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FRIDAY, JULY 5, 1935

# After Worlds Collide

By EDWIN BALMER and PHILIP WYLIE

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THE STORY

CHAPTER I.—Under the leadership of Cole Hendron, noted American scientist, over 300 persons escape in two Space Ships just before a cosmic collision that wiped out the earth, and head on Bronson Beta. After a short period of rest, the party makes an inventorying of their surroundings. A smooth, straight metal roadway is discovered, leading to a city far off. Lived on Bronson Beta haze-swift motor vehicles. That night thousands of giant meteors circle through the sky, but none of Hendron's colonists are hurt. The meteors are fragments of the earth's moon, destroyed before the earth was wiped out.

CHAPTER II—Hendron says the Space Ship is to be dismantled and all its metal used. Tony Drake, Hendron's assistant, and Professor Hill, a distinguished botanist, discover a river with waterfalls and vegetation. Hendron leads an exploring party which finds great forests of dead trees, destroyed by a million years by the absolute cold of space after Bronson Beta broke away from its sun and before it invaded our solar system. The colonists are startled by the sudden appearance at night of what looks like an airplane. It disappears almost immediately, but the fact that the occupants made no attempt to communicate with them, appearing rather as if they were on the city, leaves a feeling of alarm. They realize that they are far alone on the new planet.

CHAPTER III—Tony Drake and Elliot James, English writer, and the artist of the expedition, begin an exploration of the planet. They are astonished by a marvelous sight that greets them after clearing a high mountain range.

CHAPTER IV—They have come upon a great city, enclosed under what seems like half an inflexible glass bubble six miles wide and a mile high at its center. Among their finds, when they make an entry into the city, are six exhaustion pumps in bushels. When they start back in the plane, after three days, they see the dome is overnight, and come down. They creep to the top of a ridge.

CHAPTER V—Delighted, they find they have stumbled upon a camp of more than 30 persons who left Michigan two days ago in a second Space Ship piloted by Dave Randell. The bombs were 7 propulsion tubes had fused and blown out, and he had killed and injured. Randell goes to Hendron's camp to tell the news. Hendron, faster his journey when Eve Hendron, whom he hopes to make his wife, insists that Dave remain with her and her father while Tony tells the camp of the disaster. It is now at the twin office buildings they Drake and Eliot James have seen the likeness of a beautiful girl—and they are confident that Bronson Betan scientists had far outstripped the Earth's.

CHAPTER VI—Kyle Tony's former pupil, Marian Jackson, of Tony's professor turned spy, then was won to America by the Japanese. He says certain Japanese and German scientist Communists have reached Bronson Beta and probably sent the mysterious plane to spy on their camp. Tony flies a "ship" to Hendron's camp. Radio communication between Hendron's and Randell's camps is established after a whole city for help from Hendron's people is heard. Tony hurries back with Peter Vanderbilt, Eve and Jack Taylor, and they see 90 persons suddenly on the ground as if dead. Suddenly what danger awaits Tony insists upon leaving the plane first, standing the door after him. The camp has been gassed and every member made unconscious, but all recover.

CHAPTER VII—The Assault of "Midgetes," as Hendron calls them, begins after the 30 survivors of a British ship which lands in a lake, but Lady Cynthia Cruickshank escapes. When the Assaults make an official said, following the gassing of Hendron's people, Tony and the men arrange their armada with terrific atomic blasts from the Space Ship's propulsion tubes. Hendron's health fails and before his death he orders Tony to swear an everybody to one of the Sealed Cities. Tony succeeds. Hendron's people are astonished when they derive their mysterious power of light and heat from a underground city, and fear the Assaults control it and plan to freeze them into submission during the intensely cold winter. Ten Assaults disappears and Tony's men are convinced he was seized by spies within the city.

CHAPTER VIII—Drake and his companions learn how to operate the Bronson Betans' swift motor-driven vehicles. Vanderbilt, Hendron's heir of the community, is still missing, and a thorough search made is unavailing.

Jack Taylor's post, when on watch, was the northern gate.

"The Porte de Guerlin," Duquesne had dubbed it, recalling the fashion in Paris of naming the gate after the city to which, and from which, its road ran.

Eliot gazed out the gate along the road where the shadow of a tree placed by the Ancient People lay long and faint upon the ground.

