Colonel Popen recovered himself sufficiently at that moment to break in: "By gadfly! This calls for a duel—."

HEART OF THE GOLDEN WEST

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Roy ..... ROY ROGERS
Smiley ..... SMILEY BURNETTE
"Gabby" ..... GEORGE "GABBY" HAYES
Bob Nolan ..... BOB NOLAN
Sons of the Pioneers ..... THEMSELVES
Mary Lou Popen ..... RUTH TERRY
Colonel Silas Popen .... WALTER CATLETT
James Barrabee ..... PAUL HARVEY
Ross Lambert .... EDMUND MACDONALD
Rango ..... LEIGH WHIPPER
Cully Bronson ..... WILLIAM HAADE
The Hall Johnson Choir .... THEMSELVES

As Fictionized From The Republic Picture In Screen Romances

SYNOPSIS

Roy Rogers foreman of the Barrabee Ranch evolves a plan to ship cattle direct to the packing house by means of river boats, in order to overcome excessive trucking charges of Ross Lambert and his gang; racketeering rustlers from Cherokee City. Roy's boss, James Barrabee, owner of the Barrabee Ranch and head of the Cattlemen's Association decides to see Col. Popen of the Popen Steam Packet Line to convince him to send a boat up the river. Silas Popen hates the West and everything in it but he has a beautiful daughter Mary Lou, who is anxious for the thrill of the romance and the adventure of the great open spaces. They make the trip to Cherokee City where Popen is received in true Western fashion.

CHAPTER TWO

Long before sundown of that eventful day, Roy began to regret bitterly that he had ever suggested a shipping route for cattle. The idea that had seemed so brightly inspired promised to be a dismal failure. From the moment he met Mary Lou, he had longed to make her love these far flung western plains as he loved them; yet once inside the ranch house, she had not deigned to give him a glance. All afternoon she remained in her father's room, and from the sounds that emerged from behind the closed door, the Colonel's temper grew worse with every passing hour.

Roy and the ranchhands were in the midst of dinner when the last tirade started. The Colonel was evidently shouting at Barrabee, for now and then Roy could hear his boss say soothingly: "You must be calm, Popen."

Finally Popen's voice rose to a shrill scream. "The deal's off! I'm through. Barrabee, you get out!"

This was enough for Roy. He rose from the table, and ran upstairs to Popen's room.

Barrabee was just coming out, a disconsolate expression on his face. When he saw Roy, he said: "What are you going to do?"

"Thank him—from the bottom of my heart!" Roy cried, opening the door.

The Colonel was seated on the edge of the bed, while Rango, his colored boy, bathed his feet. Mary Lou sat disconsolately by the window. As Roy entered, the Colonel bellowed: "What's this impudence?"

Roy told him. "I heard you sounding off downstairs, and what you said about calling off the deal suits me fine!" He glared down at the older man. "You said you didn't like us. Well, we don't like you, either. You're a bad-tempered collection of bad habits. And when you talk, it sounds like a burning brake!" He turned then to Mary Lou, who was staring up at him in utter disbelief. "As for you, you're a chip off the old block — with something extra added. And I don't mean charm!"

Colonel Popen recovered himself sufficiently at that moment to break in: "By Gadfly! This calls for a duel—"

But Roy brushed him off with a contemptuous glance and went on berating Mary Lou. "You had me all sold that you could take it. You wanted romance, adventure—thrills. Well, you got some of it this afternoon — and what happens? You quit!"

Mary Lou's eyes flashed angrily. "Is that all, Mr. Rogers?"

"That's all," he assured her. "We're taking in the welcome mat."

"I'm getting out of this place," the Colonel shouted.

"Good," said Roy, pleasantly. "Can you sail in the morning?"

"You bet we can," the Colonel declared.

"I'll have the boys take your baggage down now," Roy told him, and strode from the room, slamming the door behind him.

In the hall, Barrabee was waiting for him. But Roy brushed past him without a word. "Where are you going?" the old man demanded anxiously.

"To settle a little score with Lambert!" Roy said bitterly.

Barrabee shook his head in dismay as he watched Roy go on down the hall. Then a small voice behind him made him turn. It was Mary Lou.

"You're president of the Cattlemen's Association, aren't you?" she asked.

"Unofficially, yes," he said. "Why do you ask, Miss Popen?"

She put a finger on her lips, glanced back toward the closed door of her father's room. "I've got an idea," she whispered.

