the week-end in Miami.

Wesley Davis of Sebring, was a visitor in Avon Park, Tuesday night.

Miss Lois Rish and Forrest Park attended the theater in Lakeland, Sunday.

Miss Lora Lee and Miss Marguerite Sheffield attended the high school play in Frostproof Thursday.

Miss Hazel Mayes, of Fitzgerald, Ga., is a guest of Mrs. W. D. Dorminey.

Miss Marguerite Sheffield and Zed Scarborough spent Sunday in Frostproof.

Mrs. A. I. Mann left Monday morning to join her husband at Lake Wales.

Zed Scarborough of Frostproof, was a visitor in Avon Park Wednesday night.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Sheffield motored to Orlando on business Tuesday afternoon.

J. H. Booth and family of LaBelle, spent Sunday with his sister, Mrs. L. D. Roberts.

Mrs. Theodore Yeomans spent Sunday in Avon Park visiting Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Roberts.

Mrs. J. F. Baldwin and son Jack, have been visiting Rev. T. O. Baldwin and family this week.

The many friends of Eddie Clark are sorry to learn that he is ill at his home on LeGrande street.

Miss Hazel Cameron spent the week-end in Lake Placid as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Crews.

T. J. McGinnis has returned to Avon Park from Georgia and will soon be joined by his wife and son.

Col. M. A. Wilson and family, were week-end visitors in Avon Park, spending the time with Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Roberts.

Attend Lake Wales Star Meeting.

Several members of Leigh chapter, Order of Eastern Star, attended the meeting of the Lake Wales chapter Tuesday evening when the Grand Matron of Florida made her annual visitation.

Those present from Avon Park were: Mesdames William Dart, Charles R. Head, L. M. Marsh, E. O. Williams, Charlotte Leigh, Grand Representative of Quebec, and after whose husband the local chapter was named, and Miss Furlow Anderson.

Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Roberts and family and a number of friends, spent Friday on the Charley Creek, picnicing.

Miss Wilma Lear and Fred Paden motored to Lakeland Sunday afternoon where they attended the theater.

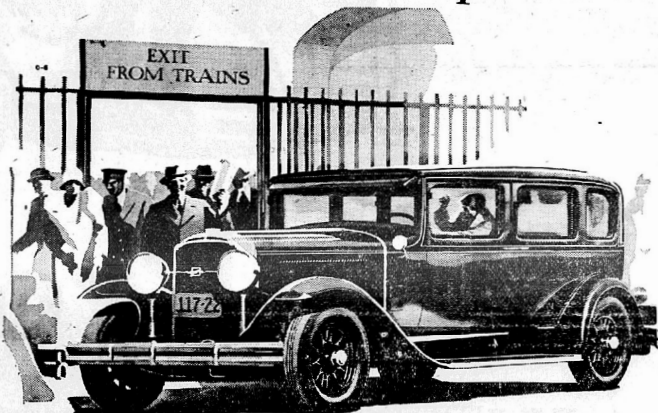
Mrs. Dawson and daughter Inez and two little sons, motored to Okeechobee Friday to attend the football game.

Dr. A. H. Able, Neal Trent, Rev. A. H. Hancock, J. B. Coen and Bert Willson enjoyed a fishing trip at Ft. Myers, Tuesday.

Miss Jerry Heim and Miss Iris Carlton, of Babson Park, and Chester Grace and Jack Clatt spent Sunday afternoon in Lakeland.

F. B. Studwell and Mrs. Anna Lawrence and daughter, Miss Ethel, of Lake Waccabuc, N. Y., have arrived here for the season. Mr. Studwell's house is on Lake Lotela.

QUALITY so fine that half the world doesn't realize that Buick is priced so low!



It is an impressive fact that men and women are buying from two to five times as many new Buicks as any other car priced above \$1200.

Moreover, during August and September, Buick monopolized its market to such a degree that it won 41% of the total sales of the 15 makes of cars in its price class. And yet this marked preference for Buick would be still greater if all motorists realized that they can buy six of the fourteen luxurious Buick body types for less than \$1300, f. o. b. factory.

