

TRUCK LOAD OF RAINBOW TROUT

Valentine Hatcheries to Supply Waters in Pierce, Neb., Territory

Pierce, Neb.—(Special)—A truck from the state fish hatcheries at Valentine delivered 5,000 rainbow trout to Elvon Bowen and W. C. Ulrich, local sportsmen, last week. These men are looking after these youthful members of the finny tribe until they are old enough to be placed in streams in this vicinity.

The young trout will be kept in the tank at the city park for about six weeks when they will be placed in the trout pond on the August Korth farm, four miles southwest of Pierce.

A large number of the consignment were dead when they reached Pierce, owing to the difficulty in keeping the water, in which they are transported, at the right temperature.

NUMEROUS LAND SALES IN NEBRASKA

Lincoln, Neb.—(Special)—Included in a list of land sales are several transfers in northeastern Nebraska counties. Drezelle Sibbersen sold 160 acres in Knox county to William Blunk at \$75 an acre. Gustaf Harmel purchased a 20-acre tract in Madison county from William Moderow at \$77 an acre; Josephine Stafford bought 160 acres from Albertine J. Rudnick at \$102 an acre; Mary Huseman purchased 80 acres from John Huseman, trustee, at \$100 an acre. Platte county sales included: 80 acres at \$131.25 an acre, Sahar J. Terry et al to Edward R. Dack; 80 acres at \$100 an acre, Edward R. Dack to Sarah J. Terry; 40 acres at \$50 an acre, A. W. Kummer et al to William and John Kummer.

BOY WALKS 20 MILES TO ATTEND SCHOOL AFFAIR

Bloomfield, Neb.—(Special)—George Lowin, an eighth grade graduate, living east of Bloomfield walked to Young's park, a distance of nearly 20 miles, to be present at the eighth grade graduation exercises. He carried his dinner pail all the way from his home to the park. The walk so fatigued the boy that he fainted after arriving. He was revived and neighbors saw to it that he was given transportation home. A total of 306 graduates were presented their diplomas by County Superintendent Catherine Tunberg.

A feature of the program was the singing of the Knox County Rural Chorus, directed by Miss Doris Russness of Creighton, with her sister, Margaret, at the piano. Glen I. Anderson of Lincoln gave the address.

COCK PHEASANT KILLS SNAKE IN BATTLE

Page, Neb.—(Special)—Rural Mail Carrier Robertson saw a battle between a cock pheasant and a good sized snake which resulted in victory for the fowl. The pheasant, his feathers ruffled to the full extent, would spar around the snake, finally carting in with lightning speed to peck at the snake's head. The snake seemed unable to harm the pheasant. When the snake was quiet and the pheasant had moved on, Robertson examined the snake and found its eyes pecked out and his head badly mutilated.

MAKE CHANGE IN RURAL MAIL ROUTES

Bloomfield, Neb.—(Special)—Mrs. Lola Simmons, local postmistress has announced that rural mail routes one and four will be consolidated about November 1. C. S. Lovejoy will be pensioned by the government and the mileage of his route added to Walter Dahlstrom's route. This is a part of the government plan to cut down expenses.

One mile will be eliminated on Route 4 and three miles on Route 1. Some patrons now receiving their mail through Bloomfield will be transferred to Wausa.

HARTINGTON ODD FELLOWS WIN FIRST PRIZE

Hartington, Neb.—(Special)—The local Odd Fellows' initiatory degree team exemplified the initiatory degree at Emerson, at a session of the northeast Nebraska Odd Fellows district association annual meeting and captured first prize. The prize awarded was a nickel plated emblematic sword and scabbard. Second place was won by Carroll, third by Wayne and fourth by Bloomfield.

SWARM OF BEES INVADDED HIS CAR

Homer, Neb.—(Special)—To have a swarm of bees push open his two-piece windshield and light on his lap was the rather novel experience of Ed Krause of Homer. Mr. Krause stopped the car, shook the bees from his lap and a few from his mouth and proceeded on his way without a bee sting.

COLUMBUS MAN HEADS TRUCKERS' ASSOCIATION

Columbus, Neb.—(UP)—Don Moist of Columbus is the new president of the Nebraska Motor Transport association, succeeding Ray McMaken of Plattsmouth. Charles E. Hall of Omaha, was re-elected secretary-treasurer, at the annual convention here. LeRoy Wade of Omaha was elected first vice president, and Ralph Woods of Aurora second vice president.