"They gave the sun," he said. "And good, it's good already. But we can burn things to keep warm. We can burn things; but we can burn it's breathing; but we can burn the wood or grain, or a thousand things, and burn warm for a while, anyway. Physically, we're not forced to go to them; but can we be men—and stay away?"

"Exactly. How can we? How in the world does on Bronson Beta, Jack, are we going to be able to get at them?"

"Tony'd like to know; but it's got to be without too great a risk. He won't have us killed—not too many, anyway."

"Well, how many of us would he think worth while to lose, if we took Gorfulu?"

"Do you think you know how to do it? . . . When that chill certainly comes on."

"Sun's gone; and a—a little of it there goes to go. We simply weren't made to be this far away from the sun."

"Half a year from now, you'll be saying we weren't made to be as near the sun as we'll be."

"If we live till then."

"Yes. . . . Hello, here's our relief." and Jack hailed the pair who appeared in the twilight of the street; he passed them his report. "Everything quiet," and started up the street with Eliot toward his quarters.

"What's the hurry, soldiers?" some one softly hailed from the darkness of a hooded doorway. It was a girl's voice, teasing, provocative.

Both men halted.

"Who are you?"

"Please, soldiers, we're only friends caught out in the dark and needing protection."

Jack laughed, and knew her before he turned on his flashlight. "Where we demanded, what are you doing here, and who's with you?"

Then her companion, Shirley Cotton, made herself known.

"We were hoping," Marian Jackson said, as the two girls walked along with the two young men, "for somebody to come by. The fellows have to turn on the best again, not to speak of the lights."

"Were you in that building?" Elliot asked her.

"We were; and I tell you, it's hard to open the doors now that the power's off. They stick terribly."

"What were you doing, Marian?"

"Shall we tell them, Shirley?"

"Why not?"

"Well," said Marian, speaking carefully as though she might be overheard, "we decided we'd see what we could do as halts."

"Halts?"

"Halts. The chunks of meat trappers used to put in traps, and like minnows on hooks—baits, you know. My idea."

"Then," said Jack generously, "it must have been a pippin. Baits. I've got the general underlying scheme of your girls now; go on."

"But there's nothing to go on to; nothing happened."

"The fish didn't come?"

"No nibble. No. But give us time, boy. There's some way, we know, by which somebody still gets in and out of this city. The wide of it, we hope he—or they, if they're two of 'em—will try to grab us. We'll go along."

"Sabine women stuff, Eliot," Shirley put in.

"What?" asked Marian Jackson.

"I'll tell you later, dear," Shirley offered.

"Oh," sniffed Marian. "Deep stuff! Well, anything they didn't teach in the first six grades of the St. Louis grammar school is lost on me. Still, you got me curious. What did the Sabine women do, Shirley?"

"They went along," Shirley told her, "with the men from the other city, who grabbed them."

"And then what did they do, darling?"

"They stayed with them as willing little wives."

"No stabbing after they found the way in and out?"

"No," said Shirley. "There's where the Sabine women were different."

Jack Taylor whistled softly. "So that's what you little girls were up to?" he said. "Perhaps it's just as well we came along. But they rather show us up, eh, Eliot?"

Dinner was a moody meal in the evening of that prolonged day. After dark, there was long, restless pacing—and tonight Eliot James, Jack Taylor and Peter Vanderbilt, with two more of the younger men—Crosby and Whittington—met for a midnight discussion.

Tony was not called to this informal council of his friends, nor was Randell; for Tony, though personally the same with all of them, yet was Chief of the Central Authority; he bore the responsibility; and if he forbade the enterprise on foot, his friends could scarcely proceed. So it was agreed not to let him know. And Randell was to be being charged with the security of the city—had better learn about the plan much later.

The five had gathered in Vanderbilt's quarters.

"Wonderful place you have, Peter," said Whittington, looking around. He had not visited it before. "Must be went about examining the metal panels of mountain, woodland, marsh and sea, all splendid in colors of enamel paints baked on.

Vanderbilt asked him: "Are you complimenting me? All I've done is to choose it. . . . Do you know, not a thing was fecked or rubbed, not a thing was scarred. The man who made it never used it."

"It seems so with most of the buildings," said Whittington. "It seems they must have gone on building—then to complete their plan, after they knew they themselves would need all them."

"What else could they do?" said Eliot James, who had thought much about this. "While they waited? Could they just wait—for now annihilation?"

Nobody spoke after that, until Jack Taylor put wood on the fire.

"Did you hear, Peter," he questioned, "what those girls—Marian and Shirley—were out to do?"