These are Buicks through and through, embodying the full array of Buick quality features: Buick's new and surpassingly beautiful Bodies by Fisher; the famous Buick Valve-in-Head engine—most powerful engine of its size in the world; Buick's new Controlled Servo Enclosed Mechanical Brakes; the new Buick steering gear; new Road Shock Eliminator; and Buick's new, longer rear springs with Lovejoy Duodraulic Shock Absorbers.

The new Buick, with these features, will introduce you to new and unequalled performance, driving ease, riding comfort and reliability on any day you put it to the test. And yet these six Buick models are offered at the price of cars which motorists never think of comparing with Buick!

Visit our showroom. Bring your present car. Learn how easily you can obtain one of these new Buicks. All are available on the extremely liberal General Motors time payment plan.

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WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT... BUICK WILL BUILD THEM.



We Proclaim

WITH pride and respect, our appreciation of the sacrifice and service rendered by those who offered themselves in the cause of democracy and their bit for their country, their state, their city and their home in that fateful time in 1917 and 1918 when civilization tottered. Eleven years ago next Monday the guns were stilled, we hope for all time, and on this anniversary we raise our hands in salute to those who gave their all for their country.

Highlands Barber Shop
Jordon and Son, Jewelers
Universal Markets, Inc.
R. C. Epperson
Lane's Meat Market
R. F. Sappington & Co.
B. & B. Cash Grocery

Associated 5-10-25 Cent Stores, Inc.
Smith-Dorminey Hdwe. Co.
B. H. James
Mandis Dairy
Abrams
Correll's
The Lighthouse

THE ABOVE BUSINESS PLACES WILL BE CLOSED MONDAY

THE YELLOW BLIGHT

By FREDERICK HARPER

(Continued from page two)
did so. The screams continued for a moment, and then died as two forms leaped over the wrecked side into the sea. Another, who could not, called for help.

Sam paid them no attention. Mike arose to his feet and shook his fist at them.

"Hijack yourself out of that!" he roared with inhuman satisfaction. And he stood there watching with a grin on his face as they drew away.

Still higher the flames leaped, and then died away in a few seconds as the hull sank beneath the surface. Blackness lay over the face of the sea once more, and back there two men, perhaps three, were left to their fate.

Neither Sam nor Mike regretted that. They would have been killed as quickly as they killed the others, they knew. It was all in the game. And why should they stop to rescue men who would probably hold them up again as soon as they got the chance? No reason at all, according to their code.

The dying men's epitaph was brief and to the point, voiced by Mike Scovitch. "The dirty dogs, they got what was comin' to them." And Sam Stone nodded agreement.

They swung back into their old course, traveling now at top speed, as if to get away from the tragedy behind.

Fifteen minutes passed. Mike Scovitch was swaggering about the deck, smoking, taking a drink now and then. He was feeling in high humor now, part of it from his own animal spirits, part from the reaction.

But the mood passed in an instant as a large finger of light pushed across the water from a point half a mile away, and began searching for them.

Sam saw it at once also. And again he swung the wheel and sent them off their course. This time there was a worried frown between his eyes.

"There's another boat!" Mike spat out, appearing at the side of the wheel house.

"I see it." "Think it's another hijacker?" "No, dammit! That light's too big, an 'too far above the water. It's a Government cutter. She's got big guns on her."

Mike cursed in a filthy stream for a moment.

"What do you think?" he asked sharply.

"I think we're in for a lot of hell. You won't sink that boat with a couple of bombs. And there's enough men and guns on her to finish us off no matter what we do. And I think she'll catch us, too."

While they had been talking the finger of light had waved back and forth, passing over them a couple of times but not finding them. Then, with a swoosh, it passed over the hull, bathing it in silver light. Came a moment or so of blackness, and then the light returned and clung.

Mike turned his eyes away from it and cursed from the heart.

While he was still doing that, there came a high-pitched whine and a dull boom. Somewhere overhead, and a little to the side, a shell passed. It was too dark to see where it fell into the sea.

