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If everyone would do as well as possible for even one day, we all should do well.—Henry Ford.

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Cap-Brush Applicator makes "BLACK LEAF 40" GO ON FATHERS.

Typewriter Ribbons: James Cozens Gould: He had a mind that hit and ran and got away.

Eleven others from Rudy Vallee's orchestra are following him into the service.

Hotel Temple Square
Salt Lake City
CLARENCE L. WEST
Manager



Notes of an Innocent Bystander:

The Magic Lanterns: The cinema has gone to war, all the newcomers being armed to the teeth. "Wake Island" is one of the most meritorious of the battle stories. It sticks to the grim facts of the case, with no sugary heroics.

The Wireless: Ambass. Grew didn't fool around with any pep talk in his report from Tokyo. The Japs are tough, he warned, and won't quit till they're carried out.

The Story Tellers: Frank Kingdon takes care of the isolationists who got patriotic after Pearl Harbor. In "Dangers of a False Peace," in Free World, he points out they kept bleating "peace" and "ignored every voice that cried of our danger from those who kill and enslave civilians as well as soldiers."

Clark Gable has been praised by the army and the press for doing it The Hard Way—nevertheless, Clark is receiving some nasty letters from females throughout the land.

At Our Best: If everyone would do as well as possible for even one day, we all should do well.—Henry Ford.

Typewriter Ribbons: James Cozens Gould: He had a mind that hit and ran and got away. Ann Hunt: Better to carry the torch of liberty and truth than have it come up and burn you from behind.

Eleven others from Rudy Vallee's orchestra are following him into the service. Petitions seeking 10,000 signatures are being circulated among sporting circles here in behalf of former boxer Ernie Haas, doing 20 years for murdering a Nazi attache.



THE STORY SO FAR: Jeff Curtis and his wife, Lee, are already on their way to Tierra Libre when Jeff receives a note from Zora Mitchell warning them not to come. It is too late to turn back, so Jeff decides not to tell Lee, who was opposed to their returning to the tropics.

CHAPTER II

Don't come! And here he was with Lee in the curve of his arm, Buddy and Chuck tugging at his trousers, with Tierra Libre rising up out of the morning sea, the buildings of Cabeza de Negro taking shape.

Long before they drew close enough to make out details of the sturdy new docks and receiving sheds they saw the motor launch cutting along the coast as though to intercept them. It, too, was headed for the port, and at last Curt recognized the figure standing in the cockpit.

"Yeh, got your wireless you were coming through Cabeza, Zora Curt. Hija, Lee," called the stopy man in the launch. "It's good to see you folks again. Where're the kids?"

A doc's hand delivered a message from Senor Montaya on a company briefcase. The senior had been delayed in getting down river to meet them, but would reach Cabeza in another hour or so.

"That one of his river boats?" "Yeh. They have two. But we can talk later, Curt," Jerry scooped up the check, one in each arm. "Let's find a more comfortable spot for the wait. Lee, you're looking great! If I didn't know better I'd guess you were twenty. Hard to believe these are yours, Marta sends her love and can't wait to see you."

Associated Fruit Growers—where Curt and McNinn, fresh from M. I. T., had their first years of practical engineering—stretched along the north bank of the Rio Negro, a hundred kilometers or more of banana plantations in an almost unbroken line. These were fed by a narrow-gauge railroad, and there was one handling of fruit from farm pick-up platforms to conveyor belts at shipside.

"I don't need a brick wall to fall on me. Go ahead, you two. Have a drink. I know you have plenty to talk over. I'll drag out my rusty Spanish and get along."

tender mixed them nearby, Curt made conversation. "Jerry, it'll cost so much to produce and ship fruit here that I don't see how these people can hope to compete with Associated. Not without a subsidy, and Tierra Libre does not grant subsidies."

McNinn grinned, but said nothing. The bartender placed the drinks before them, then left to lend a hand in the kitchen lean-to.

"Jerry, you old muckle-head," he shouted. "I might've known you'd come down to meet us."

"A muckle-head, darling," she answered gravely. "Is your Uncle Jerry down in the little boat. See?"

"Come on, pal, we know each other's first name. Spill it." It came out slowly and in pieces. "Well, Curt, I can't help feeling there's something fishy about your new outfit. They have more men on their payroll than we have, for instance, Americans as well as natives, trying to get things set before the next rainy season. That's all right. But Soledad's the only live spot—such as it is—within their range. You couldn't call Cabeza a satisfactory place to live a fellow up over a holiday."

"So—well, damn it all, you'd expect that gang to come to Soledad once in a while. But no one ever does. The two Swedes and the Dutchman I told you about are the only ones who ever get to Soledad, and that's only on business, to supervise receipt of shipments."

"And they don't talk! We tried to get up a ball game with your people once. No go. It's as though this Montaya was afraid his men'd spill something to our advantage. And that's carrying the rivalry theme a bit far for this business and this country. I—well, you see how vague it is, only a feeling."

"I get hold of a rumor after you called me several days ago. There's no evidence, mind you, and it was too late to stop you by cable. Well, the natives working for me have their own ideas about Mitchell's death. They say it was no native did the job, but a couple of white men. But Curt," he expostulated,

"You know no white man would hack a guy to pieces the way Mitch was found." Curt thought this out. "Fuh, unless it was to hide the fact that it was a white man's killing. And suppose it was a white man, Jerry, or a couple of them? So what? Old Mitch knew his job, but he certainly piled up enemies. You and I know that well enough. He made engineers out of us, first job out of college, but we got plenty bruised in the process. Men with less sense of humor than we have can't take the treatment he dished out."

