

Arabs in Palestine Demonstrating Against Jews



Striking against British rule and Jewish immigration, part of the Arab gathering of over 10,000 that assembled at Abou Ghosh, Jirjath-Jearim, Palestine, recently, is shown pledging allegiance to their leaders who mapped a nationalist movement.

Complete Privacy in Glass House



The girls of Alpha Chi Omega sorority at Butler university, Indianapolis, dwell in a glass house, but they have no fear of "Peeping Toms," for the glass walls are non-transparent. They are, however, translucent, admitting plenty of light.

Peaks of Yosemite Climbed by Students

Cathedral spires, forbidding needle-like peaks which tower 2,115 feet above Yosemite valley, have been conquered again. Four Univer-



sity of California students, members of the rock-climbing section of the Sierra club, made the ascent under perilous conditions.

Scenes and Persons in the Current News



1—Police clearing a street in Jaffa, Palestine, of riotous Arabs during the anti-Jewish disturbances. 2—Presidential palace at Managua, Nicaragua, in which President Sacasa was besieged by revolting troops of the national guard. 3—Scott M. Loftin, former president of American Bar association, appointed United States senator from Florida to fill out the unexpired term of the late Park Trammell.

Old Silver

By DUANE DECKER
© McClure Newspaper Syndicate.
WNU Service.

IT'S almost a legend around Fairfield, the story of Old Silver. One evening when Sam Bigelow went down to the mill pond to fish, he was carrying his short steel casting rod with a shiny black reel and he found Old Man Turner on the dock. Old Man Turner had grown rich by lending money to poor people like Sam and charging an exorbitant rate of interest. Sam had been unfortunate enough to need five hundred dollars due on his farm, so he'd borrowed it from Old Man Turner. Sam had paid it all back plus fifty per cent for interest. But he still owed Old Man Turner a hundred. Old Man Turner's interest on five hundred dollars was somewhere around thirty per cent.

While Sam attached a bright spinner to his line, Old Man Turner scowled and said he thought Sam ought to be home working to pay him back the hundred he owed him, but Sam explained that he'd been working since early morning and he thought he deserved a little recreation.

"Besides," Sam added innocently, "I'm after Old Silver."

"What's Old Silver?" Old Man Turner demanded.

"He's a five pound bass," Sam said, "in this here mill pond and he's got a silver tail, which is chiefly why I call him Old Silver."

Turner snorted with disgust. All bass had black tails and he knew it, and Sam was talking plain poppycock. Sam smiled oddly and told Turner that he, Sam, had seen the silver tail. He'd even hooked the fish.

"It's a lie," Old Man Turner snarled.

Sam clicked his reel as he prepared to cast. "Like to bet on it?" he asked.

Crafty Turner could never resist a sure thing. His sharp features contracted and he said: "Guess I might take a chance. How about making the stakes double or nothing on that other hundred you owe me?"

"Suits me," Sam said. "Give me two weeks to get my fish."

For a week Turner trailed Sam around the mill pond, gloating as Sam failed to sight anything that looked like a bass with a silver tail. The second week Turner told Sheriff Pease and several of his cronies about the bet and they became interested. Soon Sam had five or six people following him around the mill pond evenings.

It was the third night before the end of the two weeks that Sam hooked a big one. Besides Turner, Sheriff Pease and five of Turner's friends were around. Sam had tossed his spinner far out toward the center, when his arm suddenly went back with a jerk and the reel began to sing.

The pole was short and brittle and couldn't bend much, but it shook as Sam gripped it with both hands. He didn't reel in right away. The fish thrashed back and forth and Sam just played on with him, letting him wear himself out. The crowd—especially Old Man Turner—craned their necks for a sight of the tail.

Suddenly, far from the shore, the fish jumped. It was beautiful. A large bass and, in the fast fading sun, there was an unreal silver glint to the tail! Then the strong, graceful body dropped back into the water. Old Man Turner was frothing. "It's a lie!" he shrieked. "There's no such thing as a bass with a silver tail. There's a catch in it somewhere, I tell you."

"You saw it," Sam said quietly. "Now I'll bring him to shore."

Sam reeled steadily for several minutes and then, once more, the bass broke water. The silver shone more brightly.