"What did I tell you?" Sam called. "They'll keep that up till they sink us or catch us. And we've got those damned Chinks under the deck."

"Forget about the Chinks; I'll take care of them," Mike Scovitch snapped. He was falling into an ugly humor.

Another shell followed, a little lower and nearer this time. Sam answered the boat a little.

"It won't do any good to heave the liquor over," he stated. "But you might get it out on the deck and try. And the dope, too. God—I hate to lose it all, and then get tried for having them damned Chinks on board."

Mike chewed his lower lip. His face was dark; he was thinking furiously. Suddenly he came to a decision.

"We won't get hauled in over them. They're going to land in prison to save their stinkin' skins. Not Mike Scovitch. No!"

Sam frowned slightly. "Better not," he advised. "Billy Soo is liable to make trouble."

"You steer the boat. I tend to the gun. Mike Scovitch turned his head and shoulders into the window, and his blue-black lower jaw stuck out pugnaciously. He had just enough whiskey in him to make him bad, and enough fear of prison to make him desperate.

"Better not. I got a feeling Billy Soo will make trouble for us."

"Hell with him! We got the boat and ourselves to think of."

A third shot came from the pursuing craft. It fell no nearer than the second one had, and because of the darkness the men at the gun could not see how far off they were. But there was no doubt that they would get the range after a bit. In addition to that their boat was faster. Slowly, but surely, it was coming up from behind.

Land was a long way off. No chance to get there before they would come to close grips.

Sam knew it, but was making the best run he could. One could never tell what might happen. Every time the gun boomed and a shell came close he ducked a little. Mike Scovitch did also.

The matter of the Chinese was still between them. Mike spoke with finality as he drew back out of the window. "Over they go, right now."

"Better not," Sam urged. "That Billy Soo is smart. He's watching us this trip. He might make all kinds of trouble. Let the men stay where they are, and go back to him if we're caught."

Mike Scovitch's inflamed brain snapped.

"I do what I think best. You keep your mouth shut."

Same shrugged. He did not care to go to prison himself. The fate of the Chinese did not affect him at all. It was merely that he had a healthy respect for the brain of Billy Soo. But, after all, what could the fellow do? Dead men were dead men. They told no tales. On the bottom safe and sound, they would be no evidence for Billy Soo or anyone else.

"Go ahead," he agreed.

Mike hurried back to the engine room and hauled out some old rusty links off a ship's anchor chain. They had been kept there as ballast, and for use in case there was any contraband on board that needed to be sunk in a hurry. Three months before, three of the links had been used to sink three bodies.

Mike hauled six links out this time, and then cut six lengths off a stout line. After that he looked about and selected a short section of iron pipe. He went about the matter as if he were attending to a routine affair.

He carried the whole up to the forward deck, grunting a little with the weight of the links, and dropped them clattering on the deck.

The searchlight held them steady now, save when Sam yeered the boat sharply to one side now and then. Such times, it quickly picked them up again. But the light was coming from astern and the forward part of the boat was shrouded in shadows. In those shadows Mike worked fast, for they were being overhauled steadily.

Clutching the pipe behind him in his right hand, he slid the hatch cover back a little and called down gruffly: "One of you come up here."

A head appeared, and then as Mike beckoned, the stout body of a Chinaman followed. Another head popped up, but Mike pushed it back with his foot and slammed the hatch cover in place. One at a time was all he could use.

The men had brought no packages with them; but their bodies were all shrouded in many layers of clothes. That suited Mike all the better. They would go down that much quicker.

One blow of the pipe did the work. He caught the man as he fell back, lowered him to the deck, and quickly tied one of the links to the leg.

"Get out of the light," he called to Sam Stone.

Sam twisted the steering wheel. The boat veered off its course, and for a few seconds was in shadows. In those seconds Mike heaved his man over the side, and looked with

satisfaction as he went under, and whose marking the spot fell astern, and disappeared in their wake and shrouding darkness.