Mission Built on Rocks

Houses Saint's Painting

Acoma Church in New Mexico Was Established 300 years ago



Here is a picture of the old Acoma Church in New Mexico established in 1629 by a Franciscan priest

By NEA Service

Unique in its history, and the largest Mission church in New Mexico, is the old Acoma Church, 50 miles west of Albuquerque, situated in the "City of the Sky," an Indian pueblo built upon the summit of a gigantic tableland of rock.

The church was established in 1629 by Friar Juan Ramirez, a Franciscan priest. It is more than 150 feet in length, and is massively constructed of adobe, the front walls sloped to form huge buttresses, topped by two square towers. Adjoining are the convento and the lookout, a vantage point from which one may view anyone approaching the narrow ascent from the plains 400 feet below.

The interior of the church is spacious, but dimly lighted from the tiny window in the front wall, like many old churches in New Mexico, the chapel is barren of pews. The altar shows its age. It is simple and homely with its crude images and ornaments.

The most precious possession of the church is a painting of St. Joseph which was brought to Acoma by Friar Ramirez, to whom

DIVERSIFIED PHILOSOPHY
Man's alibis are oft times limp. Here's one that should be starched—

"At three? Why, I had just stepped in
To have my eyebrows arched."

Though they may yet change lead to gold,
So far the atom splitters
Have not accomplished any more,
Than have the fool poie sitters.

The hatters now have formed a league,
Their slogan, "Guard your sinus!
The man who hatless wends his way,
In I. Q. ranks a minus."

Hereditary traits are borne
By units labeled, genes.
Oh, what a upas family tree
Had Mr. Gaston Means!

Now alcohol abounds, they say,
In color's slow vibrations.
Does that explain that rosy haze
Attendant on liberations?

A new device broadcasts the noise
Of microbes in their lair.
Old stuff! The crooners for some time
Have been upon the air.

—Sam Page.

MASS PRODUCTION
From Indianapolis News.

A few years ago the claim was proudly made that America had solved the industrial problem for all time, our salvation being assured by mass production and high wages and lower prices. This comfortable view was held by many of our people. Foreign governments seemed disposed to accept it also. At least they wondered how we could do it, and set for their agents the task of finding out. It was assumed that the process, or method was an American discovery, and wholly novel.

Of course it was no discovery, but a development out of existing conditions. There had to be large production to meet a large demand. Such production ought to mean lower production cost a unit of product, with a consequent increased margin for wages. It is all "old stuff." The lower prices which were to accompany the high and higher wages did not appear. On the contrary prices for a considerable time soared. The program, which has been said, was not devised by American genius, or geniuses, never did bring the blessings, but there is nothing of the miraculous about it.

Certainly we were all mistaken in thinking that it would insure and protect that it would insure and prevent and unemployment. No one now makes or dares to make any such claim. What is surprising is that any one should ever have made it. We are now striving very earnestly to solve that same problem which it was light-heartedly assumed would never again bedevil us. As usual with Americans, we are striving hopefully, and with confidence in the happy outcome.

Many of us too are learning, at least so it is hoped, that we are dealing primarily with human beings—their wants and needs, and

WENT TO HIS HEAD

Cincinnati—Authority was not the proper thing to give her husband, Mrs. Pearl Seig contended in a suit against her husband, Henry. She said when he was made a deputy sheriff he thought he could boss everyone, including his wife. She charged he drank heavily and reached the point where he drank beer from the crock before it was ready to bottle.

IO EVERYONE, HEIGH-O

Houston, Tex.—One always pictures a man that is constantly in debt as a worried, harassed-looking

the picture had been presented by King Charles of Spain.

Bearing the likeness of their patron saint, and an era of prosperity and good-fortune having descended upon the pueblo after its arrival, the picture was credited with supernatural power by the Acomans.

Its fame spread, and the picture was coveted by the neighboring tribe of Laguna who, after begging its loan for a time and meeting with defeat, stole the picture one night and removed it to their own church. The theft nearly ended in bloodshed which was prevented only by Father Mariano, who persuaded the Lagunas to promise that it would be returned as soon as their fortune had prospered.

