

Engineering No Secret to Early Redskin Tribes

Exploration of 300-Year-Old Fort Reveals Construction Secrets.

NEW YORK.—American Indians discovered and used some of the modern principles of military engineering long before the coming of the white man, according to Prof. W. Duncan Strong of the department of anthropology of Columbia university in a report on archaeological studies of the Northern Great Plains of America.

Conducting the first extensive exploration of a prehistoric Indian fort more than 300 years old, Dr. Strong and his associates examined the remains of Indians who inhabited parts of South Dakota during the seventeenth century. The construction of the most and sturdiest of the walled fortifications makes it apparent that the Indians had some knowledge of engineering when they built their contact with European settlers, Dr. Strong says.

The design of the fortifications proved to be distinctly Indian in origin. The tribe, which lived chiefly by farming, apparently built the fort as a protection against bands of marauding nomad hunters. The survey of Indian villages in the upper Missouri river valley, where the geobotanic fort was discovered, was made in conjunction with the University of South Dakota.

Most Around Village.
"Approximately 1,500 Indians had lived in a village surrounded by wooden stockades and a most one-half mile in circumference," Professor Strong says. "Excavations show that the ditch, which at present is one foot in depth, was originally filled with water four feet deep."

"The wooden stockades closely resemble the turpentine built by the white settlers had blockhouses jutting from each corner. The Indians, however, Europeans possessed rifles, enabled the defenders to guard the outside of the walls. Since the arrows of the Indians had a much shorter range than the rifle, the fort constructed by the red men had bastions projecting from the side of the stockade about every 100 yards so that the Indians could shoot their arrows along the walls."

"Within the fortification were shallow circular depressions, marking the places where the earth lodges of the Indians had been. Four of these depressions were excavated to determine the type of houses used. It was found that the inhabitants lived in both a round and a rectangular type of building. They were constructed with a timber framework over which rafters and finally a layer of earth had been placed."

"Absence of any material made by Europeans shows that the village was abandoned before the traders had made their way into the region. Bones made of the shoulder-blades of buffaloes and charred corn showed that agriculture was practiced, while bone fishhooks and numerous bones of game animals indicated that hunting and fishing were also important economic activities."

"A second Indian village in the same region was excavated and the iron fish hooks and traps of brass found in the cache pits prove that the village was occupied after trade with the whites had begun in the Missouri valley. The second village was probably built by the Arikara tribe in the latter part of the eighteenth century."

Complete Hospital on Wheels Accommodates 400



A Visitor Comes to Old Orchard And Makes Himself Unwelcome

By THORNTON BURGESS

WHERE he came from no one knew. The Old Orchard simply awoke one morning to find him there. He was bustling about quite as if he belonged to stay. He wasn't the least bit bashful as he went about his business. He was very big, indeed, he was small compared with some of the other folks who live in the Old Orchard. But it was very clear to all that he cared nothing about how he looked



"I wonder who he is, anyway, and where he comes from," said Skimmer the Swallow.

and that his small size didn't trouble him the least little bit. Of course, everybody hurried to look him over as soon as it was known he had arrived. You know, it is always that way whenever a stranger comes to any neighborhood, and usually it is a very trying experience for a stranger. But it didn't seem to be for this one. He bustled around just as if there was no one about, and if he saw all the sharp eyes watching him, as, of course, he did, he made no sign. He flew from tree to tree inspecting each one carefully with his sharp eyes and in the most business-like way. He paid particular attention to every hole in them. Now some of these holes were deserted houses and some were occupied for the summer, but it seemed to make

no difference to him. He poked his head in at the doorways of the houses where people were living quite as boldly as of houses that were empty, and didn't even say "Beg pardon," or "Excuse me."

All the time he did a great deal of talking to himself and his voice was not at all pleasant. Not once did he sing or even try to sing. The people who had lived in the Old Orchard for so long didn't know just what to make of him. If he happened to meet one of them he just bustled right past as if he didn't see them at all. He didn't so much as nod his head in greeting. Of course, this was no way to make friends. No one else who had come to the Old Orchard had acted that way. It was very clear to everyone that he didn't care whether he made friends with them or not.

He acted as if he thought that the Old Orchard belonged to him and as if he intended to do just as he pleased. Of course, all those who were living in the Old Orchard forgot their own affairs in watching this newcomer and in talking over among themselves his strange ways.

"I don't like his looks," said Wren Robin. "He doesn't look to me as if he belongs among us at all. He looks to me like a foreigner." You know a foreigner is somebody from a distant country.

"He certainly is very untidy and his voice isn't at all pleasant," said gentle Wren Robin in his soft voice. "But perhaps he is a great deal better than he appears. You know you cannot always tell what people really are by the way they dress. If he is going to make his home here I hope he will prove to be nicer than he appears."

"He's got the worst manners I ever have seen," said Jenny Wren. "Why, he actually tried to poke his head in at my door this morning and then get into my house because it was too small! He acted just as if he had a perfect right to come into my house without so much as an invitation."

"He did the same thing at my house, only my door was open. However, if they are badly spoiled they may be gone over with a cloth wrung from slightly soapy water, followed by a second wiping with a rag moistened with clean water. Wipe dry immediately and polish with a clean dry mop."

"I'm going to find out," replied Jenny Wren in the most decided way. And because Jenny Wren believes in doing things promptly she flew over to the old apple tree in the far corner, where the stranger was inspecting an old home of Drummer the Woodpecker. If anyone could make the stranger talk it was Jenny Wren.

© T. W. Burgess—WNU Service.

Remains of Old Indian City Discovered in Colombia

FITZPATRICK, COLOMBIA.—Remains of an ancient buried Indian city, which evidently flourished before the Spanish conquest 400 years ago, have been discovered by laborers on the ranch of Alfonso Munoz. The ranch owners said that hundreds of stone idols, each towering more than 10 feet, had been found in the ruins, which cover approximately 40 acres. The discovery was made in Huila department, where an old Indian city was said to have been located some time ago.

