

The Springfield Sun

LET THERE BE LIGHT
Loyalty to Your Home Town Costs
Nothing and Yields vast Returns—
"Think It Over!"

WEATHER:
Fair and cooler

Vol. VII—No. 39. SPRINGFIELD, N. J., Thursday, June 7th, 1934. OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER TOWNSHIP OF SPRINGFIELD. PRICE FIVE CENTS

Rambling Around Town

FOR YEARS JIM TELFER HAS been kidding the boys embarking on the merry path toward matrimony and anyone who has been roasted by Telfer knows what kidding really is, naturally. Jim was surprisingly quiet a few weeks ago when he went off and got married, his closest friends were ignorant of what had happened, fellow employees at the Union County Coal and Lumber Company, where the works were likewise surprised when they had to read of Telfer's marriage... the SUN article pertaining to the affair was therefore what is commonly known as a "great scoop" showing the story was received in another surprise... secret operative was entitled to the increase he has been promised... a little tip to Springfield housewives... food prices will shortly take a big jump due to the damage in the Middle West and its severe drought... as conveniently as possible another reminder, try Springfield merchants first... boost home-town merchants... Springfield is not expected to change its policy on present liquor fees of \$200 for storekeepers and \$750 for taverns and clubs... sentiment has been heard to change the amounts, but from the storekeepers themselves, they would like the rates to remain the same... in places, a separate \$50 beer license is permissible... this excludes the sale of liquors and wines... it'll be a feather in the cap of the Civic League if its July Fourth celebration goes over... it's a pleasure to at least hear that this project, at least, will not provoke any strong controversies... School days are gradually drawing to a close... commencement is slated for June 30... then for the summer playground days... what a holiday for the school pupils... It is almost sensational... the town-wide support to benefits for legless... seven-year-old Robert Wentz earned the spirit last shown in town at the Sesqui-Centennial in 1930... it may not be amiss to predict that funds for the boy may exceed \$1,000 and possibly reach the \$1,500 mark...

July 4 Plans Discussed by Civic League

Sentiment Increasing For Township Celebration At Singers Park

Plans for a township July Fourth celebration to be held at United Singers Park were discussed by the Springfield Civic League Tuesday night in headquarters, 240 Morris avenue. Representatives from the following organizations were present: American Legion, Girl Scouts, Republican Club, Women's Republican Club and Democratic Club. Delegates said they had received the Civic League's invitation to participate, but since their organizations had not met their respective members' reaction to the proposal. Christian Wissing, July Fourth celebration chairman, reported that sentiment in the township favored a celebration, even more so than had been anticipated. The consensus of opinion is that a celebration of this kind with wide cooperation of the township is a financial and social success. Other members on the celebration committee include Erwin Hess, Lincoln Wood, Jr., Donald Smith and Philip Bond. Tentative plans for the celebration list fireworks display, picnic, baseball game, sporting events, music, field day and patriotic exercises. The affair would be principally for the benefit of Springfield residents. An admission fee will be charged, permitting a ticket holder to take part in all-day affairs. The Civic League will be selling \$10 raffle tickets for a drawing sponsored by the Springfield Democratic Club to benefit Robert Wentz, James A. Callahan, raffle chairman, attended and asked members to support the cause. Herbert A. Brown, acting chairman, reported Walter Schramm as chairman of a committee to sell additional tickets to league members. He will be assisted by Mrs. Kavin and Mrs. Cornelia Matigan. Civic League members were invited to attend a meeting tonight in P. O. S. A. Hall to further plans for a community card party and dance planned in Singers Park, June 29, for the Wentz boy. The league members discussed the affair and promised John J. King, who spoke on the subject, that they would support it.

Degree Conferred On Winifred Debbie at N. J. C. Graduation

Local Graduate Honored At Exercises Saturday In New Brunswick

NEW BRUNSWICK, June 6.—New Jersey College for Women conferred academic degrees upon 208 students Saturday morning at the thirteenth commencement exercises, which were held in the Elizabeth Rodman Voorhes Chapel. Candidates for degrees were presented by Dean Margaret T. Corwin and the degrees were conferred by Dr. Robert C. Clothier, president of Rutgers University. The degree of bachelor of arts was conferred upon Winifred Debbie, daughter of Benjamin A. Debbie, 96 Springfield avenue, Springfield, Miss. Debbie is a graduate of Rutgers College for Women, where she has been outstanding both in her studies and extracurricular activities. She was elected to Phi Beta Kappa, national honorary scholastic society, was a member of the French Club and the German Club, and served as secretary of the Mathematics Club. Commencement came at the end of a series of activities for the seniors, which included senior luncheon, class day, the baccalaureate, a musicale and the traditional evergreen play.

Two Firemen Overcome at House Blaze

Revive Charles Schilling With Oxygen After 90-Minute Vigil

Firemen Charles Schilling and Frank Bolger were overcome by smoke from flames Saturday noon while fighting a kitchen blaze in a house at 30 Clinton avenue. Considerable oxygen was used on Schilling because for over an hour and was revived through the efforts of Dr. Thomas C. Davis, of Millburn, who was called to the fire. The fire started when a par containing greasy food ignited in the oven. Fire Chief Charles Phikava succeeded in removing the smoking charred pan from the destroyed oven, but the smoke was too thick for the firemen, who collapsed when they reached the outside of the building. With the exception of the oven and the kitchen walls, which were blackened by smoke, the damage was slight.

WORKERS' ENTHUSIASM MAKES SUCCESS CERTAIN FOR BENEFITS PLANNED TO HELP WENTZ BOY

Enthusiasm is increasing leaps and bounds beyond the expectations of a committee of Springfield citizens interested in raising funds to benefit Robert Wentz, seven-year-old victim of a railroad accident in town April 5. The boy's legs were severed as a result of the accident. Two separate and distinct groups are at work, both aiming toward one goal—sufficient funds to aid the unfortunate legless Wenz.

Patrolman Lamb Hurt In Accident

Suffers Head Injuries As Other Driver Is Held

Patrolman Arthur Lamb was treated at Overlook Hospital Saturday night for cuts, bruises and shock after a police car was driven into a brick wall in Morris avenue with an auto driven by Arthur P. Heimol, 20, of 385 Vermont avenue, Irvington. The police car was badly damaged and nearby passersby rushed Lamb to the hospital.

RECEIVES DEGREE



MISS WINIFRED A. DEBBIE, of Springfield, who received the degree of Bachelor of Arts from New Jersey College for Women last Saturday morning.

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Large Crowd Expected At Card Party, Dance

Committee Meeting Tonight In P. O. S. A. Hall

Many representative citizens have consented to do their share in a community card party and dance to be held June 29 at United Singers Park. About twenty persons gathered Saturday night at the first group meeting in the P. O. S. A. Hall and formed preliminary committees. A meeting will be held tonight to further arrangements.

Tickets Selling For Democrats' Drawing

Raffle Prize of \$10 to Be Awarded July 13th

The raffle of the Springfield Club to raise funds for Robert Wentz is bringing in more response than had been anticipated. The drawing will be held Friday, July 13—a superstitious day, but not for the winner, who will receive a \$10 bill. The advance sale indicates a healthy outlook to raise a considerable fund and a committee headed by James A. Callahan is making an extensive house-to-house canvass of dwellings throughout the township.

16-Day Home Stay Begins For Bears

Montreal to Play at Newark Sunday in Doubleheader

When the Bears trot out on the field Sunday afternoon at Ruppert Stadium to play a doubleheader against the Montreal Royals, it will begin their June home stay of sixteen days. While performing on their home lot the Bears will perform in eighteen battles. Montreal opens the invasion, to be followed by Buffalo, Rochester, Toronto and Syracuse.

Marie Van Volkom to Be Married Saturday

Date Set For Wedding to William J. Thompson

The wedding of Miss Marie Van Volkom, daughter of Mrs. Cornelia Van Volkom, of Center street and William J. Thompson, Jr., son of Sergeant and Mrs. William J. Thompson, of Morris avenue, will take place Saturday afternoon at 4:30 o'clock at St. Peter's Episcopal Church, Millburn. Rev. Hugh M. Dickinson, rector, will officiate. The attendant will be Miss Marion Van Volkom, of Kearny, and Edward Burr of Cranford. The church will be open to the friends of the couple.

Thongs Attracted by 15-Ton 'Whale-Shark'

Immense Sea Monster Part of Pirate Ship Show

ELIZABETH, June 6.—That sea monster so often described in deep sea fishermen as "the one that got away" is attracting hundreds of parents, teachers and students of all ages to Recreation Pier, Elizabeth, where it is being exhibited in Captain Tom's Pirate Ship for benefit of the Elizabeth Kiwanis Club's welfare projects. Mounted by the Smithsonian Institute, the "whale-shark" or Rhiinodon Typus was captured off Miami in 1913 after a 39-hour battle, in which 15 bullets had pierced its carcass. The giant fish weighs 15 tons and is 45 feet long. It was lacerated by 170 pounds and 19 barrels of formaldehyde were required to preserve the monster. A volcanic disturbance, scientists believe, sent the fish to the surface, 2,000 feet above its natural habitat, and the change in pressure burst the sugar-laden arteries, a return to the depths impossible.

Edith Quinn Weds J. Frank Jakobsen

Nuptials Held Saturday In Pa. For Local Teacher

The marriage of Miss Carolyn Edith Quinn, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Quinn, of Millford, Pa., and James Franklin Jakobsen, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Neil Jakobsen, of Mountain avenue, took place Friday evening, June 1, at Millford, Pa., Rev. William Widory, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, performed the ceremony. The couple were attended by Mr. Jakobsen's brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Forsythe of Meisel avenue, Springfield. They are residing at 25 Henshaw avenue. Mr. Jakobsen is a member of the James Caldwell school faculty. They will attend the World's Fair in Chicago in July.

Elizabeth Motorist Gets 30-Day Sentence

Could Not Pay Fine of \$200 For Drunken Driving

Charles Bergstedt, 38, of 346 Court street, Elizabeth, was committed to the county jail for thirty days yesterday morning by Recorder Everett T. Spinning, in default of a \$200 fine for drunken driving. His driver's license was also revoked for two years. Dr. Henry P. Dengler declared Bergstedt unfit to drive and the defendant pleaded guilty.

PERSONAL MENTION

Anderson, of Maple avenue; Agnes Heard, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William N. Heard, of Morris avenue; and Claire Gannefelder, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Gannefelder, of Severna avenue.

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Is the JAZZ AGE Over?

The Answer to That Question Is Here Furnished by Filmdom's Younger Stars, Who Declare Hollywood Has Gone Sane at Last



Richard Cromwell believes that repeal has brought an end to the jazz age. He says it's no longer against the law to take a drink; that it is really smart now to refuse a cocktail.

"As long as we have youth we will have a jazz age," says Gloria Stuart. "It may be known by another name, but it will be just the same," she further declares.

By Alice L. Tildesley

BARBARA DIGBY LESLIE, editor of the Junior League Magazine, declares that the jazz age has come to an end; that there is less drinking at debutante parties and that social affairs are quieter; flasks have disappeared; manners have returned; there is a more Continental, grown-up attitude generally, and conversation is no longer "just the old line."

An important fashion authority adds his testimony, declaring that brightly-colored bed sheets are no longer in vogue, but snow-white bed linen marks the latest style. Mid-Victorian fashions are being worn and it is rumored that high heels are to be taboo.

The old-time waitress popular once more, people are drinking buttermilk, and lemonade may now be served without a "kick."

Librarians report that there is a rush for Dickens, Alcott, Thackeray and Scott, and shelves of sex novels are forsaken.

Hollywood No Model

DO YOU find these things true? Hollywood, considered by many as the Jazz City, has several answers.

"I don't think it's fair to judge the ending of a jazz age by what goes on in Hollywood," argues Richard Cromwell, regarding me through blue eyes widely spaced and candid.

"There is never a great deal of drinking and partying in the picture set because actors always have to watch their looks. If they are working, they must appear early in the morning minus circles under the eyes, lines about the mouth and generally drawn-through-a-knothole expression.

"If they are not working, they know they may be called in for a test at any minute, and oh, those tests! You never know when you'll turn up in a projection room and ruin your chance at the fattest part ever written.

"But, aside from all this, I believe there is less drinking among the younger set now. Partly, because, as it's no longer against the law, there's nothing especially daring about it. Partly, be-

cause it's begun to be considered 'smart' to refuse a drink.

"Good manners are coming in, too, and why? Because pictures show them on the screen. No longer do flappers make smart-cracks to their horrified parents to provide laughs for the audience; rudeness is old stuff.

"For one thing, Franchot Tone, who looks as though he'd know exactly what to do in any circumstances, is a screen favorite. He's cultured and courteous, he's evidently a man of the world; he's greatly admired and the kids are imitating him.