So prosperous became the villagers that they broke their promise and refused to part with their prize.

Finally the distraught Acomans appealed to the courts for the picture's return. According to the records of the supreme court of New Mexico, Judge Kirby Benedict ordered the Lagunas to return the painting. To this day their faith in the picture of St. Joseph never has wavered.

their ability or lack of it, to satisfy them—and not with machinery and systems. Not wages but wage-earners, not price but buyers and sellers, not taxes but taxpayers, not debts and credits but debtors and creditors are the real factors in the problem. It is this fact that makes it so serious. No one as yet seems to know what is wrong, but whatever it is, it has been demonstrated that it has been beyond the power of mass production to prevent or cure. There is nothing wrong with production on a large scale. Criticism should be directed not against it, but rather against those who so foolishly expected from it what it could not possibly perform, and counted on it as a sure shield against panic.

PRUDENT GET THEIR REWARD

They Are the "Rich" Congress Now Talks About Soaking

From the Baltimore Evening Sun
Pudent people are people who refuse to indulge in the wild spending orgy that prevailed in the days of prosperity. They did not try to keep up with the Joneses, but instead substituted oranges for grapefruit at breakfast except on Sunday or when company came. They got their cream off the top of the milk bottle and went in for prune deserts.

When they went on motor trips they did not stop at some nice and expensive tearoom, but took their lunch with them. And at summer resorts they engaged rooms without baths that were on the third floor and did not have a view of the mountains or the sea.

They did not fritter away their money on jewelry or cosmetics or send their daughters to costly finishing schools. If they bought fur coats they bought them when they were marked down, and when they had to go to a place they did not call a taxi, but went in a street car instead. They did not undertake to purchase a house in an exclusive suburb and pay for it just like rent, nor did they join a lot of clubs and become involved in the purchase of desirable objects on the deferred-payment plan.

They were not misled by people who gave them tips on the market which would make them a fortune in a short space of time. They were suspicious of the new economic era and their common sense told them that the day of reckoning would come. They denied themselves all of these little pleasures in order that they might be prepared for a rainy day.

And now, after a long, long time, they have come into their own. They have received their reward. For when congress talks about soaking the rich, they have the satisfaction of knowing that congress is talking about them.

Too Well Known

From Tit-Bits.
"Have you a speaking acquaintance with the woman next door?"
"A speaking acquaintance?" I know her so well that we don't speak at all."

individual. J. J. Settegast, 27, disagrees with this. "I've found that the most enjoyable thing about living," he says, "is being in debt." These words were said by Settegast, Houston pioneer, at a birthday barbecue given him recently by his nine children.

"CREATE A JOB" FUND FILLED

Plymouth, Mass.—(UP)—This town of about 14,600 people, landing place of the Pilgrims, has overplanned by \$39,000 a \$150,000 "Create-a-Job" fund, and as result 111,072 hours of work are promised to home workmen.

REAL COWBOYS RIDING RANGE

Reno, Nev.—(UP)—Just how wild is the West today? Are there any "real" cowboys left?

Have the dude ranches completely supplanted true ranch life? The city dweller, or train tourist, whose closest approach to the West is through a story, motion picture, or Pullman window may well wonder whether the old days of the buckaroo and vaquero have vanished completely, but in fact they have not.

Scattered along the edges of the most desolate parts of the West, where they have been driven by the march of sheep and civilization, are ranches where the old traditions still are observed.

Near Amodee, Cal., the capital of what once was as rich a cow country as any in the United States, a number of such men are now living. One is the foreman of a cattle ranch owned by the Humphries interests, large operators throughout northeastern California. Another has his own ranch, and makes a living partly through trading and selling horses he rounds up on the surrounding mountains and high basins.

Wild horses roam a part of this region. They are few in number now, but constitute an unwanted quantity at best. Cowboys finding them either round them up and corral them, or shoot them, for a wild horse now is usually fit for one thing only—chicken feed. Most are small, poorly formed, and untamable.

Holding the lines along the more remote ranges are "real" cowboys. Some of them have nothing to do but remember the old days, when thousands of cattle grazed the summer and winter ranges, but others are still making a living keeping the dogies in check, riding fence, or breaking horses. Chaps and 10-gallon hats are put to practical use as well as ornamental purposes, and riding is a necessary art among them.