"Yes," said Vanderbilt; and the five got immediately at the problem of how to gain entrance and control of Gorfulu.

"Seidel is in command, Von Holtz is sure," Eliot said, "Cynthia agrees that is most probable. He was pushing aside Morley, who was nominally chief commissar — he called himself that—when Lady Cynthia escaped.

"Cynthia has told us, and Von Beltz has confirmed it, that the mixture on top is constantly afraid of what they call a rising of the serfs—that is, the English. They guard against it. The English are allowed to gather—even for work—only in very small groups, and always under supervision."

"It looks like a set-up," observed Whittington, optimistically, "if once we get in."

"There is a building which they call the Citadel," Jack Taylor said. "It held the offices of administration of the Old People. Seidel occupies it with his inner ring. If three of us could get in—or two of us—and kill ten of them—the ten top men; including Seidel—we'd—"

"What?"

"We'd at least be able to start something." Jack ended somewhat weakly.

"But the two we spoke of would be in the ten—before you could really begin," said Peter Vanderbilt quietly. "How simple you make it seem!"

Jack Taylor swore, and then laughed. "We don't know what we could do, or what we'd have to do. But we do know this: some of us, somehow, have got to get into that city, and that official of that city. Then we can trust to God and what chances he may offer us. But first, and whatever's before us, we've got to get in! Agreed?"

"Agreed!" said all voices, and Vanderbilt's was distinct among them.

"Now how? We've no chance to advance against them by air or on the ground, or under the ground from the direction of this city. We know they've got guarded all the conduits and passages which we've discovered, and probably some we don't know about. But would they guard the conduits from the other cities?"

"That's something, Jack! I Say—"

"See here. There's Danot—on the other side of them from us. They've a guard in there; we've nobody. They'd never look for us to come from that quarter. We get into Danot and go underground! We—"

That night was long but not long enough for the five conspirators.

* * * * * * * *

Randell, on the evening of the third day later, reported to Tony:

"Five men have not returned—three of our best friends, Tony," he said, dropping formally. "Eliot, Jack Taylor and Peter Vanderbilt and Whittington and Crosby with them. They left, you know, in two 'jarks' about two hours before dusk yesterday. They said they were only going to have a look around. I thought it was a good idea; I told them to go."

"No word from them at all since?" Tony asked.

"Not a syllable. Marian Jackson is missing, too."

"She went with them?"

"No. Entirely separately; and she went on the ground, not in the air. The gate watch who let her go out—it was Cluett—was ashamed of himself and did not report it promptly. It appears that she drove to the gate in one of the small cars, and wheedled Cluett into letting her take a turn outside. It was near noon, and the sun was shining. He saw no harm and let her pass. Then she turned the battery on full, and streaked away."

"Which gate?" asked Tony briefly.

"The northern gate, Duquesne's Porte de Gorfulu."

"She disappeared down that road?"

"Yes. And the only word she left behind with the girls she knew was that she was tired of being cold; she thought she'd try being warm again. She commented further, that she sees now she proved herself into the wrong party."

Tony nodded; he knew what that meant. Marian frequently reminded everybody that she hadn't been selected among the original company for either Hendron's or Randell's Space Ships; she had "pried herself into the party." Obviously, she meant she wished she had chosen the ship of the Asian Realists who now held the capital city, Gorfulu.

"Probably," said Tony, "she went right on. But do you think the others were up to anything foolish?"

"I'm sure of it," Randell answered.

"Why? Did they tell you?"

"Not me—Higgins. And he's just told me. Tony, they're dead now; or they're trying to get into Gorfulu from Danot. From what they told Higgins—who story to keep it until tonight—we don't possibly see them now, except by being ready to respond to their signal that they're in Gorfulu and will have a gate open for us."

Tony rose excitedly.

"It's what they told Higgins and he told you, is the signal overdue?"

"It is, Tony; that's the trouble. I don't know in detail what those glorious idiots tried to do; but the signal, Tony, is overdue!"

Four of them, at that moment, were alive. Crosby was dead; they had his body with them. Of the four alive, not one was unwounded; and they were lying in the dark in the tube of the power-conduit between Danot and Gorfulu, and with both ends of the tube closed against them.

They had taken Danot; at least, they had surprised one gate and got in. For they had grounded their larks in the valley beyond Danot, and accomplished this in the twilight, unseen. Then they had crept to the western gate, surprised the guard and got in.