"I don't think there's a more serious attitude toward life, though. I haven't heard any deep conversation nor come across any one reading books of philosophy," but then, "I don't go out a lot. When I'm not working or studying, I'm trying to write. I've written several stories and now I'm doing a book."

"At least it keeps me busy."

"I think the jazz age is over," chimes in Alice White, one-time flaming flapper, "because producers don't ask me to play loose-baby, gangster-moll or hotch-girl roles; they give me more sedate characters to do, and the screen is the greatest barometer of modern life.

"I think the reason for the passing of the jazz age, which was simply an age of pretended sophistication, is that the world has become wise. We had passed through a period of chromes, plush sofas and shot-guns for boys who wouldn't do right by Our Nell. The facts of life were hushed.

"Then, in reaction, came daring Pent-up sex bursts like a flood and con-tinged for years of its own momentum. Now everybody knows about the stork and it's no longer exciting, so we can concentrate on something besides whoopee."

"A jazz girl is just as out-of-date as a ten-year-old hat," asserts Mory Fabrice, "madcap heiress" of Chicago, now successfully breaking into pictures. "Drinking parties always bored me and I'm glad to see that they are beginning to bore other people, so that en-



Alice White is of the opinion that the jazz age is passing on; that young people have learned their sophistication and find that it is no longer exciting.

tertaining means more than merely pouring something from a bottle.

"Today, a girl must have poise, finesse, intelligence and dignity, in place of that weird quality known as 'pep.'"

Gloria Stuart laughs and brushes away the idea of youth settling down. "As long as we have youth, we will have a jazz age," she insists. "It won't have the same name, but it will be in existence. It is easy for a person growing older and sadder to say that the jazz age is over.

"But there is a new crop of boys and girls every year and the jazz age continues, possibly in direct ratio to enlightenment. The closer the supervision of morals during a period, the wilder the next period will be. Remember what used to be said of ministers' sons: 'Today is open and frank; therefore,

tomorrow will be sane and sensible. But don't think for a moment that there won't be orchestras bleating, moon shining brightly, corks popping freely, naive whisperings, curious exploration into hidden territory.

"If I may coin a saying which is always true: youth is intoxication, old age is a hangover."

Dick Powell is inclined to agree with Gloria. "Don't let them fool you," he says. "The jazz age isn't over—it hasn't even started yet. In spite of the bad times the country has been through, we're coming back stronger than ever. Money may be a necessity, but the spirit of the people is more important.

"It happens to be the thing now to read such books as 'Anthony Adverse.' But quite often this type of thing is read with the Fiedlo giving forth mod-

ern music, decidedly not the quiet kind. When I tried reading the book one night while tuned in on a Tschalkowsky symphony, I made little progress. Another night I tuned in on a dance program and got through page after page.

"I'll admit that there's a fashion trend toward bygone days, but observe that while the girls try out demure effects in dress, they do it to the accompaniment of high-powered lipstick and nails blazing with vivid tints.

"Music keeps its jazz effects, and there's nothing conservative about the latest automobiles—speed in every line.

"Perhaps I'm wrong, but it seems to me that it takes care to drown out the macebore note being struck in the affairs of nations. A battle was never won to the music of a dirge, and why should life be lived in a minor key?"

Flapper Age Out

THE age of the flapper is definitely gone," put in Dorothy Bell. "I believe that period was just part of a cycle and that it will probably return. It's impossible to say that any age is over forever. It's like styles in clothes. They run in cycles and return after a certain number of years."

"The way girls dressed had a lot to do with the jazz age," comments Helen Mack surely. "Short hair, short skirts, bare legs, absolute freedom in dress was conducive to freedom in manners—long hair, long skirts, trains, foundations, take-away-ribbons. You can't imagine a girl in little puffed sleeves and ruffled skirts that trails on the floor, doing the Charleston."

"Screen actresses have a great influence on girls of today, too. Madeline Dietrich and Norma Shearer are fine examples of womanly dignity. It seems to me that we are going to the opposite extreme today and are simply dripping with sweetness and charm."

Sidney Fox regarded me with an earnest little frown.

"Last night I went to a cocktail party," she told me, "and the mother of the hostess remarked that since repeal she had noticed that young people seem to be drinking less. After she mentioned it, I looked around, and it seemed to me that the group was engaged in real conversation instead of wise-cracks, and that they didn't appear to need the stimulation of what was in their glasses.

"Whatever the truth about the passing of the jazz age, I think it all depends on women. Women always set the tone of behavior for men, and if women want dignity to come back into social life, they'll arrange it and men will follow their lead."

"Youth demands variety—that's the answer," laughs Florine McKinney. "Jazz and good times are an important part of our daily life, but too much of

anything is like eating too much candy. You get sick of it. Sometimes the mood demands quiet recreation, good books, symphonies or classics of the theatre. At other times we must have strenuous sports. Again, we want to be foolish, and what's the time for frivolity? Why, jazz."

It is Ann Bothorn's notion, that the jazz age was the result of the after-effects of the war.

"People felt that life was futile, that the best of our younger generation had given their lives for nothing, that there was no meaning in anything, so that they adopted a do-as-you-please, what-does-it-matter, devil-take-the-hindmost attitude," explains Ann.

"Now we have turned from futility. Our generation has things in common with the generation before the war. Life is sweeter and more mellow. We feel we have something to look forward to, we can plan and look ahead to the future. We no longer feel that we are here today, gone tomorrow."

Under New Name

ROSEMARY AMES, Fox's newest star overnight, who has spent her most grown-up years in England, confesses that she knew nothing about jazz or flappers. Says she:

"No self-consciousness, no shyness, able to hold their own with anybody, yet never what used to be called 'bold.' I think it's ideal for girls to be like that. If that's jazz, then I'm in favor of it."

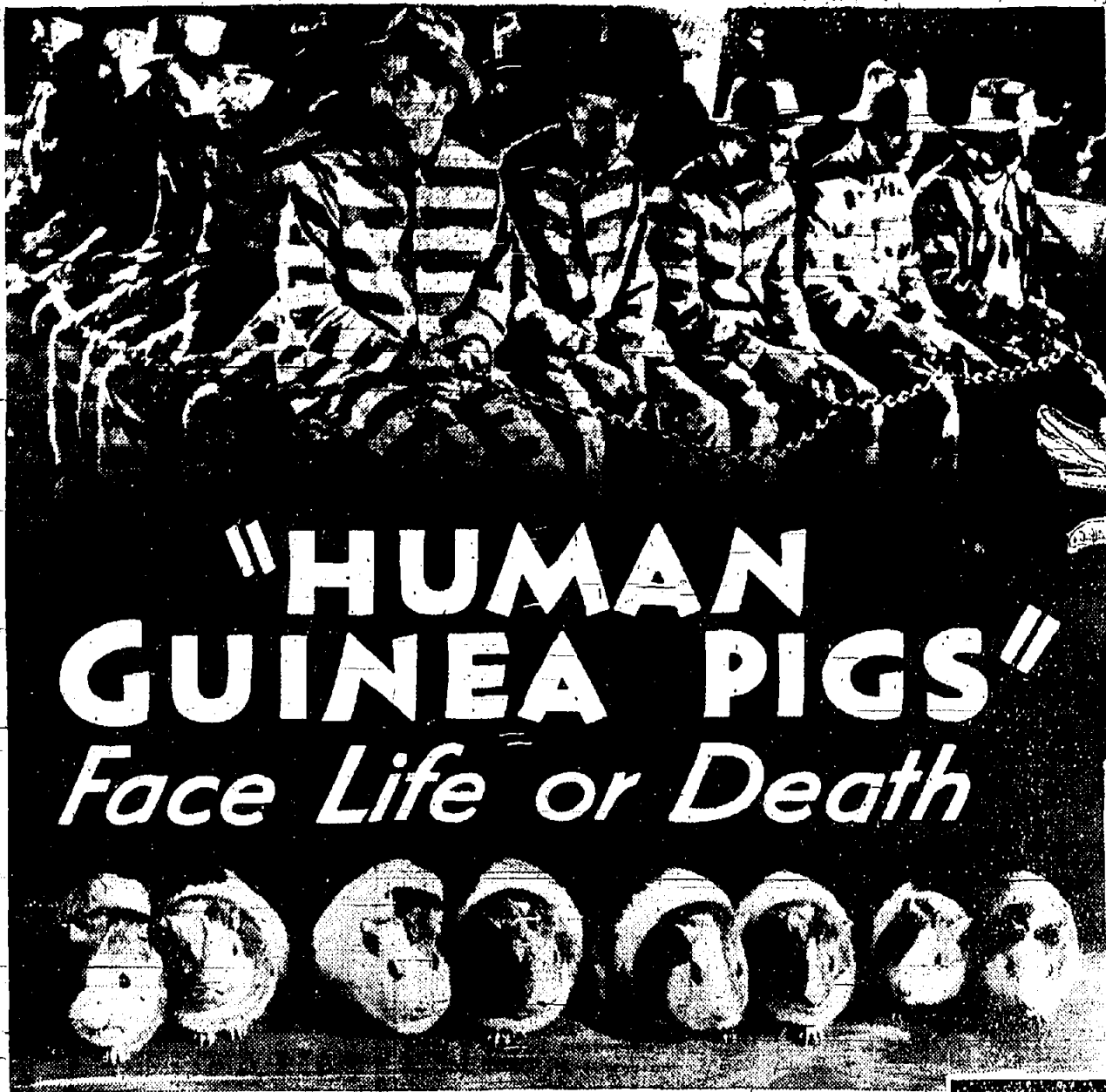
Busy Berkeley, who directs hundreds of young girls in his amazing dance numbers, thinks we should have a new word for "jazz."

"Modernistic" might be a good term," he observes, "but it doesn't quite express the swiftly moving current of life today. Fashions have changed to modern adaptations of long-ago styles, but you notice that crinolines aren't in. Imagine getting into an airplane in a crinoline!

"At the moment, it happens to be out of date to wear the brief garments of a few years since, to have the hair shingled, and to go without stockings, but the mind hasn't gone into long trains.

"Girls today feel the need for culture and mental stimuli. I see girls on the sets reading the latest books and hear them discussing current events, but I observe also that they are not at all serious when they are having a good time."

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"HUMAN GUINEA PIGS" Face Life or Death



By Lucille Erazim

Twelve Prisoners to Be Inoculated With Tuberculosis Germs; Slow Death or Freedom Their Reward

THE eyes of the medical world are turned upon the Colorado Penitentiary, where a small group of men convicted for murder and other serious crimes are risking their lives by testing a new mystery serum designed to prevent the contraction of tuberculosis. If the serum proves a success, science shall have made a startling victory over the devastating white plague—and these convicts shall have won their freedom.

This serum is in no way intended as a cure for the disease, but it is hoped that it will make any normal person immune from the ravages of tuberculosis.

It has never before been tested upon human beings.

The danger to the convicts lies in the fact that they will be inoculated with millions of tubercular germs of the most advanced type immediately after their inoculation with the new mystery serum, the nature of which its developers refuse to divulge.

If the serum fails, these men will die a slow, agonizing death.

This serum, which scientists hope may free the human race from the white plague, was developed in a Denver tubercular hospital's research laboratories under the direction of Dr. K. J. Corper, nationally known tubercular specialist.

It has successfully made hundreds of guinea pigs and other animals immune from the disease over an experimenting period of fifteen years. Each animal has been inoculated with the serum and then inoculated with powerful tubercular bacilli. In every case, Dr. Corper said, the animal has failed to contract the disease.

If it proves successful on humans, millions could be made immune by inoculation with this serum.

Governor Co-operates

WHEN Dr. Corper first applied to the Governor for the "human guinea pigs" the Governor expressed a willingness to co-operate in this battle for science and humanity. He immediately communicated with Warden Roy Best at the prison in Canon City and promised executive clemency to the twelve convicts chosen from any who might volunteer for the tests.

Prisoners and men convicted of robbery with a deadly weapon were not allowed to volunteer. When the Warden announced the plan at the prison, 800 of the 1200 inmates volunteered.

Twenty-five convicts—twenty murderers and five convicted for attacks on women—were chosen, from which Dr. Corper is picking his "specimens." The first two selected were two gray-haired lifters, one a blacksmith and miner, the other a sugar beet farmer.

These men—Carl Erickson, convicted of murdering his wife in 1915, and Mike Schmidt, Russian-born, who assaulted his own daughter—were the first humans to try the new serum. Both were unusually nervous before being inoculated with tubercular germs.

Erickson, a man 62 years old, with a seamed face and curly gray hair, was overjoyed when notified by Warden Roy Best that he had been selected.

"If I can help the doctors rid the human race of tuberculosis I will, but I don't want to die. Even a lifer has a few things to look forward to. But I won't die. My luck has turned," Erickson said in a recent interview.

His words were short and jerky, like those of a man who has done most of his talking to himself in the last nineteen years.

"I volunteered because I want to get out and mine a claim. I've got over in Western Colorado. A District Judge over there has promised to stake me."