Chicago Mayor 'Promises' Won't Bother Drinkers

Chicago — (AP)—Mayor Anton Cermak said Tuesday that Chicago police will "continue" their drive on crime and take no part in enforcing the dry laws during the national political conventions of the next month.

"Chicago doesn't need mopping up more than any other city," he said. "There's no liquor here. The drive should start in Washington because most of the liquor will be brought here by senators, congressmen and others from that city. They put the law on the books and spend millions of dollars to enforce it, so why should the city spend money for the same thing?"

"I suppose the enforcement leaders, especially Amos Woodcock mean to search the delegates as they step off the trains. That is the only way they can do it."

Cermak called John D. Rockefeller, Jr., a "very wise man" for changing to advocacy of prohibition repeal.

"Wise men change their minds" he said, "but fools never."

Our Own Economy Plan.

- From the Pathfinder.
1. Eliminate from government payroll all Solons' relatives over 70 years old or under 12.
 2. Thinner coating of muclage on the stamps.
 3. Abolish army transport service and leave the boys stranded.
 4. Let Congressmen follow Huey Long's example and resign from all committees.
 5. Wrap up unused federal bureaus in Congressional Record tied with their own red tape.
 6. Instruct government employes to fill their fountain pens at home.
 7. Limit Senators to one snuff a day from the Senate snuff boxes. (This suggestion is not to be sneezed at!)
 8. Washington workers plant gardens in their off-time.
 9. Prohibition Bureau manufacture its own padlocks.
 10. Speaker Garner furnish his own string for mending the House gavel.
 11. Government overtime workers supply their own excuses when reaching home.
 12. President Hoover to catch all the fish for the cabinet officers' wives.
 13. Set the nation's clocks and pace back to where they were before the World war.

HELLO, PAL!

Knoxville, Tenn.—Over 21 states Joe Henry and Eddie Vinson had rambled selling papers. Four years ago they parted in Jacksonville, Fla. Recently Eddie swung off a freight here and started to walk up town. Walking by the postoffice, Eddie investigated. Sure enough, it was Joe. The pals are united again and doing a rushing business here.

Bloody Battle.

From Answers.
Gus: I'll have you understand there's good blood in my family.
Gulliver: Yes, and how much did they pay for the transfusions?

PLAN ADVERTISES DINER

Boston—(UP)—An enterprising proprietor has chosen a novel method of advertising his lunch cart on the Taunton highway. Perched atop the roof of the diner is an engineless airplane, its tail tilted skyward at a sharp angle. Passing motorists are attracted to the diner in the belief there has been a plane crash.

Palmyra, Ill.—(UP)—Johnson Linder, who was too old to fight in the Civil war, recently celebrated his 105th birthday. He smokes a big cigar each day and is as active as many men half his age.

EVERYTHING BUT KISSES IN MOVIE SOUND LIBRARY



When Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. kissed Loretta Young in the scene above, the sound you heard in the movie houses was exactly the same one you would have heard if you had been on the movie lot. Studios have been unable to "dub" kiss sounds into the talkies and each one is genuine.

BY DAN THOMAS

NEA Service Writer

Hollywood — What, no kisses! Such an exclamation might be heard around the sound laboratory of a motion picture studio almost any time. And therein, boys and girls, hangs a tale.

In the sound libraries of Hollywood's studios can be found millions of feet of sound film, upon which is recorded sound effects covering approximately 800 subjects — almost every conceivable sound from pig grunts to a French locomotive.

But nary a kiss can be found anywhere!

Of course there's a reason. Other sounds can, when necessary, be "dubbed" into a picture with satisfactory results. Kisses can't. If the kiss is to be right, the sound of each kiss must be recorded at the same time the action is registered.

Major Nathan Levinson, chief sound expert for the Warner-First National studios, explains the matter in this way:

"No two kisses ever are exactly alike. Consequently the sound of one don't ever be matched with the action of another satisfactorily. In fact, at times the effect of such matching would be absolutely ludicrous. The action and sound must be recorded simultaneously."