Ten minutes later, she was riding toward Cherokee City on a pinto pony. She took deep breaths of the clear dry air as she cantered along, and watched with appreciative eyes the play of shadows across the grasslands, silver now in the moonlight. The world seemed suddenly so big, out here under the stars, far bigger than she had ever imagined.

Something had happened to Mary Lou within the last half hour, within the first few seconds of Roy's denunciation of her, to be exact. For a moment, she had been stunned and furious. That anyone should deride her, Mary Lou Popen, Silas Popen's daughter, was utterly preposterous!

And then, in a flash, as Roy strode from the room, it had swept over her that he had been right. Terribly right, about her and about her father. There was plenty excuse for her father, but none for her. She had boasted that she longed for the thrilling, adventurous life of the West—and then, at the first hint of danger, she had cringed in terror, then taken refuge in righteous indignation.

Well, she was going to prove to Roy that she was not a quitter, after all.

The moment she tethered the pony outside Lambert's hotel, she knew that Roy was in trouble. For, from within the hotel bar, came sounds of a bitter struggle, of furniture being overturned, of vicious blows and the dull thud of falling bodies.

She ran swiftly up the steps, through the deserted lobby, and into the bar, where guests had formed a ring around two struggling figures, Roy and Lambert. As she entered, Roy lunged at Lambert and landed a strong left to the racketeer's jaw, which sent him sprawling against a slot machine. She felt a swift glow of elation which instantly gave way to horror as she saw Lambert's partner, Bronson, rise from behind the bar with a revolver in his hand.

"Roy—look out!" she screamed, then grabbed a gun from the holster of a man standing beside her, and fired at the mirror behind Bronson. There followed a terrific crash of glass, but Mary Lou continued to fire at bottles and glasses, at bric-a-brac and chandeliers, until suddenly the room was cleared.

Roy, grinning in amused surprise, rose from the inert figure of Lambert, and waved a crumpled telegram triumphantly, as he came toward her. "Much obliged, Miss Popen," he said, handing her the message he had taken from Lambert's pocket. "You might read that over, in your spare time. It explains the reception you got this afternoon."

She read the warning that Barrabee had sent Roy about her father, then looked at Roy and frowned. "Is that all you've got to say?" she asked coolly.

He put his arm through hers and led her outside. "What do you want me to say?" he demanded, still grinning. "I thanked you, didn't I?"

Still she wasn't satisfied. After all, she had practically saved his life. Yet, for all the fuss he made about it, she might only have passed him a piece of cake. They were approaching their horses now, and she turned upon him in one last outburst of anger.

"You had an awful lot to say about how I let you down. I meant to apologize and tell you you were right—that if you still wanted the boat, you could have it. I even told Barrabee to round up the cattle from the other ranches. I wanted to keep our bargain, and I thought you might appreciate it. But I was wrong, and I'm sorry I tried." She mounted her horse quickly and started toward the gate.

Roy leaped instantly upon Trigger's back and rode after her. "Wait a minute!" he cried. "I'll take you up on that deal!"

And back on the hotel verandah, Lambert's henchman, Bronson, watched with interest as Roy disappeared. Then Bronson laughed softly, derisively, and returned to the hotel bar to report to Lambert. . . .

Roy caught up with Mary Lou at the gangplank of the Southern Belle. They tethered their horses on the wharf and boarded the old boat together. Standing beside the rail, Roy took Mary Lou by the shoulders and spun her around to face him.

"You're right," he said humbly. "I got pretty excited—it seemed everything was going haywire. I'm sorry."

She glowed at the touch of his strong hands on her shoulders, and turned her face away in confusion. "You apologize very nicely, Mr. Rogers," she said tremulously.

"But I mean it," he insisted. "Don't I look sorry?"

She smiled up into his earnest young face. "No — just anxious. You're probably wondering how I'm going to work all this—with the cattle and the boat."

He smiled ruefully. "Well, knowing your father and—"

"Leave Father out of it, please," she begged him. "I fixed it for you once, didn't I?" And then, as he nodded, "All right, I'll fix it again. Any more questions?"

"Only one. What do you think of the West now?"

She laughed, a low throaty sound that was sheer music to Roy. "It's improving. Especially the adventure and thrill department."

His grip on her shoulders tightened just a little. "Well, maybe we can work out the rest of it—if you're not afraid some wild young bandit will kidnap you."