Two of the other side fell in this fight; and Crosby and Taylor were shot. Jack still could walk, but the others had to drag Crosby with them.

Once inside, they met their bit of luck—or they thought it that. Four men had been at the gate they surprised; and the two that fled separated. James and Whittington took after one of them, leaving Vanderbilt with the wounded man. The luck was that the man they pursued fled to the conduit-tube which supplied Danot from Gorfulu.

They caught that man in the tube, overpowered him; and Whittington went back to guide Taylor and Vanderbilt and help him with Crosby. Meanwhile, Eliot had found the work car which traveled in the tube beside the great cables to the trans formers.

They had barely got into the tube, and Vanderbilt was helping Crosby to the car, when the man who had escaped led another group of the guard underground. Eliot and Whittington turned back to fight them; and Vanderbilt and Taylor turned, too.

It was revolver and knives and iron bars—anything was a weapon at close quarters.

Everybody was wounded; but the five got away on the car, with Crosby dying. Power was on; and lights were on. The whole tunnel was illuminated; and the track of the car in the huge conduit was clear.

CHAPTER XIII

THERE was a change—a chance. So, Eliot opened the power wide, and they sped on—the four living men wounded, and one dead, on the car to catch by surprise the city that controlled the continent, and which the enemy from earth lived.

For two hours they traveled thus.

Then—the lights were extinguished; the car rushed on in a Stygian cave. But the car's speed was slowing; the power that propelled it was shut off.

It did no good for Eliot to thump the control; the power was gone; the car slid to a stop.

So there they lay underground in the tube, without light or food or water. One dead, four wounded. It seemed senseless; yet the only thing left was for the wounded to crawl the rest of the way to the chief city held by the enemy.

* * * * * * * *

Marian Jackson's situation was not in the least like theirs. Marian had driven by broad daylight to the chief gate of Gorfulu, and showed herself and begged admittance.

Marian was exceedingly good looking; and the guard who parleyed with her had the good sense to take her at once to his superior, who knew that his business was to show her to Seidel.

Seidel spoke English; Marian's "line," as well as her appearance, pleased him.

She pointed out that the American parties—both of them from both ships—were composed of fools, she congratulated herself that she had not been chosen by them to join them; she had made them take her.

This was true; and Seidel had learned that it was true, from his spies in the city. Marian was tired, she said, of minules from America who had chosen themselves to people this planet. They couldn't even keep themselves warm!

Seidel had Marian assigned to quarters close to his in the Citadel.

During the second day she got a good view of the local situation, learning, among other things, that Seidel had taken very clever measures to protect himself against the always feared uprising of the English "serfs": All the outer rooms surrounding his suite were equipped with sprays which, upon pressing a lever, spread stupefying and paralyzing gas—the same gas which the Midianites had used in the attack on Hendron's camp.

Also, Seidel had learned the use of kiul. Indeed, he was addicted to kiul, but he had let no one but the chemist who supplied him with the drug, know it.

Seidel thought it would be very amusing to induct Marian into the uses of kiul. It was most pleasant and effective, he had found, when breathed in a warm, almost steamy atmosphere. He liked to let it evaporate beside the bath, then to lie in the bath, breathing the kiul-drenched air. He had a marvelous bath in his suite in the Citadel. The Ancient People had built a pool, which could be heated to any temperature, a splendid, enamel-tiled pool with gay decorations.

Seidel insisted that Marian swim with him sometimes in the lovely warm

Mr. Harvey S. Firestone with his five sons, all Princeton graduates. Left to right; Leonard, Raymond, Roger who was graduated June 18, Mr. Firestone, Harvey, Jr., and Russell.

and breathe kiul. He dismissed his attendants and led her in.

The kiul, in its big basin, was rapidly evaporating in the warm, steamy air.

Marian kept herself covered with a single garment like a kimono.

He ordered her to throw it off and bathe with him. She asked, first, to breathe more kiul; and she [illegible] . . . Marian kept herself covered with the kimono.

She danced and delighted Seidel, who ordered her to throw off her garment and dive into the water with him.

"Why do you keep it clutched about you?" he demanded.

In a moment she showed him; for he tried to tear off the kimono, and she let go with her hand, which had been holding, under the cloth, a knife.

She stabbed him as he reached for her. She left the dagger in him as he staggered back. He cursed her, and found his alarm signal before he pulled out the knife, threw it at her—and died.

