

WILLIAM BYRON MOWERY

RESURRECTION RIVER

Warren Lovett, thirty-three, junior partner in the powerful Wellington, Parkes & Lovett, Incorporated Mines of Chicago, which engages in questionable transactions, plans to make a secret coup in the Canadian Arctic, where a few years before a rich but inaccessible mining field has been discovered on Resurrection river, which flows into Dynamite Bay. Patricia, highly spirited and beautiful daughter of crusty old Jasper Wellington, who is engaged to Warren, decides to accompany him. They go by plane. Pat meets "Poleon," a French-Canadian prospector, who tells her there are only 300 prospectors in the field and that because of the difficulties, they are hanging on by a thread. Pat is disturbed when Warren will not disclose what his secret mission is. She meets Sam Honeywell, a friend of Poleon's. Moved by the plight of Bill Fornier, a prospector who, though fatally ill, struggles to hold his claim, Pat decides to help him. Informed by Lupe Chiwaughim, half-breed retainer of the company, about Pat's befriending the prospectors, Warren tries to dissuade her. He tells her that Craig Tarlton, with whom she had once been in love, is now deputy mining inspector for the Resurrection river area. A brilliant geologist, he had resigned in disgust from her father's company because of its devious methods. Later she meets Craig, but he is cold, inferring that she is merely feigning interest in the prospectors. Her compassion for the hapless prospectors grows, Pat decides to build a huge community house or Den. When the job nears completion, Warren tells her to abandon it. She refuses after a stormy scene. Craig leaves on a three-month inspection trip to the north. Pat learns that her father has withdrawn her allowance. Warren tells her now she will have to go home. He refuses to advance her a loan to aid the prospectors.

CHAPTER V—Continued

Down toward the bank of Resurrection a dozen husky prospectors, with Patricia's slender figure in their midst, were hurrying toward a big Yerk at the water edge. Everybody in the group was carrying something of Patricia's belongings—her trunks and suitcases, her cot, her tent and poles.

"What's happened, Lupe? Where's she going?"

The metis gestured across the stream. "She moving over dere. Over near dat chateau she built."

When Poleon and the man had pitched her tent in the pines near the Den, Patricia sat down on a steamer trunk amid the litter of her baggage, and took thought.

It was characteristic of her to act first and think of the consequences afterward.

Three months ago she had gone slumming in this prospectors' camp; now she was living in it! Crazy, she thought, when she pushed it off and looked at it rationally. Only this strange land, where neither day or night was infallible, could have led her into so impossible a situation. By any sane standard of judgment she had all along been acting in a most silly fashion. This last step, her move across the river, was the most outlandish of all.

She ought to go home at once. The sooner, the better. She would have to go home sometime, of course. She ought to cut clean, and do it immediately. Not tomorrow, but today. Now!

"But what'll poor Bill do?" she moaned. "And if I go away, the Rock-Hog Den'll fall to pieces in a week." And there were her prospector friends. And Craig.

A person less stubborn than she would have packed up for home without a second's hesitation. Her entire stay at Desolation had been wretched enough, but now her position had suddenly become almost unbearable. It seemed to her that she was being attacked from all sides and hadn't one real friend. Her father was dangerously angry; this allowance jolt left her without a penny; Warren had failed her; and these prospectors, humanly unable to hang on much longer, might pick up and leave any day.

And Craig Tarlton. . . His coldness and scorn cut the deepest, hurt the worst, of all. He definitely wanted nothing to do with her. She no longer deceived herself about that. Humiliated and discouraged, she knew that she ought to put half a continent between him and herself forthwith; that she had to bury him, and God's lake, before she would ever have peace at heart again.

Altogether she felt terribly alone and friendless, there in her lonely tent. The dreary rain and desolate weather were infinitely depressing. She again visioned all those wilderness leagues between herself and home, and the thought frightened her.

In one of the half-dozen overflow tents nearby, a gramophone started playing, and a shrill song broke into her harassed thoughts. The tinny tune jarred on her intolerably. She jumped up and sprang over to her tent door.

"Sam! If you don't muddle that awful screech-box, I'll throw it into the river and pitch you after it!"

"Gosh, I'm sorry, Miss Pat," Sam called back, from inside his tent. "Why gosh, I was a-playing that piece specially for you. I thought you mebbe was feeling a little blue after your run-in with Mr. Lovett, and I figgered a bit of music 'ud cheer you up."

Patricia broke out laughing at his naive "kindness," but her laugh ended abruptly in a sob. After all, she did have friends. Three hundred of them. These men were her friends. They liked her, even if Craig didn't. "The house that Pat built, for us"—that's what they called the Den. Her heart leaped with gladness as she remembered Warren's phrase "extraordinarily rich." If only they could stick and could hold on to their claims!

On the lake shore across Resurrection a plane motor started up, drumming out its powerful ratt-tatt-tatt-tt. It was one of the company's planes—she recognized the deep throaty roar of it. Dashing the tears from her eyes, she stepped outside and listened, oblivious to the rain that beat upon her shoulders and wetted her black silky hair. That ship must be warming up for flight. In weather so cold and raw the mechanics wouldn't be doing routine work on an engine. It was Pilot Odron's plane, getting ready for the flight south. Warren must still be confident that he could force her to leave for Chicago that day.

Her guess proved right. A few minutes later a big sturgeon-head pushed off from the opposite shore and butted across Resurrection, bringing Warren and the six Chiwaughimis and seven other men of Warren's party.

Wondering why he had fetched so large a crew, Patricia slipped back inside her tent and began straightening her baggage around as though she firmly intended to stay where she was. But inwardly she was storm-tossed, torn two ways. Go—stay—she couldn't decide. But she had to decide. Ratt-tatt-tatt-tt—that plane was waiting for her. She had to make up her mind. No more drifting, no more putting off decision "till tomorrow."

Warren's big party stopped outside her tent, and Warren came in alone. Beneath his politeness he was sharp and peremptory.

"Patricia, Odron tells me that he'll have to take off within 30 minutes if he's to make Fort Smith before dark."

"Well, let him take off," Patricia snapped. "I'm not holding that plane by the tail!"