She looked up at him, then glanced away. "As a matter of fact," she whispered, "I'm afraid he won't."

When Mary Lou declared that the adventure and thrill department of the West had already improved, she little knew what was in store for her during the long night that lay ahead. For Lambert had laid his plans swiftly and well.

(To be continued)

Mac Arthur Forces Continue Push On New Guinea

Stiff Japanese Opposition Shown As The Americans And Aussies Continue Mopping Up

Gen. MacArthur's Headquarters, Australia, Dec. 24—(UP)—Desperate Japanese resistance continued today in the Buna area of New Guinea as two allied forces came within a mile of closing pincers now biting through the enemy's remaining Buna beach head.

The allied communique said Australian and American forces engaged in the operation were making relatively slow progress because of the intricate, thoroughly prepared positions of the enemy.

It was revealed that Gen. Douglas MacArthur's units moving against the other important Japanese beach head at Sananada had advanced half a mile down the truck road from Soputa and that American troops were in action with Australians in the Amboga river area west of Gona, where the mopping up is in progress

It was said authoritatively that tenacious Japanese resistance in the isolated coastal toe-holds and the frequent efforts to land new forces indicated an enemy intention to stretch the New Guinea campaign out as long as possible, to prevent the complete occupation which must precede an ultimate allied attack on Rabaul, on new Britain island, the key base upon which the entire Japanese position in the north Australian area depends. Occupation of New Guinea and Guadalcanal by the allies, plus freedom of air operation, would open Rabaul to heavy attack.

In the New Guinea fighting, the Inland allied force, which is led by tanks, crossed sinemi creek and was threatening the eastern end of the main Japanese air strip in the Buna area. A smaller air strip was occupied Sunday.

A coastal force was attacking from the Buna beach. This group had to contend with the natural obstacle of a creek, at the mouth of which were several islands on which were snipers.

The inland force reported that was still encountering strong pillboxes and log emplacements similar to those overrun last Friday and Sunday.

Air activity was somewhat reduced but allied planes ranged far, backing up patrol activity in the Amboga river area, nine miles up the coast from Buna mission and three and one-fourth miles west of the captured village of Gona. Heavy bombers attacked Arawa, near Gasmatta on new Britain island, hitting a medium sized cargo vessel and starting fires which gutted the ship.

Here On Business

Judge E. B. Taylor, of Weeping Water, was a visitor in the city today to look after some matters of business and visiting with friends.

Hope To Eease Situation

Omaha, Nebr. Dec. 23(UP)—Rubber Administrator Wm. Jeffers, meeting with delegates from Iowa and Nebraska today expressed hope that the gasoline and rubber rationing problems of the middle west "can be ironed out," as the one day conference ended it's morning session.

Jeffers this morning devoted most of the session to outlining the problems confronting the farmers as he saw them, and detailing the general rationing situation. He exressed as his main desire development of a simple rationing blank on which farmers could list all their needs—passenger car, trucks, non-highway equipment, etc.

Jeffers showed the delegates the ration forms used in Illinois which he said were greatly simplified from those used in Nebraska and Iowa. He expressed dissatisfaction as to the penalty clause and said he had enough confidence in the American people to do the right thing—"because 95 to 98 per cent of them will be honest in stating their needs."

Receives Good News

Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Libershal have received word announcing the arrival of a daughter, Mary Jane, to Captain and Mrs. Francis Libershal, on December 20th at Corvallis, Oregon.

Here From Eagle

John E. Scheel, Jr., of the vicinity of Eagle, was in the city today to look after some matters of business and while there was a caller at the Journal. Mr. Scheel renewed his subscription to the semi-weekly edition of the paper.

—FOR VICTORY: BUY BONDS—

LIBERTY LIMERICKS

"War Bonds," said an angler named Wade,
"Are the sportingest catch I have made—
They'll save us our freedom
And then, when we need 'em,
They're good for more cash than we paid!"

Help sink those Japanese "fishermen"! Put a full ten percent of your income into War Bonds or Stamps, every pay day. It's VITAL.

U. S. Treasury Department

MODERN MOLLY PITCHERS "GO TO WAR"

Above, a modern Molly Pitcher—a typica. woman war worker at the Hyatt Bearings Division of General Motors — greets the Revolutionary War heroine in a symbolic ceremony marking the formation of the initial Molly Pitcher Brigade chapter at Harrison, N. J., which bids fair to expand into a national movement with thousands of members. At right, two members of the Hyatt Molly Pitcher Brigade are busy in a G.M. plant where they are helping to fashion weapons of war for their fighting men.

