

# DAFFY DRIVERS

BY NATIONAL SAFETY COUNCIL



## SIGN-POSTING OUR DESERTS

"In considering what are known as the deserts," writes Ernest McGaffey in the National Republic, "the average man or woman think of a trackless and desolate waste where lone and level sands stretch far away; of lands that God forgot, uninhabited and uninhabitable; deserted spaces devoid of life, and shut out from beauty; burning areas as sombre and as pitiless as death itself. Yet deserts, curiously enough, form one-fifth of the entire land surface, and in California, Arizona, Nevada, New Mexico and Utah, the great southwestern branches of the desert family occupy a part of the landscape that forms a picturesque and keenly interesting study for the naturalist, the miner, the traveller and tourist, the artist and writer, and even the most blase and cynical 'globe-trotter.'

"For the desert was a deliberate and designed domain in the colossal project of Creation; an entity in the mysterious edifice which sprang from the hand of the great Architect of the Universe. It stands like a monument in many lands and in its own realm stands supreme. On its broad expanses the Pyramids and the Sphinx may be seen, and amid Saharan loneliness palm-fringed, and with cooling fountains, the famed oases rise. And in America's Southwest, at spring's awakening, the desert's arid spaces do indeed blossom like the rose, for carpeted with a bewildering blaze of myriad-tinted blooms the wide sweep of sagebrush and greasewood growth flames into loveliness that is verily indescribable.

"For many years these broad wildernesses were almost forgotten. A few prospectors, with meek and lowly burro, scanty pack of camp necessities, pick and blanket, crossed and re-crossed them, searching the adjacent mountain ranges for gold, silent and solitary figures that blended with the surrounding grayness. Occasional wagon trains passed over them, and on across their dry lakes, journeying to distant goals that lay far beyond. Earlier still, roving bands of Apache or Navajo Indians were silhouetted against their horizons, but for the most part the coyote, the raven, the buzzard, the rattlesnake and the jack rabbit were the most familiar objects in their environment. Finally as travel over them increased a little, the United States government sent out expeditions to explore the deserts, and here and there a few wooden signs were set up to guide the travellers on their way. For the covered wagon era had arrived, and the canvas-topped awkwardness of the 'prairie schooner' was bringing prospective settlers westward and southwestward to the long hoped for promised lands. And in this way, although scattered and in-requent, signs on the Southwestern deserts began to make their appearance.

"In Death Valley the United States wooden signs were often buried under the shifting sand dunes, ploughed and harrowed by wild winds that swept down from the Funeral range on the east, and the Panamint mountains to the west. Other crude signs, fashioned also of wood, soon disappeared at the stroke of the prospectors or emigrants axe. Practically speaking, the deserts were nearly signless. But a day of metamorphosis was at hand."

Navajo Indians say they haven't enough land and ask that 2,500,000 acres taken away from them be restored to the tribe. Do they expect to be paid for not working it.

A 15-cent tax on wheat raised in excess of orders from Washington is proposed. This may cause the farmers to elect a cheer leader for the grasshoppers.—Wichita Eagle.

The medal for being the most faithful wife should be awarded to the woman who said she didn't want to go to heaven because it would seem like deserting her husband.

## TESTED RECIPE

—By Frances Lee Barton—

**GOOD** Scotch shortbread is something to dream about, but like souffles and such-like dishes, many women steer clear of it, firm in the belief that such triumphs of culinary prowess are not for them. That may have been true in the days when cooking was guessing and inspiration. But the modern recipe, with its accurate, dependable measurements, knows no mysteries. All is plain sailing and commonsense. So the young bride entertaining at her first tea party can fearlessly produce a batch of shortbread which would not shame her grandmother.



### Scotch Shortbread

2 cups sifted cake flour; 1/2 cup butter; 1/2 cup powdered sugar. Sift flour once and measure. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Work in flour, using finger tips. Press into greased pan, 8x8x2 inches, and prick with fork. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 50 minutes, or until delicately browned. Cool slightly and cut in squares before removing from pan. Makes 16 squares.

**THOSE** folks who declare there ought to be a law against bread pudding evidently don't know the heights to which the humble bread pudding can rise when it is made with an artistic touch! The artistic touch is chocolate—and chocolate confers a patent of nobility on this old-fashioned plebian dessert. There'll be no growls and grumbles from the family when you serve



### Chocolate Bread Pudding

1 1/2 squares unsweetened chocolate; 3 cups milk; 2 eggs, slightly beaten; 1/2 cup sugar; 1/4 teaspoon salt; 1 teaspoon vanilla; 2 cups cubed stale bread. Add chocolate to milk and heat in double boiler. When chocolate is melted, stir until blended. Combine eggs, sugar, and salt; add chocolate mixture gradually, stirring vigorously. Add vanilla. Place bread in greased baking dish; pour mixture over it and let stand 10 minutes; then mix well before baking. Place dish in pan of hot water and bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 60 minutes, or until pudding is firm. Serve hot with hard sauce or cold with cream. Serves 6.

## Favors Increased Publicity Fund

Bob Kaltenborn, at Tuesday's meeting of the Chamber of Commerce, declared in favor of raising a fund of fifteen or twenty thousand dollars per annum for the exploitation of this region through a news photographer. He favors raising this sum through taxation and also declared that a fund should be provided for properly entertaining celebrities who come here, so that a few enterprising citizens would not be compelled constantly to spend their private funds for that purpose as they now do.

## Alvord Funeral Rites Saturday

Funeral services for the late Clark Alvord, 68, who passed away Monday, will be held Saturday morning at 10 o'clock at the Catholic church, with Rev. Father J. J. Lambe officiating. Rosary will be said Friday evening at 8:45 o'clock at the Garrison mortuary.

Clark Alvord has been a familiar figure in the Eldorado Canyon district for many years. He was interested in mining, conducted a general store and was postmaster at Nelson.

He was a man of kindly, retiring disposition and often devoted his time to writing poetry, of which he had a small volume published some years ago under the title, "Indian Muses."

The passing of Clark Alvord is regretted by a wide circle of friends and acquaintances.

His sole surviving relative so far as known is a nephew residing at 1516 California avenue, Washington, D. C.

When you have to depend on federal relief it doesn't make much difference whether it is a depression or a recession.

One nice thing about a New Year's resolution is that when you get ready to break it you don't have to have it declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court.

## NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP

Notice is hereby given that the co-partnership heretofore existing between Thomas J. Nestor of Main and 213 street, Torrence, California, Los Angeles County, State of California, and Charles E. Herron, now residing at the Cromwell hotel, 739 South Garland street, in the city of Los Angeles, California, doing business under the co-partnership of Charles E. Herron and Thomas J. Nestor at Las Vegas, in Clark county, Nevada, has been dissolved by the withdrawal of said Thomas J. Nestor from said firm; and notice is hereby further given that the said Thomas J. Nestor will not be responsible for any debts, obligations or liabilities heretofore incurred under said firm name for any individual or personal debts of the said Charles E. Herron, or debts, obligations or liabilities incurred under said firm name on or after the date of this notice.

Dated this 28th day of December, 1937.  
**THOMAS J. NESTOR**  
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