Marian heard them at the door. For a moment she was dizzy; perhaps the kiul was affecting her. She picked up the knife, with which she had killed him, and armed herself with it again. Then she remembered the protection he had prepared for himself against the uprising of the serfs.

She pulled the lever that sprayed all the outer rooms with the stupefying gas—the rooms filled with his friends, the most dependable and trustworthy of those who had supported him.

* * * * * * * *

The signal promised by the five—if they succeeded—did not come to Hendron-Kholu. It became longer and longer overdue.

At dawn Randell set out to fly toward the capital city and toward Danot beyond it; but on the way he met another plane.

Randell swung about and curiously, yet keeping a cautious distance, pursued the plane, which was making straight for Hendron-Kholu.

It landed on the field outside the city; and Dave followed it down.

Two men stepped out; and it was evident that the passenger was watching the pilot; the passenger was armed; the pilot was not. . . .

Randell and Whiteflash, who was with him, approached the pair; and the passenger, forgetting his watch of the pilot, hurried to them.

"You're the Americans?" he babbled them in English; more, he spoke like an Englishman.

"Yes!" called Randell. "Who are you?"

"Grizzsby-Cook! . . . Once Major Grizzsby-Cook, of the Royal Air forces!"

"Where from?" challenged Randell, wonderingly.

"Where from?" repeated the Englishman. "Out of slavery, I'd say! I came to tell you. We've taken over the city, since that girl of yours stabbed Seidel and gassed the rest of the ring! We've taken over the city!"

"Who?" demanded Randell; and answered himself: "Oh, you mean the English! Then Taylor and James and Vanderbilt and the five of them got in!"

"The five?" repeated Grizzsby-Cook. "It was a girl that killed Seidel! She did for Seidel's to his bath, like Charlotte Corday with Marat!

"Then she gassed a lot more. . . . There was nothing to it when we got wind of that, and rose against them. I say, we've quite taken over the city! I hussed off to tell you chaps."

"But the five—the five men that went from here?" Randell persisted.

"Know nothing of them," said the Englishman. "Sorry."

Then no one spoke; but the four of them stared, as in the dim gray dawn, the great dome of Kholu began glowing, and illumination showed in the streets too.

"The lights are coming on!" Randell exclaimed incredulously.

"Yes," said the Englishman. "We were working at that; they hoped to get the power to you before I got here!"

It was only a little later that the power supply to Danot, which had been cut off for reasons suggested, until they had searched the tunnel and found one dead and four wounded Americans.

Tony Drake, on entering the capital city, went first to the hospital rooms where Eliot and Jack Taylor and Whittington and Peter Vanderbilt lay. They would all "pull through," the English surgeon promised; but he could not say so much of others under his care; for the uprising had cost, on both sides, thirty lives; and ten more of the wounded could not recover.

But battle on Bronson Beta was over—at least for the present.

They were gathered all together in Gorfulu; and they were going to have a great meeting to discuss and agree upon the form of government.

What was it to be?

Some suggested an alternate dictatorship, like the consuls of the Roman republic, with an American consul alternating in power with an English. Others declared as positively that all rivalries and jealousies of the shattered earth should be forever banished and denied.

There were a score of other schemes.

And more debate than ever before on manners and morals—especially about marriage. Should there be laws for love? Cast off conventions and taboos! All right, try to get along without any.

Tony retired to the lively apartment provided in the capital city for Eve and himself; he was very tired. The day had been dark and long, and outside the shield of the city, very cold.

It was neither dark nor cold within; for the power plant more than supplied needed heat and light. The people were provided with every material thing.

"And today," said Tony to his wife, "we ascertained beyond possible question that this planet stays with the sun. Today we passed aphelion, and have definitely begun to approach the sun again. Life here will go on."

"Our life together, Tony?"

He kissed her more tenderly for his child within her.

"I've not dared to think too much of—our son, Eve. But now it seems certain he'll come into a world where he can live. But what strange, strange things, my dear, he is sure to see!"

[THE END.]

COLLABORATING FOR PEACE

Last week, during a period when the news columns were filled with floods, the search for a kidnaped boy and the fall of a French cabinet, there was an interesting exchange of amabilities across the Atlantic. Stanley Baldwin, who is expected to become prime minister of Great Britain again in the near future, began it by declaring in a public address that the surest guarantee of British peace lay in the close collaboration of the United States and the British Commonwealth of Nations. "The combined power of our navies," he said, "the potential man power, the immediate economic power of refusal to trade or lend money would be a sanction that no power on earth, however strong, would be able to face."