Be Complimentary: Your Hostess Will Thank You for It

By PHYLLIS BELMONT



SHOULD a person ever make a remark to the hostess while at the dinner table about her table or her food she serves? It is necessary to say "thank you" when anything is passed to you at the table?

BETTY D.

Answer.—Complimentary remarks are always in good taste. Every hostess likes to have her efforts appreciated and to know the guests are pleased with the dinner. You might say, "Mrs. Belmont, you certainly know how to arrange flowers—your centerpiece is lovely." Or: "You tell me how you make such light, flaky rolls? They are delicious." Only when you ask to have something on the table passed to you is it necessary to say "thank you," but not when food is automatically passed from one person to another. In this case, if you wish a helping, take it, and then pass the dish to the person next to you.

Phyllis Belmont—WNU Service.

'Adopted'

"Adopted" daughter of Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt is three-year-old Jean Cameron of Philadelphia, Pa. The "adoption" simply means that Mrs. Roosevelt has agreed to assume \$10 per year expense to guarantee proper food and care for the child in a Philadelphia nursery.

Cleaning Varied Floors
Varied hardwood floors that have never been waxed should not, as a rule, be waxed with water. If they are badly soiled they may be gone over with a cloth wrung from slightly soapy water, followed by a second wiping with a rag moistened with clean water. Wipe dry immediately and polish with a clean dry mop.

Star Spout

STAGE-SCREEN-RADIO

By VIRGINIA VALLI

(Copyright by Western Newspaper Union.)

"REBECCA" was released at last, a few weeks ago, and people are still arguing about it; the chances are that the arguments will continue for a long, long time. For it's one of those cases of "If you liked the book you probably won't like the picture."

That's unfortunate, because the picture is superb. Hitchcock, the top-notch English director, handled it unusually well. Technically, it could hardly be bettered. The actor, supernatural feeling that pervaded the book has been admirably brought to the screen.

Jean Fontaine, under Hitchcock's direction, gave such a performance that she has proved her right to being known as an excellent actress in her own right; the time may come when Olivia de Havilland will be known as "Jean Fontaine's sister," instead of it being the other way round. The entire cast is exceptionally good; it's one of the best pictures that have come out of Hollywood in a long, long time. So, even though you were quite mad about the book, don't miss seeing it.

For the first time in recent years the Legion of Dancers cracked down on a picture made by a major studio when it stepped on "Strange Cargo" by Jean Fontaine, Clark Gable, and Jeanette MacDonald.

That was that there were "ludicrous imitations in dialogue and situation." This picture, incidentally, had already been passed by the Production Code administration.

Barbara Stanwyck is very proud of the gift with which Robert Taylor celebrated their first seven months of wedded bliss—a diamond-studded pin in the shape of a covered wagon.

Eight-year-old Johnny Sheffield is a hero, partly as a result of his role as Tarzan's son in a picture made not so long ago. The other day he and Ann Todd, who's a year younger, were working in a scene for "The Little Orphan" when a water main burst, flooding the set knee-deep. Before any of the youngsters could react, Johnny swung Ann onto his back and marched her to safety.

Joe Farrow, Maureen O'Sullivan's director husband, felt so strongly about getting into the war that he gave up his job and was sworn into the Royal Canadian navy; he's a lieutenant, and all to the good.

If Edward G. Robinson, of the movies and radio's "Big Town," can arrange his schedules to be and Mrs. Robinson will accompany Symphony Maestro Leopold Stokowski on that musical jaunt to South America with a troupe of young American musicians. Stokowski is taking a complete symphony orchestra with him, composed of talented young American musicians.

Few people know how much the Hollywood preview of "Primrose Path" meant to Jean Carroll. In it she plays Ginger Rogers' best sister, and the option on her services was written to run not longer than two days after the picture's official preview. The contract provided that she would be signed to a five-year studio contract if the audience reaction was favorable for her.

Probably no showing of a picture ever meant more to a girl. She's done her best, and all she could do was sit and wait—to see if a lot of strangers liked her. When John see it—and it's swell, don't miss it—you can imagine how she felt. When the showing was over, and she learned that she'd won that coveted contract, she wanted to embrace everybody in that audience.

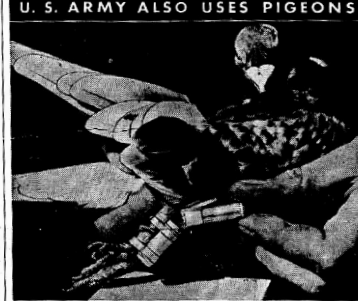
Keo Murray, master of ceremonies of CBS' "Star Theater," says he turned comedian when he was fired from his first stage job, which was not so very long ago. He tried to crash vaudeville, and a comedian who felt sorry for him told him that his jokes were terrible, and offered to take him along as a "straight" man. On his first two appearances in the vaudeville he got practically all the laughs—and lost his job. Whereupon he became a successful comedian in his own right.

Modern War Goes Streamlined But Pigeon Still Holds a Place



FAR from outmoded by mechanized warfare, the trusty homing pigeon is taking his place as an important servant on the Western front. Photos above show how pigeons are released at the front lines, important messages placed in aluminum containers, strapped to their legs. Arriving at their mobile cart behind lines, the pigeons give their message to French pilots.

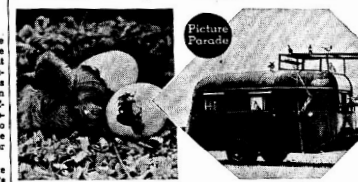
U. S. ARMY ALSO USES PIGEONS!