One by one the five remaining men came up and were treated the same way. And one by one their bulky forms went under the surface. Most of them were only unconscious. That was a minor matter, quickly remedied by the water. After that Mike heaved over cases of whiskey, the weight of which brought the sweat out on his face. And then went certain smaller packages of drugs that were worth far more than the whiskey. Finally the boat was entirely free of contraband.

Mike announced the fact with glee—and Sam received the news with a grin.

The shells had been dropping closer and closer; one even splashed water on the stern.

"I guess we might as well stop and let 'em look us over," Sam announced.

Mike took a deep pull at his bottle.

"Sure—let 'em come," he chuckled. "We'll ball them out for bothering innocent people. It's a shame taxpayers can't ride around off the coast without getting chased and held up all the time. Shot at, too. I got a notion to write a letter to Washington about it."

Sam slackened off on the gas and swung the boat broadside, to show the men behind that they had stopped.

But the others did not come right up. They seemed to think that it might be a ruse, for they had stopped also, and seemed to be watching carefully. The eye of the searchlight still held the power boat unwinkingly though.

"What's the matter with them?" Mike growled.

But, after a little, the searchlight moved nearer and nearer, and finally sheered up alongside. They could see the large hull of a Government cutter bulking up behind it.

Both Sam and Mike stood at the rail, watching the other craft without concern.

A clear brisk voice rang out. "We have you covered! Don't try to draw any weapons. You will be shot."

"Who's trying to draw anything?" Mike Scovitch shouted back.

"What do we want to do that for? What we want to know is why you've been running after us an' firing on us. We'll make trouble about it, I tell you."

No attention was paid to his words. The cutter floated alongside and bumped easily. Men sprang over the rail and covered them with guns. One, an officer, lean and young, ordered curtly: "Over on our boat with you."

Mike Scovitch burst out angrily: "What's the idea? We got an empty boat here. We're innocent citizens. What you want us on there for?"

"Get. Don't talk back."

The officer had a drawn revolver in his hands. He waved. "I will talk back," Mike raged, secure in the knowledge that these men had nothing on him. "If you want me on that boat, take me on, and see what happens afterward."

"Disarm them. Take them on," the young officer ordered in the same curt voice.

Three men had come over the side with him, and more were following. Before Mike and Sam quite realized what was happening, they had been seized, searched, and hustled up over the side of the cutter.

Another lean officer, a little older than the other one, but still young, stepped forward and looked at them steadily. His face was stern.

"We want to know the meaning of this!" Mike blustered, shoving out his blue-black jaw at the captain. "There ain't a thing on our boat. What you holding us this way for?"

"Murder," said the other coldly. "What?"

"You heard me. Murder. Hanging's too good for you men. But at least you'll get that."

Mike's face paled a little. But when he answered there was still a note of confidence in his voice. These men could know nothing that would stand in court. The iron links on the legs of the six Chinamen had taken them down under the surface quickly. No doubt about that.

"Hell!" he snarled. "Stop bluffing."

"This is no bluff. You're going in irons right away." And as he spoke two men stepped up on each side of Mike and Sam.

Mike swore a great oath. "What's your evidence?" he demanded. "It takes more than talk to hang a man."

The captain, for so he was, waved a hand. Several men near him stepped back. And behind them, where they had been hidden from view until this moment, three sodden bodies lay still and limp.

Mike's eyes widened in a rush of terror. He gulped, passed the end of his tongue over his lips, and said nothing.

"We have two more down in the quarters who will probably live," the captain said coldly. "These will hang you."

Sam had been too sick with horror to say anything. Now he managed to croak: "Where did they come from?"

The captain scowled at him. "From the top of the water. The iron on their legs wasn't heavy enough." He shook his head and added, "You men should have had sense enough to take their life belts off."

"What's that?" Scovitch gasped. The captain repeated, and added: "Didn't you know each one wore a life belt underneath his clothes?"

A moment of stunned silence followed that statement.

Sam Stone broke it as he wheeled on his partner.

"I told you Billy Soo was too

smart to monkey with!" he shrilled accusingly. "I told you! I told you! And now we're going to hang!"