Mike Schmidt, serving a life sentence for assault, has been inoculated with tubercular germs and is awaiting the results.



His aged eyes light up when he speaks of that mine.

Erickson doesn't like to talk about the crime of which he was convicted, but he did say: "I never killed my wife."

"She was killed by a prowler that we surprised in our house when we came home late that night. But no one will believe me. So I've spent nineteen years in the blacksmith shop here when I should have been free."

This man is old. But he is strong. He could break many a younger man to pieces. Muscles ripped under his prison shirt. But he is sensitive about his left hand, which was maimed in an accident years ago. He tries to keep it from slight while talking to one.

Old-time miners tell an interesting story of this old Norseman, who has set sail on the unknown seas of medical science.

It's about the time when Erickson was a trusted employe of the old mining king, Myron Stratton, of Colorado Springs. According to the story, Erickson developed a mine in Sonora, Mexico, for Stratton, then sold it for \$3,500,000. He then took the check to Stratton in Colorado Springs.

"Man! Why didn't you keep on hoofing it with that money?" Stratton asked. "I have more'n I need, and I probably never would have looked very hard for you."

"I know all that," Erickson replied, "but I don't want anything that don't belong to me."

And if Carl Erickson wins his freedom, he'll be developing more gold mines.

He has no relatives other than two grown sons living in Minneapolis.

Mike Schmidt, the second lifer selected for the serum test, was born in Saratov, Russia. After coming to America he lived for a time in Kansas and then moved to a farm in the northern beet fields in Colorado.

He was convicted eleven years ago of attacking his then 18-year-old daughter. It was perhaps the loving forgiveness of this wronged daughter that brought the weight which turned the scales of so-

ciety from severe justice to mercy and gave him a chance to win freedom.

Plans made by this daughter in person and in letters to Governor Johnson were the major factors in the including of her father's name among those selected for the tests.

She poured out her heart to the Governor. "She forgot the crime to which her father pleaded guilty."

"My heart aches for my father, who has grown old in prison, and I fear will die if you don't intervene. If you will investigate, Governor, I believe you will find something that would make pardon possible."

"He was good to us when we were children and when mother died he went ahead and raised us. We love him, too, and he and the rest of us have said many times for the wrong he did—oh, if he could have a few months in this outside world of sunshine with us—"

She is married now and lives with her former-husband in Kansas.

Wants to Forget Crime

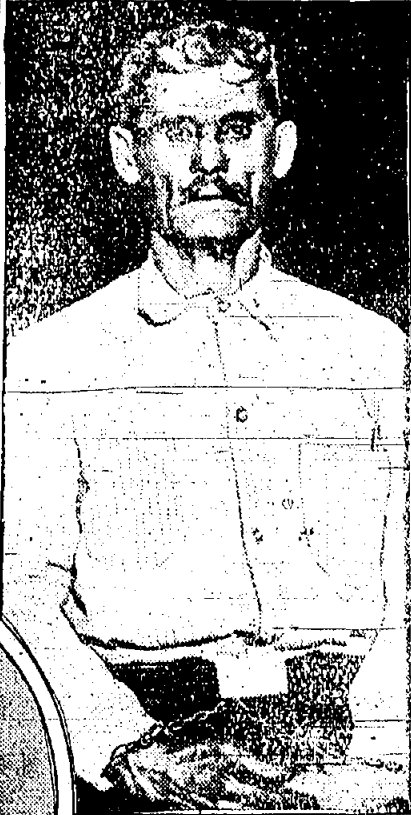
SCHMIDT seemed less concerned about his fate than his family did. He was at work, irrigating a prison vegetable patch, when notified that he was to become a "human guinea pig."

He was, very matter-of-fact. "I've spent eleven years here, and it ain't so bad," he said. "But I volunteered and I will go through with my promise. But, if I get out, my family needn't expect me back. All I want to do is go some place where they don't know me and get a job and just work."

"Maybe by taking this test to see if the serum will work I'll make up for some of the trouble I've caused."

Schmidt has three other daughters, all married.

A public clamor of protest arose in parts of Colorado when it was first learned that murderers and women attackers might be restored to freedom again by this serum experiment. Special objections were raised when it was learned that some of the offenders had



Carl Erickson, wife murderer and life-terminer, feels certain that his strong body will be able to withstand the tubercular germs, and that he will have his freedom after the prescribed time for the tests.



Dr. H. J. Corper, left, and Governor Ed Johnson, of Colorado, examining the records of prison convicts for serum tests.

been sentenced for slaying law officers. Mrs. James E. Shannon, widow of a slain Denver policeman, called upon the Governor protesting the fact that he had put on the eligible list one Albert Dorehak, who was convicted of the murder of her husband.

Members of the Denver Police Department also called upon the Governor, asking that no slayer of officers be given any privilege. Governor Johnson consented, and Dorehak's name, as well as other police slayers' names, was stricken from the "guinea pig" list.

The State Attorney General's office prepared legal agreements for the convicts to sign, assuring them of the Governor's clemency and releasing the State from any responsibility entailed.

Dr. Corper is being assisted in these experiments by Dr. Arthur Dannewitz and Dr. Morris Cohen. Both have worked for years with Dr. Corper in developing the serum.

"We have tried our serum on guinea

pigs, cats and other animals for fifteen years," Dr. Corper said, "and it has always worked."

"But what was needed was a series of tests on several human beings of different types. We feel certain that after inoculation with this serum no person could contract tuberculosis. What we are doing now is attempting to prove it."

"These experiments will require in some cases six months, and in a few instances probably as long as a year and a half. During this time the volunteers will be kept under accurate medical attention, but nothing will be done to interfere with their

bafling. Maybe this is the beginning of the final battle against tuberculosis.

While only two life-terminers had been given the treatment at the time this was written, it was expected that all twelve would be chosen and inoculated within a period of two or three months.

Can't reveal the serum, Dr. Corper said, "but we are technical points cannot ethically be revealed even if we know nothing until we have proved it. To reveal knowledge of our experiments before the completion of our experiments would be the same as undoing the search work, and it would destroy the value of the entire thing."

The Governor is taking us on our faith. We are sure as humanly possible that this will prove harmful to the convicts or we would not dare try it upon them."

That one awesome moment when the doctor pressed down on the tubercular needle and released millions of tubercular bacilli into the blood streams of the convicts may mark a revolutionary turning point in the fighting of tuberculosis.

Dr. Corper and his assistants will not rest until the months have passed so that they may know if their thousands of hours of laboratory work, often flavored with bitter disappointment, will have been in vain or not.

Annual research had gone as far as possible. The acid test to their years of work is now being applied.

If normal persons can be inoculated safely and made immune to the ravages of this disease, millions of lives may be saved. Tuberculosis will be wiped from the face of the earth.

Scene of Fatal Riot

THIS experiment is taking place in a prison where less than five years ago one of the most bloody and pitiless prison breaks in history took place.

On October 3 and 4, in 1923, Jimmy Pardee, Western bandit, shot Guard J. G. Irwin and seized his gun and keys. He then freed Danny Daniels, leader of the revolt, who unlocked the cell houses.

Prisoners poured into the prison yards, seized the warden's arsenal and began a reign of hell. There followed seventeen hours of bloodshed and fighting. The mutiny developed into a massacre. Skirmishes, with the guards crew into organized warfare.

Captured guards were executed by Daniels and his handful of men. Their bodies were thrown from the cell-house in which the mutineers had barricaded themselves.

Demands were made of F. E. Crawford, Warden at the time, for ears in which the rebels might be allowed to escape from the prison and vicinity. The Warden said no, and the convicts set fire to the prison buildings, and it became necessary to call out the National Guard and every polling organization in the State to quell the riot.

When he saw that the desperate game was up, young Danny Daniels shot his lieutenants and then killed himself.

Peace of the prison was interrupted in the first stages of the serum experiment by five desperate convicts who made a break for liberty. One guard was severely knifed while capturing one of the fleeing convicts, and a Canon City woman was beaten by two others when she refused them the keys of her husband's car.

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Springfield Sun

"Let There Be Light"

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EDITOR MILTON KESHER

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Communications on any subject of local interest are welcomed. They must be signed as evidence of good faith. Unsigned letters will not be published. The SUN reserves the right to print only those articles which it feels are worthy of publication. All communications sent for publication in the same week's issue, must be in our office not later than noon Wednesday. Articles reaching us later will not be published that week. It is important that this rule be observed.

Thursday, June 7th, 1934

LET'S DO OUR SHARE

From the number of chance books in circulation for the benefit of Robert Wentz, seven-year-old boy, whose legs were severed by an accident April 5 on the Rahway Valley Railroad, a good sum is certain to be realized.

The thoughtful suggestion of John Dunleavy, a neighbor to hold such a benefit raffle, is bearing fruit beyond the fondest expectations of the Democratic Club, which is sponsoring the affair. By no means are only members of the club interested in disposing of these books. The benefit has attracted many citizens from other organizations who are eager to help.

Likewise, the efforts of another group to also do their bit by a community card party and dance in United Singers Park on June 29 should not escape the attention of our readers.

The cause is such a worthy one that should you be approached by anyone to aid this unfortunate child, offering chances or tickets, we feel all citizens should assist to the limit of their capacity.

THE JULY 4th CELEBRATION

Nothing is as civic-minded a venture as the July 4th community celebration being planned by members of the Springfield Civic League. From all indications at this date, the success of the affair, together with rising sentiment from various parts of the township, is practically assured. All township organizations should combine their efforts in the unified Independence Day celebration. It smacks of the good "old times we had in the old town" some years ago. Shades of '26, '27 and '28, especially that Sesqui-Centennial fireworks display held in Springfield exactly four years ago this month, the last time such an occasion was held in the township.

CAMPAIGN EXPENSES

One of the perplexing political problems of the day is that of campaign expenditures. How much should a candidate for office be permitted to spend in behalf of his candidacy.

Some of the amounts expended by recent candidates for the Senate seem unreasonably large, and in some cases investigations of cam-

paign funds have resulted in the barring of successful candidates. If such investigations are to be continued, and they doubtless will be, it seems that there should be a law definitely fixing the maximum amount that may be spent, as is done in some states with respect to state offices.

With our ever growing number of voters in the larger states with even one piece of campaign literature, in New York state there are about five million voters. If a single piece of literature were sent to each of these, and the cost of each piece, including postage, printing and addressing, were only five cents, it would take a quarter of a million dollars to do the job. This sum would leave little margin for the expense of compiling lists, travel for speech-making, newspaper advertising or other expenditures inseparable from an aggressive campaign.

In Illinois and Pennsylvania the number of voters is approximately one-third less than in New York, so it would take about \$200,000 to reach each voter with one piece of campaign literature and leave a small amount for other expenses in either of these great states.

These figures would only cover primary expenses, while in all three states mentioned there would be additional outlays necessary incident to the general elections.

All of which illustrates how futile it is, generally speaking, for a poor man without rich supporters to aspire to high office.

THE SEVEN WONDERS

Nearly everyone has heard of the seven wonders of the world, but probably few could name them and fewer could tell what became of them. Those interested in such things might clip this out for their scrap book.

The seven wonders of the world were so named by Antipater, a writer of Palestine, about 200 B. C., as follows:

The Hanging Gardens of Babylon, destroyed in 484 B. C., more than 100 years before they were listed among the wonders.

The Temple of Diana at Ephesus, burned in 262 A. D.

The Statue of Zeus at Olympus, destroyed in 408.

The Colossus of Rhodes, sold for junk in 653.

The Lighthouse of Pharos at Alexandria, fell in an earthquake in 1375.

The Mausoleum of Artemisia, destroyed in 1402.

The Pyramid of Cheops, the only one of the "Seven Wonders" still in existence.

Such were the seven wonders of the ancient world. Many lists of modern wonders have been made, but a recent writer selects not the perishable works of man, but the discoveries and invention which have revolutionized civilization.

He names the radio, the telephone, the airplane, antiseptics, spectrum analysis and radium. Whether his list is the best that might be made or not, the wonders mentioned will survive as long as humanity exists, bestowing untold benefits upon mankind.

PERSONAL MENTION

About People You Know

Mr. and Mrs. Edward P. Molitor and daughter, Edith, of 327 Morris avenue, have returned after spending several days at their bungalow on Musconetcong River. They had with them on Memorial Day Jean Bird, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank R. Bird, of Salter street.

Mr. and Mrs. William C. Davis, of 18 Salter street, had as week-end guests Miss O. Herdt, of New York, and Mrs. A. Hendrickson, of Philadelphia.

Miss Evelyn O'Shea, of Salter street, has returned from a visit at Woodside, L. I.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter White, of 126 Tucker avenue, are entertaining this week Miss Barbara Manchester, of Winstead, Conn.

Mrs. Alfred H. Richards, of 19 South Maple avenue, was guest of honor at a surprise birthday party Thursday evening at the home of her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Goodwin, of East Orange. Bridge was enjoyed during the evening. Twenty-two guests were present from Bloomfield, Wyckoff, Roselle Park, and Springfield.

Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin, accompanied by Mrs. Goodwin's brother, Stanley Richards, and Miss Isabel Jacobus, of Springfield, spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. A. R. DeBow at their summer home at Lake Grinnell.

Miss Lorraine Hoffman, of 36 South Maple avenue, has returned from a vacation at Atlantic City.

Miss Betty Smith, of 12 Short Hills avenue, is spending the week at Manasquan.

Miss Marion Townley, of 48 Short Hills avenue, attended the De Molay banquet and ball held Saturday evening at the St. George Hotel, New York.

Charles Joachim, of the University of Alabama, has returned to spend the summer vacation with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Joachim, of 15 South Maple avenue.

A daughter, Marlene Ruth, was born at Overlook Hospital on Memorial Day to Mr. and Mrs. Paul L. Cannon, of Henshaw avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Arba C. Fisher, of Northampton, Mass., who have just returned after spending the winter in California, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Everett T. Spinning, of 65 Short Hills avenue.

Mrs. Sarah Armstrong, mother of Mr. Robert D. Trent, of Bryant avenue, will leave Saturday to spend several weeks with her daughter, Mrs. G. Russell Applin, of New York.

Mrs. Margaret Lee is receiving greetings and felicitations from friends today on the occasion of her seventy-fifth birthday at the home of her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. H. Leslie Chisholm in Keeler street.

Misses Hazel and Elsie Leber, of Morris avenue, and their aunt, Mrs.

Elizabeth, N. J., on Thursday, May 24, 1934, at 2 p. m.

Director Meisel presiding.

Roll call showed all members present.

Minutes of the meeting of May 10th, 1934, were approved as per printed copies on the members' desks.

Resolution that all bills approved be ordered paid was adopted.

Copy of a resolution from Township of Hillsdale requesting county to take over as county roads, Long Avenue, Bloy Street and Hillsdale Avenue was referred to Road Committee.

Communication from U. S. Veterans of Foreign Service requesting supply of flags for decorations was referred to Hospitals and Public Welfare Committee.

Approval of leave of absence for Mrs. Florella Ross, Probation Officer, from Judges Thompson and McGrath was received and filed.

Court order of temporary appointment of Martin Gettings as Probation Officer was received and filed.

Communication from Emergency Relief Administration enclosing checks in payment of telephone calls made by Union County Emergency Relief Administration was received, and filed and checks turned over to treasurer.

Advice from the Sheriff of the appointment of Henry E. Dostalik as Identification Clerk was referred to Finance Committee.

Auditor's report for the month of April received and filed.

Resolution by Road Committee authorizing Director and Clerk to execute release for damage to tractor by fire was adopted.

Resolution by Public Property, Grounds and Buildings Committee approving leave of absence of jail ward Emmet H. Harney was adopted.

Resolution by Road Committee terminating lease between Mary A. Clogher and the County was adopted.

Resolution by Public Property, Grounds and Buildings Committee terminating lease between Timothy J. and Louise M. Coulen and the County was adopted.

Resolution by Finance Committee approving the appointment of Henry E. Dostalik in place of Emanuel C. Rolet as Identification Clerk as adopted.

On motion of Freeholder English, clerk was instructed to correct typographical error in printed minutes on members' desks under hills, Herman Kling, \$1022.34, should read \$102.35, his original minutes being correct.

There being no further business and upon motion of Freeholder Gehring, duly seconded and carried, the Director declared Board adjourned until Thursday, June 14, 1934, at 2 p. m.

CHARLES M. AFLECK, Clerk.

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Evenings at 7:00 and 8:30 P. M.
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EXTRA! WALT DISNEY'S CARTOON, "PIED PIPER"
Saturday Matinee Special at 2:00

BUD and BEN in "THE RAINBOW RIDERS"
SUNDAY-AND-MONDAY, JUNE 10-11
Continuous SUNDAY, 2:00 to 11:00 P. M.
Three Shows MONDAY at 2:30, 7:00 and 8:30 P. M.

"STAND UP AND CHEER"
With WARNER BAXTER and MADGE EVANS
—ASSOCIATE ATTRACTION—

CHIC SALES in "ALL IS WELL"
TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY, JUNE 12-13
Three Shows Daily at 2:30, 7:00 and 8:30 P. M.

TWO OUTSTANDING FEATURES

"LAUGHING BOY"
With RAMON-NOVARRO and LUPE VELEZ

"JOURNAL OF CRIME"
With RUTH CHATTERTON and ADOLPH MENJOU

Coming THURSDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY, JUNE 14-15-16

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CHURCH NOTES AND AFFAIRS

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN
Rev. Dr. George A. Liggett, pastor.
Sunday School, 9:45 A. M.
Morning Service, 11 A. M.
Christian Endeavor Society, 7:30 P. M. in the chapel.

"Children's Day" will be observed in the church Sunday morning. There will be entertainment by the school children and the exercises will start at 10 o'clock.

The Christian Endeavor service will not be held Sunday evening, owing to the trip to New York. The young people of the church are taking Sunday. They will leave the church promptly at 1 o'clock by bus and will visit St. John the Divine and St. Paul's Cathedral, and will view the United States Navy fleet on the Hudson. There will be 42 in the party.

The officers of the Sunday School met Monday night and voted to continue the Sunday school through the summer. The custom had been to close the sessions during July and August.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL
Rev. Raymond E. Neff, Pastor
Sunday School, 9:45 A. M.
Morning Worship, 11 A. M.
Epworth League, 7:00 P. M.

"Children's Day" will be held Sunday morning at 10:30 o'clock. A program of recitations and songs will be given by the children and baptismal service will be held in connection with the service.

Members of the Epworth League will attend a Vesper service Sunday evening at 5 o'clock at Echo Lake Park. Dr. Victor G. Mills, of the Montclair Methodist Church, will speak. There will be special music by the Epworth League of Union. The service will be held in "The Glen" and will be attended by fouriers from the suburban group, which includes Irvington, Hillton, Yaux Hall, Maplewood, Union, Liv-

Feast of the Sacred Heart will be held in the church tonight at 8 o'clock.

ST. STEPHEN'S EPISCOPAL (Protestant) Millburn, N. J.
Rev. Hugh W. Dickinson, rector.

Holy Communion, 8 a. m.
Church School and Bible Class, 9:45 a. m.
Morning Service, 11 a. m.

"Solving Religious Problems," will be the subject of the sermon at the 1 o'clock service Sunday by the rector.

The Women's Guild at a meeting Tuesday night planned for a trip to Canoe Brook Dairy this coming Tuesday. Mrs. John B. Retalack is in charge of arrangements. There is no fee for the trip and a large crowd is desired. The trip is made for the benefit of the Guild.

Andrew Wilson

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ST. JAMES CATHOLIC
Rev. Thomas P. Larkin, rector.
Rev. John Duffy, assistant rector.
Masses Sunday, 7:30, 9:30 and 11 A. M.
Sunday School following 9:30 mass.
Week-day Masses, 7:30 A. M.
A novena and preparation for the

Five Magic Days

by Phyllis Moore Gallagher

JOCELYN CASTLE fitted the cover over her typewriter, dusted the top of her mahogany desk and stood back to survey the general effect. It didn't suit her at all—She shook her lovely red-gold curls and screwed her blue eyes into a tangle of lashes. Then her pretty lips clicked out a disapproving "Tsk! tsk! Would I make a man a good wife or would I make a man a good wife?"

"I don't really know!" a husky voice penetrated the deep stillness of the office. "Would you . . . or . . . would you?"

"Oh-h-h!" Jocelyn's brows were arched in faint crescents as she looked up and her little hand flew quickly to her ears as if to calm the tumultuous beating beneath. He was handsome, this strange intruder, the most handsome man she had ever seen!

The young man whistled a low "Whew!" as she lifted her shadow-lit eyes to his. He turned quickly and cocked a quizzical eyebrow at the office door, reading aloud:

FINANCIAL DIRECTOR
BESTOR UNIVERSITY
SECRETARY'S OFFICE

"Gee! I am in the right place after all! I thought for a minute I had wandered into a movie studio and that you were one of their glamorous stars!"

Jocelyn's lashes winked several times in quick succession, and a lovely flush crept into her cheeks. She found her voice, low.

"You . . . you want to see Mr. Martineau?"

The young man shook his head. "I don't want to see any one in the world but you—over!" he said, smiling contagiously. "But I suppose I should see Mr. Martineau, the wolves being what they are at doors these days!"

He handed her a card from a little leather case.

JOCELYN fingered the square of white paper that told her he was a Mr. Allen Forsythe, representing a large insurance company, and that Mr. Martineau, her boss and financial director of Bestor University, had called and requested an appointment.

"But Mr. Martineau went to New York this afternoon. He may be back Friday or Saturday, and again he may not!" she said, having to disappoint this charming young fellow.

Now it was Allen's time to "Tsk! Tsk!" He did, loudly.

"To hell with insurance! How about having dinner with me? You've done your dusting and the old typewriter is in its red flannels for the night!"

Jocelyn glanced down at the infinitesimal diamond on her graceful left hand. Bruce Walters! She had been engaged two weeks, only two weeks, to Bruce Walters, the business manager of Bestor University, and now she wanted to go to dinner somewhere with Allen Forsythe!

But she said, weakly, "I couldn't, Mr. Forsythe. I couldn't, really."

"Don't you want to?" he asked, leaning so close that his lean brown cheek almost touched hers.

"Yes, I do!" she said quickly. "Oh, I do!"

"Which is a very dubious compliment to me!" said a third voice from the doorway.

Jocelyn's face went suddenly white like a moonflower under lightning. She whirled around on her slim patent heel and felt the blood turn to ice in her veins. Bruce Walters with tightened lips of disapprobation stood in the door, his dark handsome face gleaming with anger, the veins in his neck swelling to livid wells.

"Bruce!" she said in a half-startled gasp.

"If you'd like to go, Jocelyn, by all means do!" Bruce went on in an unctuous voice, charged with jealousy.

Jocelyn couldn't answer. She lifted appealing, stricken eyes to Allen.

Allen whispered. "You could only be just a little bit engaged—with such a wart of a diamond! I'm regretting gracefully, darling, but not in defeat. Tomorrow I shall return . . . and conquer!"

To the black fury of Bruce Walters, Allen bowed gravely and then shook a deprecatory finger in his bitter face. "It has been a profound pleasure to know you, sir," he said, "but the next time we meet I'd advise accident insurance. My company would be very glad to write you up before I blow you down!"

And with a wink of wry amusement at Jocelyn, he was gone.

JOCELYN could hardly concentrate on opening the morning's mail for looking at the ring on her third finger, left hand. Allen had called it a "wart of a diamond," and now she couldn't gaze at it without thinking of his words. She wondered if all her life she would go on looking at Bruce's ring and thinking of Allen!

It was almost noon when Allen Forsythe thrust his handsome blond head through the door and asked: "Any Senegambians in your woodpile, honey?"

And as he stalked across the office, he added: "Or maybe 'what's-his-name' is hiding behind his diamond!"

Jocelyn tossed her small, golden head. "And what will I do about this?" She pointed to her desk-top buried under letters and neat little piles of currency, endowments that had been sent in toward the maintenance of the university.

"Dough?" Allen lifted an interested eyebrow. "How come?"

Briefly Jocelyn explained one of Mr. Martineau's very successful money-raising systems for the university, the soliciting of funds through the mails. She told him the percentage in returns was unusually high.

"About how much do you average a day?" he asked, keenly alert, his eyes calculating, as was his ice.

"Monday is the big day," she told him, artlessly. "It runs into real money. During the week the amounts vary."

Allen ran his bronzed fingers through his hair. He chewed a little nervously on his lower lip. "Very interesting, my sweet! But a digression! How about luncheon? We can go some place close by, can't we? Please, Jocelyn! I've got something very important to discuss with you! There was undisguised eagerness in his voice.

"I think it would be simply swell—elegant!" she cried. "I'll go!"

AT THE CURB in front of the Administration Building, Allen helped Jocelyn into his car. Just as they pulled off from the sidewalk's edge, Jocelyn saw the intensely dark and somber Bruce Walters limned against the white marble of the university's postoffice across the campus.

She touched Allen's arm lightly. "There's Bruce!" she laughed, mischievously. "He goes to get the office mail every morning and noon. He would be coming back now!"

"And he has such big eyes, grandma!" Allen murmured, pretending a long face. "Villa Rosa was a Yachthouse, a reconstructed barn sort of place, with a not too reputable reputation."

Allen heard, but as an employee of a denominational university, she had avoided it. However, in the middle of the day, it was harmless enough.

Allen noticed the vivid blush in her cheeks and her timid indecision, his heart warming. He closed his big hand over her little one and said: "Gee, Jocelyn! You're different from all the other girls I've known! You're too good to be true! Honest!"