"Try to be reasonable for once," Warren said tartly. He gestured around at the tent. "You know as well as I do that you can't live in a place like this, with cold weather coming on. And living over here in the prospectors' camp, alone—it's ridiculous!"

Patricia thought to herself: "He's right. It's worse than ridiculous. But he'll have to meet me halfway. I won't let him dictate to me." She realized now that he had brought along that big party not only to pull down her tent but to smash any of her prospector friends who tried to interfere. Through the flap-front she noticed that the 13 men were armed with oars, clubs and tent stakes, and that three of the Chiwaughimis carried rifles.

"Furthermore," Warren added, "I won't allow you to keep up this charity work of yours any longer. Good heavens, don't you yet understand that the more you help these men, the longer they'll hang on here and refuse to sell their claims?"

Patricia's eyes opened wide. "Why—why you talk as though you want to see them squeezed out and forced to leave."

"To put it harshly, yes," Warren stated. Backed up by that armed party out there, and confident that he could force Patricia to go home, he dropped his evasion and told her some blunt facts. "These men own practically all the valuable deposits up Resurrection. As things stand, they refuse to sell. Tarlton advised them to hold out, and this chateau of yours has bolstered them up. Originally I expected to get through with my business here in eight weeks, but I've been here three whole months and in all that time I've been able to buy only a few dozen claims—"

"Those red squares!" Patricia cried. "Those red places on your chart!"

Warren nodded. "Yes. Those red spots are claims that the company now owns. But most of that map is still white. It's got to be all red. I propose to buy up this entire field for Wellington, Parkes & Lovett."

"Oh-oh!" Patricia breathed. Warren's explanation was like a lightning flash ripping the darkness, the dark secrecy of his Arctic trip. A host of puzzles became glaringly clear to her in an instant.

She felt intensely ashamed of her stupidity in not seeing through Warren's mission sooner. Craig had seen through it from the very beginning. The men had seen through it. She alone had been blind, stone blind.

"I can buy up silver claims here for a hundred dollars," Warren announced, with a ring of elation in his voice, "that'll be worth a hundred thousand in time! Think about that! And about these platinum and cobalt deposits. And the radium renless. Can you imagine a more magnificent set-up than the company has got here?"

"A hundred dollars," Patricia repeated jerkily. "A hundred dollars—for three or four years of hard work."

"But these fellows can't develop their claims. They haven't the capital. Mining operations require a heavy initial outlay and a long wait for returns."

"But you—you could pay these men a fair price, Warren. The least you can do, in God's justice, is to offer them a decent wage for their years of labor and hardship."

Warren brushed her words aside. "We won't argue about that. Please get ready to leave for Fort Smith."

"I'm not leaving, Warren," she said, in a strangely quiet voice. "I'm staying here—here at Dynamite Bay. I'm going to fight this out with you."

Warren turned away, impatiently, and strode out; and Patricia heard him order his men:

"All right, baggage this place up and get it across the river."

He was interrupted by another voice, Poleon's voice, angry and challenging:

"Jus' wan meenit! You don' baggage dis place op unless Mees Patricia say so. You don' load her



She Felt Terribly Alone and Friendless.

into no plane weelily-neelily, lak if she was some squaw-siche or metise."

Patricia flew to the flap-front, scared at the threat of a knock-down fight. Poleon and three prospectors had come across from the Den, while she was talking with Warren; and they were standing belligerently between Warren's party and her tent. Sam Honeywell, with a canoe paddle in his hand, was edging around to join Poleon and the other three.

"Poleon!" she cried. "Don't start trouble!"

"No, he'd better not," Warren agreed curtly. "You men, get her tent down."

One of the Chiwaughimis stepped up, took hold of a tent stake. Poleon pushed him away. The metis snarled and struck Poleon in the face. Poleon swung at him and hit him on the jaw, a pile-driving wallop that lifted the metis clear off his feet and stretched him cold.

"Put dem rifle away!" Poleon bellowed at the three who had guns. "You start any shooting and de whole outfit of you will lan' in de police butter-tub on your ear!"

One of Warren's men sidled around behind Sam Honeywell, crashed the unsuspecting Sam on the head with an oar, and laid him out. The other 11 men rushed upon Poleon and the three prospectors like a hostile wave.

Patricia screamed as the fight broke wide open in a twinkling. Thump—smash—it was a fierce hot melee of struggling men; of clubs, rifles, tent stakes and swishing oars; of grunts and oaths; of men sprawled on the wet ground; of sickening blows with fist and oar and club.

Against the heavy odds the three prospectors were overwhelmed at the first rush. They were knocked down, knocked cold, trampled underfoot. Only the big Poleon, standing at the flap-front and brandishing a tent stake, was still on his feet.

"Alions!" he kept bellowing. "You come a-near dis tent, and I'll knock de whole pack of you colder'n a dead dog's nose!"

Over at the community house the alarm had been sounded; and out of the place came pouring a fair-sized riot—half a hundred prospectors, leaping out of the windows, surging through the doors, snatching up clubs and stones and tent pegs as they raced for the battle.

They hit the place like a demolishing tornado. Outnumbered four to one, Warren's men were slugged, knocked down, swept under, obliterated. Two or three survivors escaped and ran for the sturgeon-

head, with a dozen prospectors chasing their. . .

That same evening, afraid that she would lose her nerve if she waited, Patricia called a meeting in the community house. Standing on a chair, near the door into the kitchen, she gave a talk to her 75 rock-hogs.

She repeated to them what Warren had said to her about the richness of the field; told them she had declared war on the company; reminded them that she was living on their side of Resurrection now; told them that she was as penniless as they, but that she was going to stick there and fight. Were they going to sell out or stay?

Her sincerity and her fire stirred them out of their discouragement. Crowd psychology and their shame at the thought of letting her down, did the rest. From all over the big room came shouts: "We'll stick till hell freezes!" — "Bet your boots, Pat, we're hanging on!" — "First feller that sells a claim, he gits tarred and feathered!"