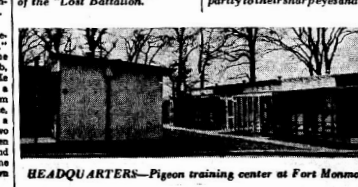
Mindful of the pigeon's place in warfare, the U. S. army has 10,000 of these birds, many at Fort Monmouth, N. J. Not only do they carry messages, but many are also trained to carry small cameras which take pictures automatically. Legislation is now being considered to protect the nation's 300,000 pigeons. Above: Closeup of the aluminum capsule.



Coming "home" with a message, the pigeon flies to his coop and thereby sets off a bell which brings a soldier running.



A reserve for the signal corps pigeon brigade comes out of his shell. Training will begin as soon as he leaves the nest. He'll live eight to ten years. In the World war, a pigeon saved 194 members of the "Lost Battalion."



HEADQUARTERS—Pigeon training center at Fort Monmouth.

Next First Lady? She May Be Here

Potential first ladies of the land are these wives of leading Republican presidential candidates pictured as they attended the National Women's Press club dinner party in Washington, D. C., left to right are Mrs. Thomas Dewey, wife of the New York county district attorney; Mrs. Arthur Vandenberg, wife of the senator from Michigan; and Mrs. Robert A. Taft, wife of the senator from Ohio.

U. S. ARMY PLANS GREATEST WAR-GAME MANEUVERS

NEW ORLEANS.—Plans for the most extensive war games in the peacetime history of the nation are being worked out. A staff officer here is making arrangements for the first concentration of the entire United States Third Army of 75,000 men in a month-long series of maneuvers. The "battleground" already mapped is a large area of western Louisiana and a smaller section of east Texas, the two sections divided by the Sabine river. Adjt. Gen. Raymond H. Fleming of the Louisiana national guard, who has co-operated extensively with the war department in mapping the 20,000,000 maneuvers, says that owners of most of the area have agreed to permit use of their acreage by the soldiers and equipment.

The war department has approved the plan, according to officials, and funds are available to the project.

While the series of maneuvers will last throughout May, Fleming says that the "warfare" will be from May 15 to 25. Fleming is working with the command headquarters of the Fourth and Eighth Corps areas in planning the spectacle. Lt. Gen. Stanley D. Embick, headquarters at Atlanta, is in charge of the Fourth Corps area, and Maj. Gen. H. J. Brees, headquarters of the Eighth Corps area, is commander of the Eighth Corps.

The Texas-Louisiana area was selected for the maneuvers because of its central location between the great headquarters and because it is sparsely populated and most of the territory is rolling hills with no major cities, and no railroads and no highway connections.

Clubs and Parties . . .

By HETTIE H. NETHERINGTON

Phone 54

Lovely Party At Lake Byrd Lodge

Especially delightful in each detail was the buffet supper and bridge party given Tuesday evening by seven members of the Lake Byrd Club, who stay at the Jacksonville hotel, when they entertained other members of the club as their guests. The affair was held at beautiful Lake Byrd Lodge, and business was Miss Hattie Riedertman, Miss Mills Pearson, Miss Mary Kay, Miss Sarah Browning, Miss Julia Norfield, Miss Janet Cook and Miss Alma Harrell.

A number of the guests went out early in the afternoon for sunbathing and swimming, and a general atmosphere prevailed. The tempting buffet supper was served from a beautifully appointed table, which had for a centerpiece a bowl of summer garden blossoms in pastel shades, interspersed with baby's breath. A national theme was effectively emphasized in the supper and bridge appointments.

The delicious supper menu consisted of fried chicken, potato salad, tomato soup, devilled eggs, pickles, olives, hot biscuits, pickled peaches, chocolate layer cake, and coffee. Bright colored paper napkins at one end of the table

served to further suggest the chosen motif.

The talkies, used during the bridge games, were enjoyed during the evening, and the prizes were suggestive of the national motif. High score prize was won by Mrs. Raymond Dille, who received a green and orange alarm clock, that might be also used as a life preserver. Second high score, Mrs. C. R. Glen, Jr., was given a swimming bag, in bright colors.

Other club members who enjoyed the gracious hospitality of the hostesses for the evening were Miss Iva Phillips, Miss Elizabeth Green, Miss Mildred Myers, Mrs. Olan Sherman, Mrs. Fred Pedra, Mrs. C. R. Glen, Jr., and Mrs. Raymond Dille.

MISS MILDRED WRAY GIVEN APPOINTMENT

Miss Mildred Wray was appointed district deputy president of district 10, at the Rebekah Assembly, held this week in Jacksonville. She received her appointment from Mrs. Myrtle Crooke, president of the Rebekah Assembly of Florida. Mrs. Phanie Spink, Mrs. Agnes Cox, and Miss Wray represented the local Rebekah Lodge at the meeting.

Trumpet Club Has Delightful Party

Lovely bouquets of snapdragons and petunias, in pastel shades adorned the home of Mrs. Ze Scarborough on Wednesday, when she was hostess to members of the Trumpet Club, and additional friends, at a delightful bridge party. A tempting dessert course, consisting of Orange and Pineapple Surprise, and food orange juice was served previous to the games.

High score club prize for the afternoon, a large bath towel, was given to Mrs. George Hayles, and second high, a novelty salt and pepper shaker, was won by Mrs. Paul McCord. Mrs. Earl H. Ware held high guest score, and received a set of guest towels.

Club members and guests enjoying the party were: Mrs. Hubert Milton, Mrs. Paul McCord, Mrs. Roy Feltner, Mrs. T. J. McLanahan, Mrs. George Hayles, Mrs. J. C. Dahl, Mrs. Virgil Hall, Mrs. Earl Ware, Mrs. Nelson Smith, Mrs. W. R. Carter and Mrs. R. R. Scarborough and Mrs. Iver M. Parrell of Lake Wales.

Dr. Reeves Host To Algebra Class

The 8th grade Algebra class which is instructed by Dr. Reeves, enjoyed the recreational center including archery, golf and bowling as a guest of Dr. Reeves from 4:00 to 8:00 Monday afternoon.