Then he ushered her into the dim amethyst shadows of one of the former horse stalls, all decorated now with artificial red roses, a table with a red-checked cloth and a red candle burning in a battered brass holder.

After the waiter had gone for chicken dinners, Allen reached across the table and held her hands securely between his palms.



Jocelyn held the snub-nosed pistol pointing at Allen Forsythe's heart as she backed away from him to the telephone

His expression was beautifully tender. It sent the blood racing through her small body in a thousand thrilling courses.

He caught her to him fiercely and crushed her lovely parted lips beneath his own. Jocelyn stirred in his embrace at first. She shouldn't let him kiss her, she was engaged to Bruce Walters, she was wearing Bruce's ring! She tried weakly to push him away but his lips clung to hers, his arms drew her close beneath him, and then . . . and then . . . she didn't want to push him away . . . not ever! Oh! beloved Allen! Not ever!

ALLEN lifted his mouth from hers for a moment, reluctantly. "You will marry me, won't you, Jocelyn? I'll do everything to make you happy! I'll take you to Europe! I'll give you a fine house, servants . . . oh! everything, sweetheart!"

Allen whispered into her curls: "I never knew that caring for any one could be like this!"

She drew away then and looked up at him, her eyes star-bright, her lips divinely lovely. He could scarcely keep from kissing her again and she knew it. "I've got to get back to the office," she told him, smiling wanly, a little self-conscious. "I'll get fired if the waiter takes much longer with our dinners. Bruce will be there with the moon mail, frothing at the mouth because I . . ."

"Oh hell with Bruce!" Allen flared, fiercely. "Listen, Jocelyn Castle! I've asked you to marry me! You've got to answer me! Yes or no! You just kissed me with all your heart, and that's enough to make me think that I have a chance."

And then she knew! She knew all the answers to all the questions she had been asking herself.

"Allen!" she sobbed and held her slender arms out to him. "I do love you! Oh! Allen . . . darling!"

ON MONDAY afternoon the extension telephone on Jocelyn's desk clattered. For five minutes she argued with Mr. Willey Kingston, the president of the board, who insisted upon talking with Mr. Martineau.

"But, Mr. Kingston, Mr. Martineau flew to New York last week!" she repeated for the sixth time, quite firmly. "He isn't in town!"

And equally as firmly the board's now entirely furious president said: "But I saw Mr. Martineau at the Rotary Club luncheon today, Miss Castle. I saw him!"

With a hundred other interruptions, Jocelyn's work had piled heavily on her desk. But nevertheless, with it glaring her in the face, she had stolen a handful of minutes of the university's time to close her golden eyes that she might think of Allen Forsythe and give in to delicious, weakening memories the hours that they had spent together, the things he had said in his husky voice, the magic of these past five days!

Then Bruce stepped into the office and Jocelyn went limp and weak all over. His face was a frightening thing to behold. His passionate black eyes were narrowed and his lips were drawn into a razor-edge line.

He was at her side now, glaring down upon her. "How are you going to explain this, Jocelyn Castle?" he said in a thick voice as he threw a letter on her desk. "The postman on the route gave it to me."

Jocelyn's usual insouciance left her. The paper trembled so badly in her cold fingers that she could scarcely distinguish a word on the sheet. Finally she managed to read:

Postoffice, Landover Station.
Hold all mail addressed to the Administrative Office of Bestor University in the care of General Delivery. A gentleman will call for it Monday morning.

(Signed) JOCELYN CASTLE,
Secretary to Mr. Martineau.

JOCELYN'S eyes were blank when she looked back into Bruce's angry gaze. She wasn't seeing him, she wasn't

thinking of herself and the serious position she was in. She was remembering where she had last seen that handwriting. On the back of a menu at Villa Rosa . . . a beloved handwriting that had said: "I love you, Jocelyn! I love you with all my heart!"

"I'm going over to the Landover Station and get that mail, Jocelyn. That is, if it's still there!" Bruce muttered, his voice thin and furious. And then, after a cogent pause: "You must have some explanation, Jocelyn! I can't believe that you . . ."

After he had closed the door with a reverberating slam, Jocelyn sat for some minutes in the depths of a mental bog, her hands interlocking convulsively, her pupils strangely dilated.

A thief! Allen Forsythe a thief, a crook! With a clear realization that made her feel faint and sick, she saw through his whole game; she knew that he had never had any intention of marrying her. His kisses, his fine speeches were all a part of his cleverness in learning the details of the mail-soliciting system of the university. A thief of money! A thief of hearts, too, for hers was with him wherever he was! In love with a common thief!

Tears of anger and shame began to flow like lovely crystal beads over her cheeks and she buried her unhappy face in the palms of her hands. When she looked up she saw Allen Forsythe as through a gauzy veil . . . a worried Allen with a deathly brightness in his eyes and disheveled yellow hair.

Jocelyn caught a quick breath. "Allen!"

He had dared to come to the office after he had robbed the morning's mail, after he had forged her name to get his hands on the money! Oh, she had seen through his plan, all right!

She backed slowly away from him until she was quite sure that she could grab the revolver in the top drawer of her desk, and with a sudden graceful twirl and agile fingers, she held the snub-nosed little automatic at Allen Forsythe's heart.

His face changed utterly. He didn't speak; he just stood there staring as if he could not believe his eyes.

"So you're a thief!" she said with cutting scorn. "You used me to rob the university's mail! To steal from charity!"

Jocelyn went quite mad with a desire to hurt him, to make his heart ache as hers was aching. She kept the pistol leveled at him as she groped for the extension telephone.

"You're going to turn me over to the police . . . really?" Allen asked with restrained emotion, the little gold flecks in his eyes darting fire, his lips firm.

His very calmness sent Jocelyn's blood racing with fury. She snatched the receiver of the hook. Her mouth felt parched when she began to speak. "The police! Oh, operator . . . do be quick!" she cried. "Bestor University, Mr. Martineau's office. I've caught a thief! Oh! please—quick! Quick!"

Allen was shaking his head solemnly as she clapped the receiver back on the stand. He laughed hollowly from the lips, the heart not at all. "I wouldn't have thought that of you, Jocelyn, no matter what sort of a bum I am."

With a sobbing, shuddering cry she threw the pistol back in the drawer and threw herself on the floor at his knees, wrenching her arms about him in an ecstasy of passion. Her sudden fear for him had shut out every other emotion, every pretense of pride. "Oh, Allen! Allen!" she cried, "What have I done! What a fool I am! What a fool! I won't give you away, darling!" She buried her face in the palms of his bronzed hands and kissed them over and over.

Then she climbed to her feet and jerked at his sleeves and shoulders and pleaded with him to hurry on his way. "There's plenty of time, Allen! Hurry! Hurry! Don't sit there looking like that! The police are coming! Hurry!"

Allen jumped to his feet with the alacrity of profound relief and took one long step to Jocelyn's side. "You love



me? You'll marry me? Really? Oh, Jocelyn, why in the devil didn't you say so before!"

He swept her into his arms and crushed her trembling little mouth beneath his avid one. It was a long kiss, that one, a kiss that lifted Jocelyn to the stars and held her there, powerless to move, even though she heard footsteps outside in the corridors.

Voices that shattered the cars were raised in altercation in the administrative offices now, and a booming masculine one called out above all the others: "Where in the hell is Allen Forsythe!"

Allen set Jocelyn off from his embrace. "But, instead of slipping out through Mr. Martineau's private door, as she hysterically told him to, he crossed the office to the door that opened out into the filled corridor."

When he flung his head through it and shouted, "Here I am, O'Connor!" a giant of a red-haired copper, broad as he was tall, stopped up to Allen and patted him on the back.

"A nice piece of work, Forsythe!" he said, pleasantly. "The chief will be plenty satisfied. We're loading your guy on the wagon now."

Jocelyn's great eyes looked from one to the other. She pouted a puffed, lower lip.

THE men had apparently forgotten that she was present. Allen was giving O'Connor a few pertinent details. "Mr. Martineau pretended he was out of town to avoid suspicion and each morning we opened the financial letters over at the Landover Branch Postoffice by the steaming process, see?" he told the big fellow. "Then we marked all the bills inside and carefully revealed the envelopes. I had suspected that it was an 'inside' job, but all of the marked bills turned up in the university's account at the bank."

"Mr. Martineau was just about to tell me that I was a fluke when I had another idea. I had the postman on this rural route give Bruce Walters the letter I had written signing Miss Castle's name and Walters lost no time in beating it over to the branch office. I figured that if he was the guilty one, that he couldn't be that far away from

the university with that much money in his hands and resist it. Especially when there was a letter incriminating Miss Castle. He could shift the blame easy, see?"

Jocelyn could only gulp. "Allen! Do you mean . . . Bruce Walters?" she whispered weakly. "That he's a thief—that he's been arrested?"

Allen's eyes were tender. "I mean just that, honey," he said. "I left Murphy holding him in bracelets out in the corridor while I stepped in here to ask you if I might use your telephone to call O'Connor and his patrol wagon. But you saved me the trouble." Then he turned back to the grinning O'Connor. "See that wart of a diamond on her finger, O'Connor. Walters steals \$45,000 over a period of six months and gives his fiancée a ring like that! That very thing threw me off the track."

But Jocelyn wasn't interested in Bruce or his "wart of a diamond." She tugged at Allen's coat sleeve, her eyes so wide that the long lashes almost tipped her finely arched brows. "What are you, Allen . . . an insurance salesman or a detective?"

"I'm not an insurance salesman, Jocelyn, and I'm not a flatfoot. I'm a . . . lawyer!"

JOCELYN drew in a sharp, surprised breath. "Well, then, how on earth did you get mixed-up in this?"

Allen gathered Jocelyn into his arms and pressed his cheek to the crown of her head. "Well, you see, darling, this university is my father's alma mater. He endowed it last winter in the amount of \$100,000 and has been paying it to them regularly at \$1000 a week in cash, like so many of the other contributors do. When he received a note from Mr. Martineau that the money on the pledge had not been coming in for some time, well . . . I made it my business to find out why."

Jocelyn stiffened in his arms. Allen Forsythe . . . old David Forsythe's only son! . . . David Forsythe who was worth millions and millions! She had read time and again how every year's crop of debutantes made a play for this dazzling heir. Tears sprang to her eyes.

Oh, why couldn't he have been an insurance salesman or a flatfoot . . . or even an eligible crook. Of course, he hadn't meant what he had said at Villa Rosa. Why would he want to marry Jocelyn Castle who was a nobody, who had nothing?

When Allen felt that she was not responding to his embrace, he sat her back in his arms and shook her like a lovely, beloved rag doll.

"Listen," he demanded in his dear, husky voice. "You're not going to jilt me now because father has money, are you? I didn't deceive you. I told you I would take you to Europe and give you a fine house and servants and every luxury. I told you that from the very beginning. You wouldn't want me to renounce my old man, leave him lonely in his old age. He's one swell guy, Jocelyn . . . honest! But that's what I'll have to do if you let his money come between us."

Jocelyn relaxed in his arms. Rich or poor, honest or crooked . . . he was her Allen . . . her man. "I wouldn't want your father to be lonely, Allen," she said meekly and surrendered the perfume of her red satin lips to his eager ones.

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Has the TREASURE BUG Bitten You?

Pirate Ghosts Are Walking and Spades Clanking as Gold Hunters Seek Hidden Wealth—They Spend Fortunes and Find Nothing

By Henry Brenner

FURED by the rise in the price of gold, economic events and the book of a university professor, thousands of good folk, infected by the treasure-hunting germ, have set themselves to digging for treasure all over the United States and Mexico.

Some have found death, some jail, and some have struck oil wells in Texas. Others, discovered by swindlers, are patting their aching pocketbooks and wondering what sort of gold bug it was that bit them.

Pirate ghosts are walking and spades are clanking on the moonlit shell of Texas coasts as Coronado's children, the 1934 edition, with all the fire, credulity and naivete of another generation, sell their homes, borrow or ask for "grubstakes" to set out on their quest.

In the wake of these gold hunters the most ridiculous and fantastic stories have cropped up, anecdotes that have set psychologists off on the boundless question, not easy to explain: "Why do people dig for treasure?"

The epidemic of treasure hunters seems to be at its peak now, what with stories of mysterious pits in West Texas, tales of the Villa treasure in Mexico, Jean Lafitte on the Texas Coast, and variations of well-known gold fables, from Captain Kidd's trove to Cortez's lost gold near Mexico City.

Into this fabulous land of buried treasure, bounded on the north by Edgar Allan Poe, on the south by Jules Verne, on the east by Robert Louis Stevenson and on the west by the delightful whimsicalities of Washington Irving, thousands of these treasure hunters are striding, their anaconda-like imaginations straining at nothing.

Boys Come to Grief

SOME pretend they're digging wells. Others assume the air of scientists and speak tentatively of "geological" formations, presenting twisted tree roots and sedimentary rocks seriously to a "pundit" for inspection. Still others, active promoters, sell radio finders, divining rods, maps and personal services in exchange for cash, groceries or what have you.