The next night Anthony Eden, lord privy seal and probably the most important of the younger British political leaders, announced to another large audience that "friendship with the United States is of the first importance." These friendly suggestions were officially recognized in Washington by President Roosevelt, who told a press conference that he reciprocated Mr. Baldwin's desire for collaboration, although he added laughingly that the combined fleet proposal seemed a rather warlike expression for the promotion of peace. Secretary of State Hull even issued a statement welcoming the references, to Anglo-American friendship and to the "many opportunities for helpful and constructive collaboration."

In a world where so many countries pursue cross-purposes it is remarkable how generally the policies of the English-speaking peoples have coincided. The traditions of both countries, of course, are against formal alliances and ententes. Mr. Baldwin admitted that the prospect of naval and military collaboration was so distant as to constitute a "dream."

But obviously there is a field in which Anglo-American co-operation for peace and the promotion of international welfare is immediately practical. The two countries, with their enormous resources, can do much to restore economic stability to the world by adopting an enlightened attitude on matters of foreign trade and monetary policy. Until they do, indeed, there will be very little hope for that degree of world-wide recovery which is essential for a restoration of international confidence and the protection of peace. — Kansas City Times.

WHY I HAVE FAILED

1. I didn't save what I earned.
2. Did not, as a boy, realize the value of a good education.
3. If I had taken better care of my money, I would be in better health and morals.
4. Did not realize the importance of sticking to one kind of employment.
5. The greatest blunder of my life was when I took my first drink.
6. One of the greatest blunders of my life was not to perfect myself in one of the lines of business I started out to learn.
7. My greatest blunder was when I left school in the fifth grade.
8. The turning point of my life was when at fifteen I ran away from home.
9. Spent my money foolishly when I was earning good wages.
10. When I let myself be misled in thinking that I deed not stop to one thing.
11. Self-conceit and not listening to my parents.
12. Was to fool away my time when at school.—Exchange.

REAL SOCIAL PROBLEM

A leading figure in the film industry denies that he has left his home near New York because he is afraid his daughters will be kidnaped. A prominently divorced and remarried American woman has not yet denied the story that she will live in Europe because she is afraid of the "snatchers." When all deductions are made for rumor and for publicity it remains true that fear has become a lively and real fact in the lives of many prominent Americans who are the parents of young children.

This is a social problem which in the long perspective may turn out to be more important than a great many of the so-called basic problems now claiming the attention of the American people. People have got into the habit of saying "breakdown" too easily. But it does come close to social breakdown when a civilized community cannot guarantee its members the elementary rights of security. What the Reds threaten to do to law and order or the Fascists threaten to do is a trifle compared with a condition of law and order under which parents feel it necessary to hire private guards to protect their children from kidnapers.—New York Times.

Messrs. Clias Collins, Charles, Jr., and Robert McCoy of Rosebud spent several days here this week, guests at the home of Supt. and Mrs. W. C. Reed. Charles, Jr., is connected with the Rosebud News printing office, and while here was a pleasant caller at the Headlight plant.

Miss Jennie Ezzell, a charming little lady of Houston, spent the Fourth of July holiday with her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Wood. Leaving Houston at 8 had Mrs. Wood their guest, Miss Beth, Betty Jule Terrell and Madelein McCarty motored to El Campo for a swim in the nat.

Mr. Ben Ahlers is sporting a handsome Buick coupe.

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Eagle Lake, Texas.

## Bernardo News

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Nelson entertained with a party Thursday evening, in honor of the birthday of their son. Outdoor games were the diversion of the evening. Refreshments were served to the following guests: Misses Eunice and Viola Neuendorff, Wilma and Elberth Meyer of Bachelor Hill, Dora, Josie and Leavy Jones, Willene and Gladys Meyer, Neta and Geraldine Neuendorff, Laura Mae Wicke, Althuma Drescher, Annie Pilsner, Messrs. J. Oscar and Vernon Brandes, Lee Luhn, Joe Jones, Dallas and Waco Drescher, Alex Jones, Alsy and Frank Pilsner, Walter Schulta, Howard Meyer, Junior Burger, Monroe Wicke, A. J. Hill, Mrs. Wicke and children, Mrs. O. A. Braden and son, Mrs. Lizzie Meyer and L. P. Neuendorff.