The shoulders of Mike Scovitch were drooping suddenly. No answer came to his lips. His eyes remained riveted on the three bulky forms.

(Copyright, 1929, By Newspaper Fiction Service.)

Ladies To Serve Doughnuts-Coffee On Mall Tomorrow

The Ladies' Aid of the Congregational church will conduct another of their bake sales tomorrow afternoon on Main street in the store-room next to the Florida Public Service office. Hot doughnuts and coffee will be served, too, at a nominal sum.

Last Saturday afternoon a Times representative while walking down Main sniffed the air and what a fragrance, scent, odor, smell or aroma filled the atmosphere and his nose. Following the scent, and his nose, the representative landed at the Aid's bake shop, where doughnuts were made while you waited and—well, to make a long story short, drop in at the bake shop and you, too, will come out with a dozen or more.

Harold Carlson was virtually useless to the Cubs in 1928 but he started winning this year and finished in good style. His age is 35.

Business and Professional

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PURE MILK and CREAM

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No Job Too Large—
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PHONE 37

THE TIMES

RODEO AT ARCADIA ON ARMISTICE DAY

Large Crowd From Avon Park
Expected To Attend Af-
fair Next Monday

Arcadia, Nov. 7.—This city is making elaborate preparations for entertaining a big crowd of people at the forthcoming rodeo, which is to be put on here on Armistice day, Nov. 11, and the day following. Cowboys from all over Florida and from a number of other states will be here to participate in the program of broncho riding, steer roping and bull-dogging, and many other rodeo stunts, together with a big program of pony racing.

A big feature of the second day, Nov. 12, will be the ceremonial and convention of Egypt Temple to be held at the Chautauque amphitheater, when upward of 2,000 Shriners are expected to be present.

In addition to the regular rodeo features at the big show there will be a football game on Monday afternoon between Arcadia and Fort Myers High School teams. There will be a big dance that night at the American Legion hall. On the night of Monday, Nov. 11, a fight card is being arranged with two of the best known fighters in this section of the state as the top-liners.

A large crowd of Avon Park people plan to attend the doings at the DeSoto County seat.

ENTHUSIASTIC GROUP AT BAKING CLASSES

Miss Rice Demonstrates Rolls
and Cake Making; Next
Meeting Dec. 5

An enthusiastic group of Avon Park women met Tuesday morning at the Masonic Temple for the baking demonstration given by Miss See Rice under the auspices of the Senior Home Demonstration Club of Avon Park.

Miss Rice gave a demonstration of baking rolls, using soft wheat flour, which is the kind of flour usually used in the south, and commonly known as pastry flour. She also demonstrated the making of Florida orange cake and molasses cookies.

A covered lunch was served at noon.

Miss Rice, who is a trained Home Economist, has had much experience in nutrition work, and she gave much valuable information in connection with the demonstration.

Miss May Winfield, Highlands County Home Demonstration Agent, will conduct the next demonstration at the regular meeting of the club Thursday, Dec. 5, at 2 p. m. She will show how crystallized citrus fruits and other citrus fruit products are made. A cordial invitation is extended to all women of Avon Park to attend the meetings. There is no admission charge.

Red Devils To Battle Mulberry Here Today

The Red Devils of Avon Park High will match their wits against the Mulberry High eleven at Cardinal field this afternoon. Much interest is being manifested in the game and a large number is expected to witness the struggle. The net proceeds will be turned into the fund for equipment for Donaldson Park. Several civic organizations are making efforts to have a big attendance at the game to help swell the fund.

Last week Carmichael's warriors met up with the Okeechobee Swamp Rats, and the latter swamped the locals to the tune of 35-0.

Poor milk production in winter is often the result of poor feeding in summer.

GRAND JURY COMPLETES WORK; MAKES REPORT

(Continued from page one)

roof leaks in several places and should be repaired.

Court House Grounds.

The Grand jury calls the attention of the County Commissioners to the fact that the Court house grounds on the North and West side of the court house building are in such a condition as to be a disgrace to the City and County and should by all means be beautified. We recommend that the Commissioners make some arrangements for getting lower water rates from the City of Sebring so as to permit additional use of water on the entire court house grounds.