Compiling libraries of sound effects started with the influx of talking pictures. In the early days equipment was cumbersome. There were no portable sound trucks to go out and record any desired noises. Practically everything had to be done right in the studio. So every new sound obtained was filed away for future use.

Considerable ingenuity also was brought into play to determine various ways of imitating certain sounds.

One of the first of such instruments ever used consisted of a small cylinder and piston, mounted on a flat board, with a nine-inch piece of hollow copper tubing standing upright near it. By turning a crank and blowing into the hollow tube the sound of a running and whistling locomotive could be imitated with fair success.

This apparatus was used in a number of pictures until a way was found for installing a recording unit on a real train to collect all of the genuine noises.

As might be expected a studio sound library grows with each new production because each picture is almost sure to have some previously unrecorded sound in it. However, although the library grows, its use diminishes. Sound engineers have discovered that no imitation quite takes the place of a genuine noise itself.

Consequently, when possible all sounds are recorded anew when the objects from which they emit are photographed. The catalogued sounds now are used only in emergencies. But the libraries are kept right up to date just the same.

Although natural sounds are secured whenever possible those days, there are times when such sounds must be aided by a little human ingenuity. For example, there was a scene in "So Big" in which a sandwich was dropped into a chair.

But the sound of the soft bread

EYESIGHT CAN BE SAVED

Some Simple Rules for the Prevention of Blindness

From the New York World-Telegram

According to the National Society for the Prevention of Blindness, one-half of all blindness is preventable. Science has now discovered all its major causes. It remains for such public-spirited organizations as the national society to educate the public in prevention. To minimize the hazards to sight follow these rules:
Read with a clear, good light

did not make enough noise to be picked up by the microphone. The sandwich then was lined with a sheet of thin lead and the scene was remade very satisfactorily.

Among the various noises which may be found in one of these sound libraries are: the noises of crowds—all kinds, happy, angry, excited, American, foreign and mixed; sounds from almost every make of automobile at various speeds; the opening and closing of water tight compartment doors on a battleship; the waves against the boat, both anchored and at various speeds; a printing press; winds at all velocities; thunder of various degrees, and the sound of almost every animal.

But in none of the libraries can be found a single record of a human kiss.

Crusoe's Balance Sheet.

From the New York Times.
When Robinson Crusoe was cast upon a desert isle he began seriously to consider his condition. This led him to draw up the state of his affairs in writing, "not so much to leave them to any that may come after me as to deliver my thoughts from daily poring over them and afflicting my mind." As his reason began to master his "despondency" he began to comfort himself by setting the good against the evil, that "I might have something to distinguish my case from the worse." He thereupon stated his situation "very impartially like debtor and creditor."

Evil
I am cast upon a horrible desolate island, void of all hope of recovery.

Good
But I am alive and not dead, as all my ship's company was.

Evil
I am singled out, and separated, as it were, from all the world to be miserable.

Good
But I am singled out, too, from all the ship's crew, to be spared from death. And He that miraculously saved me from death can deliver me from this condition.

Evil
I am divided from mankind, a solitary one banished from human society.

Good
But I am not starved and perishing on a barren place affording no sustenance.

Evil
I have no clothes to cover me.

Good
But I am in a hot climate where if I had clothes I could hardly wear them.

Evil
I am without any defense or means to resist any violence of man or beast.

Good
But I am cast on an island where I see no wild beasts to hurt me as I saw on the coast of Africa; and what if I had been shipwrecked there?

Evil
I have no soul to speak to or relieve me.

Good
But God wonderfully sent the ship in near enough to the shore that I have gotten out so many necessary things as will either supply my wants or enable me to supply myself as long as I live.

He concluded that, on the whole, there was scarce any condition in the world so miserable but there was something negative or positive in it to be thankful for. And he let it stand that we may always find something from which to comfort ourselves, and to set on the credit side of the account.

Evil
falling from above over your left shoulder.

Good
Hold your book or paper about 18 inches from your eyes.

Always read with your head up.

Keep book or paper clean; a soiled page is hard to read.

Avoid books printed indistinctly, in small type or on glossy paper.

Rest your eyes frequently.

If your eyes ache, or if you have trouble in seeing things distinctly, have your eyes examined.

Russia announces the successful production of rubber from a plant named "towsagis."