Chas. Wicke had the misfortune to break his arm while cranking a car last Wednesday. We wish him a speedy recovery.

Mr. and Mrs. Otto Kainer of Houston spent Sunday here with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Anton Neuendorff had as their guests Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Neuendorff and family of Bachelor Hill, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Neuendorff and family, Mr. and Mrs. Aug. Neuendorff and family and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Frank and sons of Houston.

Mrs. Eddie Burger and Mrs. Will Rose and children of Columbus visited relatives here Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Drescher entertained a number of friends and relatives Sunday, in honor of Mrs. Drescher's birthday. Delicious refreshments were served.

Miss Applean Drescher of Chesterville spent the week-end here with her parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex Jones entertained a number of relatives and friends Monday evening in honor of Mrs. Jones' birthday. A delicious luncheon was served.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Frank and sons of Houston spent the week-end here.

## Rock Island Items

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Williams of San Antonio are guests of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. F. Pourbough here this week.

Mrs. A. M. Snodgrass delightfully entertained the Thursday club on last Thursday afternoon. Delicious refreshments were served and all enjoyed a pleasant afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Smith and two daughters, Misses Ruth and Marjorie, left last week for a month's trip. They will spend the greater part of their time with relatives in Oklahoma, returning by way of north and west Texas.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Bingaman and daughter, Ruth Alice, left last week after spending several days here with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Dewy Kerr of Houston and Mrs. Bessie Hudson and son, Jack, returned this week from a two weeks' trip to El Paso, Mexico and San Antonio. Mrs. Viola Kerr returned home with them.

Mrs. Lizzie Eversole left last week for Houston where she is under the care of Dr. Waldrop at his hospital in that city.

Dr. and Mrs. Sterrett of Sterling, Kansas, arived Saturday for a visit to their parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Humphreys and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Mose Townsend spent last Sunday with relatives in Onaco.

Norman Jacobsen of Waco returned home last week after a two weeks' visit with home folks.

Orville Baker is a guest of relatives in Houston this week.

Mrs. Owen Miller and son, Owen, Jr., are guests of relatives in Houston this week.

Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Horn and children of Walls spent Sunday in the G. Y. Morgan home.

M-ex May Beer Hi. Early's Bar.

## Eagle Lake Happenings

You are cordially invited to attend the revival services which will begin here next Sunday evening. Rev. O. Jury will be the evangelist, and will be assisted by his niece, as chorister.

Mrs. C. Gertson returned home from Houston Saturday following a pleasant visit to her daughter, Mrs. Charlie George, who accompanied her to Lissie to spend the week-end here.

Mr. and Mrs. Gus Miller had as their dinner guests Sunday, Rev. and Mrs. Robert Nerger, Mr. and Mrs. Otto Kramer and family, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Kramer and son, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Ludwig, Mr. Wm. Ludwig, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Gentz and son, of Wallis; Rev. and Mrs. Wm. Schreiner and Mrs. N. Nerger of Sealy; Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Ledbetter of Brenham, and Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Miller.

Mr. and Mrs. Cameron Higgins of Glen Flora, who moved all of their household goods here during the flood, returned to their home Monday. It was rumored that their house had floated down the river, but the report was incorrect.

Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Ledbetter of Brenham spent the week-end at Eagle Lake, guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Davidson.

Richard Clipson, who has been working at Longview, is at home for a visit.

Miss Nettie Marie Goebel of Sealy was a guest of Miss Elsie Miller last week.

Mrs. A. J. Darby had the misfortune to be bitten by an insect, thought to have been a spider, Wednesday morning. She is getting along nicely, however.

Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Gertson and family spent the Fourth with relatives at Rock Island.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Schulze are visiting his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Miller.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Thomas delightfully entertained a number of their friends last week with a chicken barbecue.

Daily vacation Bible School is in full away. The attendance is about thirty.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Cook spent the week-end visiting relatives here and in Eagle Lake.

Mrs. Elmo Sens and Miss Pauline Miller spent Sunday visiting in Sealy.

Nettie Marie and Harriet Smith spent the Fourth of July in Houston.

## Chesterville News

Mrs. George Gray and Mrs. Alice Webber of Eagle Lake, and Mrs. Leo O. Gray and little son, George, of San Antonio, were guests of Mrs. Chas. P. Salladay Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Wills of Cleveland motored here Wednesday and spent the night with his parents, sister and brother, they made a trip to Llano and Austin, returning Friday night.