The Grand jury would make the following recommendations in regard to the County offices:

Sheriff's Office.

Recommend that all liquor in office safe be destroyed or turned over to the County Clerk and receive receipt for same. And that only liquor be retained that is absolutely necessary as evidence in pending cases.

Furthermore, that the exact number of bottles whether quart, pint or gallon be specified on the receipt of the County Clerk to the Sheriff.

Recommend that all empty bottles be removed from the premises. Recommend that the Sheriff continue the use of the County Prisoners for beautification of Court House and Jail area. And that said prisoners be also used in assisting the Janitor in the care of hallways and etc., of the Court House property.

We hereby wish to commend the Sheriff on the appearance of the lawn surrounding Jail. Also recommend that he use prisoners to beautify surroundings of Court lawn.

County Clerk's Office.

Recommend that all copper stills and accessories be wrecked and sold as junk. Proceeds to be used in Fine and Forfeiture fund, and that all empty bottles be removed from premises.

All liquor in possession of County Clerk be destroyed by order of the Court immediately, and that in the future all liquor be destroyed when through as evidence and not retained longer than necessary.

Court House Janitor.

We recommend that the Janitor keep all his equipment in one room, and keep that room clean.

We wish to thank your Honor for your kind and courteous treatment of the Grand Jury. Also wish to express our appreciation to our new Prosecuting Attorney, Mr. Grady Burton for the efficient manner in which he handled cases coming before our body.

The witnesses examined before the Grand Jury were as follows:

Will Dillord, Bartey Hamilton, Bessie DeBose, Jessie Strange, Leonora Johnson, E. Shavers, John Shine, W. W. Bell, S. R. Cox, Morris Lockett, J. S. Walker, B. S. Skipper, R. W. O'Berry, Willie D. Smith, James Hamilton, Dr. C. T. Dyes, Virginia Packet, A. F. Helms, San Dukes, J. C. Anderson, Dr. J. W. Mitchell, Ernest McGowan, W. H. Barhite, Mel Bass, S. J. Davis, C. O'Berry.

The Grand Jury received from the County Judge his report on persons that have procured occupational licenses and licenses to conduct various businesses in Highlands County, Florida, and we direct that this report be transmitted to the County Attorney for proper attention.

Having completed our duties as a Grand Jury, we now respectfully ask to be discharged.

Dated at Sebring, Florida, this 6th day of November, 1929.

Respectfully submitted,

A. M. McAULAY,

Foreman.

J. F. GARBER,

Clerk.

Those serving on the grand jury were W. B. Parker, T. M. Mitchell, A. M. McAulay, J. N. Anderson, C. E. Mann, Fred M. Smith, Spencer Jones, Paul R. Price, C. Emory Lawson, R. Seward, J. P. Garber, C. H. Harris, Jack Prescott, L. M. Lee, Steve Ferrell, Tom Dimberline, Gideon Jaeger and D. E. Norton.

Those indicted by the grand jury were arraigned before Judge Barker Thursday morning and all going to trial were set for December 9. Hubely was sentenced to one year in the penitentiary on pleading

Advance Reasons For Bank Charter Delay

Many reasons have been advanced for the delay in getting charter for the Barnett National Bank of Avon Park, which was applied for about the middle of September.

The matter of buying the bank building has been advanced as one of the reasons for the delay, but that was denied by W. R. McQuaid, of the Barnett Bank of Jacksonville, in a letter to a local man a few days ago.

From the letter the impression was gotten that the details in connection with the opening of the Barnett banks at DeLand and Cocoa had prevented the Jacksonville bankers from rushing matters for Avon Park.

Shriners of Avon Park and vicinity will form a caravan to Arcadia Tuesday afternoon, when Egypt Temple will stage a ceremonial. At least three novices from Avon Park will cross the hot sands.

guilty and Jordan pleading not guilty was remanded to jail in default of raising bond. Jim Williams was held in jail on the larceny charge and the assault charge was nolle prossed on motion of the states attorney. Mrs. Gilbert was released under a bond of \$100.