The afternoon to the shores of Lake Verona at six o'clock where they were served a picnic supper, featuring hot dogs and ice cream.

The class was given this recreational period and picnic supper due to the fact they won the ticket selling contest of classes, for the summer.

The class showed its appreciation for Dr. Reeves' hospitality and promptly by presenting him a beautiful desk clock as a gift. The desk clock was given by: Mildred Barnard, Nita Bryant, Josephine Browne, Mary Clements, Mildred Crooke, Leon Deland, Joe Grillo, Thelma Harpaz, Jack Head, Billy Helm, Winifred Hood, Helen Holland, Charles Lawton, Ruby McConnell, Martha McCord, Willis McElhenny, Glenn Milledorf, Betty Moffett, Paul Vikilait and Marjorie Wells.

Dinner Party Is Enjoyable Affair

Miss Olive Knight was the hostess at a lovely dinner party given by Mrs. W. M. Parker of Providence, R. I., the affair being an event of Monday evening at Lake Byrd Lodge. A beautifully arranged bouquet of stately summer garden flowers, in pastel shades formed the centerpiece for the table. The guests proved the excellent diversion for the evening.

Miss Knight was the recipient of many attractive gifts, as delightful reminders of the occasion from her friends sharing the evening with her who were: P. and Mrs. Brown, Ivan Brown, Mrs. George Voocham, Mrs. E. O. Knight, Mrs. Sue Gregory, Arthur Gregory and the hostess, Mrs. Parker.

Political Rallies Held in County

The second of the political parties and rallies arranged by the Highlands county executive committee, is being held at Sunland today, and the third and last, will be held on the shore of Lake Argyle, between Avon Park and its being next Thursday. Practically every candidate in the county, and many district and state candidates attended the barbecue at Sunland last Saturday, the first political picnic to be held in the county.

First baseball game of season at Head Field Sunday afternoon.

Girls Are Advised To Build-Up For Relief

Lack of knowledge causes many a weak, undernourished girl a lot of suffering!

Many others, however, know how the headaches, nervousness, cramps, the pain of functional dysmenorrhea due to malnutrition are helped by the proper use of CARDUI.

Some take it a few days before and during "the time," to help ease periodical distress. But CARDUI's medical use is to help increase appetite; stimulate the flow of gastric juices; so aid digestion; assist in building up physical resistance and thus help reduce periodical distress. Women have used CARDUI for over 50 years.

Vested Choir Gives Enjoyable Program

The Young People's Vested Choir of the First Methodist Church moved to Sebring Sunday, where they gave a most enjoyable program at the church at the evening service. The young people, under the capable leadership of their director, Miss Alma Harrell, rendered a forty minute program, consisting of the recitation, a solo, two duets, a quartette, and ensemble singing.

Following the services, the singing choir, and parents and friends, who accompanied them to Sebring, were entertained informally in the church basement. Enjoyable refreshments of cookies and food orange juice were served.

Members of the choir who participated in the program for their evening were Mary Hancovers, the Moxon, Charles Cannon, Doris Cannon, Marie Hancovers, Lillian White, Mary Elizabeth Hall, Imogene Hagedorff, Geraldine Connel, Olen Milledorf, Carolyn Holland, Elizabeth Brubaker, Virginia Lott, Billy Connel, Fred Montecore, Clara Mae White, Barbara Jean Briggs, Virginia Bue, Velma Stewart, Charlotte Orr, Ann Vann, Marjorie Flowers, Jack Rogers, Ralph Gerard, John Cannon, David Lanier, John Elwell, Barry Brown, and Bobby Hall.

Luncheon at Lanier Home Tuesday

A most delightful affair of Tuesday was the luncheon given at the home of Mrs. C. E. Lanier for members of Mrs. W. S. Rowings' and Mrs. C. H. Padden's circles of the missionary society of the First Methodist Church. Hostesses for the luncheon were Mrs. Padden, Mrs. C. H. Harrell, Mrs. A. McKee Elwell, Mrs. A. C. Wester, and Mrs. Lanier.

The long luncheon table was centered with a bowl of pink mimosas topped with orange and baby's breath, on an oval reflector. The tempting menu consisted of roast lamb, apple sauce, scalloped potatoes, congealed pineapple and carrot salad on lettuce, hot biscuits, pickles, orange marmalade, coffee, and ambrosia and sarsaparilla cake for the dessert course.

Following the luncheon, which was served at one o'clock, Mrs. C. R. Milledorf conducted the impressive devotionals, choosing as her subject, "The Good Samaritan."

Those attending this lovely affair included Mrs. W. S. Rowings, Mrs. H. V. Maxwell, Mrs. C. R. Milledorf, Mrs. Katherine Brubaker, Mrs. C. C. Padden, Mrs. A. McKee Elwell, Mrs. C. H. Harrell, Mrs. E. B. Vann, Mrs. John D. Bash, Miss Purvis Anderson, Mrs. A. McKee Elwell, Mrs. H. B. Booth, Mrs. A. C. Wester, Mrs. C. H. Harrell, Mrs. Walter Martin, and Mrs. C. E. Lanier.

Miss Myrtle Hart of Altamonte, who has been the guest of her sister Mrs. David Stuckert, left Tuesday for Orlando where she will visit before returning home. Miss Hart arrived in Avon Park last Friday from Orlando, with her sister and Mrs. W. J. Prevatt, who had been attending the meeting of Grand Chapter, O.E.S.