"You didn't give me any details," he mentioned after another moment. "There aren't many. A track-walker found him early in the morning—fortunately before the buzzards did. Let's see, the 11th, it was. About a kilometer outside of Tempujo, in a ditch by the track. The damn zopilotes were wheeling overhead, so he got the section handcar, loaded the body onto it—"

"The 11th?" interrupted Curt. "That's the date of their letter to me! They didn't waste any time. Wonder how they picked a man so quickly?"

"Well, the date's correct. I remember because we had an early evening dinner-dance on the Tekla at Soledad the night before Mitch was found. And the Tekla pulled out for Cristobal about 9:00 p. m. on the 10th."

"I did!" exclaimed Curt softly. He looked at McNinn. "Their letter to me was dated the 11th, but air-mailed from Cristobal on the 12th. Didn't notice that discrepancy at first. When I finally did, I figured the letter either made a plane to the Canal Zone, or was misdated in error."

"We have no air service in Panama from Soledad—direct. Course, it's less than two hours by air to the Zone, but I doubt they'd make the flight just for a letter. Anyway, I know a messenger from Tempujo brought mail to the Tekla just before it sailed. Came as our party was breaking up and going ashore."

"Then the chances are the letter to me, dated the 11th, was put aboard the Tekla which sailed the 10th. Actually mailed before Mitch was found murdered. Right?"

"By God, Curt, that's so!" McNinn brought his palm down on the bar. "Mitch was killed some time after dark on the 10th and discovered early on the 11th."

"Meanwhile," Curt fell silent, then looked up keenly. "The two Swedes are white men." McNinn frowned. "And there are plenty more white men where you're going. But Curt, the Swedes are not what we'd want for bosom pals, but we've no right to jump to conclusions. Besides," he dropped the scowl and grinned, "I did some checking up myself. Had my motor boy ask questions here and there. The Swede made the run from Tempujo to San Alejo late that afternoon, while Mitch was staying in Tempujo overnight."



JUST how much training and hard driving can the human system stand? When it comes to a matter of lifting a human being to peak form, training is one of the most subtle of all the arts. It is a job that calls for expert treatment.

For example, I was talking about this with Col. Bob Neyland, head coach of the army team. Colonel Neyland knows what condition means as well as anyone I've run across.

"The point you have to watch," he said, "is the human limit. You can't afford to pass that point. In my many years of coaching I've seen squads brought up to 80 per cent efficiency when it came to blocking or tackling. When we tried to lift this 80 per cent to 85 per cent by harder work and longer time, on almost every occasion the squad would drop back to 75 per cent or even 70 per cent. They were willing enough to give all they had, but physical and mental fatigue would leave its poison and the extra work was worse than wasted. It was harmful."

Football and War: If this goes for football, it also goes for training needed in war. A good many people, knowing that war is a tougher game than football, or any other game ever invented, can't understand why a soldier shouldn't be worked from daybreak reveille to nightfall. They can't see why any recreation is needed.

But those who know their business in the army and navy understand he cracking point. When anyone is packed with mental and physical fatigue, there must be resting spots, as every good trainer knows. After that point he can't absorb any further development in skill or condition for the time being.

This is why both the army and navy have been smart in getting so many physical conditioners who know what should be done. Golf, for another example, is not a killing game. But a fatigued golfer is rarely any good. The message that comes from a tired brain to tired nerves and muscles is always badly blurred.

The Surest System: The surest system is to start training kids from 13 to 16 years of age. They can be trained to walk from 10 to 12 miles a day. As they get a little older this can be lifted to 15 miles or 20 miles. We have too many hundreds of thousands of boys from 13 to 16 who have known far too little leg work. At that age body contact should be light, to be increased from year to year.

Someone was smart enough in both Germany and Japan to start training these younger boys as far back as 10 years ago. Standing before the Army-Redskin game in the Los Angeles Coliseum a few weeks ago several of us from the top tower looked down on the Olympic swimming stadium, recalling Jap swimmers from 14 to 16 years of age winning distant swimming events. These youngsters had been started at the age of nine or ten. Some of them were among the Jap troops that swam to Hong Kong.

I have mentioned before about the hundreds of thousands of German kids from 12 to 16 who were in hard training all over Germany during the 1936 Olympic games. In this respect both Germany and Japan, knowing the inevitability of a war they were going to start, made this youth training a national plan. This youth training isn't a matter of surmise, but a matter of fact and of record. I still recall an old Southern Civil war poem to Little Giffen of Tennessee. Part of it ran like this—

Insure Your Power To Earn

You may lose your business, your home, and your money, but one asset no one can take from you is an earning power based upon a sound business education. Once obtained, this remains a reserve—to be drawn upon indefinitely when needed.

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Learn to earn where business is a profession

DON'T Let Our Fighting Boys Down; ★
★ Subscribe NOW for U. S. War Bonds

WOMEN AT WAR
SHIRLEY OSBORN, Aircraft Worker of San Diego, California, says:

WITH MY NEW WAR JOB, MY CIGARETTE HAS TO BE EXTRA MILD. CAMELS ARE EASY ON MY THROAT AND A GRAND-TASTING SMOKE

AND NOTE THIS: The smoke of slow-burning CAMELS contains LESS NICOTINE than that of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself!

it is wise... to read the advertisements in this newspaper before you set out upon a shopping tour.

Chef's Tips FROM THE NEWHOUSE

Apples and Honey: For something different that has a very definite lift to it, try apple slices fried in honey. It is a tasty tidbit which calls for more than one return engagement.
Ingredients: Eight apples, one-half teaspoon salt, two tablespoons honey, three tablespoons bacon drippings, two tablespoons water.
Directions: Cut washed apples into quarters, remove stem, blossom ends and seeds. Cut into medium thin slices. When grease is hot in skillet, add apples, salt and honey mixed with water. Cook over high heat for five minutes, then reduce heat for about 25 minutes longer.

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