Mrs. Fred Gertson and children and her brother, Selman Wills of Pierce Junction, were guests of relatives here Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Selph and family of Houston, spent Sunday with home folks and Mrs. Lansing Ingram and sons spent Sunday at the Bernard.

Miss Albina Brumek holds Sunday School every Sunday morning in the school house, at 10 o'clock.

Rev. Weldon Wright, Mrs. Morgan and Mrs. Erwin of Houston, with Miss Albina Brumek, the missionary here, were guests Friday afternoon of Mrs. Chas. P. Salladay and Mrs. Russell A. Salladay. In the evening services were held in the school house.

Mrs. M. E. Selph is on the sick list, suffering from a severe pain in the side. We hope that she may soon be well again.

Claire McClanahan of Eagle Lake attended church services here Friday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Jennings of Houston were guests of their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. James Tellaro, during the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell A. Salladay and Mrs. L. R. Graves and son, Raymond, were visiting in Eagle Lake Saturday night.

COLONIZE SOUTH TEXAS

(Houston Post)

Peeping through the telescope of vision into the future business men of South Texas gathered at Bay City Thursday last, beheld a picture of coastal colonization as beguiling as that which held the eyes of Stephen F. Austin's "original 300" settlers of that section more than a century ago.

They envisioned a 200-mile-long strip of coastal plains, extending from Corpus Christi to Galveston and Houston, settled thickly with modern colonies of farmers from the drouth-stricken and submarginal lands of the Middle West. And the prospect was so pleasing that they decided to form an organization—the Texas Gulf Coast Development Association—and see what could be done toward making it a reality.

There is no reason why it could not be brought to pass, either through the instrumentality of the state government or private endeavor. If colonization is to be the thing in the United States, as seems likely, no more suitable lands can be found in this country, or on the continent, for the purpose.

At the Bay City Meeting E. O. Taulbee of Bay City, who was elected president of the new association, quoted a statement by Prof. Walter P. Pitkin, who recently made a survey of undeveloped agricultural regions of the United States in search of areas to which occupants of sub-marginal farm lands of the Middle West might be transplanted, that the Texas Gulf coast region could easily support an additional 200,000 farm families. This is most interesting, in view of Mr. Pitkin's further statement that he found only one other region in the United States with suitable land where as many as 10,000 more families could be accommodated.

Most of the Texas coastal plain in the region mentioned has been restricted to stock raising in the past, but it has rich black soil, admirably adapted to cotton and other crops, without the necessity of either irrigation of much drainage. An eminent example of its productivity is found in the highly productive farming area of Nueces County, where similar soil and conditions obtain.

This section offers an attractive field for colonization and an intensively farmed gulf coast would be a tremendous asset to all South Texas not excepting Houston and other markets and ports. Success to the Gulf Coast Development Association.

FORD SUNDAY EVENING BROADCAST TO RESUME

The Ford Sunday Evening Hour, one of the outstanding broadcasts originating during the past radio season, will be resumed September 29th, following a summer intermission. The series is scheduled for 26 weeks, presenting the Ford Symphony Orchestra and Chorus. An internationally known soloist will be presented each week. Guest artists for the first fourteen programs have been announced as follows:

Jascha Heifetz, violinist; Lucrezia Bori, soprano; Julius Huehn, bass-baritone; Dalies Frantz, pianist; Richard Crooks, tenor; Joseph Szigeti, violinist; in his radio presentation Mischa Levitzki, pianist; Cyrena Van Gordon, contralto; Kirsten Flagstad, sensational new Swedish soprano; Albert Spalding, violinist; Lawrence Molloier, tenor; Elizabeth Rethberg, soprano; an operatic quartet, consisting of Grete Stueckgold, soprano, Kathryn Meisle, contralto, Richard, Crooks, tenor, and Ezio Pinza, basso; and Jose Iturbi, pianist.

The list is considered even more impressive than that of the 1934-5 series, which in itself was considered by many critics to be the most impressive in radio. The talks of William J. Cameron, will be continued in the new broadcasts.

CHRIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH

Holy Communion at 7:30. Sunday School at 10:00. Evening Prayer at 8:00.

Come and worship with us Sunday. You will be a welcome at Christ Church.

G. C. MARMION, Rector.

THE LONG-ODDS SUCKER

Ft. Worth Star-Telegram: Publication of the names of fortunate Americans receiving prizes in sweepstakes abroad supplies an incomplete pic