Patricia wrote out a pledge, binding each man not to sell one square inch of his holdings. All the men there signed it. She wrote out two other copies, to send back into the barrens for the absent prospectors to sign. Last of all she dashed off a third copy and sent it across Resurrection to Warren, for him to read and ponder on.

CHAPTER VI

Almost every day, after their open break, Warren went across the river for a friendly visit with Patricia. Realizing that he had badly blundered in trying to coerce her, he set out deliberately to win back her esteem with kindnesses.

Besides his friendly visits, he took care of her bank overdraft, slipped money into her purse, bought knick-knacks for her at the Hudson's Bay store; and when the prospectors built her a snug cabin in the pines near the big lodge, he fitted it up tastefully with a plane-load of furnishings from Edmonton.

He also offered Ellyn double salary to remain with Patricia as maid and woman company; but Ellyn flatly refused. Unlike Patricia, she could not stand up to the Arctic. The discomforts of tent life went hard with her even in summer; and with the coming of raw weather she completely wilted. Besides, she both feared and disdained the rough prospectors. So there was nothing for Warren to do but send the maid back to Chicago.

Loving Patricia as he did, it galled him to know that her passion was for Tarlton, not for him, but he sternly concealed the hurt and went on playing his cool-headed patient game. After all, he reflected, he had powerful factors on his side. Patricia's social status, her wealth, her family ties and all the old familiar life-of that he was an integral part, whereas Tarlton was alien to it. If and when a show-down came, Patricia would hesitate a long time before severing herself from everything near and dear to her.

All the while that he was befriending Patricia personally, he pushed ahead ruthlessly with his plans to seize that mining field. Privately he passed around the word that any man who sold him a block of four or more claims would be paid cash, taken all the way to Edmonton by plane, and there given \$500 bonus to have a good time on. Picking out half a dozen of the most discouraged city rushers, he worked on them secretly, persuaded them to sell their holdings, and whisked the men south to Fort Smith before the other prospectors caught on.

Most telling of all, he kept up a shrewd insidious propaganda to break down the morale of the men. . . . This field was sixteen hundred miles from a railroad. . . . To bring in even the smallest stamp mill would cost a fortune. . . . Silt'r was down to 31 cents. . . . When valuable developed mines in the city country were standing idle, with railroads right at their shafts, what chance had an undeveloped mine in the inaccessible Arctic?

His methodic hammering got results. Spot by spot the red on his chart grew.

Across the river Patricia watched Warren's moves and fought him the best she could. In answer to his propaganda she would argue with the men, "If this field is as worthless as he tries to make out, why's he so keen to get hold of it?" Whenever a miner fell sick or got behind on his assessment, she persuaded others to pitch in and keep his claims from lapsing. Under her direction the men cut huge cords of stove wood, laid up whitefish for the dog teams, netted lake trout for themselves; and in the Moon-of-Birds-Flying-South, when the first heavy snows came and the caribou migration was on, she sent a big hunting party northeast to the barrens, and they brought back meat to last all winter.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Sleep a Great Mystery

Why do we sleep? What is sleep? Science can give no definite, final answer. The mysterious processes are imperfectly understood, states a writer in Literary Digest. The body is larger, the brain smaller when we sleep. Blood vessels of the body dilate, drawing blood from the brain, which becomes relatively anemic when its owner sleeps, as has been visually observed in the cases of persons in whom skull injuries have exposed small portions of the brain.

Two-Way Atlantic Flight Takes 45 Hours



Henry T. (Dick) Merrill, inset, and the Lockheed Electra plane in which the flyer and his co-pilot John S. (Jack) Lambie completed the first commercial round trip flight across the Atlantic and the fastest two-way journey ever completed over that ocean. The total flying time was 45 hours and 24 minutes from New York to London and return. The eastward passage took 21 hours and two minutes and the westward flight took 24 hours and 22 minutes. The flyers visited London for the coronation and brought back photographs and films of the coronation ceremonies. The flyers landed in New York 35 seconds less than five days after they took off from Floyd Bennett field on the eastward flight.

Speed Mt. Rushmore Memorial



The heads and shoulders of President Washington and President Jefferson, sculptured in the solid granite of South Dakota's Black Hills, receive the finishing touches as workmen begin work on the last figure, that of President Lincoln. Gutzon Borglum, the sculptor, recently announced that he expected to have the major work on Mount Rushmore, near Rapid City, completed by next year, leaving the finishing touches for 1939.

CALLED SPANISH SPY



Jose de Gregorio, former secretary at the Spanish embassy in Washington, whose name was mentioned by Senator Gerald P. Nye of North Dakota when he said that Spanish spies in this country are seeking to "violate American neutrality."

GETS WHITE HOUSE JOB



Miss Katherine Gilligan, twenty-six, of Lawrence, Mass., who has been named as new secretary for James Roosevelt, eldest son of the President, now serving as secretary to his father.

Pole Vault Aces Set New Record



The pole vault twins of the University of Southern California at Palo Alto who recently set a new world mark of 14 feet 8 1/2 inches in the vault event in a dual meet with Stanford. Left: Earl Meadows; right: Bill Sefton, captain of the U. S. C. team.