A few treasure hunters, romantic-minded gentry, are setting out in the sensible expectation of finding nothing except a good time and some memories. Often, under their arms, you will find the gospel of today's romantics—"Coronado's Children," a collection of treasure tales.

Little did J. Frank Dobie, professor at the University of Texas, imagine when he penned this book, with its

maps and folklore, that it would serve as the Baedeker of so many gold-struck wights.

And little did he think that so many farmers, who allow gold-hunters to dig on their land for a consideration, would bless his name over and over as they contemplated the new water tanks, the irrigation ditches, the wells and the gravel pits that the romantics had dug under a blistering sun.

The latest victims of this fever are Scattle and Tommy Cockrell, brothers, 17 and 14 years old respectively, and Arnold Garza, 16, who set out from San Antonio, Tex., to Mexico, to find the gold and jewels of the Aztecs, supposedly buried in the pyramids toward the South.

They were arrested a few days ago after a chauffeur for a Tampico attorney was struck on the head and his car taken on the Pan-American High-

way near Valles. Telegraph wires near that town were cut.

In Mexico those things are taken seriously. The boys were lodged in jail. When their predicament became known international appeals were made to the American Consul and to Ambassador Josephus Daniels, through Mayors, parent-teachers' associations, what not. Mrs. Doyle Cockrell, a school teacher, the boys' mother, made a trip to Mexico, but upon her return the boys were still in jail.

Lately, CWA workers were ordered to an old farmhouse within the city limits of San Antonio to fill-up holes dug by treasure seekers. Just the day before a little Mexican girl had fallen into one of these water-filled pits and had drowned. Her mother was found later near death from grief.

In lighter vein is the story of the city engineer who, needing rest and quiet,

came to a peaceful Texas valley and secured a room in a ranch house. His sleep that evening was interrupted by a blast that shook the house foundations. Then came another and another. The next morning he inquired the cause of this disturbance.

"Oh, some of them city fellers out looking for a buried treasure," said the man. "They been a-blasting away up there on that cliff for six weeks now. They blowed up enough dynamite to have a hble-clean through to China."

Too Noisy for Him

"WHAT treasure are they looking for?" the engineer asked.

"Oh, one of them fairy tales of sixteen jack loads of silver," the other answered. "They got a map and a crew of men, a survivor and lots of dynamite. If they don't quit soon, they'll have all

upon pushing through cedar brush in quest of "rattlers," came face to face with a grim old bewhiskered stranger, who pointed a rifle most menacingly at the intruder's belt buckle. Curtly he was told to "get off'n this place and stay off."

Curiosity devoured the rattlesnake hunter so much, however, that he haunted the place repeatedly, and found, one day, an old man resting on a little knoll near the spot the ruffian had guarded. The old man, who clutched a spade, greeted the hunter civilly and mentioned that he was attached to a party working several miles distant on a lost treasure.

"Why, I'm a treasure hunter, too, or was," the curious one exclaimed. "But I like the rattlesnake game better."

"You don't say!" said the old man. "Why, I own this land! Two years ago some city fellows came to me and

showed me a map of some treasure buried on this place. They didn't have much money, but they told me they'd pay me a salary for digging, if I'd sign a contract allowing them a share of what we found.

"Well, stranger, times was bad, and the price of cattle was down, so I signed the paper and grabs a shovel. Them city fellows had to go back, but they sent me a check regular. Why, I've been drawing pay for two years!"

"Do you think there's any treasure here?" the intruder asked cautiously.

The old man spat tobacco juice and snorted.

"Now, they ain't no treasure!" he admitted. "But I shore got a fine tank dug for my cattle to drink out of. If the price ever gets back!"

Back to his digging he went, with relish.

Still another story is that of certain persons in South Texas who brought the aid of archeologists, under most mysterious circumstances.

They showed the scientists a huge cache of tree roots, clay specimens and rocks, asserting they had unearthed a prehistoric civilization site.

"Why, this is just common clay!" the archeologist snorted.

Some time later this party obtained a lease on the land and at one time employed twelve men to dig.

"And what did you find?" the curiously-smitten archeologist asked them one day.

"Waal, so far we struck a shallow oil well," the excavators said. "But we ain't give up yet."

Treasure hunters have been digging for a mythical bullion shipment in the San Cajo Mountain in South Texas. They have tunneled almost eighty feet into the mountainside during a year's operations. The shipment was supposedly made from the San Saba mines to Mexico, in ancient years and was hidden when Indians attacked the party. Just how you may dig a hole eighty feet deep while the aborigine fills the air with arrows is a matter for logicians to decide; but in any event the treasure hunters are still digging, enthusiasm undimmed.

Uncover Old Relics

THE joker in all these expeditions is that in the last 100 years of treasure-hunting in Texas, theoretically for gold the Indians buried, no such treasure has ever been found, though archeologists have screened and sifted painstakingly. These romantic-minded gentry have done incalculable damage to science in some cases.

In 1933 the Woolford-Martin Expedition, after many days of tiring labor, located a secluded Basket-Maker village site, with ten cave shelters bearing evidences of prehistoric civilizations. Rain and wind, in the 5000 years, had destroyed practically all material except stone; so the scientists sought for one of the peculiar cists cut into solid rocks, in which are often found the finest museum specimens.

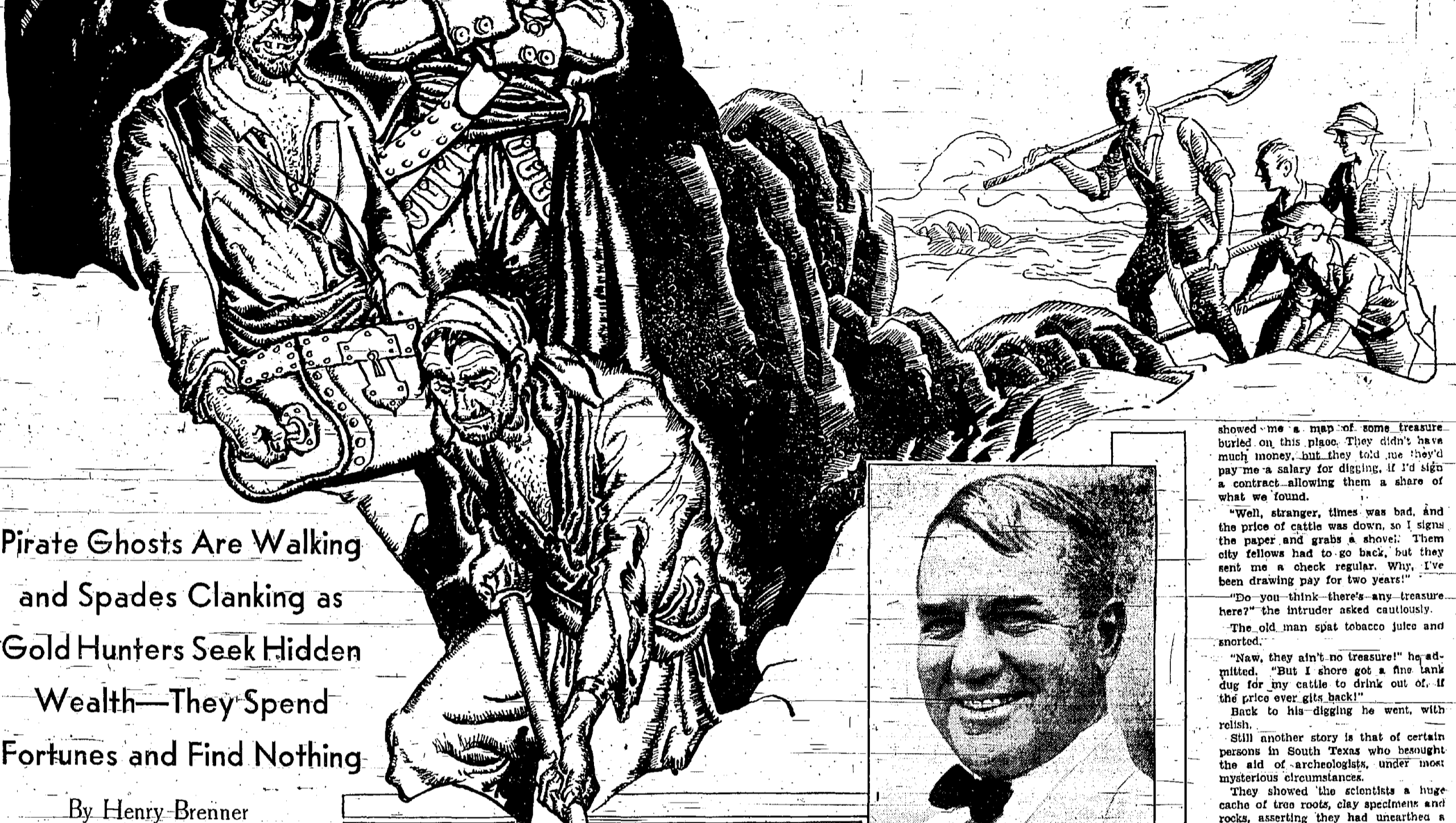
At last they discovered one. It was empty. Thinking some other scientists had "beaten them to it" and desiring to view the specimens, they asked the owner of the land who had been at these cave shelters.

He said two boys hunting gold with a map had come to him and had asked permission to dig on his place. He had given it. They returned later, disgustingly proclaiming that they had found a cave in which treasure had been buried, but some one had been ahead of them, had carried off the booty, and had filled the hole up with fiber, string, carved bones and two skeletons. The skeletons, they said, must have been of two former treasure-seekers.

This was one of the finest Basket-Maker caches in the dry and desolate Big Bend region of Texas, tossed out for wind and rain to destroy.

Treasure-hunting is like hay fever, gold or bidders—the victims never recover.

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J. Frank Dobie, whose book of treasure tales and maps is part of the equipment of many fortune hunters



A group of British schoolboys loading supplies for their expedition to Cocos Island, 500 miles west of Panama, in search of supposed pirate gold

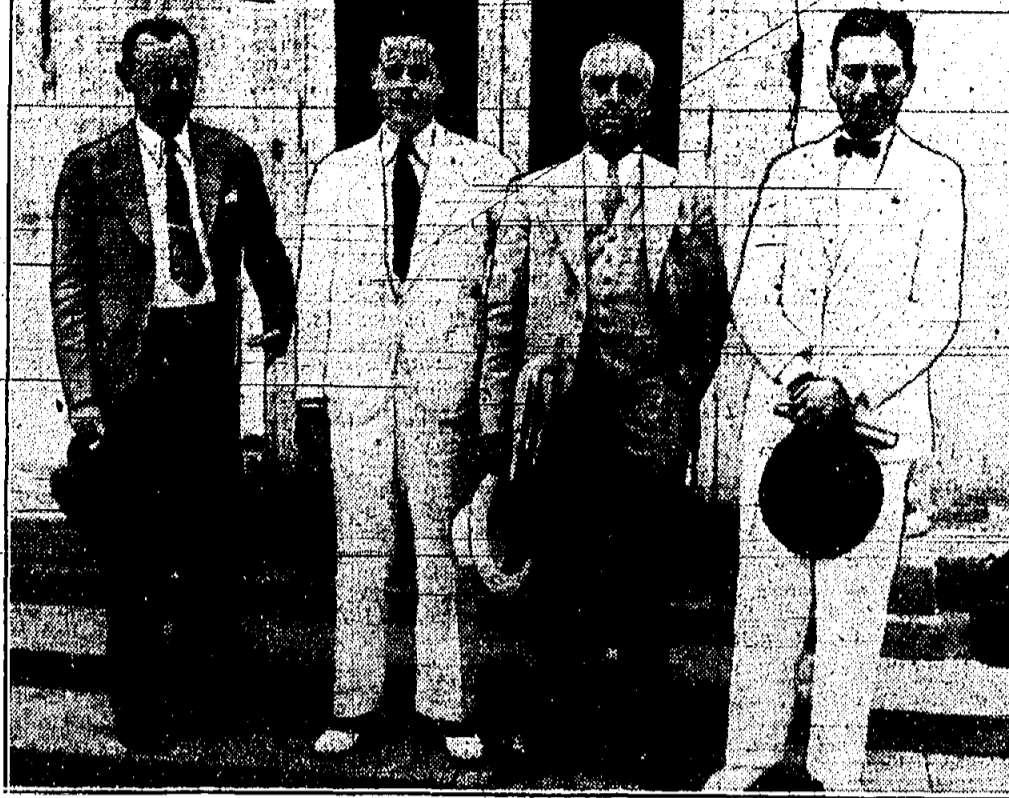
LATEST WORLD NEWS PICTURES



FOOTBALL HERO HONORED AT GRADUATION—Dean Herbert E. Hawkes (right) of Columbia University, presenting the Edward Sutcliffe Brainard Memorial Prize for the most notable senior to Clifford Montgomery, captain of the Columbia football team which sprang the most stunning athletic surprise of the year when it defeated Stanford, 7 to 0, in the annual Rose Bowl game at Pasadena.