PROGRAM OF Park Theatre

AVON PARK, FLORIDA
"Always a Good Show"

SATURDAY, APRIL 28
"Ten Cents To Everyone Who Occupies A Seat"

"The Old Barn Dance"

GENE AUTRY
with Smiley Burnette

SUNDAY & MONDAY
April 29-30

"Shop Around the Corner"

MARGARET SULLIVAN
JAMES STEWART

TUESDAY & WEDNESDAY
April 30-May 1

NEWS REEL and
"Pack Up Your Troubles"

JANE WITHERS

THURSDAY & FRIDAY
April 3-5

"Congo Maizie"

ANN SOTHERN
JOHN CARRARO

COMING "Destiny Wife" "The Old Maid" "Waterfront" "The Farmers Daughter" "Little Old New York" "Savannah" "Broadway Melody of 1940"

Italian Party For Club Members

E. D. Club members entertained their husbands and friends at a spaghetti supper at Hammond Tavern Friday night. The checkered tablecloth, candles in lotus for illumination and the delicious Italian food gave the affair the setting of an Italian restaurant.

Attendants were Miss Vera Heim, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Mackey, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Boerum, and Morton Yoder of Avon Park, Mr. and Mrs. George Marchand, Mr. and Mrs. Mac Poir, Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Schumacher, Mr. and Mrs. Gatzell Burton, Mrs. Rita Irving, Miss Maciel Howard, Miss Elizabeth Rogers, Ray Grady, and Bob Butts. Mrs. Burton was general chairman of the affair. — Sebring News.

Weiner Roast Held By Choir Members

A delightful affair of Saturday was the weiner roast and picnic held at the home of David Lanier by members of the Young People's Vested Choir of the First Methodist Church. The group gathered at the church at 8:30 o'clock, and dined at the Lanier home. Games were enjoyed on the lawn on the lake shore, and waltzers and marshmallows were roasted over the outdoor stove. These were served with buns, pickles, potato salad, and orange juice.

Assisting the young people in the festivities the occasion were Miss Alma Harrell, choir director, Mrs. C. E. Lanier, Mrs. C. R. Milledorf, and Miss Rosalie Clauson.

Find Your Name In The Ads

Free Theatre Tickets

If your name appears in one of the ads appearing in this issue of The Sun, you will receive a free ticket to the Park Theatre good for either Tuesday or Wednesday, April 30-31. Clip ad in which your name appears and take it to the box office and see.

JANE WITHERS

"Pack Up Your Troubles"

WHOM WILL THEY SERVE?

MONEY OR THE MASSES?

Let's take a look behind the microscopes, the billboards and the radio broadcasts.

Who is paying the bills?

Who is willing to Spend a Fortune To Gain Control Of State Government?

Who Hired the Workers?

How Much Are They Paid?

Will Such A Candidate Be Governor Or Will He Be Just Charlie McCarthy For?

THERE IS BUT ONE CONCLUSION.

There is but one candidate whose program has been designed to bring the greatest good to the greatest number.

There is but one candidate whose political machine consists of the rank and file of the mass masses of the people.

There is but one candidate owing no allegiance to any group, clique or faction.

AND THAT CANDIDATE IS

B.F. Paty

A PLAIN MAN WITH A PLAIN PLAN FOR ALL FLORIDA.

FAMILY REUNION
Mr. and Mrs. Roland Drott, Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Lott, T. W. Lott, Jr., Miss Mildred Lott, and Mrs. and Mrs. Gene Melton attended a family reunion at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Melton in Ft. Myers on last Friday. Other members of the family attending the reunion were: Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Children of Cutbert, Ga. Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Melton, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Curran, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Alvey of Washington, D. C. Mr. and Mrs. Lott, and daughter, Mildred, and Mrs. Roland Drott remained over in Ft. Myers until Saturday.

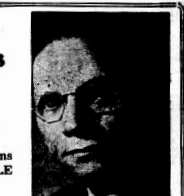
NOMINATE D. O. Rogers

Your Circuit Judge

Friend of the Laboring People

He will make the citizens of the tenth Circuit an ABLE Judge.

Winifred Archer



VOTE FOR Earl H. Ware

Highlands County

DEMOCRATIC PRIMARY, MAY 7

"A Business Man For A Business Office"

Earl H. Ware

Earl H. Ware

Earl H. Ware

Earl H. Ware

Earl H. Ware

Earl H. Ware

Earl H. Ware

Earl H. Ware

Earl H. Ware

Earl H. Ware

Earl H. Ware

Earl H. Ware

Earl H. Ware

Earl H. Ware

Earl H. Ware

Earl H. Ware

Earl H. Ware

Earl H. Ware

Earl H. Ware

Earl H. Ware

Earl H. Ware

Earl H. Ware

Earl H. Ware

Earl H. Ware

Earl H. Ware

Earl H. Ware

Earl H. Ware

Earl H. Ware

Earl H. Ware

Earl H. Ware

Earl H. Ware

Earl H. Ware

Earl H. Ware

Earl H. Ware

Earl H. Ware

Earl H. Ware

Earl H. Ware

Earl H. Ware

TRAILER GIRL

By VERA BROWN

©Lodge

CHAPTER I

"The trouble with me is I'm a snob!"

The blonde girl in the scant white bathing suit child behind her as she lay inert in the hot afternoon Florida sunshine. Then she buried her roughened hands deep into the sand so she could not see the broken signposts. She tried to pretend she was not Lynn Morrow at all, but somebody glamorous and grand and rich, somebody who was happy and surrounded with friends. She pressed her deeply tanned cheek into the warm sand and closed her eyes to keep back the tears of loneliness.

The laughter of a group nearby on the Palm Beach sand dunes and hum on the hot air.

But Lynn continued her black brooding. So this was life. Dishes, scrubbing, pressing, minding Buddy when Mrs. Warren was away. How Lynn hated it. Not but that Mrs. Warren was kind, but what a life for a girl.

Just then a car slowed down on Ocean Drive. A young man got out where he had no business to park and got out. He seemed to stroll casually down on the beach.

"Oh, oh! A pickup, and we're helpless," said one of the young men who had been watching Lynn. But her eyes were closed and she did not see the car.

"I beg your pardon, but aren't you Miss Marion North, from Boston?" he asked, as he stopped above her on the sand.

Lynn sat up hurriedly and brushed the sand from her eyes.