Mt. Holyoke Honors Women College Heads

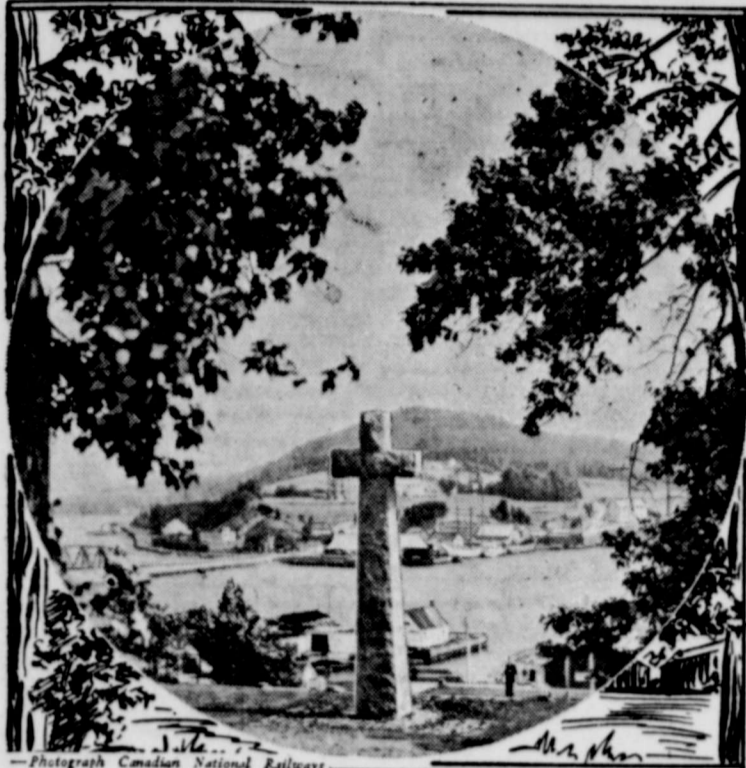


Dr. Katherine Blunt of Connecticut College for Women; Dr. Mildred McAfee of Wellesley; Dr. Virginia C. Gildersleeve of Barnard college; Dr. Margaret S. Morris of Pembroke college and Dr. Aurelia H. Reinhardt of Mills college (left to right) who received honorary LL. D. degrees at the centennial celebration of Mount Holyoke college at South Hadley, Mass., recently. The college was founded by Mary Lyon as Mount Holyoke Female Seminary in 1837, rechartered as Mount Holyoke Seminary and College in 1888 and under its present title in 1893. Leading alumnae from all parts of the United States returned for the centennial celebration. The college is non-sectarian.

Money Flow

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HIGHROADS OF HISTORY



Photograph Canadian National Railway

WHILE Columbus is duly credited as the discoverer of North America, it was Jacques Cartier, valiant navigator of St. Malo, France who first set foot on the mainland of the North American continent. In April, 1534, forty-two years after Columbus had made his famous voyage of discovery, Jacques Cartier set sail from St. Malo with two small ships bearing a total crew of 61 men. On July 3, seeking refuge from a storm, he cast anchor in what is today the Bay of Gaspé near the tip of the Gaspé Peninsula in Quebec and landing on the shore, he took possession of the land in the name of the King of France. On a hill-top overlooking the bay he erected a cross. Three hundred years later a pageant re-enacted the historic scene and the cross, shown in the picture above, was placed on the shore of the bay as close as historical records permit, to the spot where the original cross was raised. The Bay of Gaspé was the scene of another world-famous event when in 1914 it sheltered the armada which conveyed the first Canadian Expeditionary Force to France. This was the largest expeditionary force ever to have crossed the Atlantic until the entrance of the United States into the World War.

Locals

Miss Faye Evans recently underwent a major operation at a hospital in Amarillo. She is doing very well at this writing.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom McKinstry have moved to their new home, the old Moon property, and are remodeling it.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Harshey, Lloyd Edgar, Richard and Clarence were shoppers in Roswell on Tuesday.

Miss Irene Newsom has accepted the position in the office of Mrs. Ethel W. McKinstry. She resumed her new position last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred McCormick left Tuesday morning for Ruidoso where they plan to build a cabin. They will live in the E. A. Paddock cabin until their own is completed.

Miss Marie Stewart and Veddar Graham were united in marriage at Carlsbad Monday. Veddar is the son of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Graham and has lived here practically all of his life. He is now employed for a trucking company in Roswell.

The sewing project exhibited some sun suits last week, they are scheduled to make 150 of these for the Carrie Tingley hospital at Hot Springs. These suits were a clever and attractive exhibition of sewing art.

Mr. and Mrs. Kern Jacobs have returned from Denver, Colorado, where he has been attending the Capital College of Pharmacy. Mr. Jacobs has a position in the Hagerman Drug, and plans to remain here indefinitely.

A shower for Miss Frances Welborne, which was to be given by members of the Methodist choir at the home of Mrs. E. A. Paddock, on Monday evening had to be cancelled on account of the heavy rains. Miss Welborne was piano accompanist for the choir for two years.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugo Jacobson returned Saturday night from El Paso, Texas, where Mr. Jacobson had undergone an operation on one of his eyes. His many friends will be glad to know that the operation has been quite successful, and Mr. Jacobson can use the one eye again. In a few weeks they plan to return to the pass city for examination on his other eye. They report the weather very warm in El Paso.

tion ideas work out in the interest of the public and his men. Plain people very readily understand that; the exceedingly clever often find it a bit difficult to grasp. Money figures are useful in showing which way we are going as a nation, and for the first four months of 1937 they are reassuring. In the first quarter of this year the Ford Motor Company spent for materials 271 millions, as against 199 millions for the first quarter of last year, and 70 1/2 millions for wages as against 54 millions for the first quarter of last year. Always remembering that materials, in the last analysis, are wages, this is a substantial increase in general benefit. The country would seem to be making some progress in spite of the numerous and costly hindrances that have been put in its way.

LOCALS

Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Menoud were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Menoud Sunday.

Miss Ruth Walden of Lake Arthur is spending the week with her sister Miss Wilma Walden.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Menoud and Mrs. E. D. Menoud were Roswell visitors Monday.

Mrs. Mary Landom of Amarillo arrived last week to make an extended visit with Miss Katherine Farkas and W. J. Alter.

D. A. Bradley and son, Maurice of the Cottonwood community transacted business in Hagerman last Saturday afternoon.

Spurgeon Wiggins of Silver City made a brief visit with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Wiggins and Max Wiggins last week end.

Mr. and Mrs. Luther Kersey and daughter Jean, from Roswell, were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Newsom on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Langenegger and family attended the eighth grade graduation exercise at East Grand Plains Monday night.

Mrs. Annie M. Akin of Roswell was an over night guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. O. J. Ford and family Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Burck and Miss Esther James were Roswell visitors Saturday, attending the show in the afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Austin Stuart and two small sons of Artesia were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Boykin and family Sunday.

Miss Philo Mae Newsom of Allison, Texas will visit for several weeks with relatives here. Her father, Worthie Newsom, returned home on Tuesday of last week.