GOOD WILL AMBASSADOR TO U. S.—Prince Fumimaro Konoe, President of the Japanese House of Peers, close friend of Prince Saloni and Premier Saito, is shown here on the eve of his departure to America, where he will talk with President Roosevelt and high government officials, in an attempt to improve commercial and political relations of the two countries.



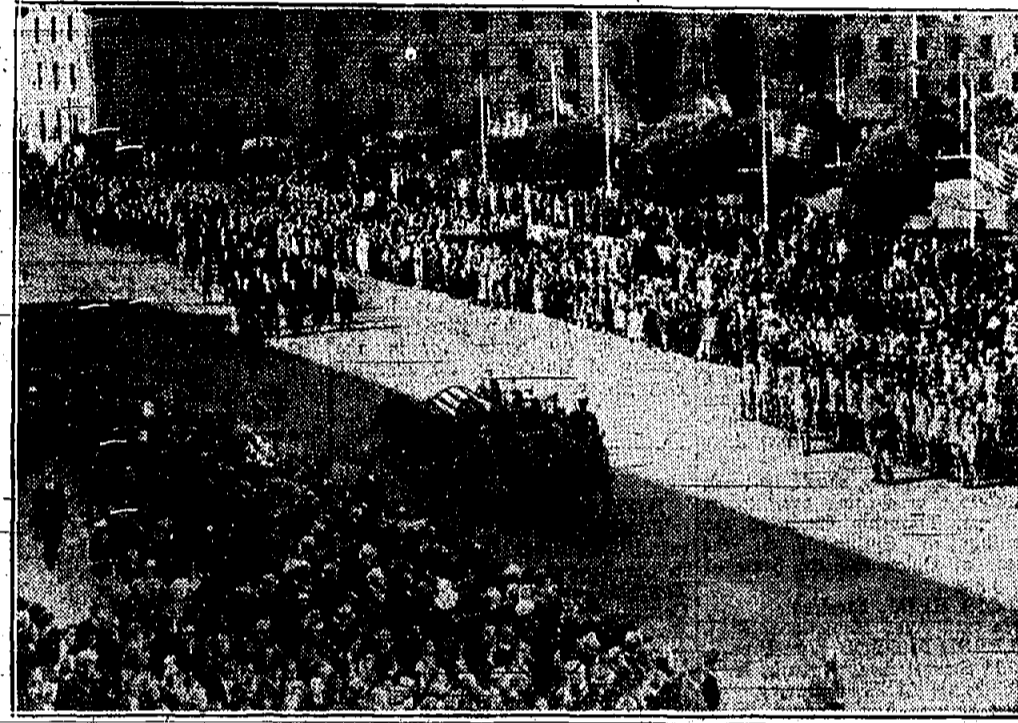
DROUGHT RELIEF PLANS DRAWN—Federal officials are seen in Washington when they conferred with President Roosevelt on relief measures for sufferers in the country's most devastating drought of modern times. Left to right: Col. Lawrence Westbrook, Assistant Federal Relief Administrator; William I. Myers, Governor of the Farm Credit Administration; Chester C. Davis, Agriculture Adjustment Administrator; and Rexford Guy Tugwell, Assistant Secretary of Agriculture.



BORN TO BE LUCKY—Friends congratulate seven-year-old Oliver Thomas McCarter, Jr., on the steps of his home in New York City, after he had won the horse in the Irish Sweepstakes, second favorite to win. Oliver grins happily surrounded by his playmates, while even his dog, Happy, looks that way. He wants to take a trip to Ireland.



A FILM STAR AND HER FATHER—Five-year-old Shirley Temple, who has been elevated to stardom because of the furore over her first two screen appearances, still finds most of her fun with Daddy, George F. Temple. They are enjoying a day at the beach in Santa Monica, Calif.



THE ROLPH CORTEGE—The body of the late Governor James Rolph of California being carried past the State Building in San Francisco's Civic Center to the City Hall, where it lay in state. Citizens of San Francisco turned out en masse to do honor to the dead Governor.



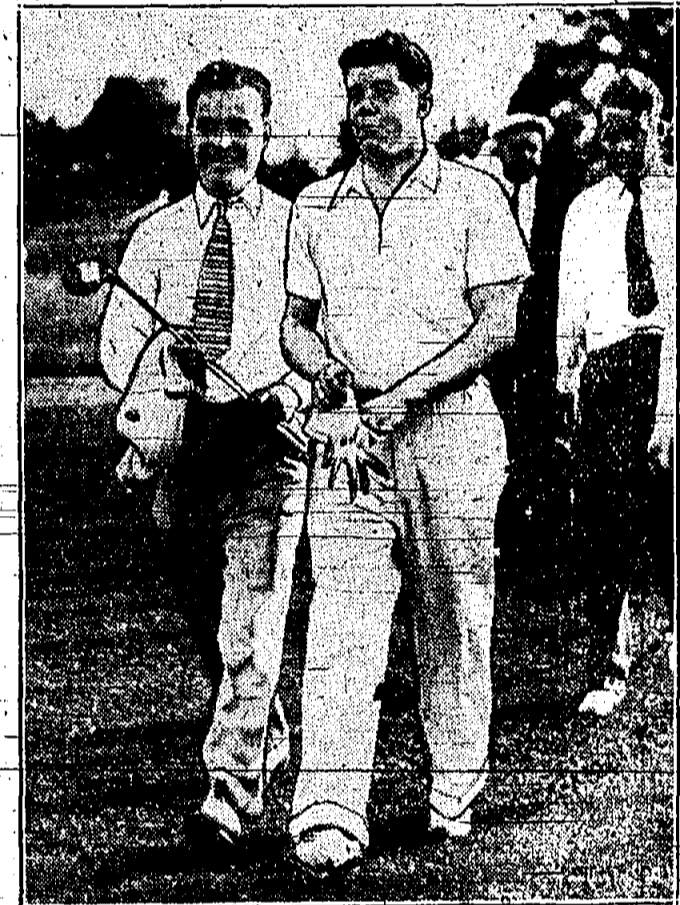
MODERN INQUISITION—Imprisoned because her parents felt she was "possessed of the devil" and under a witch spell, according to Santa Ana, Calif., police officials, Mary Ebarquary, 7, was held many months in a worm-infested chicken coop. She was kept alive only by secret gifts of food from a sympathetic neighbor boy, whose grandparents finally directed authorities to the imprisoned child.



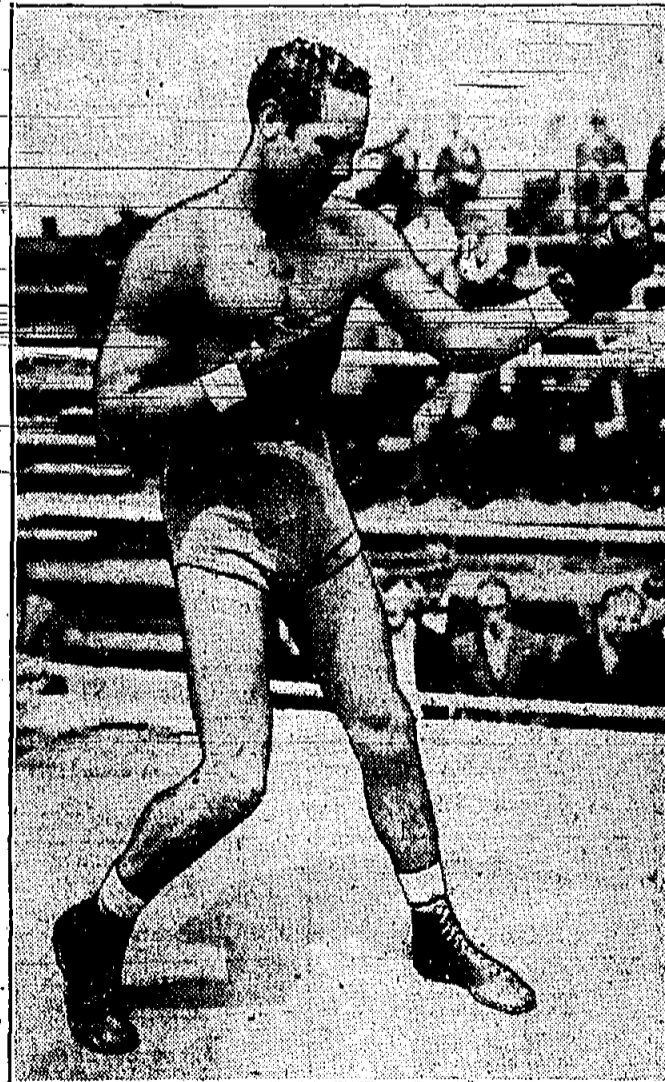
CALIFORNIA'S NEW GOVERNOR SWORN IN—Superior Judge Frank Collier (right) administering the oath of office in Los Angeles to Frank F. Merriam, 67-year-old former Iowa legislator, who succeeded to the Governorship following the death of Governor James Rolph. Merriam becomes California's 20th governor.



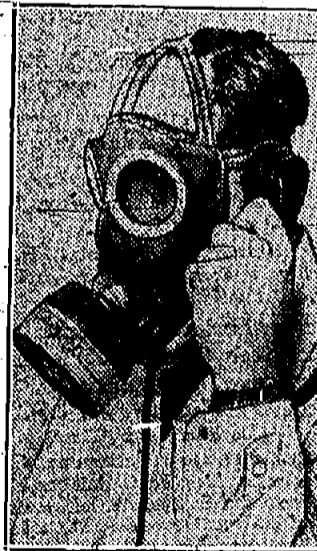
HEIRESS MAKES FILM DEBUT—Thelma Forster, heiress to a toothpowder fortune, is shown in Hollywood made up for her first role in the career she chose because she wanted to get away from fortune hunters. She is one of a half-dozen heiresses "recently" to make their way into the movies.



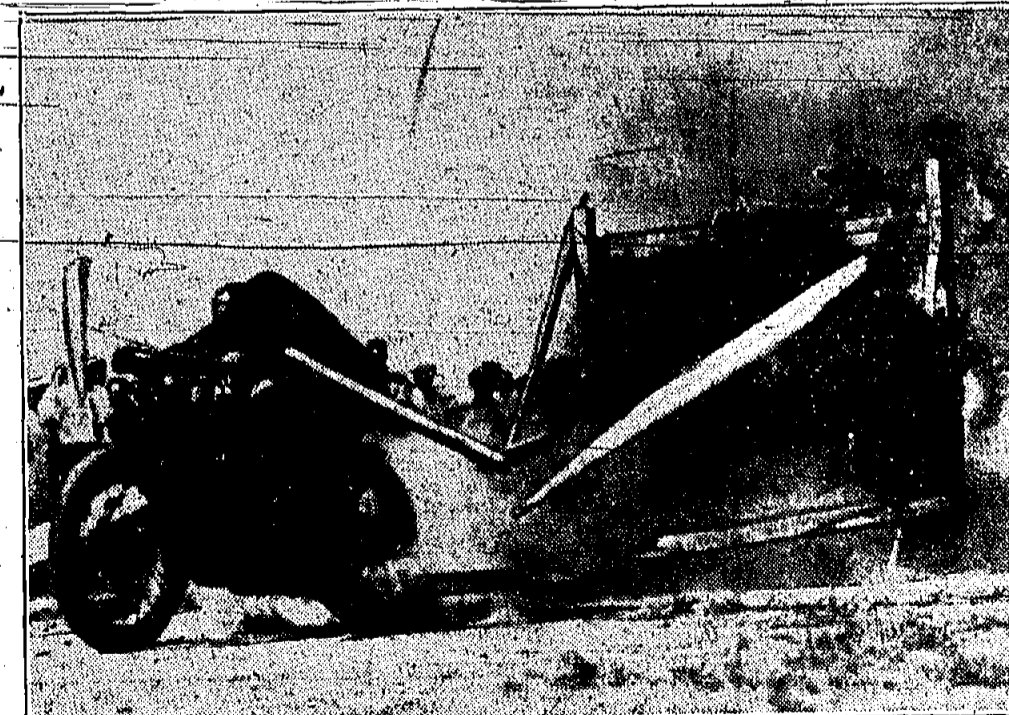
FRIENDLY RIVALRY—Good sportsmanship is shown when these two stars get together. Johnny Goodman, U. S. Open golf champion (left), and W. Lawson Little, who recently won the British Amateur title, pictured at the Merion Cricket Club, Ardmore, Pa., during the National Open tournament.



THE CHALLENGER—MAX BAER, fit and eager to get into the ring for his battle with Primo Carnera at Long Island City. Baer's ring-side measurements: Weight 208, height 6 ft. 2½ in., age 26, reach 81, forearm 13, wrist 8, chest 42-46, thigh 23, neck 17, biceps 15, waist 32, calf 15, ankle 9½.