"No, I'm sorry." There was an irresistible twinkle in the young man's eyes and Lynn suddenly smiled.

"May I sit down?" he asked as he dropped beside Lynn.

"You know I'm not Marion North," Lynn accused.

"Of course I do. But it is a good approach."

"I don't think so."

"Well, I'm talking to you, am I not?"

"It worked. That's what you want?"

"Exactly." He smiled at her like an implacable bad boy.

Lynn laughed at his audacity in spite of herself.

He was quite right. It had worked and she was glad to talk to somebody—anybody!

Besides, he was such a personable young man with a shock of curly brown hair and a deep tan.

"How about a drink?" he suggested.

"No, thanks." Lynn felt this had gone far enough.

She was lonely, but after all Mrs. Warren would be along to call for her shortly.

The young man seemed to ignore her hesitancy.

"I suppose I should introduce myself. I'm Terry McNeil."

He waited, expecting Lynn to speak, but the name meant nothing to her. She had no time to read the Palm Beach society columns. There was an awkward pause.

"I'm Lynn Morrow," Lynn told him finally.

"I've driven you home."

"I have a friend, sitting in the car."

The conversation dropped again. But Terry was persistent.

"Come, now, don't refuse me. Here I've driven by every day this week hoping to see you. You were here last Thursday, you know—"

"Yes."

"I'm really a nice guy. I like your looks. Would you let me talk to you?" He leaned toward her eagerly, pleased with amazing good-fortuned brown eyes.

"Am I?" Lynn's pert little nose was entranced, McNeil decided.

"Not as nice as I thought."

"I'm really not trying to be rude," Lynn interposed. "It's just that I must leave shortly when my friend comes."

"Then let me sit here and talk to you. Tell me about yourself."

"There's really nothing much to tell. I'm from Vermont."

"I knew there was something I liked about Vermont."

So went the conversation, about

nothing in particular, but Lynn was enjoying herself.

Terry was famous for his small talk; and he did himself proud this afternoon. He told Lynn he was waiting for his father to come from New York with the family yacht, but his sister was blonde like Lynn, only not so pretty. And the admiration in his eyes was very comforting to a lonely girl of 18. Terry slipped away. She grew nervous. Mrs. Warren was much later than usual. Never had Lynn stayed so long on the beach on Thursday. What explanation could she give if Mrs. Warren saw Mr. McNeil?

Terry, sensing her nervousness, talked faster. He pretended he noticed nothing, tried to find out where Lynn lived. But she was extremely vague. The sun was getting low, casting a more golden light on the palm trees along the boulevard.

Where could Mrs. Warren be? Mentally, Lynn figured whether the 50 cents in her bag would pay for a taxi.

Surely Mrs. Warren would not leave her stranded here in her bathing suit!

"What you'd like me take you to the park and get out to the Breakers. Wouldn't that be long?"

"No, I'm sorry, but I can't today. Maybe some other time."

The minutes dragged. Terry did his best about this, but Lynn was

frustrated. She was so alone.

But Lynn could not understand, for their story was a choice one in the crowded camp. She and McNeil sat there in the car for a moment.

"Where's the office? They'll know where the trailer is," Terry said. He had to look out the first camp crossroad and Lynn directed him to Mr. Alexander's place. As they got there, Lynn jumped out.

At least this would keep Mrs. Warren from asking too many questions.

"Thank you so much, Mr. McNeil," Lynn turned to Terry.

"I'd better wait and see what happens."

"No, please don't. Then Mrs. Warren won't have to know you brought me home."

"When will you see again?"

"Next Thursday afternoon." And Lynn ran into the office.

It was hot inside, and Alexander sat behind his homemade desk reading the evening paper.

"Where has Mrs. Warren's trailer been moved to?" Lynn asked.

Looking over his glasses the old man started hunting for something in his desk.

"Oh, you're the girl who worked for Mrs. Warren. She's gone."

He said the words casually as he continued his search.

"Gone?" Lynn repeated the word as though she did not know what it meant. "Gone where?"

"He's a letter she left for you."

"He found the missing document and handed it to Lynn. She opened it. It was a penciled scrawl, evidently written in a terrible hurry, and Lynn could scarcely make it out.

"Don't go to the police. I am sending her a check and two weeks' pay to my attorney in New York. It had to do this. A card was sent to her. The address of Clarence Mortimer in the Empire State Building. That was all."

"What am I going to do?" Lynn was unaware she spoke aloud. Old Alexander pretended he did not hear. He was so acutely embarrassed Lynn would laugh.

"I'm getting hysterical." She was amply justified in her claim.

The night she shivered in her beach robe. Once outside she leaned against the filthy porch post. Her feet would not take her further. What was she going to do? Stranded here in her bathing suit with 50 cents!

She was trembling now in complete panic. And she did not hear Terry calling her name. He got out of the car and came over to her.

"How'd you make out?" He could not see her face; saw only the white blur of her.

"Where'd your boss go?"

"I don't know."

Speaking of Sports

Cue Shovers Still Bow to 'Mr. Billiards'

WNU Service

By ROBERT McSHANE

(Selected by Western Newspaper Union)

In 1908 Willie Hoppe defeated Max Baughman to win the world's 18.1 ball line billiards championship.

That was long before heavyweight Champion Joe Louis was born. It was the year that Chicago won both the National and American league pennants. James J. Jeffries had just relinquished his world's heavyweight title, Joe Gans was lightweight champ, and Philadelphia Jack O'Brien was king of the light heavies.

It was the year that Mollie was lost in the San Francisco fire and orphaned. Teddy Roosevelt was President of the United States, and Admiral Robert E. Peary was exploring the Arctic. It was the year that the world's first and second world wars began, and the first world war was won.

And now—34 years later—Willie Hoppe—has again won the world's three cushion billiards championship. This isn't the first time that Willie has topped the single players.