W. H. Taylor and Miss Adams of Roswell, time keeper and secretary of the Roswell and Hagerman sewing projects paid a visit to the sewing room last Friday afternoon.

Mrs. J. U. Meador, Miss Pearl Meador and Wesley Meador of Lake Arthur visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Rufus King and Neal Friday.

Mrs. E. S. Sadler of Avoca, Texas came in last Wednesday for an indefinite stay at the F. W. Sadler home and other homes in the Pecos Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. J. U. Meador went to Lovington Monday to visit Mr. and Mrs. Adam Knick and attend to business affairs. On their return they plan to visit at the home of D. Robinson at Clovis.

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Youree, Mmes. Bob Conley and Viola Mathis of Roswell visited Mr. and Mrs. Perry Andrus and family Sunday and they all went to the ranch for the day.

Friends of Mr. and Mrs. I. M. Williams and Perry will probably be interested to hear that they recently bought a store and dwelling at Farwell and are now living there.

Miss Eva Mae Toby, of Roswell, attended the senior graduation exercises Thursday night, spending the night with Miss Ruth Solomon. She returned home Friday afternoon, accompanied by Ruth Solomon, who plans to visit with her a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry Sears of Captain, visited for a brief time on Saturday night with Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Wimberly. They had been in Carlsbad for several days, and were returning home. Clifford Wimberly went to Captain with them for a visit. He will return to Hagerman this week.

The seniors who made the trip through the Carlsbad Caverns on Governor's day were: Dolores Bartlett, Ruth Wade, Lois Mae Ridgely, Dalton Keeth, Quentin Bartlett, Vencil Barnett, Edward Greer, Garner Mason and Naomi Jenkins-Dority. They were driven down in C. H. Keeth's school bus, and were sponsored by Ramon Welborne.

Mr. and Mrs. Dub Andrus went to Lovington Sunday to take Mmes. Frank Hardin and O. J. Andrus home after a few days visit with Mr. and Mrs. Dub Andrus and Dub Hardin and Mr. and Mrs. Perry Andrus and they also attended the graduation exercises of the high school of which their grandson, Dub Hardin, was a member.

Mr. and Mrs. Johnnie Bowen and Jimmie left Sunday morning for a few days stay in El Paso, Texas. They will visit at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Barnett and Norman and also attend to business affairs. Mrs. A. M. Webka, who taught at the Adventist school this year, and her daughter Miss Frances Webka accompanied them to El Paso where Miss Frances will work this summer, but Mrs. Webka plans to go from there to Keene, Texas to attend summer school.

Smith & Minton Machinery Co. To Distribute Peerless Pumps



Main office and display rooms Peerless Pump Division, Los Angeles

The growing importance of the Pecos Valley as a center for shallow well irrigation, has caused the establishment of complete sales and service facilities for Peerless pumps. According to Vernon Edler, vice president and general manager, the Peerless Pump division has been considering this move for some time but in line with its unvarying policy, has delayed until the company had secured exactly the type of representation it considered necessary.



VERNON EDLER

"With the appointment of Smith & Minton Machinery Co., of Roswell," stated Mr. Edler, "we are satisfied that this district will have as fine a sales and service setup as any in our territory. We have a very high regard for both Mr. Smith and Mr. Minton, and we will back them to the limit in every way possible."

Peerless Pump, which is a division of the great Food Machinery Corporation, is widely known as one of the country's leading pump manufacturers.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Curry are exhibiting some very attractive cactus in bloom. Five different varieties are shown, one which they have had a long time, but had never bloomed before, and one which is called Ocotillo, or "Candles of the Lord," this to desert travelers, would have from a distance, an appearance of a lighted torch, hence the name. Mrs. Curry also has in natural surroundings, a hut, which she is improving, and which adds to the attractiveness of the cactus garden.

Locals

Mr. Tingley from State College was through the valley the middle of the week getting statistics about lambs.

Miss Nannie Mae Haynes, from Artesia, visited with her grandmother, Mrs. Nannie Cave, over Tuesday and Wednesday.

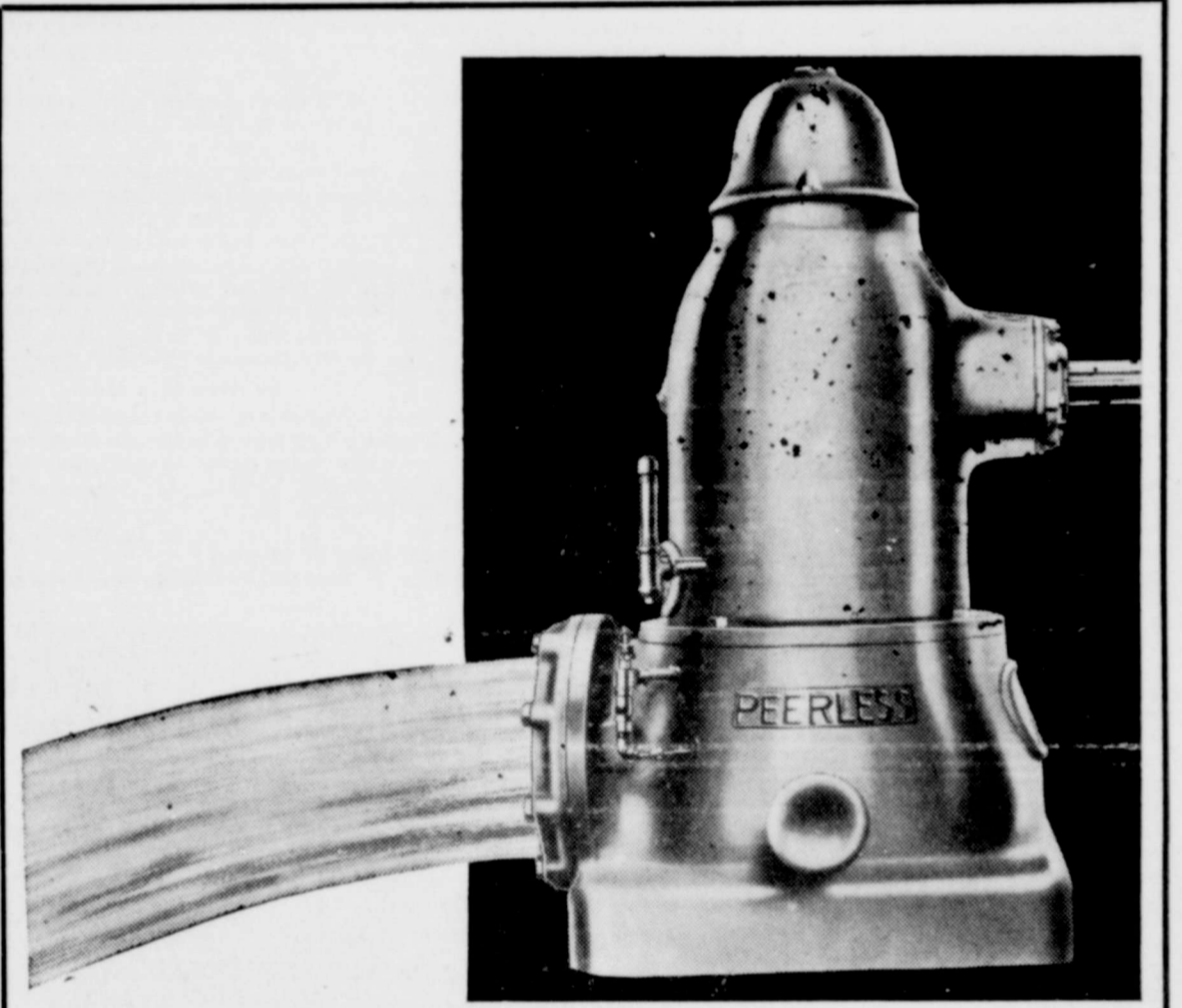
Miss Frances Welborne and Ramon Welborne will leave today (Thursday) for Missouri. Mrs. Welborne will remain here awhile to teach music.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Wimberly and Robt. Cumpsten left this morning for Albuquerque to attend the state postal civil service employees convention. They plan to return Monday.