Baldwins Leave For Vero Beach

Before two large congregations last Sunday Rev. T. O. Baldwin, pastor of the First Baptist church for the past seven years, and one of the leading clergymen of South Florida, preached his final sermons. Yesterday Rev. Baldwin and his family left for Vero Beach, where he will become the pastor of the Baptist church. Special music was rendered at both services by the choir.

During the week the Baldwins have been the honor guests at numerous functions given by the church societies and various members of the congregation. The sons, Thomas and James have also been entertained by the younger set.

Both plants of the Mutual and Avon Manufacturing companies have been closed for the past few days. Officials hope that conditions will warrant resuming operations next week.

Legal Notice.

NOTICE OF MASS MEETING OF QUALIFIED VOTERS OF THE CITY OF AVON PARK. Whereas, it has been customary in the past in the City of Avon Park to hold mass meetings for the purpose of nominating officers for the various City offices, and Whereas, there is no provision

made by the Charter for the holding of a primary for the nomination of said officers.

Now, therefore, I, C. S. Donaldson, Mayor of the City of Avon Park, Florida, do hereby call a meeting of all qualified electors of said City to meet in the City Hall, Monday, November 18, at 8 P. M., for the purpose of nominating for the ensuing two years the following officers, to-wit:

One Mayor.

Five Councilmen.

Given under my hand this 6th day of November, A. D. 1929.

C. S. DONALDSON,

Mayor of the City of Avon Park.

Nov. 8-15-29

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE

NINETEENTH JUDICIAL CIR-

CUIT IN AND FOR THE COUNTY

OF HIGHLANDS AND STATE OF

FLORIDA.—IN CHANCERY.

W. T. HEAD, Complainant, vs.

SCENIC HIGHLANDS DEVELOP-

MENT COMPANY, ET AL, Defen-

dants.

Notice is hereby given pursuant

to a certain decree dated the 7th

day of November, A. D. 1929, ren-

dered by the Honorable W. J. Barker,

Judge of the above styled Court,

in the above entitled cause, that I

will offer for sale between the legal

hours of sale on the 2nd day of

December, A. D. 1929, before the

Court house door in the City of Se-

bring, Highlands County, Florida,

the following described real estate,

to-wit:

Lot Three (3), Block One (1),

Section Eleven (11), Township

23 South and Range 28 East.

Also, the NW 1/4 of the NW 1/4

of the NE 1/4 and the NE 1/4 of the

NE 1/4 of the NW 1/4 of Section 13,

Township 33 South and Range

23 East, Highlands County,

Florida;

Said sale shall be held in conformity

with said Final Decree, and it shall

be to the highest and best bidder

for cash.

D. V. ROUSE,

Special Master.

Nov. 8-15-29-29

NOTICE TO HUNTERS AND TRESPASSERS

Pine Crest Lake having been set aside as a bird and game sanctuary, it will be the unhappy duty of the management to prosecute hunters or trespassers on this property other than those having business there.

Pine Crest Lakes Country Club

By H. N. Gump, General Manager.

THE WINCHESTER STORE

Headquarters For HUNTERS' SUPPLIES

Hunting Season Opens Wednesday
November 20th.

We are Equipped to Supply your
Needs on that Hunting Trip



Guns

410-20-16-12 Gauge	
Single Barrel	\$ 7.79
20-16-12 Gauge	
Double Barrel	25.00
20-16-12 Gauge	
Winchester Pumps	47.50
12 Gauge Browning Automatic	60.00
12 Gauge Remington Automa-	
tic	56.75
22 Rifles from \$3.25 to \$27.00.	

Winchester Shells

12 Gauge Rangers, box	\$.85
12 Gauge Repeaters, box	1.00
20 Gauge Rangers, box	.80
20 Gauge Repeaters, box	.95

Coats and Belts

From \$3.25 to \$3.75
Gun Grease, Oil, Rust Remover,
Powder Solvent, and other hunting
needs too numerous to mention.

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