After Walker Cochran won the three cushion championship in Chicago in 1906 he met Hoppe's challenge, and was relieved of his crown. In 1907 Cochran again ascended the throne.

Long-Time Champion Hoppe was his latest tournament in Chicago. He was a choice one in the crowded camp. She and McNeil sat there in the car for a moment.

"Where's the office? They'll know where the trailer is," Terry said. He had to look out the first camp crossroad and Lynn directed him to Mr. Alexander's place. As they got there, Lynn jumped out.

At least this would keep Mrs. Warren from asking too many questions.

"Thank you so much, Mr. McNeil," Lynn turned to Terry.

"I'd better wait and see what happens."

"No, please don't. Then Mrs. Warren won't have to know you brought me home."

"When will you see again?"

"Next Thursday afternoon." And Lynn ran into the office.

It was hot inside, and Alexander sat behind his homemade desk reading the evening paper.

"Where has Mrs. Warren's trailer been moved to?" Lynn asked.

Looking over his glasses the old man started hunting for something in his desk.

"Oh, you're the girl who worked for Mrs. Warren. She's gone."

He said the words casually as he continued his search.

"Gone?" Lynn repeated the word as though she did not know what it meant. "Gone where?"

"He's a letter she left for you."

"He found the missing document and handed it to Lynn. She opened it. It was a penciled scrawl, evidently written in a terrible hurry, and Lynn could scarcely make it out.

"Don't go to the police. I am sending her a check and two weeks' pay to my attorney in New York. It had to do this. A card was sent to her. The address of Clarence Mortimer in the Empire State Building. That was all."

"What am I going to do?" Lynn was unaware she spoke aloud. Old Alexander pretended he did not hear. He was so acutely embarrassed Lynn would laugh.

"I'm getting hysterical." She was amply justified in her claim.

The night she shivered in her beach robe. Once outside she leaned against the filthy porch post. Her feet would not take her further. What was she going to do? Stranded here in her bathing suit with 50 cents!

She was trembling now in complete panic. And she did not hear Terry calling her name. He got out of the car and came over to her.

"How'd you make out?" He could not see her face; saw only the white blur of her.

"Where'd your boss go?"

"I don't know."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

PATTERN DEPARTMENT



8654

row collar, and three darts at the top of the sleeves broaden the shoulders beautifully.

A style equally becoming to both misses and women, this design (3644) makes up exactly in wool crepe, flat crepe or silk print, and will be nice for street costume.

It is easy to make, and includes a step-by-step sew chart with complete directions.

Pattern No. 8654 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20; 40, 42 and 44. Size 18 requires, with short sleeves, 4 1/2 yards of 36-inch material; with long sleeves, 4 1/2 yards without nap; 1/2 yard contrasting material for collar, if desired. Send order.

SEWING CIRCLE PATTERN DEPT., Room 1234, 111 W. Wacker Dr., Chicago. Enclose 10 cents in notes and stamps.

Pattern No. Size Name Address

Decision Was Quite Just, Considering the Evidence

The magistrate was deaf, but certainly not deaf to the two men before him. The first man leaned forward earnestly.

"See," he exclaimed, "this man owes me a grocery bill amounting to no less than \$20, and refuses to pay it!"

The second man sprang up. "That's a lie!" he cried, indignantly. "My dog didn't bite him."

There was a pause while the magistrate reviewed the situation, then he announced his decision.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I fully appreciate your feelings, but I cannot see no reason why you should not combine to support my mother."

Chinese Act Scenery

Chinese theaters use little scenery and properties, making the most of what they have by the gestures of the players. When an actor is supposed to enter a stage, he steps out on an imaginary threshold; to close the door, he turns around and brings together his outstretched arms; and when he takes his girl for a boat ride, she walks in front of him, while he pretends to row with his feet.

Chinese Act Scenery

Chinese theaters use little scenery and properties, making the most of what they have by the gestures of the players. When an actor is supposed to enter a stage, he steps out on an imaginary threshold; to close the door, he turns around and brings together his outstretched arms; and when he takes his girl for a boat ride, she walks in front of him, while he pretends to row with his feet.

Chinese Act Scenery

Chinese theaters use little scenery and properties, making the most of what they have by the gestures of the players. When an actor is supposed to enter a stage, he steps out on an imaginary threshold; to close the door, he turns around and brings together his outstretched arms; and when he takes his girl for a boat ride, she walks in front of him, while he pretends to row with his feet.

Chinese Act Scenery

Chinese theaters use little scenery and properties, making the most of what they have by the gestures of the players. When an actor is supposed to enter a stage, he steps out on an imaginary threshold; to close the door, he turns around and brings together his outstretched arms; and when he takes his girl for a boat ride, she walks in front of him, while he pretends to row with his feet.

Chinese Act Scenery

Chinese theaters use little scenery and properties, making the most of what they have by the gestures of the players. When an actor is supposed to enter a stage, he steps out on an imaginary threshold; to close the door, he turns around and brings together his outstretched arms; and when he takes his girl for a boat ride, she walks in front of him, while he pretends to row with his feet.

Chinese Act Scenery

Chinese theaters use little scenery and properties, making the most of what they have by the gestures of the players. When an actor is supposed to enter a stage, he steps out on an imaginary threshold; to close the door, he turns around and brings together his outstretched arms; and when he takes his girl for a boat ride, she walks in front of him, while he pretends to row with his feet.

Chinese Act Scenery

Chinese theaters use little scenery and properties, making the most of what they have by the gestures of the players. When an actor is supposed to enter a stage, he steps out on an imaginary threshold; to close the door, he turns around and brings together his outstretched arms; and when he takes his girl for a boat ride, she walks in front of him, while he pretends to row with his feet.

Chinese Act Scenery

Chinese theaters use little scenery and properties, making the most of what they have by the gestures of the players. When an actor is supposed to enter a stage, he steps out on an imaginary threshold; to close the door, he turns around and brings together his outstretched arms; and when he takes his girl for a boat ride, she walks in front of him, while he pretends to row with his feet.