Mrs. Noah West left early this week, in company with Mrs. John Mullis of Roswell for the Pacific Coast, where she will visit her children, Mr. and Mrs. Guy West of Chico; Mr. and Mrs. Joe West and Miss Ruth West of San Jose; and to San Francisco to visit Mr. and Mrs. Roy West. She will be there for the opening of the new bridge across the bay. Roy West is auditor of the Golden Gate Bridge. Mrs. West will be present for the wedding of Miss Ruth West to Mr. Bill Jung of San Jose on June 20th. Mr. Jung is in partnership with his father in the jewelry business in San Jose.

TYPEWRITERS

New, second hand and factory rebuilts in portables and standards—See us before you buy. Hagerman Messenger.



PEERLESS PUMPS

Now Established in the Pecos Valley

Throughout the length and breadth of this country, the name Peerless stands for leadership in the deep well irrigation field. In the San Joaquin Valley of California, Peerless Pumps are an overwhelming favorite. In Arizona the U. S. Government bought 93 75 and 100 H. P. Peerless Pumps on the strength of the highest test efficiencies ever recorded. In West Texas Peerless has sold and installed more pumps in the past two seasons than all other makes combined.

In industry, such outstanding names as Santa Fe Railway, General Motors, Timken Bearings, Standard Oil, U. S. Steel and many others specify Peerless Pumps. In municipal service Peerless supplies water for cities and towns in every state and many foreign countries.




Now Peerless comes to the Pecos Valley, offering farmers and ranchers not only the very finest pump that human ingenuity can produce, but a sales and service organization second to none in this district.

SMITH & MINTON MACHINERY CO., ROSWELL, N. M. NEW PEERLESS DEALER

Peerless is happy to announce the appointment of Smith & Minton Machinery Co. in Roswell as its distributors. By their training and experience, by their intimate knowledge of local conditions, they are eminently qualified to represent Peerless in this rich and growing district.

Smith & Minton Machinery Co. will carry a sufficient stock of pumps, column pipe and bowls to meet all requirements. If you want a pump that will give you long life, low fuel cost and a reputation for performance that is world-wide, see Smith & Minton and get the full story of Peerless Deep Well Turbine Pumps.

A TYPE FOR EVERY DRIVE

 <p>MOTURBO Unit drive vertical electric motor design. Incorporates many exclusive features such as water-cooled thrust bearings, complete weatherproofing, etc.</p>	 <p>BELTURBO Similar in design to Moturbo except that pulley takes place of motor. Same exclusive method of bearing design and lubrication. Suitable for tractor, stationary engine or electric motor drive.</p>	 <p>GEAR TURBO The most practical method of connecting vertical pump to horizontal drive. Eliminates 4-turn belt, saves power cost. Thousands of Gear Turbos in irrigation service.</p>
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PEERLESS PUMPS

FOOD MACHINERY CORPORATION

Represented in Chaves County by SMITH & MINTON MACHINERY COMPANY
200 E. Second St., Roswell, New Mexico

Security

Safety

SINCERELY

to participate in your plans and problems; to lend our advice and aid; to take part in any project that will augment the community's prosperity

this is our constant banking endeavor

MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION

FIRST NATIONAL BANK HAGERMAN, N. M.

Satisfaction

Service

Oil News—

(Continued from page one)

field, Sun Oil Co., Stuart 1, NE sec. 15-25-37.

Wildcats

The following drilling report may be of general interest:

Lea county—Hershback, Alston No. 1, NE sec. 31-17-38, drilling below 4462 feet.

Magnolia Petroleum Co., State 1-G, NE sec. 24-17-34, pumping.

Brown and Reynolds, Parcel No. 1, sec. 8-21-37, shut down waiting on pumping unit.

Texas Company, Lea 2, NE sec. 15-20-34, derrick.

Humble Oil and Refining Co., Saunders 2, NE sec. 9-22-34, cellar and pits completed.

Eddy county—Murchison, State 1-B, SE sec. 16-17-31, drilling below 3700 feet.

Wesley McCallister, Cagle 1, NW sec. 8-26-30, location.