Like a spattering torch, the tail sank in arrow fashion below the surface and immediately the rushes became shorter and more frenzied. Two more half-hearted leaps and the sparkle of the tail was plain on each reserve dip.

Not ten yards off shore the fish swirled into the air shaking water, with the tail flashing. For the last time it cut into the depths, with its nose pointed down.

Sam hauled the fish to the bank and lifted it up for inspection.

The tail was silver, but the close-up revealed something not visible from the distance. Just the tip of the tail was silver, but it wasn't solid. There were short black gaps between the silver spots, and each spot was less than an inch wide. Sam held the tail up, so that they all could examine it.

The silver spots proved to be metal strips, lettered, clamped around the tail. The lettering read: Ajax Tin Co.

Grinning broadly, Sam put his hand into his pocket and drew out a silver clip, the counterpart of those on the tail. He pressed it over the open edge of the tail and clamped it tight. Then he removed the hook and tossed the bass back into the water.

Suddenly everyone was laughing. Everyone except Old Man Turner, whose face was purpling by degrees. "You've seen him now," Sam said. "Do you pay off or not?"

The legend around Fairfield has it that Old Man Turner, already had his fountain pen in his hand.

Dog, Cat and Rat Are Close Friends



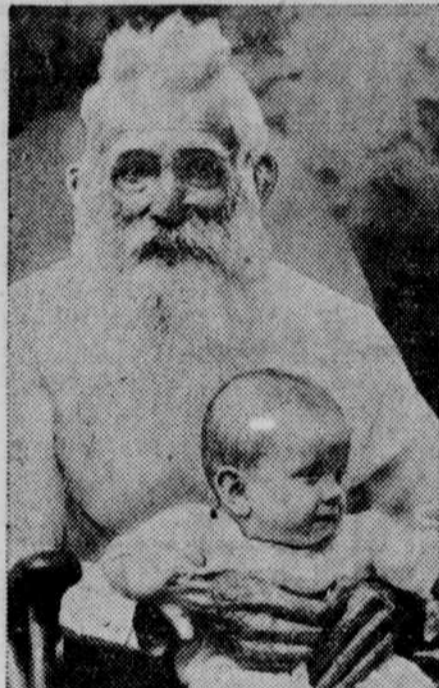
Strange indeed is the friendship between Monty the dog, Damon the cat, and Pythias the white rat, recent visitors at the California Pacific International exposition in San Diego, with their master, Beverly B. Dobbs. They have visited many parts of the world together.

1936 HONOR MAN



Midshipman August Frederick Weinel of Columbia, Ill., is the honor man of the United States Naval academy at Annapolis this year, having the highest marks in the graduating class. The state of Illinois is proud of Frederick.

HIS 111TH BIRTHDAY



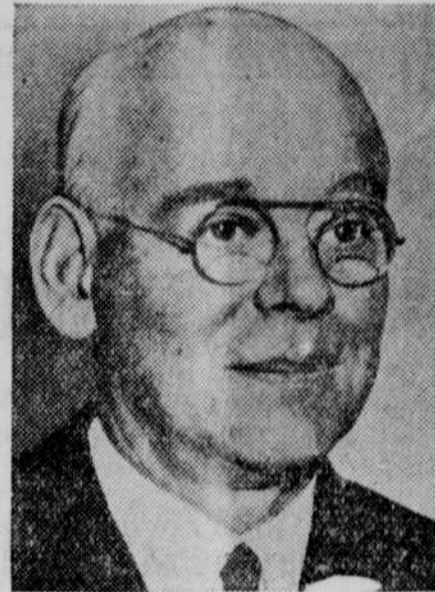
John Harry Davis, photographed as he appeared holding his one hundredth grandchild while celebrating his one hundred and eleventh birthday on his farm near Bainbridge, Ohio. Mr. Davis has nearly 175 descendants, reads without glasses and still possesses a remarkable memory. Born in Campbell county, Va., in 1825, he moved to Ohio 75 years ago and has resided on a farm since that time. His mental faculties are very well preserved.

Gloria Is Straight Shooter



Here is twelve-year-old Gloria Jacobs, with the trusty pistol with which she is creating a sensation on California ranges. Daughter of Capt. Henry R. Jacobs of the California highway patrol, Gloria started her marksmanship career by bettering her father's excellent marks. She then entered the women's contest and won handily. Next came the competition with the state's best police shots, at Modesto. Gloria took second place, four points behind the winner.