Chinese Act Scenery

Chinese theaters use little scenery and properties, making the most of what they have by the gestures of the players. When an actor is supposed to enter a stage, he steps out on an imaginary threshold; to close the door, he turns around and brings together his outstretched arms; and when he takes his girl for a boat ride, she walks in front of him, while he pretends to row with his feet.

Chinese Act Scenery

Chinese theaters use little scenery and properties, making the most of what they have by the gestures of the players. When an actor is supposed to enter a stage, he steps out on an imaginary threshold; to close the door, he turns around and brings together his outstretched arms; and when he takes his girl for a boat ride, she walks in front of him, while he pretends to row with his feet.

Chinese Act Scenery

Chinese theaters use little scenery and properties, making the most of what they have by the gestures of the players. When an actor is supposed to enter a stage, he steps out on an imaginary threshold; to close the door, he turns around and brings together his outstretched arms; and when he takes his girl for a boat ride, she walks in front of him, while he pretends to row with his feet.

Chinese Act Scenery

Chinese theaters use little scenery and properties, making the most of what they have by the gestures of the players. When an actor is supposed to enter a stage, he steps out on an imaginary threshold; to close the door, he turns around and brings together his outstretched arms; and when he takes his girl for a boat ride, she walks in front of him, while he pretends to row with his feet.

Chinese Act Scenery

Chinese theaters use little scenery and properties, making the most of what they have by the gestures of the players. When an actor is supposed to enter a stage, he steps out on an imaginary threshold; to close the door, he turns around and brings together his outstretched arms; and when he takes his girl for a boat ride, she walks in front of him, while he pretends to row with his feet.

Chinese Act Scenery

Chinese theaters use little scenery and properties, making the most of what they have by the gestures of the players. When an actor is supposed to enter a stage, he steps out on an imaginary threshold; to close the door, he turns around and brings together his outstretched arms; and when he takes his girl for a boat ride, she walks in front of him, while he pretends to row with his feet.

Chinese Act Scenery

Chinese theaters use little scenery and properties, making the most of what they have by the gestures of the players. When an actor is supposed to enter a stage, he steps out on an imaginary threshold; to close the door, he turns around and brings together his outstretched arms; and when he takes his girl for a boat ride, she walks in front of him, while he pretends to row with his feet.

Chinese Act Scenery

Chinese theaters use little scenery and properties, making the most of what they have by the gestures of the players. When an actor is supposed to enter a stage, he steps out on an imaginary threshold; to close the door, he turns around and brings together his outstretched arms; and when he takes his girl for a boat ride, she walks in front of him, while he pretends to row with his feet.

Chinese Act Scenery

Chinese theaters use little scenery and properties, making the most of what they have by the gestures of the players. When an actor is supposed to enter a stage, he steps out on an imaginary threshold; to close the door, he turns around and brings together his outstretched arms; and when he takes his girl for a boat ride, she walks in front of him, while he pretends to row with his feet.

Chinese Act Scenery

Chinese theaters use little scenery and properties, making the most of what they have by the gestures of the players. When an actor is supposed to enter a stage, he steps out on an imaginary threshold; to close the door, he turns around and brings together his outstretched arms; and when he takes his girl for a boat ride, she walks in front of him, while he pretends to row with his feet.

Chinese Act Scenery

Chinese theaters use little scenery and properties, making the most of what they have by the gestures of the players. When an actor is supposed to enter a stage, he steps out on an imaginary threshold; to close the door, he turns around and brings together his outstretched arms; and when he takes his girl for a boat ride, she walks in front of him, while he pretends to row with his feet.

Chinese Act Scenery

Chinese theaters use little scenery and properties, making the most of what they have by the gestures of the players. When an actor is supposed to enter a stage, he steps out on an imaginary threshold; to close the door, he turns around and brings together his outstretched arms; and when he takes his girl for a boat ride, she walks in front of him, while he pretends to row with his feet.

TRAILER GIRL

By Vera Brown

The most fascinating love story you've ever read! "Trailer Girl" is as swiftly paced as a sixteen cylinder automobile. It's the story of beautiful Lynn Morrow, married to one man and loved by three others. "Trailer Girl" is an intensely human document of a friendless, penniless girl. Romance, action and suspense—all make up the exciting serial that is Vera Brown's best. After reading the first installment you'll understand why critics have acclaimed this as the writer's greatest love story.

Read the First Thrilling Installment Today!

Ask Me Another

A General Quiz

The Questions

1. How does a wedding in the Samson Islands differ from our ceremony?

2. A word or group of words that reads the same backward or forward, as "Able was I ere I saw Elba," is called what?

3. Which is written, libel or slander?

4. What is a popajay?

5. Which are the three largest countries in the Western Hemisphere?

6. What are water chickens?

7. How long did Benjamin Franklin attend school?

8. Can one's front teeth be referred to as molars?

The Answers

1. There the wedding ceremony consists merely of eating cake together.

2. A palindrom.

3. Libel.

4. A dupe.

5. Canada, Brazil and the United States, in size according to the order named.

6. Water chickens (Florida gallinules) are birds about the size of a chicken, squawk like hens, swim, but rarely fly. They are of the rail family.

7. Two years, between the ages of eight and ten.

8. Molars are back teeth. Front teeth are incisors.

I LIKE THE MILDNESS I CAN GET IN MY CIGARETTE. CAMELS BURN SLOWER AND SMOKE SO MUCH Milder and Cooler

CAMEL'S SLOWER WAY OF BURNING MEANS SEVERAL DEFINITE 'EXTRAS' IN PLEASURE... AND EXTRA SMOKING PER PACK, TOO

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

FOR EXTRA DELICIOUS, EXTRA PLEASURE, EXTRA SMOOTHNESS, EXTRA PLEASURE...

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