Continental Oil Co., Barrett 1, SW sec. 22-20-30, shut down for orders. Hole full water at 1957 feet. Plugging to abandon.

Franklin Petroleum Corp., Nelson 1, NW 1/4 sec. 4-18-30, drilling below 640 feet.

W. A. Snyder, Pecos Irrigation 1, SW sec. 15-25-38, shut down.

GET THE HABIT

Shop At MERRITT'S "The Ladies Store" 319 N. Main St., Roswell

MEMORIAL DAY

Lest we forget. They paid the price that bought for us the freedom that is ours. EDWARD STONE

MAKE HAGERMAN DRUG

THE REXALL STORE, AND YOUR DRUGGIST Headquarters for Vacation and Everyday Needs First aid kits, cosmetics for summer days, swim-kaps, vacuum bottles, writing portfolios, all for everyday and vacation days

HAGERMAN DRUG

"YOUR DRUGGIST" THE REXALL STORE Hagerman Phone 10

LADIES FREE

With Each Paid Adult Ticket

Hagerman ONE NIGHT ONLY FRIDAY June 4

Harley Sadler



NEW TENT THEATRE

And His Own Company BIG STAGE SHOW

THE SHOW YOU KNOW—PRESENTING "ROSE OF THE RIO GRANDE" A ROMANTIC PLAY OF THE GREAT SOUTHWEST

New Music and Vaudeville ADULTS 50c KIDDIES 10c

IN SOCIETY

Phone 17

(Items for either this column or the calendar must be turned in by not later than Wednesday noon)

Social Calendar

The Belle Bennett Circle will meet at the home of Mrs. Elwood Watford Wednesday, June 2nd.

The Pecos Valley Training Union will have their regular quarterly program at the local Baptist church May 30th at 2:30 p. m. the theme is "Greatness Through Service." The public is cordially invited.

The Woman's club will serve the postponed Men's Club next Tuesday night, June 1st, and will give the program.

All members of the Woman's club are invited to visit the sewing room on June 3rd. Miss Pansy Jones, the District Supervisor, plans to attend the meeting and will explain the work.

BREAKFAST ON FRIDAY

A cool, inviting color scheme of blue and white was carried out last Friday morning when the Rev. Emery Fritz entertained with a 6:30 breakfast.

In the color scheme were the blue drapes, a blue and white table cover, white roses centering the table and blue and white dishes were used.

A delicious four course breakfast was served by the host to: Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Cook, Lowell Price, Dale McNulty, Roy Lee Hearn, Mrs. A. L. Van Arsdol, Misses Jessie George, Almaretta Growden, Mildred Christensen and little Betty Cook.

HOME EXTENSION MEET

Members of the Extension club met with Mrs. Lester Hinrichsen at her home east of town last Friday afternoon.

L. C. Brown, county agent, gave a talk on the new electric project. Miss Hilda Gean, home extension agent, gave a very interesting demonstration on making very attractive bedroom dressing tables out of orange crates.

Present were Mesdames Alice M. Hedges, G. L. Bledsoe, Tom Ferguson, J. M. Fletcher, Ernest Lange-negger, Elmer Graham, Rufus Campbell, Earl Stine, Ernest Utterback, Bud Benoud, Walden Jacobson, Arthur Wilhelm, Jack Miller, Lester Hinrichsen, Doris Hinrichsen, Mill Hilda Gean and L. C. Brown.

The next meeting will be with Mrs. Walden Jacobson on the third Friday in June.

L. C. CLUB

The L. C. Club met at the home of Mrs. Frank Bauslin May 20th. The meeting opened with the president, Mrs. Earl Stine in the chair. As there was no business to discuss and no program the time was spent with needlework and conversation.

Refreshments of orange pudding, cookies and iced tea were served. Members present were Mesdames E. D. Menoud, M. D. Menoud, Fred Evans, Marion Woody, Willis Pardee, George Lathrop, Earl Stine, C. O. Holloway, Ernest Utterback, W. L. Heitman and the hostess.

The next meeting will be at the home of Mrs. Fred Evans and the roll call is to be answered by a quotation from the scripture which has not been previously given. This is to be the last meeting of this spring and arrangements will be made soon for the annual picnic.

MISCELLANEOUS SHOWER

Mrs. Martha Cozart, who was married to Irvin Nelson Saturday, was given a lovely miscellaneous shower at the sewing room last Friday afternoon. Each member on the project brought a gift and refreshments of koolade and cookies were served to the seventeen members and two visitors W. H. Taylor and Miss Adams of Roswell. Martha is an expert seamstress and they hate very much to lose her but hope her much happiness and success.

SLUMBER PARTY

Miss Wanna Bee Langenegger was hostess to a delightful slumber party last Friday night in honor of Miss Frances Webka who left Sunday. Those enjoying the party with the hostess and honoree were: Misses Bernice Tulk, Sammie Nan McKinstry and Hannah Burck.

DINNER PARTY

At the home of Miss Hannah Burck last Saturday Miss Frances Webka was entertained with a delicious steak dinner which was prepared by the hostess Miss Hannah Burck and Miss Wanna Bee Langenegger. Seated at the table with the hostess Misses Frances Webka, Wanna Bee Langenegger, Bernice Tulk, and Sammie Nan McKinstry.

MONOPOLY PARTY

Mr. and Mrs. Jeff West were hosts to a monopoly party on

Harley Sadler's Tent Theater Will Be Here On June Fourth

"Rose of the Rio Grande" to Play In Hagerman One Night Only

When the Harley Sadler's Own company erects its mammoth tent theatre beautiful for a one night engagement in Hagerman, amusement loving public of this section have a real treat in store for them in the way of a good stage show. There is an old saying that "Variety is the spice of life," and Harley Sadler's promises just that. It carries a band and orchestra; the band will give a free concert in front of the big tent at seven p. m. Kennedy Swain and his musical Mavericks make their appearance for a fifteen-minute program preceding the rise of the curtain on one of the southwest's most romantic plays, a comedy drama in three acts, "Rose of the Rio Grande," according to the management, which possesses all the qualities of an evening's entertainment, laughter, romance, villainy, pathos and comedy. Special scenery and electrical effects are provided and a first class production is promised. Between the acts of this romantic comedy drama, high class vaudeville will be given, which will include the Big State Quartette, the Range Riders string band; the Nulls, Donald and Myrtle, high class entertainers; Sputters, himself in person; Denver Crumpler, radio tenor; Tommy Lange, accordionist; Billy Mack Eccentric, dancer; and others. According to the management the big ten theatre is positively waterproof and heated so as to be comfortable regardless of weather conditions.