HARRISON, N. J.—Molly Pitcher is fighting for American liberty again.

Although she is not loading and firing a cannon at her fallen husband's side, she is in this war beside her husband and is playing a part as vital as the role of her Revolutionary predecessor. For the modern Molly Pitcher is today's woman war worker, and her efforts on the production front will contribute very largely to final victory.

Symbolizing the rebirth of the spirit of the Revolutionary heroine, the women war workers of the Hyatt Bearings Division of General Motors here have formed a Molly Pitcher Brigade, which, from the outside interest aroused in it, bids fair to become a national movement with thousands of members.

A group of Hyatt girls met last summer to form the organization. Reserving for themselves the right of being the charter unit, the Hyatt group has extended invitations to fellow women war workers to join them in similar Molly Pitcher Brigade units. Women workers in both war plant and office, married or single, are eligible for membership.

Though not called upon to do battle as the original Molly Pitcher did, the women of today have an important part in this all-out war. They are asked to fill the empty ranks of industry as the men go to the front, and some of these women are filling their own husbands' posts. Besides their war work, the Hyatt Molly Pitchers, now 400 strong, are carrying on a number of other activities to aid the men in service—raising money to supply them with cigarettes and other treats, knitting, writing letters and sending books and gift packages to them.

The Molly Pitchers are so intent on their efforts that they asked the Hyatt plant to set aside its plans for sending Christmas boxes to the men. Then the brigade took over. Through their own efforts they raised $1,200 and sent 350 Christmas boxes to the Hyatt men in service. Each box represented a cost of $3 and contained good things to eat as well as shaving cream, writing materials and other needed items.

It was not many miles from Harrison, at the Battle of Monmouth on June 28, 1778, a very hot day, that Mary Ludwig Hays carried water for the thirsty American patriots during some of the fiercest fighting of the Revolutionary War. Legend has it that when her own husband fell, Molly—the grateful soldiers had dubbed her Molly Pitcher—manned his cannon and kept the piece firing through the battle.

Believe Spain And Portugal To Remain Neutral

Office of War Information Also Promises Better Facilities For Information From Africa

Washington, Dec. 23 (UP) Office of War Information Director, Elmer Davis said today "there is every reason to believe Spain and Portugal will maintain their neutral status in the war".

Davis told a press conference that the recent visit of Spanish Foreign Minister General Count Francisco Gomez de Jordina to Portugal and the prolonging of a Spanish-Portuguese neutrality bloc constitutted an encouraging factor and will have a stabilizing effect on that part of the Mediterranean.

"All the evidence," he said, "indicates that the Spanish government is quite sincere in it's desire to remain neutral and colaborate with Portugal in a free bloc outside the war."

He said there was no reason to believe reports that troops are being concentrated in southern Spain.

Davis also said:

1. Radio Morocco apparently now is operating under allied control.

2. Transmission facilities for news dispatches from the North African front will be greatly improved in the near future.

3. The O. W. I. has no intention to attempt to censor the motion picture industry but nevertheless has "full authority of government sponsored films."

4. The O. W. I has established a New British division headed by Ferdinand Kuhn Jr., for the past two years Assistant to Secretary of the Treasury Henry Morgenthau. To "quicken and improve the flow of information about the United States and the people of Great Britain.

Warmer Is Expected

Somewhat warmer weather today was expected to clear much of the remaining ice and snow from Nebraska highways. Temperatures which held generally above freezing levels yesterday melted snow and ice which had covered the highways since Monday afternoon.

Lowest temperature early today was the 27 registered at Omaha and North Platte. North Platte also held the high of 52, while Omaha had a high of 40. Other temperature ranges included Valentine 50-33, Lincoln 40-31 and a low of 28 at Burwell.

WAACS IN AFRICA

Allied Headquarters, North Africa, Dec. 23(UP)—Five WAAC's were on duty with American fighting forces in North Africa today, the first members of their organization to reach this theate of operations.

So far, the WAAC's, who will relieve men from base jobs for front line duty, have seen only the brighter side of life in North Africa. After getting a glimpse of semi-gay side walk cafes and their clean comfortable billets the WAACs were enthusiastic about the assignment. The five were flown from England recently.