NEW MODERATOR



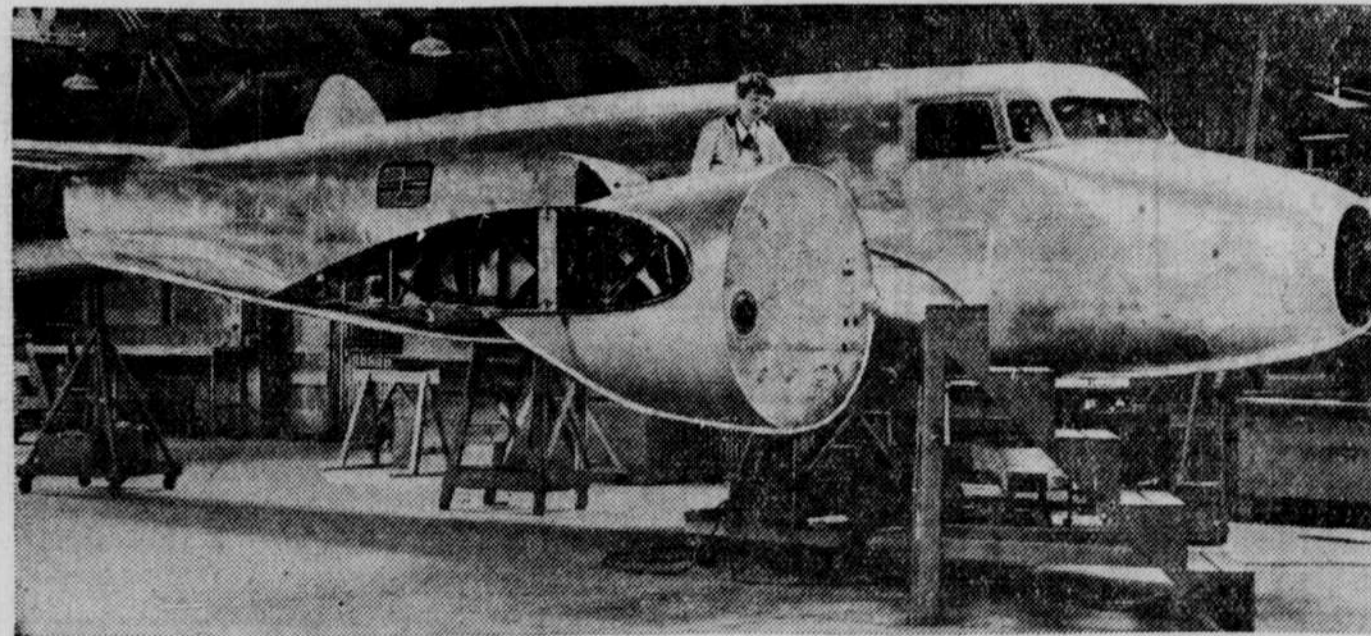
Rev. Dr. Henry Buck Master of Philadelphia, general secretary of the Presbyterian board of pensions, who was elected moderator of the general assembly of the Presbyterian church in the United States.

Destructive Storm Hits Detroit



Two lives were lost and much property damaged by a wind storm which swept the city of Detroit. The photograph shows a large barn wrecked by the sixty-mile gale.

"Flying Laboratory" for Amelia Earhart



This Lockheed all-metal monoplane was built at Burbank, Calif., as a "flying laboratory" for Amelia Earhart on order from the Amelia Earhart Fund for Aeronautical Research, and the famous flyer is seen inspecting it. After tests and trial flights she will fly it to Purdue university, Indiana, where the program of research will be carried out. The plane is powered with two Pratt and Whitney Wasp engines of 550 horsepower each, driving Hamilton constant speed metal propellers. Instead of passenger seats, it carries additional fuel tanks for extended non-stop flights. Special instruments include a Sperry robot pilot, de-icing appliances on the leading edge of the wing and stabilizer, and a new type fuel analyzer which enables fuel consumption to be kept at a minimum under all flying conditions. Radio homing device and two-way radio telephone are also installed in the pilot's compartment.

Oxen Come Into Their Own on Kentucky Project



In the construction of a new high school by the Public Works administration at Whitley City, Ky., it was found convenient to revert to old methods and make use of oxen as draft animals.