HARLEY SADLER

For some twenty years this organization has been playing Texas and Eastern New Mexico territory and is always cordially received by large crowds because its entertainment is represented as being clean, and high class.

Popular prices are the order of the day when they appear for one night only in Hagerman. General admission prices only ten cents for the kiddies and 50c for adults. Several hundred seats are available at these prices. Special high back comfortable folding chairs may be obtained by those who care for them at a small additional price.

Tuesday evening. Guests were Messrs. and Mesdames Raynal Cumpsten, Rufus King and Elwood Watford.

Mrs. Raynal Cumpsten was the Monoplist of the evening. Refreshments of sandwiches and lemonade were served.

METHODIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY MEET

Fourteen ladies were present yesterday afternoon, at the home of Mrs. Lester Hinrichsen at the meeting of the missionary society. Refreshments of sandwiches and koolade were served following the business session.

PRESBYTERIAN LADIES AID MEET

Mesdames L. W. Garner and J. F. Campbell entertained the members and guests of the aid yesterday afternoon at the church basement. A low bowl of rich fragrant roses, grown by Mrs. Garner, were used for decorations.

Following the business session, delicious refreshments of assorted sandwiches, pickles, olives, cup cakes and ice tea were served to Mesdames B. F. Knoll, W. A. Losey, H. J. Cumpsten, Jim Michelet, Hugo Jacobson, Bayard Curry, C. G. Mason, T. D. Devenport, Sam McKinstry, J. E. Wimberley, Martin Brannon, Jim Wheeler and the hostesses.

BIRTHDAY DINNER

Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Knoll and Sanford Knoll were hosts on Tuesday evening at a delicious dinner, complimentary to Miss Idabea Lemon, the occasion being her birthday. Guests were the honoree, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Menoud and Mr. and Mrs. Glynn Knoll.

Enjoy Perfect Entertainment in Cool Comfort Both Theaters 20' Cooler

Table with 2 columns listing plays and dates: THURS. ONLY LEWIS STONE, MADGE EVANS, RALPH FORBES "THE 13th CHAIR"; FRI. - SAT. "TOP OF THE TOWN"; SUN. - MON. - TUES. GINGER ROGERS, FRED ASTAIRE "SHALL WE DANCE"; THURS. ONLY Murdered by a Man Buried Alive! "Find The Witness"; FRI. - SAT. PAUL KELLY "IT HAPPENED OUT WEST"; SUN. - MON. - TUES. JEAN MUIR, PRESTON FOSTER "OUTCASTS OF POKER PLATS"

YUCCA

PECOS

Locals

Mr. and Mrs. Glynn Knoll were shopping in Roswell Wednesday afternoon.

Dr. E. J. Hubbard was in Hagerman Thursday morning attending to business.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray West of Dexter were in Hagerman Thursday morning attending to business.

Mr. and Mrs. Bud Menoud and Mrs. Alice M. Hedges motored to Carlsbad on Tuesday.

Miss Mable Cowan arrived home last night from her school in Silver City. She will spend several weeks with home folks.

Mrs. J. F. Campbell, Misses Letha Green and Alma Sue Boyce were Artesia visitors this afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. N. S. West and son Jeff have recently received an invitation to the opening of the Golden Gate Bridge at San Francisco, California. Roy West is auditor.

Rev. John H. Nichols and Rev. Emery Fritz were entertained Monday evening by Mr. and Mrs.

Harry Andrews at their home in Roswell.

Miss Clyde Pearce of Carlsbad spent last night and today with her friends. She is home from a visit to her home in Carlsbad for several years.

Mrs. Van Sweatt and her family are leaving this week for Carlsbad to spend several weeks with Mrs. Sweatt's parents, and her, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Van Sweatt and Marlin.

Mr. and Mrs. Jim Rhoads, Dorothy, and Mr. A. O. Taylor returned Thursday from Pecos, Clarendon, Texas where they have been visiting with relatives. Yates' two sons returned with them.

The Rev. John Nichols of Carlsbad is visiting this week with the Rev. Emery Fritz. The men were school mates in the University at Maryville, Tennessee. Mr. Nichols will leave Saturday morning.

Frank McCarthy, Jack and Jim Michelet plan to leave tomorrow for Deming, where they will meet the train, and be accompanied by postmaster Jim Farley. Mr. Farley is a native of the southwest.

CANE - HEGIRA - CORN AND ALL OTHER GOOD SEEDS

See ROSWELL SEED COMPANY ROSWELL, NEW MEXICO PRICES ON REQUEST

HAVE OUR Efficient Service Department

check over your car needs, drain and flush the radiator, fill with fresh water, check over the electrical equipment, and have the pleasure in your summer driving.

C. & C. GARAGE

FORD AND CHEVROLET PARTS AND REPAIRS Hagerman, N. M. Phone 30



QUALITY Comes First

Where Your Home is Concerned

Don't scrimp where your home is concerned... buy the best and you'll save in the long run. Protect your roof and your furnishings with quality roof coating.

HERE'S WHAT YOU WANT FOR ROOF PROTECTION ASGUM

Asgum is not a common roof coating but the world's supreme roof protection! The indestructible combination of filtered asbestos, pure vacuum distilled asphalt and graphite... free from coal tar... guarantees you years of years of satisfactory service; assures you of the finest roof protection that money can buy.

LIQUID ASGUM \$1.45 1-lb. Plastic Asgum 50-lb Plastic at 12 1/2¢

VALDURA IMPROVED ASPHALT PAINT An excellent preservative. Resists water, acid, alkali

1 Pint.....60c 1 Gallon...\$2.75