Their names remained a military secret.

Search For Murder Suspect

Spaulding, Nebr. Dec. 23(UP)—A posse of sand hill farmers and ranchers went out again this morning on horseback to comb hills and ravines in this area for Karl Kreizinger, thirty-seven, suspected of muder of his aged parents, Mr. and Mrs. Gustave Kreizinger.

Greely county sheriff, Thomas J. Murphy, said he believed Kreizinger killed himself after clubbing his father to death with kindling wood and clubbing and slashing his mother at their farm home near here.

At Lincoln, State Sheriff Lloyd B. Mengel, also held to this theory. However, Mengel said State Safety patrolmen all over the state are on the watch for the suspected slayer.

FOR VICTORY — BUY WAR BONDS

VILLAGE GREEN SCRAP PILES TO BE MOVED AS SOON AS NEEDED

Large Open-Air Scrap Warehouses Sign of High Community Interest

"If we're really so hard up for scrap—then why the blazes do they let the stuff pile up for days on village greens and in dealers' yards before hauling it away?"

That's a question which is on the tip of people's tongues from Maine to California. It's a question for which Uncle Sam has a multitude of very positive answers.

You might as well ask a man why he keeps his bankroll in the bank instead of stuffing it into his pants pocket. Those mountains of scrap metal on your village green are open-air warehouses—your Government's scrap bank-account to be drawn on as needed. Washington has its eye on these scrap reserves just as the FBI has its eye on a lot of fifth columnists whom they'll arrest in good time.

Large stockpiles do not constitute a cause for alarm. The time to worry is when these towering peaks of rubber and metal begin to dwindle; when they level off from mountains to molehills.

The next time you become impatient at the sight of a slow-moving heap of scrap, remember these facts: There are only 6,500 scrap dealers in the country to handle the hundreds of thousands of community scrap accumulations. A dealer's yard can actually handle only about one hundred tons at a time. That's two freight cars full. If every dealer in the country—to satisfy public clamor to move scrap quickly—suddenly decided to send his stock to the mills, the resulting rush would tie up 18,000 freight cars. Now, the railroads are packing tremendous war loads on an endless round-the-clock, round-the-country basis. Freight cars have to be carefully allotted. If it comes to a question of hauling a hundred tons of *finished* tanks or a hundred tons of *potential* tanks in the form of scrap, well, the salvage waits for the next train.

Before scrap can be shipped to the foundries it must go through a tedious process of sorting and preparation which requires a minimum of three days per ton. As many as 75 varieties of metal scrap alone may be turned in by junkies to the yards daily. These must be sorted into more than ten distinct piles. Separating the alloys from ordinary steel requires time, thought and much physical labor.

Furthermore, mills and smelters insist that their scrap orders be broken or cut into specified lengths and sizes. Lighter pieces, such as automobile fenders, must be compressed into heavy bundles about two feet square. Heavier material is run through a shearing mill or seared by acetylene torches into small pieces. This is followed by the tedious job of baling and compressing to fit freight-car requirements.

The wonder is that despite the herculean tasks of sorting and preparation, the dealer can often bundle his stock off to market in as little as two or three days. The mountain of "junk" in a dealer's yard on Thursday morning may have a familiar appearance. But it's not the same pile you saw on Monday. A yard without some scrap in process is like a grocery store with empty shelves.

Even in ordinary times the speed of scrap to the mills is affected by the necessarily slow trip through the dealers' yards. Now, during war-time, however, two other factors intensify the dealer's problems.

One is the problem which the farmer also knows something about—a lack of manpower. The head of your local scrap yard, who formerly could put three or four men to work at the difficult task of sorting, grading and preparation, now must do this job practically alone. On top of that, he has just been handed from the people of the United States, the largest offering of household scrap in the history of the world. He is not equipped to whisk these mountains of metal off the horizon overnight. The steel mills, by the same token, could not consume all this scrap overnight. That scrap *will* be picked up—in time and in sufficient quantities to arrive at the mills and on the battlefronts when and where it is needed. Nowhere in America is there a victory stockpile too high or too great. Their size reflects the determination of people in the community to back the boys at the front with the weapons they deserve in a fight to the death. It's up to you and your neighbors to build America's hopes for victory by building neighborhood stockpiles to the sky.

Don't forget! It's much better to have our reserves in 35,000 piles—sorted and tallied—than in 30,000,000 attics, barns and plants.