GAS MASK TELEPHONE—A new telephone makes its appearance in Berlin, Germany, which permits conversation while those talking are wearing gas masks. They are a protection from all gassing except that coming from the other end of the line.



HITTING THE HOT SPOTS—Hugh Handman, motorcycle daredevil, going through a burning fence at a speed of 70 miles per hour as he performed for the spectators attending the motorcycle races at the Ridge Farms near Philadelphia, Pa.



THE CHAMPION—PRIMO CARNERA, in a special picture, ready for the bell to sound. His measurements: Weight 260, height 6 ft. 6½ in., age 27, reach 80, forearm 14 1-3, wrist 9¼, chest 46-52, thigh 35, neck 18, biceps 15, waist 37, calf 18, ankle 12.

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UNITED EFFORTS OF NEWS CAMERAS OF THE WORLD BROUGHT TO READERS DAILY

LEGAL NOTICE
TOWNSHIP OF SPRINGFIELD
ORDINANCE NO. 100
AN ORDINANCE TO SUPPLEMENT AN ORDINANCE ENACTED BY THE BOARD OF HEALTH OF THE TOWNSHIP OF SPRINGFIELD, PASSED AND APPROVED BY THE BOARD OF HEALTH OF THE TOWNSHIP OF SPRINGFIELD, ON THE 27TH DAY OF FEBRUARY, 1933, AND TO AMEND THE SAME.

and waste pipes shall be based on the unit system as follows:
Plumbing Fixture
One lavatory..... 1 unit
One kitchen sink..... 1 unit
One bath tub..... 1 unit
One toilet wash tray..... 1 unit
One two-part wash tray..... 1 unit
One three-part wash tray..... 1 unit
One sink and tray combination..... 1 unit
One individual shower bath..... 1 unit
One shower over bath tub..... 1 unit
One individual shower..... 1 unit
One water closet..... 1 unit
One drinking fountain..... 1 unit

Code of the Township of Springfield, N. J. and the same are hereby repealed.
SECTION 14. This ordinance shall take effect immediately upon passage and publication in accordance with law, and all ordinances and parts of ordinances inconsistent herewith, and the same are hereby repealed.

LIQUOR LICENSES APPLIED FOR
NOTICE OF INTENTION
TAKE NOTICE, that Clarence Buckelew, Jr., intends to apply to the Township Committee of the County of Union and the State of New Jersey, for a Plenary Retail Distribution License for premises situated at 247 Morris Avenue, in said Township, in the County of Union and the State of New Jersey.

NOTICE OF INTENTION
TAKE NOTICE, that Hans DeH, intends to apply to the Township Committee of the County of Union and the State of New Jersey, for a Plenary Retail Consumption License for premises situated at Orchard Inn on Route 29, in said township.

NOTICE OF INTENTION
TAKE NOTICE, that Chris Reilly, intends to apply to the Township Committee of the County of Union and the State of New Jersey, for a Plenary Retail Consumption License for premises situated at Farmer's Tavern, Morris Avenue and Morris Turnpike, in said Township.

INTRA-COUNTY LEAGUE
Standing of Clubs
Unionville..... 1 875
Linden..... 7 3 704
St. Elizabeth..... 2 3 657
Railway..... 5 3 556
Elmora..... 4 5 444
Springfield..... 4 5 444
Cranford..... 1 6 143
Plainfield..... 1 8 111

NOTICE OF INTENTION
TAKE NOTICE, that John B. Schott, intends to apply to the Township Committee of the County of Union and the State of New Jersey, for a Plenary Retail Consumption License for premises situated at South Springfield Avenue and Ruby Street, in said Township.

NOTICE OF INTENTION
TAKE NOTICE, that the undersigned intends to apply to the Township Committee of the Township of Springfield, in the County of Union and the State of New Jersey, for a Plenary Retail Consumption License for premises situated at United Singers' Park, Inc., on Evergreen Avenue, in said Township.

NOTICE OF INTENTION
TAKE NOTICE, that the undersigned intends to apply to the Township Committee of the Township of Springfield, in the County of Union and the State of New Jersey, for a Plenary Retail Consumption License for premises situated at 19 Morris Avenue, in said Township.

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LEGION NEWS
By the Legion Reporter
Tonight is the date of a regular Legion meeting and we will also hear from the nominating committee about officers for the coming fiscal year.

CLASSIFIED ADS
BULBS AND PLANTS
GLADIOLA bulbs, 50 for 50c.
Tuberose bulbs, 12 for 50c.
Dahlia bulbs, fancy 20c and up.

WHO'S WHO IN BUSINESS
Consult These Firms and Business Men Before Buying!
EATING PLACES
GIBSON'S DINER
Good Eats—Courtous Service
Never Closed
Morris and Mountain Aves.
Telephone—Millburn 6-0431

June Brides
Congratulations to couples who begin the new venture this month or in months to come. An interesting experience for brides is visiting the convenient ASCO Store near your new home.

Hom-de-Lite "The Fresh Egg"
Mayonnaise..... pint jar 19c
Velvet-smooth, delightfully tasty and appealing
Hindu-Belle
Salad Dressing..... pint jar 17c
A delicious dressing for those who prefer salad dressing

14c TENDER PEAS..... 2 No. 2 cans 23c
19c Horse Shoe Red Salmon..... tall can 17c
Swans Down Biscuit Mix..... big pkg. 15c
13c Glenwood Grapefruit Hearts..... can 10c
ASCO Crushed or Golden Bantam
Corn 2 No. 2 25c

Boscul COFFEE 31c
lb. tin
Chase & Sanborn COFFEE, lb. tin..... 31c
Powdered Sugar 7c
1 lb. pkg.
Fresh Eggs..... doz. 23c

14c Delicious Fresh Prunes 2 big cans 25c
Eagle Brand CONDENSED MILK..... can 19c
N. B. C. Graham Crackers..... pkg. 17c
N. B. C. Assorted Gems..... lb. 21c
15c ASCO Cider or White Distilled
Vinegar 2 quart refrigerator bottle 23c

Fresh Bread
Victor Bread—Sliced or Unsliced..... loaf 6c
The Economy Loaf
Rich Milk Bread..... 16-oz. loaf 9c
Finest Wheat and Rich Milk
—Our Own Freshly Baked Specials—
Orange Iced..... Coconut Marshmallow
3-Layer Cake..... each 49c
3-Layer Cake..... each 25c

9c Dol Monte or Campbell's
Tomato Juice..... 3 cans 22c
Grape-Nut 21c Rich, Creamy
Flakes..... pkg. 10c Cheese..... lb. 19c
Grape Nuts..... pkg. 19c Prim Choice Rice, pkg. 7c
Super Suds, 3 pkgs. 22c Octagon Soap 6 cks 25c
Camay Soap 3 cakes 14c Chipso 2 big pkgs. 29c
Luscious Fresh Fruits and Vegetables
Fancy Golden BANANAS
4 lbs. 19c
Southern Green LIMA BEANS
2 lbs. 19c
California Valencia ORANGES
Crisp Iceberg LETTUCE
2 heads 25c
Dozen 29c
Fresh California APRICOTS
Dozen 10c
Southern Slicing TOMATOES
2 lbs. 19c
Dozen 10c
California Honey Dew MELONS
California Beauty PLUMS
Dozen 10c
Home Grown SPINACH
BIG JUICY PINEAPPLES
Each 25c
Dozen 10c
3 lbs. 10c
Each 12 1/2c

MUTUAL Money-Saving Food Values
THIS WEEK'S MUTUAL QUALITY SUPER-SPECIAL
VOGELER'S MAYONNAISE
This superior mayonnaise is made from ingredients of the highest quality only, including fresh eggs. Delicious when served over a salad of lettuce and tomatoes.
8-oz. Jar 14c 16-oz. Jar 27c
RED RIPE TOMATOES..... 2 lbs. 15c
CRISP ICEBERG LETTUCE 2 heads 15c
Watch for Next Week's Super-Special!

PILLSBURY'S MINITMIX large pkg. 25c
RITTER'S SPAGHETTI 4 1/2 lb. cans 25c
CRACKERS WESTON'S FLORAL CREAM 2 lbs. 25c
GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES 2 7-oz. 17c
CERTO FOR MAKING JAMS AND JELLIES 8-oz. bot. 29c
POST BRAN FLAKES REALTIVE 8-oz. pkg. 9c
PABST-ETT CHEESE SPREAD pkg. 15c
WELCH'S GRAPE JUICE quart bot. 38c pint bot. 18c
MY-T-FINE DESSERTS ASSORTED FLAVORS 3 pkgs. 17c
CHESTERFIELD CIGARETTES NEW SAFETY 2 pkgs. 25c
BEACON DOG PELLETS 5-lb. pkg. 95c 2-lb. pkg. 25c
RENUZIT FRENCH DELICATESS 2 gal. can 98c 1 gal. can 55c
GROCERY PRICES EFFECTIVE JUNE 24 TO JUNE 28, 1934, INCLUSIVE

Meal Department Specials
★FATTED FOWL FANCY, ALL SIZES lb. 21c
LEGS of GENUINE SPRING LAMB lb. 25c
FRESH CHOPPED BEEF lb. 19c
BONELESS BRISKET CORNED BEEF lb. 19c
ALL BOLOGNAS and FRANKFURTERS lb. 23c

Fresh Fruits and Vegetables
NEW POTATOES 5 lbs. 12c
SWEET CALIFORNIA PLUMS FANCY 2 lbs. 19c
CALIFORNIA ORANGES doz. 25c
CABBAGE FIRM HEADS 3 lbs. 10c
TENDER JERSEY BEETS 2 bunches 9c
FRESH BOSTON MACKEREL lb. 9c
FRESH CAUGHT BLUEFISH lb. 15c
LARGE FRESH BUTTERFISH lb. 9c
MEAT & FISH PRICES EFFECTIVE THURSDAY, JUNE 24, 1934, ONLY

FANCY—ALL SIZES ★FATTED FOWL lb. 21c
MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE
"Good to the last drop." Always fresh and delicious because it is Vita-Sealed.
lb. can 29c

NOTICE OF INTENTION
TAKE NOTICE, that Paul Madeleni intends to apply to the Township Committee of the Township of Springfield, in the County of Union and the State of New Jersey, for a Plenary Retail Consumption License for premises situated at Millburn and Morris Avenues, in said Township.

NOTICE OF INTENTION
TAKE NOTICE, that Julius Schaffer intends to apply to the Township Committee of the Township of Springfield, in the County of Union and the State of New Jersey, for a Plenary Retail Consumption License for premises situated at 239 Morris Avenue, in said Township.

NOTICE OF INTENTION
TAKE NOTICE, that George W. Parsell, Jr. intends to apply to the Township Committee of the Township of Springfield, in the County of Union and the State of New Jersey, for a Plenary Retail Consumption License for premises situated at 276 Morris Avenue, in said Township.

NOTICE OF INTENTION
TAKE NOTICE, that the undersigned intends to apply to the Township Committee of the Township of Springfield, in the County of Union and the State of New Jersey, for a Plenary Retail Consumption License for premises situated at 19 Morris Avenue, in said Township.

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FREE Radio Inspection
SPRINGFIELD BATTERY AND ELECTRIC STORE
Tel. Millburn 6-1053
245 Morris Ave., Springfield, N. J.
Radio, Battery and Ignition SERVICE
Edward C. Townley

ASTOR COFFEE
AN OLD FAVORITE
MAKING NEW FRIENDS
HIGH IN QUALITY
LOW IN PRICE
Spend a Day on LONG ISLAND SOUND
Sail to BRIDGEPORT
On the Palatial Steel Steamer MAYFLOWER
WEEK \$1.25 ROUND TRIP
DAYS 1-10
\$1.50 SUNDAYS AND HOLIDAYS
(Children's Fare, 75c Every Day)
Daily, Including Sundays, from May 26 to September 23.

Jersey Central Power & Light Company
The Board of Directors has declared the following regular quarterly dividends:
5 1/2% Series Preferred, No. 12, Rate: \$1.37 1/2
6% Series Preferred, No. 20, Rate: \$1.50
7% Series Preferred, No. 37, Rate: \$1.75
payable on July 1, 1934 to stockholders of record at the close of business June 11, 1934.
L. H. Fetter, Treasurer.

TYPEWRITERS and ADDING MACHINES
BOUGHT, SOLD, REPAIRED, RENTED
We Will Buy Your Old Machine at the Highest Price or Repair It at the Lowest Cost.
SLIFER TYPEWRITER CO.
211 Halsey St., Cor. Branford Place, NEWARK, N. J.
Mitchell 2-0050-0051

TUNE-IN
To the ASCO Orchestra and the ASCO over Station WNEW every Fri. 11:30 a.m.
These Prizes Available in Our Store and Meat Markets in Springfield and Vicinity